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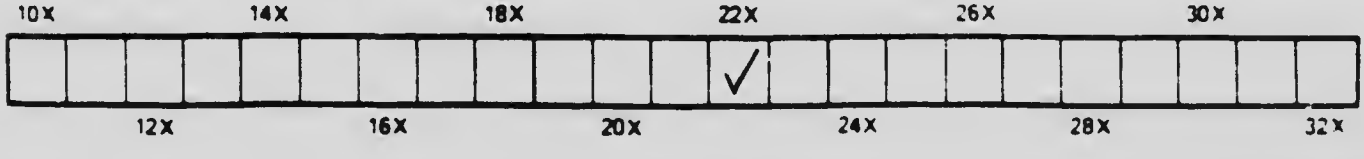

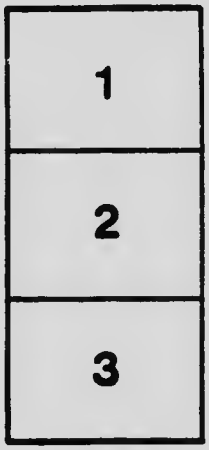

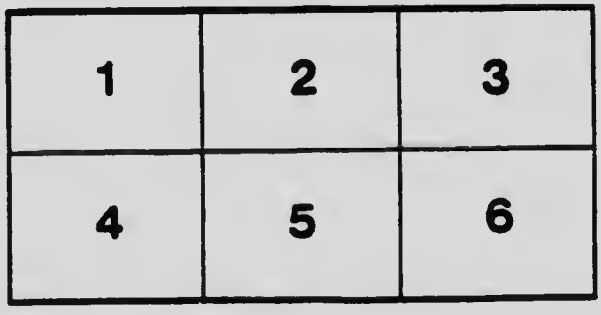

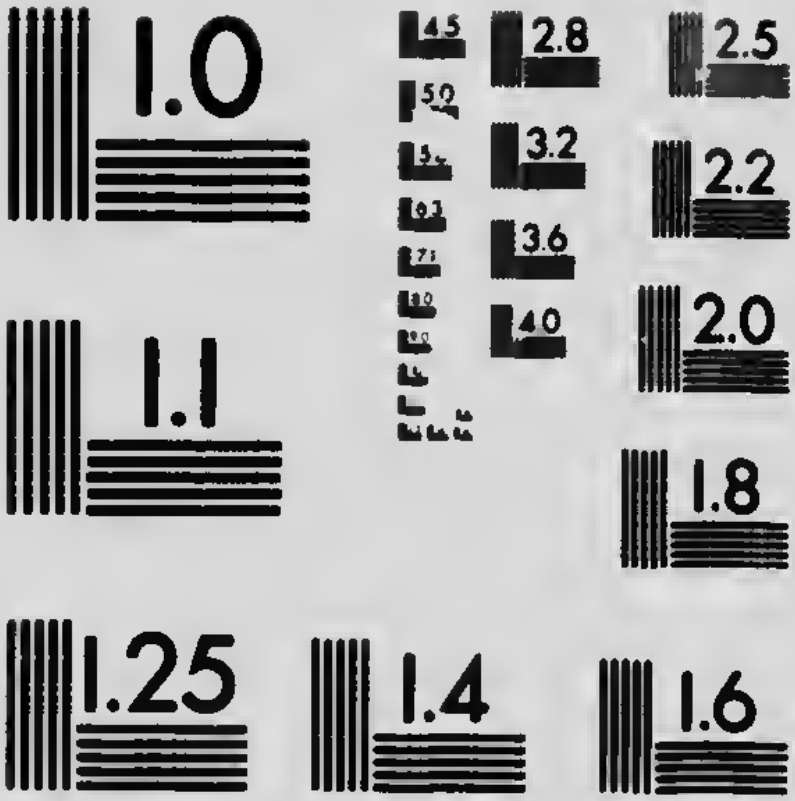

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PASTELS FROM THE PACIFIC

FRANK LENWOOD

PASTELS FROM THE PACIFIC

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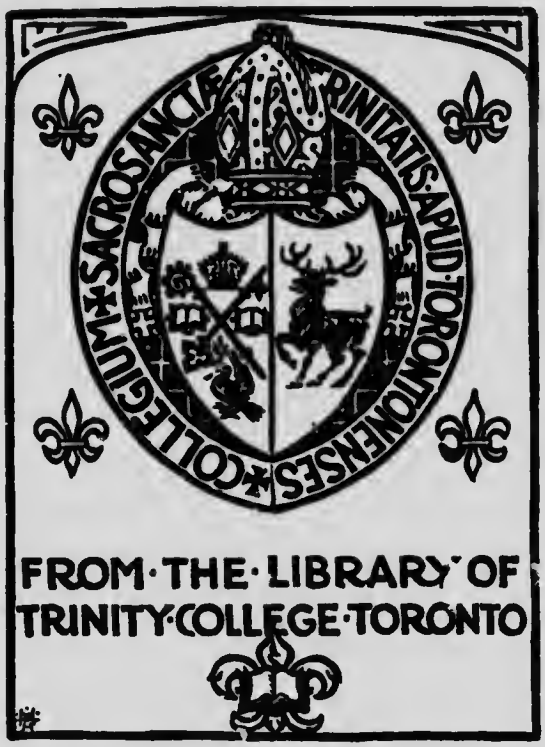
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THE "*John Williams*" AT SUVA

PASTELS FROM THE PACIFIC

BY

FRANK LENWOOD

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOURS AND
IN BLACK AND WHITE

HUMPHREY MILFORD
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON EDINBURGH GLASGOW
NEW YORK TORONTO MELBOURNE BOMBAY
1917

TO MY

FATHER

AND

MOTHER

PREFACE

As a result of the urgency of certain problems in the South Seas and Papua it became my duty, with my friends A. J. Viner and G. J. Williams, to spend the best part of a year in a tour of investigation through the Western Pacific. In hours of leisure, none too common, I was able to make a few sketches in pastel of the places we visited. Amateurish as they are, they show scenes rarely visited, and still more rarely reproduced in colour, and may perhaps help distantly to convey some idea of the extraordinary charm of the islands and the long, lovely Papuan coast.

One of the line drawings (p. 168) is based on a photograph by W. J. Saville. The designs on the front cover were obtained by C. W. Abel from a Papuan near Kwato, and were handed on by him to Messrs. Whitten Brothers, of Samarai, who have had waist-cloths printed from them. Once offered the choice, the native gladly forsakes European patterns (many of them anything but artistic) for the typical lines of his traditional ornament. It is a pity that trade does not more often give such aid to beauty.

As to the book itself, that, too, is a series of pastels, hasty impressionist sketches in words. I have sought to give the shadows honestly, for only so could I bring out the lights. Some may feel that I have emphasized the missionary side too much. Others may think that the book is too detached and prone to criticism. I can only say that I have tried to tell of things as I saw them.

Any reader with an imagination will guess how much

I owe to the missionaries on the various stations. Much of the most interesting material comes from them; on their judgment I lean, and lean with confidence. My difficulty has been to avoid that personal praise which came naturally to the pen, but would have been inappropriate in a book like this, except in very special cases. Several friends have helped me by their criticism, thus laying me under a special debt of gratitude.

The spelling of all South Sea words is phonetic. The vowels are pronounced as in Italian, and each should be given its value. The only exception is in the chapter on Lifou, where the vowels are sounded as in French, because it is a French possession.

In the South Seas the word 'native' is not resented by those to whom it is applied, and in writing of more than one people it is wellnigh impossible to avoid its use.

The story of travel may easily be a series of disconnected sketches, and from the nature of the case it is difficult to unify these and produce, not sketches, but a book. In this case there is a real unity of subject running through the whole, and I have tried to express it, however imperfectly, in the last chapter.

FRANK LENWOOD.

16, New Bridge Street, E.C.
October 1917.

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CHAPTER I

LIFOU

JUST as the sun rose I went on deck and saw Lifou Island about four miles away on the port bow. What appeared first was a long bastion of coral cliffs, pink in the rosy light of a Pacific sunrise. At the water's edge deep shadows marked caves in the coral and suggested a worthy setting for pirate gan es, while sharp lines on the coral rock at various heights made it plain that the island, like Mangaia and Niué, had been raised from sea-level and that there had been several stages in the rise. The top was covered with dense bush, to the distant view smooth as a bed of moss, but broken here and there by the slender, towering pillar of a Norfolk Island pine.

It was the first of these lonely coral islands that I had seen, and, as I thought of the English missionary and his wife, I confess my heart sank. Falling away into the limitless sea those steep walls suggested an island prison. The sense of loneliness and constriction came in upon me like a flood. Was it worth it ? Could the needs of a few thousand natives ever demand such a sacrifice from a member of the Great Society in the larger world of to-day ? Had I the right to encourage any man to bury himself there ? How impossible it would be to face it myself !

But an hour or two wore on, and we rounded the sharp headland into the bay of Chepenehe. Here, by some curious process, the cliffs have been planed away in a gradual slope, which shelves up in a low amphitheatre to the general

level of the island. At the sea verge remains one great keep of rock to show what the cliff level must have been. The slopes are free of bush. Here and there rise big shady trees, while graceful coco-nut palms fringe all the landward side. The deeps and shallows of the bay show transparent purple and creamy emerald : the gentle waves break white against table rocks of coral at the edge. Most attractive in the tropics and most rare grass flourished in the cool of August and all the turf was green. It was like an English common in a setting of the tropics.

From the ship's side we could just see the heavy shadows on the bottom a hundred feet below, and, as we rowed ashore, the dark rocks and the seaweed became plainer and plainer. Brightly coloured little fish flitted in and out. Over the patches of white coral shingle we looked down through a sea more transparent than glass. Finally, we grounded the whale-boat in a tiny cove among the rocks that might have been cut for the purpose by human hands.

There the old missionary came to meet us. His wife was ill, and he dared not leave her even for a little while to come on board. He has a kindly, gentle face, patient but able, set off, and—shall I say?—dated, by the whiskers which were fashionable when he left England first. His wife reminded me of my mother, which is to say enough. They both came from Ashton-under-Lyne. Think of the contrast between Ashton Sunday School and the bay of Chepenehe ! For his theological training he went to Plymouth, of all distant places, because he ' wanted to be near the sea ', and from that time onward, except for rare furloughs, he has had his desire fulfilled all and every day ! It is thirty-eight years since they two, bride and bridegroom, saw Lifou for the first time, and in such a climate and in surroundings so simple and unvarying, age comes on with sure foot : they

THE BAY OF CHEPENEHE

are both old, and will not be able to hold on much longer. But 'lonely' or 'prisoners on their island' they are not nor have ever been. They have had their children round them, playing on that open green and swimming with them in the bay; that great, thatched, cool, cavernous bungalow has been the family home, and it was for the children that they discovered the narrow staircase through the coral leading to the wide arches of the bathing cave. In those early days the children must have had a heavenly time.

But the father and mother have a larger family, a family that has never needed to go home to England for education, for they are father and mother of the Protestant folk on the two islands. Indeed they have the quiet, unhesitating power of parentage which no new-comer can hope to gain. The pastors of all the villages have been through his simple theological school; the pastors' wives have been in and out of her bungalow during their husbands' time of study, and they bear the stamp of their mother's piety as surely as the men look up to their spiritual guide. There is no influence like it in the islands, and it is all for good.

At first the natives did not make the most favourable impression on us. The women were dressed in what our grandmothers would have called 'gowns'. Made of the thin white materials suitable for the tropics, they are much more like night-gowns. They hang formless from the shoulders and flop round the ankles. The men were in coats and trousers, and some of those who had been to Noumea wore narrow boots, from which they must have suffered much. A few rose to tie and collar. I have no doubt that they were far less European in ordinary work-a-day life, but I cannot pretend that their exterior was attractive. Yet, as we saw more of them, we respected them more. They are not handsome, having apparently

certain affinities with the Papuans, but plainly they are a people of strong character. The Protestant part of the population seems to show no decline in numbers. They give with lavish generosity, they have maintained their Church life, and they stand out against the heathenism of the old chiefs as faithfully as against the corrupting influences which come in from New Caledonia and 'civilization'. In the old days several went up with Macfarlane to open our work in Torres Straits, and in the last few years many have gone to the work in New Caledonia. Indeed, Mr. Hadfield can write :

'I have yet to meet the student who is not ready to go there—although from the material point of view he and his family would be much better off at home.'

Then, too, they are very musical. So is James Hadfield, and he has made it a matter of policy to encourage music as an antidote to the heathen dancing, which revives every now and then and which in Lifou is usually connected with moral laxity. When we landed, the students of the training school paraded about with drum and fife, and in the evening they sang to us. As in other South Sea Groups, the men have very deep voices ; yet they sang English part-songs with feeling and beauty. While they were singing I took stock of their faces once again. Some were ugly enough in all conscience, but nearly all were simple, dogged, and interesting. They were men and women with possibilities, needing something better than trader or Government official to help them to develop those possibilities, and very open to the appeal of the Jesus of the Gospels. My doubts of the morning were gone. These two from Ashton-under-Lyne had not wasted their lives in lonely isolation. I also could be content to live in such a place for so fine a people.

But it was quite another question whether at the end my life would count for half as much as the lives of these unadvertised consuls for God.

Healthy as the work is, little communities such as Lifou and the neighbouring island of Ouvea have many difficulties to face in modern times. The power of the chiefs is still strong, and, as they seem able to levy all sorts of impositions on their clansmen, they put a very effective check on enterprise in planting gardens. The excess profits tax is an old institution in the back lands of Lifou! Again, there is a system of labour recruiting for New Caledonia, and the majority of the young men bring back with them the taint of all such mongrel ports. They leave their wives at home: Noumea is a place of many temptations, and not a few go wrong there, for sex impulses have a strong grip on a people with so few other interests to fill their minds. From recruiting, too, the chiefs make their profits, for they draw a large commission on each labourer they recruit, and their pressure is naturally all the more imperious.

From time to time, before the coming of the Entente, relations with the French were very stormy. In 1841 our missionaries landed the first native teachers on the neighbouring island, Maré, and it was not till twenty-three years later that Roman priests introduced a rival faith, and sowed the seeds of friction and hostility. The treatment of our missionaries became the subject of representations from the British Foreign Office, and promises were made in Paris which proved impossible to fulfil in a Group so far away. But now the Paris Evangel[illegible] Missionary Society does the work on Maré that was taken from us, and does it well, while on Lifou and Ouvea there has been peace for thirty years. For some time past the officials have been our very good friends.

Another difficulty touches our elementary education. Allowing fully for all weaknesses, the net results are substantial. These island populations have a system of education better than anything that was known to the peasantry of England a hundred years ago. Although in 1840 they were raw savages, nearly all the population can read to-day. Of recent years Government has established one or two schools in which French is taught with limited success, but that is the end of its effort. For the rest, education goes with the Church. The pastor of each village, trained in the little institution at the head station, is not only pastor, but, on three days of the week, teaches a school. It is the system which prevails wherever the London Missionary Society has work in the South Seas. The teaching is only for three days, because on the other days the young people fish or work their gardens to get their food. It is the cheapest system which could be devised, and within its limits it is very effective.

But the limits are obvious: the little training institution is necessarily of a very primitive character; the would-be teachers come from the simplest surroundings; their school days gave them little learning, even at the time, and years may elapse before they come for training, while three days in the week is all too short to meet the case. It must be granted that in Lifou at least the general system has hitherto proved sufficient, but, as demands grow with the growth of influence from the Western world, much more will be needed. May the new men show the same power of adaptation as the old!

In order to get clear of treacherous coral rocks, just below the water, we had to sail away before the sinking of the sun, when all the outlines were clear and beautiful. My mind was filled with an affectionate reverence for the

two lonely old sentinels we were leaving behind. It was all very simple and paternal and free from any theatrical touch, but Mrs. Hadfield's illness and the lonely care of her husband, himself a little shaky after all those years, threw a vivid light on the price of apostleship in islands so remote.

But any one may well ask what took us into the tiny Groups of the Pacific and down the sunny coast of Papua in the very middle of the Great War.

For a year before we started there stood on my study mantelpiece a reproduction of the picture of an English gentleman of the period of 1770. Before him is opened a map, and, as you look more closely, you see that his coat is laced with gold and that his sleeves have heavy cuffs of golden braid. His knee-breeches, long coat, and stock are faultless, but his waistcoat, buttoned only half and gaping comfortably here and there as he sits at ease, suggests a character that could wear dignity very lightly, and be fine without self-consciousness. The shapely hands are framed by ruffles, and the powdered hair is brushed back from the high forehead. But the face is everything. Strong eyebrows and a nose, not big, but on the large side, flexible, fine lips and a projecting, determined chin, are all lighted by eyes which seem to pierce and penetrate. Here is kindness, but the firmest of authority; here is humour, but a resolution never to be shaken—it is the Greenwich portrait of Captain Cook, and his story is like his face.

Among British explorers of the unknown seas, none, surely, can show a record at once so brilliant, so brave, and so humane. None has been more determined and made less song about his determination. He opened the Pacific for all to follow, he was the great explorer of New Zealand,

East Australia, and the Barrier Reef, and no Englishman but would be proud to sail the same track in the same spirit.

For any one who has been in the South Seas it is fascination to read Cook's *Voyages*, and follow the queer English spellings of the places known to missionary history to-day. Tahiti was his head-quarters, as it was the source of all the work of the London Missionary Society, and, to any reader who knows the Society's story, the names of Eimeo and Raiatea, Huahine, Borabora, and Rurutu flash out in his memoirs like blazed trees upon a forest trail. We can see him on his second voyage sailing past the group to which he gave the name of Hervey, but to which others later gave his own great name. He put into one of the Niué landings —one wonders which—and finding intercourse hopeless, sailed away from the jagged, grey cliffs, and sent it down to later generations as Savage Island. Till 1846 the attempts of the successive missionaries had no more success. He opened up the Tongan Group, so that to the missionary imagination it became a second centre like Tahiti—with tragic results twenty-four years later—and he had his own conflict with the islanders of Erromanga, who murdered John Williams in 1839. It was he who showed the connexion of the Australian coast with Torres Straits, and so opened up the route to Papua which was normal forty years ago. In short, along all the course of his journeys, he prepared the way for missionary effort. Captain Cook stands high in the list of those who constrained us to set out upon our journey to the South Seas.

Now for the second reason. Captain Cook's *Voyages* were published, and the Church prepared to follow the lead he gave. The evangelical movement of his time had produced a new temper and leaders to express and embody it. Captain Cook was murdered in Hawaii in 1778, and sixteen years

later, in Baker's Coffee House and the Castle and Falcon, Aldersgate Street, steps were taken which led to the actual creation of the London Missionary Society in 1795. Haweis and Love and Burder, John Eyre and Matthew Wilks, set waves in motion through those critical years which still roll round the world and float straws like me upon their way. I look at their solemn old portraits in our Board Room, some of them beautiful, and some, if faces are any guide, whose only chance must have been found in a special measure of redeeming grace, and I think of their bravery and foresight living after them, to carry forward, year by year, an increasing multitude from many nations and tongues into a fuller service of the same Lord. I suppose that at one time or another between then and now almost every mistake has been made which was possible in the conduct of such a Society. But there is an overwhelming balance on the other side. Take any policy which is now commended as original, courageous, or wise, and you will find it illustrated in the history of the Society. Where a hundred and twenty years have brought us a fuller understanding of the Gospel we have to send, it is only because we have risen on the stepping-stones the elders laid. The men of 1796 had no small part in sending us to the South Seas in 1915.

The final compulsion came from the missionaries themselves. The Society has been peculiarly blessed in the personality of its men. Morrison and William Ellis, Moffat and Livingstone, Gilmour of Mongolia and Griffith John, John Williams and James Chalmers, are only outstanding instances of the recruits who year by year have offered themselves to the Society. Some of the unknown men and women did, and to-day are doing, work as productive and as heroic as any of the great names which the world delights to celebrate.

But nowhere—for our present purpose this is important—was the Society honoured with greater spiritual success, nowhere was there finer and more adventurous statesmanship, than in the islands of the Pacific. Owing to Captain Cook's voyages the founders of the Society were led to choose the South Seas, and in particular Tahiti, as the place in which to begin their work. Some of their reasons seem ridiculous enough. First, the natives of these fertile islands, 'every man sitting under his cocoa or bread-fruit tree', had ample time for instruction, and an audience would gather at 'the very sound of a hammer, a saw or a smith's bellows'! How easily the Directors might have learnt from Cook that the audience would be only too likely to make off with the bellows, to say nothing of hammers and saws! Second, 'the Government seemed monarchical but of the mildest nature'—and this in islands well known to practise human sacrifice! Third, 'their language was so easily acquired that a corporal of marines, after three months' stay on the island, spoke it fluently, and so widely spread as to be understood in many groups'. From New Zealand to Hawaii, and from the Paumotus to Fiji, the Maori tongues are indeed akin, but fuller knowledge reveals idioms and niceties which baffle and betray the foreigner for many a year. The corporal of marines must have been one of the great linguists of history!

But the event proved that there was more truth in their reasons than they knew. The fertility of the islands, with all its disadvantages, at least made it possible to secure self-support for the Churches at a rate that left Madagascar or China far behind and India out of sight. It is difficult to exaggerate the influence of this one fact on the Church development of the Pacific Islands. Then, again, the native governments, though disorderly enough, by their

very disorder convinced the native that the religion of the West was sure to bring social improvement. In the East the elaborate and stable systems of social life offer the missionary no such initial advantage. Finally, the fact that the language of practically all the eastern islands came from the common Maori stock was of enormous importance in missionary pioneering. Just as Captain Cook found it possible to take interpreters from Tahiti and Huahine, so the missionaries of Tahiti had no difficulty with the tongues of Raiatea and Rurutu, and John Williams could communicate with the natives of almost all the islands he visited. To the fact that he was also able to land Tahitian teachers in every Group with the assurance that they would be easily understood, we owe the name which marks off the London Missionary Society from other bodies, 'the religion from Tahiti'! In Papua, villages twenty miles apart have different languages, but in the South Seas one tongue, varied slightly according to clear phonetic laws, would carry the traveller or teacher for three thousand miles, north, south, east, or west.

Anyhow, Tahiti was chosen, and amid the French wars in 1797 the *Duff* sailed down the Channel with a cargo of 'missionaries and provisions', as they told a man-of-war that hailed her. The number of men was thirty, and only six had wives. The majority were craftsmen, bricklayers, carpenters, weavers, and tailors, with a 'gentleman's servant', a cabinet-maker, a cooper, a harness-maker, and a hatter thrown in. Plainly the promoters expected to attract the natives by teaching them European trades. The Directors can have done no more than examine each for his general fitness to give a layman's testimony; the date at which the ship sailed, when compared with that of the Society's foundation, shows that no missionary training

was thought needful. Only four were ordained ministers, and there was one surgeon.

After a comparatively easy passage the *Duff* made Tahiti on Sunday, March 5, 1797. The Tahitian story is interesting to trace because there we see through how many tribulations those old heroes trod their unknown path, and how they brought the islands if not into, at least within sight of, the Kingdom of God. The 'favourable opinion' the new-comers had formed of the natives disappeared on that first Sunday. 'Their wild disorderly behaviour, strong smell of cocoa-nut oil, together with the tricks of the arreoies,[1] lessened the favourable opinion we had formed of them; neither could we see aught of that elegance and beauty in their women for which they have been so greatly celebrated. This' (they plainly meant 'all this'—but we should have lost one of the choicest bits of missionary humour, if they had written what they meant) 'at first seemed to depreciate them in the minds of our brethren. But the cheerfulness, good nature, and generosity of these kind people soon removed the momentary prejudices.' It may be mentioned that these words were written by those who left with the ship. Those who stayed behind had bitter cause to know how far from truth was the last sentence long before the ship reached England with its report. Infanticide, promiscuity, unnatural vice were all discovered very soon—to say nothing of human sacrifice. From theft they suffered daily, and at the end of twelve months four of the leaders were assaulted and stripped. Led by one of the ordained men, eleven of the eighteen thereupon took advantage of the presence of a ship to abandon the Mission. A few months more and Lewis, one of the undaunted seven, determined, against all

[1] Chiefs, called Alii or Ariki in other Groups.

dissuasions, to marry a native woman, if 'marry' can be used of a state where chastity was unknown. He was cut off from fellowship, and died soon afterwards under conditions so sinister that there is little doubt he was done to death. Broomhall followed Lewis's example and took a woman of Raiatea; he was excommunicated, and so five were left, Bicknell, Eyre, Henry, Jefferson, and the great bricklayer, Henry Nott. In 1801 the *Royal Admiral* brought nine further missionaries.

The sky brightened a little. Pomare, the old king, friend of the English—which was fortunate for the Mission—and bigoted old heathen, died in 1803, and Otu, his son, took his chieftainship and name. For some little time young Pomare had been friendly to the missionaries and eager to understand their message. He began to learn to write, and, like the Brahmans of India, was anxious to keep writing as his own monopoly. But in 1808 Pomare fell from power, and, after a fearful battle, was driven out to Eimeo. In this second hour of darkness all the missionaries left the islands except Henry Nott, who shared the exile of Pomare. In the islands civil wars made their work almost impossible, and, as if they were not stricken enough, it was about this time that the missionaries received communications suggesting that many of the supporters at home were losing faith; indeed, those who at its foundation had ridiculed the Society were now chuckling with quiet triumph.

But, little by little, missionaries came back. The Directors sent out 'four godly young women' to Port Jackson, and there were four bachelors the less—one of the four bridegrooms being Henry Nott. In 1812 the break came: Pomare sought for baptism. It was not given for seven years, for he was judged to be unstable, and after baptism

his conduct proved unworthy, but at the outset the support of the exiled king made it possible for other inquirers to raise their heads. Two old servants of the missionaries' households were found to have gathered little groups for secret worship, and very soon the embryo Christian community was distinguished as 'the praying people'. One brave priest burnt his idols wholesale. Of course such a revolution was bound to provoke the friends of the old gods, and a plot was made to wipe out the Christians. At first the Christians evaded the enemy, but a little later it came to a pitched battle; the leading heathen chief was killed, and his defeated army was treated with such unlooked-for mercy that after 1816 heathenism never again gained the upper hand.

This is not the place to write the subsequent history of the Mission in Tahiti and the Society Islands. Through all the vicissitudes that beset any attempt at spiritual advance the work made progress. The first civil government of the Pacific was established, and Henry Nott drew up the code. Pomare, it is true, deteriorated into a drunken sensualist, heathen practices were revived, and a few young missionaries, who had read missionary reports without imagination, found the Christians no better than they should be, and wrote and told the Directors, as young missionaries will do to the end of the chapter. Some of the older men, then as now, were tempted to rest on their oars. But in 1835 Nott finished the translation of the Bible, and in every direction faithful work brought slow but sure advance.

About the same period Roman Catholic missionaries entered the island. Some of the members of the Mission unwisely attempted to get them ejected by the Queen of Tahiti and her administration. The French Government, thereupon, took up the cause of the Romans and established

a Protectorate. From that point the Mission was always in conflict with the authorities. It was before the days of the Entente, and it was amusing to snub Englishmen. The missionaries, by this time, perhaps, a little too accustomed to power, hated to see it pass into secular hands, and, finally, the baser sort among the natives took occasion to flout the benefactors they had followed, when following was in fashion. A long period of friction, during which neither missionaries nor the home Board were always prudent, led from 1863 onwards to a period of stagnation, and to final abandonment in 1886. The Paris Evangelical Society were already well established there, and have shepherded the Church from that time to this.

But from Tahiti, and the islands near by, the Gospel was carried to other Groups. John Williams took the good news to the Cook Islands and thence to Samoa. From Samoa teachers were taken to Maré and Lifou; and thence the islands of the North-West, the Ellice, Tokelaus and Gilberts, received the message: Murray of Samoa and Macfarlane of Lifou began the Papuan Mission in Torres Straits, and since then Papua has received teachers from nearly every Group that has been mentioned.

Behind the last short paragraph is concealed the devotion, the self-sacrifice, and the suffering of many British missionaries and their wives. That now and then they should have failed is no real detraction—who are we to cast stones at failures far worse than these?—nor is it surprising that in sixty or seventy years they should not have created an immaculate Church:—after some centuries there are still stains upon the Church in Britain. What matters is that they gave themselves to a task humanly impossible, and succeeded beyond all likelihood because they went to the Pacific as the delegates and deputies of Him who came to

save the lost, and because they lived there in the spirit of the Good Shepherd who gives His life for the sheep. The names of their successors are on the Society's roll to-day.

Missionaries present and past, together with those natives who during the century have caught their inspiration, are the third influence that took us to the South Seas in 1915 to deal with certain urgent and pressing matters in connexion with the continuation of their work.

CHAPTER II

COOK ISLANDS

TIMES have changed since 1797, and the Society has for long been compelled to run a vessel of her own. In the earliest days the neighbouring islands were reached by taking passage in any ship whose master happened to be intending to go to the desired port, or open to persuasion. But as early as 1817 the missionaries on Eimeo built the *Haweis* for Pomare, and seem often to have managed to secure its use for the Mission. From that time the problem of shipping has been always with us. A pioneer like John Williams early saw how unsatisfactory it was to be at the mercy of others, and in despair of a better vessel he set to himself and built *The Messenger of Peace* in 1827. When he went to England in 1834 he converted the leaders of the Society to his view of the need, and in 1838 they bought the *Camden*, the ship which took John Williams to Erromanga to meet his death. She was sold in 1843, and the next year the first *John Williams* was built. From that time the Society has never been without a ship, except for the short intervals needed for replacement.

In 1894 a steamer was specially built, for the work had grown so fast that no sailing-ship could overtake it. Since then the work has grown again, and the fourth *John Williams* is to-day doing far more than was expected when she was built—indeed she travels more than 30,000 miles in a year—and there is still the keenest competition for

every portion of her time. She is a trim little steel-built steamer of 180 ft. long, with lines like a yacht. But for her long funnel—needed to get a good draught in the heat—she is as graceful as one could wish.

It is frequently asked whether the increase of commercial shipping has not removed the necessity for a special missionary ship. Without doubt commercial facilities have greatly increased, and to the main centres of population there is far more traffic than of old. Of all such changes the missionary takes full advantage, and Lifou, for instance, has only been visited by the *John Williams* three times in twenty years, because passages and supplies could be arranged on ordinary steamers in a cheaper way. But it never was difficult to get to the main centres, and it was not for them that the missionary ship was ever needed. On the other hand the smaller islands, such as those in the Cook Group or the Gilberts, are as isolated as they were twenty years ago, and for many a long day will remain so. Big steamers go where there is a big trade, and unless the various Governments provide public steamers to develop the trade of each area, there are not likely to be any satisfactory facilities to which the missionary can trust.

In our tour we travelled most of the full round which the *John Williams* makes twice a year, for we saw the end of the second voyage, and the whole of the third. Not only was she our only means of transit, but at the same time we were thus able to study the problem of shipping—a vital part of our commission. The instructed know that ship-owning is a special trade, and exacts special qualities. We can only report that the record of the Society as a shipowner will stand any reasonable commercial test, and further, that from the missionary point of view the expenditure pays. The fact is that in such work communications are

everything. In a group of islands three missionaries with good communications can do as much work as ten who are left in isolation, and it is only the former system which offers any hope of putting the natives upon their own resources, and leaving them to develop without the daily chance of casting responsibility on a resident missionary. The *John Williams* is a very efficient piece of missionary organization.

Nine knots an hour on the *John Williams* brought us in a fortnight from Sydney to Rarotonga. The last few days had given us once more an impression of the size of the Pacific and of the way tiny bits of land lie scattered at the farthest ends of enormous plains of water. So small were the islands that it was amazing to a landsman how any captain could find them. From a little distance the periscope of a submarine could hardly have been more elusive, and, when the island was sighted, it seemed necessary to keep it well in view, lest, as it were, the periscope should sink and our ship be left once more alone in a waste of sea. In this case we looked eagerly for land, and the best that we could hope for was only six miles in diameter! At last we made it, and in an hour or two were skirting the north-east shores with our bows pointing to the anchorage at Avarua.

It is worth while here to try and understand the special anxieties of any navigation which involves calling at coral islands. The foundation of each island is a mountain peak rising sharply to its summit, sometimes above and sometimes below the waves, and on the steep slopes of this summit are reared the adherent walls of coral. On the outer side these walls drop almost sheer. Start seawards from the cruel reef, with its jagged teeth showing above the water at low tide, and a hundred yards out you will likely find that every fathom of anchor chain runs out before

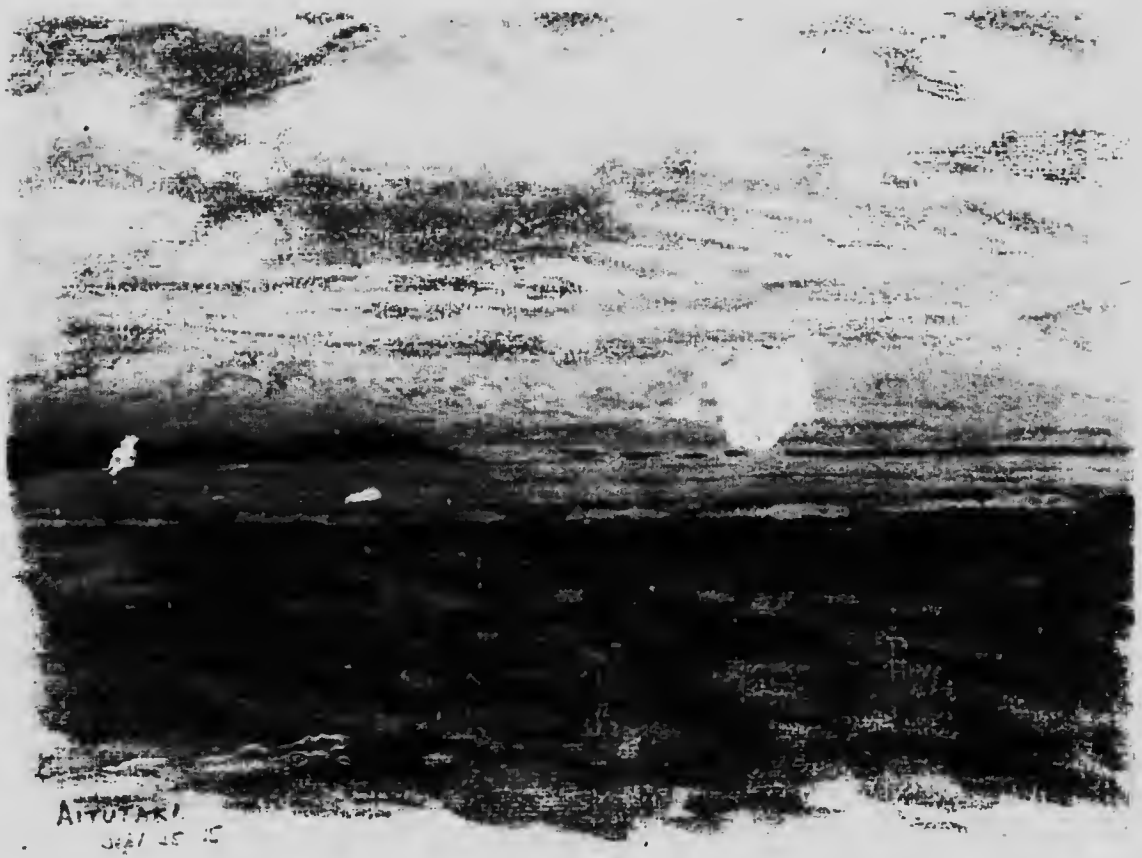
there is any sign of bottom. Go a quarter of a mile farther and you may think you have reached the unfathomed abyss. From this it will at once be seen how difficult anchorage becomes. If the wind blows off the land, it is possible to hook on to the reef here and there with a short chain, but if the wind changes, the ship is swung upon the fangs of coral almost before the captain can ring to the engine room and long before steam could be got up, should fires be low. A sailing-boat is of course in still worse case. Further, the currents of the Pacific are so uncertain and so rapid that a calm may well be more dangerous than a breeze from the sea. The first and second ships bearing the name of *John Williams*, sailing-ships both, were wrecked by currents, because the wind had dropped. When there is a lagoon with a proper entrance, ships can anchor inside, and, hurricanes apart, are safe, but where there are no open lagoons the ship must always retain a certain head of steam. She then lets herself be carried away from the island by wind or current and steams up again at need. This process is known as ' dodging ' ; weary work at best.

In the Southern Cook Islands there is no harbour except that at Avarua, Rarotonga, and even this is poorly protected in a gale. At Aitutaki it is barely possible to hang on to the reef, as long as the wind is from shore, but the fires must be kept going all the time, and at the first threat of changing wind the ship must up cable and away. The same conditions are found in many islands of the Ellice and Gilbert Groups. There can be no relief of the master's anxiety as long as his ship must remain in the neighbourhood of land. Even a landsman can appreciate the extra strain of navigation under such conditions. As I write these words, the papers tell of the wreck of the New Zealand liner *Maitai* on the reef at Rarotonga.

After 'entering' the ship at Rarotonga as the seat of government, we sailed that night to Aitutaki. It is natural to sail by night so as to use every hour of day for work, and most of the short journeys of the *John Williams* are made by night. Aitutaki was taken first because all the crew come from there, and while she is in the Group the *John Williams* gives them a fortnight of annual holiday. From the crowd of eager clamourers at the ship's gangway we took on a scratch crew of islanders, and for that short interval we did reasonably well.

The Aitutakians are great seamen. They still catch sharks by a method entirely their own. In the outer wall of the reef are countless shady holes. In one of these the lazy shark shelters from the blaze of noon and goes to sleep. A boat follows along the reef, drawing the likely holes until a shark is found, and then one of the crew dives down with a rope and, after a process like tickling, fixes a noose over his tail. Brother shark is then hauled up to the surface by main force and clubbed or speared to death. They are such good watermen and swimmers that they think nothing of such a feat. I could have seen the sport myself, if time had allowed.

On the *John Williams* such sailors are invaluable. No white crew could be more expert or fearless. It is splendid to see them manage a whale-boat in a high sea off the reef, John Wycliffe the bo'sun standing firm in the stern with an iron grip on the steering oar, and every man alert to hold her, or dash for it when John says the favourable wave has come. Nor would the same discipline and sobriety—shame upon us that it must be said!—be possible with a white crew. An officer of some experience told me that he had never had a crew so satisfactory to handle. Any one who knows the South Seas, or cares to infer from books like



DEEP SEA, REEF, AND LAGOON AT AITUTAKI

those of Jack London or Louis Becke the various forms of wickedness of which in these remote places ships' companies were capable, will be able, in part, to understand the value to the Mission of such a decent, kindly, disciplined crew. No one would pretend that they stood above temptation, or that their morals were perfect, but they are wonderfully better than anything else we shall be likely to get, and many of them bring honour to the Christian name.

Friendlier souls it would be hard to find, and we were well able to judge, for we spent five months on board. They are well paid, and at the end of twelve months they have a big balance in the captain's books. While the ship is in Sydney, they buy all manner of expensive presents, having small regard to their actual value, and it is their custom to allow some tailor to concoct a new and fetching costume with which to astonish the girls who meet them on the little jetty in the home lagoon. In 1914 all wore confections of green baize; in 1915 taste was dominated by the war, and they went ashore in uniforms suggesting a cross between Australian troopers and boy scouts, finished off with shorts and leather leggings.

The mention of presents recalls a curious habit found in Aitutaki, evidently the survival of an old pre-Christian custom like those found in other parts of the world, by which objects specially dear to the deceased are placed upon the grave. Two or three years ago a sailor was taking from a Sydney department-store a sideboard for his wife. When he reached the island, he found that she was dead. He put the furniture out in the open by her grave, and, when we saw it, had erected an open shed of wood and galvanized iron to preserve it from too speedy decay. By another grave I saw a sewing machine of the latest pattern, ruined by exposure. The custom is decreasing, but it dies hard.

A year and a half before our visit a terrific hurricane had passed across the island. Very nearly all the houses in the three villages were unroofed and many were wrecked completely. It is not as if they were light or flimsy buildings. The thick walls are made of solid stone and cement. When we were there nearly every family was still living under a little lean-to of wrecked timber or matting in a place which would have been verandah in ordinary times. The main rooms of the house were open to the sky, waiting until the owners should save enough to repair and re-roof. But here is the interesting point—the three churches and in the main village the school and teacher's house had been repaired with such faithfulness that no one would have guessed that they had suffered in the least. Amid much that is weak in the religious situation upon the Cook Islands it is well to keep a fact like this in mind.

On Aitutaki we saw one more significant thing, the school at Araura. The New Zealand Government has recently taken over the education of the islands, and found in Aitutaki a school previously guided by the Mission and financed from native resources. Miss Royle for some time controlled the school under the old system, and her two best pupils, Tiavare and his wife Mitua, were appointed as Government teachers. If Miss Royle did nothing more than make these two young people what they are, she did immense service for the future of the islands. They both speak English well, and Tiavare has a good library, the only English library which I saw in a native house on the whole of our tour. On the shelves was *Richard Feverel*, looking as if it had been well used, and Tiavare told me that he understood it!

The small island of Mitiaro has a population of only 200 people, and their Christianity does not go very deep;

but the day of our visit will remain in our minds when other places are forgotten, for more reasons than one. To such an island ships come rarely, more rarely still visitors who justify a little pomp and show, and the people of Mitiaro made the most of the occasion. When we landed on the outer reef at dusk, we found ourselves the centre of an excited and shouting party. They had a long, light settee carefully draped, and with poles underneath. On this we sat in state, and were carried right across the low flats of coral rock until we reached the shore. They had the path strewn with fresh white coral as far as the open space in front of the teacher's house. This also was clean and white. How sorry I was for the bare feet of those who carried us, for we were five on the settee! But coral reefs with their knife edges seem nothing to the men of the islands. As they set us down, they informed us with pride that they had brought us ashore exactly as they had brought Lord and Lady Liverpool when the former came as Governor of New Zealand! In the teacher's house we were refreshed with oranges and coco-nuts. Then began questions as to the war. What was happening? What battles had been fought? Who had won the victories? Were the Germans being pushed back? So we sat in the clear night in front of the teacher's house with a hundred and fifty natives crowded before us. The oleander flowers of the teacher's garden showed up faintly, and the coco-nut palms stood out black against the soft blue velvet of the sky. We told them what we could of the news and then of our journey, and then, as they were set on hearing more, one told of China and one described his life in Northern India. None of us will ever forget the picturesqueness of that scene.

When at last we broke away into the teacher's house we

were introduced to Viggo Rasmussen, the Danish trader. He took us along to his house, and, little by little, we learnt his history. He had been a sailor through the South Seas, and chose to settle in the Paumotus, where he had experienced three terrific hurricanes. Somewhere out there he met and married a woman from Mitiaro, and after being for some time supercargo on a trading steamer, yielded to the pull from his wife's side and came to make his home upon her island. He was a little man with fair hair and an honest Danish face. The natives held him in great respect, and it was good to see his courtesy to his wife. His little house was breathless and overcurtained, but his store was full of interest. He had Manchester cottons and Sheffield butcher knives for hacking down the bush. He had all manner of mirrors, cotton reels, little boots, needles, things that the women of the islands love, but he told us that he could not put more than 20 per cent. on to the landing price, and his income must be very small. He had crude oil pictures of ships in which he had sailed, painted by his own hand; and he was no mean carpenter. But the greatest surprise of all was to come. We turned across to the corner of the store under the lamp, where his account books lay on his high desk, and saw before us a library of about 150 volumes! Almost all of these were English and his interests were plainly theological. There was *Everyman's Encyclopedia*, and many other volumes from Everyman's library, Dummelow's *One Volume Commentary on the New Testament*, Adeney's *How to read the Bible*, and D'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation*! We saw other traders afterwards, but none quite like this, a sailor who had roughed it before the mast over these risky seas, a trader content to live on this tiny island and serve its little community, a gentleman with mind eager and cultivated, journeying

with his books through the realms of gold. I have met few people who so compelled respect.

Mangaia is full of historic interest. At one time the island must have been a small peak of land with a wide lagoon all round it marked off by a reef at sea-level. Then, suddenly or gradually, the whole must have been raised 150 feet, so that the lagoon was turned into dry valley land. There is thus left a central mountain mass with a ring of coral cliffs all round the coast. The road to Tamarua lies along the shore, and on the higher side lie, tier on tier, the bare and jagged spikes of the old reef. Exposure and the tropical rain and heat have eaten away all the softer portions, and the whole gives one the impression of grey stone knives and spears set on edge to catch any who might be flung upon them. Never have I seen nature so cruel as along that road.

But nature at her worst is not matched by the horrors that were daily use and wont in the old cannibal days before the Gospel came. Tribe was at war against tribe with irregular and treacherous intermissions. Human sacrifice was common; the chief had only to entrust a sacred girdle to the murderers as the sign of his approval, and it became perfectly natural to knock on the head even their nearest and dearest. Certain families were 'devoted' to the altar by tradition. The slaughter was usually effected by means of some cowardly ambush, and young girls and little boys were frequent victims. One of the men who had taken part in these horrors was still living in 1869 to tell the story. Within the living memory of others a certain warrior had outraged even cannibal standards by killing and eating his own wife, from mere cold greed for human flesh.

Mangaia is full of such bloody reminiscences. At the top

of the cliff path behind Oneroa we crossed the fields of sweet potatoes and dropped down into the chasm that gave entrance to the great burying cave. The floor was sandy and strewn with charred husks of candle-nuts which, probably for generations past, had been used to light the feet of those who dared to intrude. From below we caught glimpses of wooden chests mouldering upon the shelves of natural rock. They were coffins of the dead, at least a century old. At one time the cavern gave sanctuary to a hunted tribe, and the spot was shown us—a high step between converging walls—where one brave of the party kept all the pursuers at bay.

Next day we saw the rocky hollow at Tamarua where a fugitive youth was sheltered inside a natural chimney of coral by the girl who loved him. She saved her food and gave it to him through a hole in the side, and, doing this, was caught and so betrayed him to the spearmen. The hollow is now the garden of the preacher's house and the rock remains. Crossing the hills in the early morning, we saw on the right a valley where the party of a certain chief were said to have thrust their foes alive into a red-hot oven. Even with the open oven such as the islands use, the story sounds impossible, but an oven was shown to William Gill in Rarotonga, which had actually been used for human sacrifice on a large scale.

Near Ivirua, the third village of the island, there is a perfect network of caves. Once we turned off the village path, the track became nothing but irregular knife-edges of coral. To the lasting damage of our boots, we clambered down the sharp faces of the rock, taking a gingerly hold so as not to gash our fingers. The natives followed with bare feet! We were also surprised to see the missionary stop for prayer when we got to the cave entrance, and at each cave a

prayer was repeated. We should have shocked the islanders greatly, if the prayer had been omitted. But I suspect that the reason for the ritual lay far back in heathen fears of cave spirits. It is interesting to note that Captain Cook records of the one daring Mangaian who dared to board his ship, that whilst in his canoe 'he repeated some words with a devout air, before he ventured to lay hold of the rope at the ship's stern, which was probably to recommend himself to the protection of some divinity'. The coral wall, the old reef of the now dried-up lagoon, was perforated with caves this way and that, like an old piece of sea timber on which the borers have done their work. Up and down we went, round and about, sometimes coming out at wide balconies half-way up the rock face, to look out to sea or inland over the taro patches; now and then peering into deep pools of water filtering in from the ocean, and at all times brushing against stalactites and stalagmites of great size.

At Oneroa the main settlement is the ordinary anchorage for the island. There Government has blasted a channel through the reef which can be used by whale-boats in calm weather and at certain stages of the tide, but for the most part it is necessary to go within a few yards of the breaking surf in a whale-boat and then get into a light outrigger canoe. The canoe is much more handy, for, once it reaches the reef, the canoe-men jump out and pull it on to the coral platform before the next roller comes. It is, perhaps, worth while to say that I found the typical coral reef very different from the narrow wall I had been led to expect by maps and diagrams. I had looked to see something sharply cut and about the breadth of a substantial city wall; I found that it was quite an irregular mass of coral formations, coming up to low-water level, and anything from a hundred yards

to half a mile broad. To blast a channel through the reef sounds simple to the English reader, but only those who will get rid of the common idea can measure what an undertaking it may really be.

All along the sea front runs the property of the Mission. There is the church, the school, and the teacher's house, built originally for a white missionary. At one corner there is an old printing house and a class room once used for training students. A stranger visiting the islands would perhaps be moved to remark on the selfishness with which the Mission has monopolized the best sites for its own benefit. But the facts are all the other way. The missionaries came to these islands long before settled and reputable traders; indeed, the native Christian pioneers took their lives in their hands as they landed among savages. It was the Mission that first brought any kind of civil government and here, as in Tahiti, the first civil code—in other words, the first ordering of decent life—was created at the instigation of the Mission. For many years the Mission represented the main, if not the only, public institution. It was natural that the missionaries of those days should choose sites opposite to the best harbours; there was no one else to consider, and it was to the advantage of every one that they should do so. In many cases they showed the natives how to make jetties and how to improve the landing. They were the pioneers and all those who followed are in their debt. Further, the lands which were given to them have always been regarded by themselves and by the natives as a very definite trust for the native community, and it would be quite impossible for the Mission to alienate any of these without securing native consent, nor could the Mission think of making them a source of profit.

The church of Oneroa is old and beautiful. The rafters are almost black, fastened with brown sinnet (i. e. plaited coco-nut fibre) wound in beautiful patterns. Oh! if they would only keep all churches so, instead of importing galvanized iron and modern European fashions! May the hurricane be long delayed that compels them to rebuild!

CHAPTER III

RAROTONGA AND THE ISLAND LIFE

RAROTONGA is the largest and the central island of the Cook Group. Speaking broadly, it is made up of mountains with a narrow edge of good land all the way round, but the shape of the mountains is spiky and unattractive. The circuit is about twenty miles; good road all the way. John Williams's teachers met with a brutal welcome when they landed in 1823. In the end Papeiha faced the risks alone; but for his courage no footing would have been gained. As so often, one explanation of native hostility was to be found in the brutal orgies of recent visitors under a certain ill-named Captain Goodenough. Goodenough might have been regarded as the first discoverer, but he was so conscious of the stain upon his character that he made no report of his visit to the island. Sailing into the open bay of Avarua, where is the European settlement, we saw on the right the cove in which John Williams is said to have built the *Messenger of Peace*. It was a marvellous piece of work, for he used no nails, had, indeed, no iron at all but an old chain cable left by a previous ship, and knew no more of technical ship-building than could be gained by a careful study of the frame of a ship during the long voyage to the South Seas. At the anchorage there is a jetty, a Customs House, a Post Office, and you feel yourself in the midst of an ordinary European settlement on a small scale. The old, low native houses of pre-European days, which to judge from descriptions were just 'humpies',

mere roofs resting on the ground or on low walls, have long given way to white-washed walls of coral and cement, broad verandahs, and galvanized iron roofs. One would suspect that they are a little too solid and impervious for health in a climate which makes free air of the first importance.

Many of the roofs of the larger buildings are painted red, and, as these lie against the green background of foliage, ugliness is turned to something that is almost beauty.

A little way along the road is an open plot of green grass faintly shaded by the feathery casuarina trees. Here the buggies of the congregation gather before the service; behind the green is the old church of Avarua, heavy, dignified, and built on the lines of a massive country church in England. If a South Seas church must be shut in by heavy walls in the English style, the model was a good one. It was built by the great industrial missionary, Aaron Buzacott. If you go five hundred yards inland, you will find his old bungalow. I doubt whether there is a more beautiful house in the South Seas. It is of two stories, perched up at the foot of the mountain with the bush just behind, shallow of verandah and with two or three tall black Norfolk Island pines standing sentry about the compound. On one side is a little hall for teaching, and below stand two lines of cottages for the married students. It is as historic as it is beautiful, for it goes back to within thirteen years of the opening of the Mission. When we got to the house the first day, some of the elders were sitting over the *Sphere* at one end of the verandah, and grunting appreciation of pictures of Zeppelins and other such-like ugly complications of modern warfare!

Here we saw how the Cook Islanders thought presents should be given. The people of the village gathered below

the garden gates and we stood on the steps. The gift might be a cotton bedspread with an enormous butterfly of turkey-red sewn on to it, such as delights the hearts of matrons in the Cook Islands. It was spread out by four bearers. Then suddenly the leading man let out a yell and cut a perfunctory caper, which I suspect to be relics of the war-dance we were to meet later in Samoa. Next followed a loud enumeration of the rank of the visitor, and then a big and inclusive catalogue of the 'chiefs, squires, champions, pastors, deacons, choir, pew-openers, men, women, and children, of such and such a village', who were the givers; then, turning the quilt this way and that with lingering pride for all to approve its beauties, they bore it slowly forward, and laid it solemnly down. They went through the same ritual for each guest, omitting nothing—there is time enough for ceremony and to spare in the Cook Islands—and at last we heard a shouted catalogue of the total gift. A speech from them and a speech from us gave us our release.

Most of the presents were of small value: perhaps the strangest were spring onions at Mangaia and arrowroot in basins at Aitutaki. But we should have offended the people mortally if we had been unwilling to receive them, and the missionaries' native household were always ready to oblige, if there was any risk of food being wasted.

Six miles round the north-west corner of the island, the good coast road took us to Arorangi. Close by, at the north-west point, lies a short spit of basalt columns from which the spirits of the dead take their homeward flight across the sea. The direction is that of Samoa, whence the Cook Islanders believe they took their origin. Arorangi has a monument to John Williams and also to Papeiha, the brave pioneer of the gospel from Raiatea. The New Zealand

PRESENTS TO THE VISITORS IN MANGAIA

Government has taken over the Mission School here, and in our minds Arorangi will always be connected with the singing of one special song. The schoolmaster was well trained in teaching Maori music, and, hearing an old dirge at a funeral, he knew at once he had stumbled across something great. He collected the fragments and restored its music, but says that it would be impossible to write. The bigger boys and girls sang it to us. It was a weird, plaintive lament, and its lawless beauty reminded me of Russian music (I may say I am not musical), till suddenly the older boys broke into deep chest notes that were almost gasps, the sobs of men, choked but still musical. The whole song was full of primitive emotion kept in stern restraint. That dirge would make a great sensation if it could be reproduced in Europe.

Often had we heard those same chest notes; they are the mark of Cook Islands singing. The men sit cross-legged and sway forwards to jerk the sounds out, but commonly they produce deep grunts and little music. Most tunes, too, seem to the English ear to break off incomplete with the grunt strangled in mid-course.

At Ngatangiia in the other direction it was colour that held the field. All the women wore the long night-gowns before described, some of expensive material, and their hats were large and piled up with ostrich feathers. In one South Sea Island, I was told, the women are so much under the influence of St. Paul that, though they wear hats on no other occasion during the week, on Sundays they each take a hat from a promiscuous basket kept at the door of the church, and, without regard to size or fit, balance it on their heads as best they can, only to return it to the public basket at the close of worship.

I fear that the early missionaries must take much of the

responsibility for the fashion. There were altogether too many hatters and tailors in the first party on the *Duff*, and, when the hatter was one of the first to retire, it is a pity that the Society did not accept that indication as providential!

The judgment of John Williams was in most cases excellent, but in the matter of clothes he seems to have shared the worst prejudices of his conventional time.

He wrote in his *Missionary Enterprises*:

'The Rarotongans improved much in every respect during our residence among them. The females were completely transformed in their appearance, for, although both the teachers were single men, they had taught them to make bonnets; but I must add, that their taste in forming the shape did not admit of equal commendation with their desire to raise the character and promote the comfort of the female sex. These deficiencies, however, were supplied by Mrs. Pitman and Mrs. Williams, who made some hundreds of bonnets and rendered many of the natives proficient in the art.'

Or again, I shudder as I read his words about Tonga:

'The teachers' wives, all of whom were dressed in European clothing and wore bonnets manufactured by themselves from native materials, had attracted considerable notice; and, at the special request of the queen, they made her one of similar shape and material. By uniting their efforts, the queen's bonnet was completed before the Sabbath; and for the first time in her life she appeared at worship in European costume, presenting a most striking contrast to the awkward half-dress of her countrywomen. Some few months afterwards Mr. Turner informed me that the females had much improved in the art of making bonnets, and had generally adopted the practice of wearing them.'

It is fair to say two things in the matter of dress: first, the trader has equalled, if he has not far surpassed, the enthusiasm of the older missionaries for clothing the natives; in the second place, the figures of South Sea

people, after thirty years of age, are apt to be somewhat too bulky to commend the charm of nakedness. The light forms of the Papuans are very different.

The people of the Cook Islands have the same origin as the Samoans, and probably represent a half-way house in the migration to New Zealand. They are practically Maoris, and their language and customs are closely akin. Their ranks of nobility were clearly marked in a sort of feudal gradation; but, speaking broadly, all the sharp edges of native custom are rusting away. One or two survivals can be understood in the light of similar practices still operative in Samoa, but the Cook Islands are in a fair way to be civilized, and civilization is apt to be rather drab.

The problem of population is, and ought to be, the pre-occupation of all Pacific Governments worthy the name. It is good to know that, if a decrease is going on in the Cook Islands, it is very small. The rate of mortality seems to have been fearful at certain periods just before and just after the arrival of missionaries, but, writing in 1879, Wyatt Gill estimates the total population at less than 9,000. There are 8,500 now, and, with education in the laws of health and the encouragement of trade, there is no reason why they should not survive.

The thought of a census brings to mind their curious customs in the matter of names. A child will receive a name suggested by any important family event taking place about the time of its birth. As this is sometimes of the nature of disease or calamity, the child goes through life as a walking funeral card or an embodied monument of plague. When we were in Rarotonga five or six young people came to the missionaries' house for a wedding. Of the first four names signed in the register, the missionary told us that one meant 'Paralysis', a second meant 'Serious

Disease', and the third meant 'Disease-so-terrible-that-one-should-fear-to-mention-it'. Wyatt Gill tells of a certain 'Deal-coffin', so called to celebrate the elaborate funeral of a relative. Compared to such instances, Sileni, a shilling, and Galasi, a glass, are pure poetry.

The islands are well adapted for fruit-growing. Oranges and coco-nuts were the main staple, but of recent years pineapples have become popular with the native planters. The paw-paw or mummy apple (two ugly names for that eupeptic melon-fruit, which in India we call the papaya or papita) grows like a weed among the coral, and is fed to pigs and horses. The boom in fruit has led the natives to value their gardens very much more than a few years ago, and the hunger for land is likely to become more acute in the near future.

On their homeward journey the New Zealand steamers take quantities of fruit from the islands. Trade as yet is somewhat loosely organized, and the fine shades of value in money dealings are but little understood. The natives of a small island will strike, sometimes with reason and sometimes without, against the wages given for putting the fruit on board the collecting steamer; the Company retaliates by omitting the island from its sailing programme for the next two trips, and their fruit goes rotten in its boxes. In such cases capital almost always wins. I have said that values are little understood. In the middle of last century a ship was wrecked, and a bag of gold 'slugs' from the Californian diggings was cast on shore. Gold was so new to the natives that the finder boiled the slugs to make them eat better! A little while before our visit a native had strolled into a store and looked over a large show-case of silver-plated goods, spoons, tea-pots, soup-ladles, &c.; he then asked the price. The shopman inquired which of

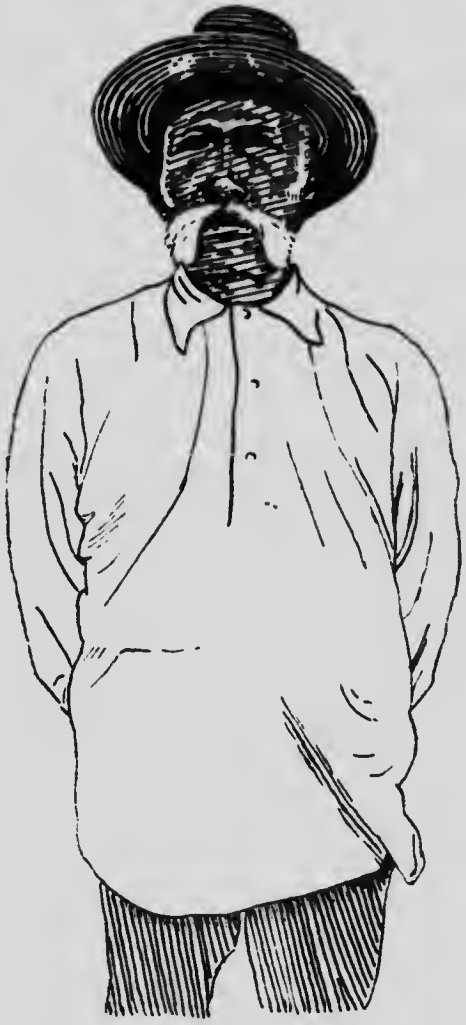
the things he wanted to buy, and found that he wanted the price of the whole with the case included, and as a job lot he bought them and carried them home, case and all, to adorn his bungalow!

Till recently all education was in the hands of the Mission; the pastors of each village conducted elementary schools with varied success; the higher schools on Aitutaki and Rarotonga have already been mentioned. When the New Zealand Government announced its intention of taking education under its charge, the interest in Mission education decreased greatly. Government took some time to set a scheme on foot, but in 1914 two higher elementary schools were established upon Rarotonga and the Araura school in Aitutaki was taken over. No Government could be better fitted to handle such a problem than the New Zealand Government with its experience of the Maoris, and it is prepared to spend money generously to secure good teachers. The beginning made is full of promise. Everything as yet is in English, and I doubt whether the complete neglect of the vernacular is good policy in Rarotonga, though it may well be the wise course in New Zealand, where the Maoris form only a small remnant of the population. There is no doubt that the advance of Government education will compel the Mission to take its theological training much more seriously, or we shall have a community educated beyond the level of its ministry. Everywhere we found the greatest keenness to learn English, and, on each island where schools have not been placed, the first request was for the setting up of a special school. There is little doubt that the Government will meet this need as far as possible within a few years.

Communication is poor. At one time Government subsidized a trading vessel to ensure a regular service round

the islands. Now three or four schooners and one steamer, or perhaps two, sail at irregular intervals, according to the amount of cargo to be collected, their owner's sweet will, and the weather. Under such circumstances what should a Mission ship do when passages are entreated? Such a ship is plainly not intended for public traffic, nor do the Society's subscribers raise £8,000 or £9,000 per year for the sake of ferrying white men or brown men from island to island. It would seem simple and right to forbid all non-missionary passages, as long as you look at the problem from a sufficient distance. But would you say the same if you were there and had to give the refusal? Whether or no, the ship is sailing, and there may be no other ship for months; whether or no, one more passenger can make little difference, and it seems pedantic selfishness to refuse his prayer. But, on the other hand, the idea quickly grows that the native Christians have a right to travel on the *John Williams*, and there have been instances in certain Groups where Government has made use of the Mission to transport its officers, taking the concession almost as a matter of right and offering no assistance towards the heavy expense involved. Either encroachment is all the more undesirable since on the various islands spiritual work demands every hour of the scanty time available, and if the native passengers go junketing with their friends or the Government official holds a court, there is, to that extent, an interruption of the missionaries' work. Passages cannot be refused, but they should be limited to a bare minimum.

The natives of the Cook Islands are strong and independent in character, slow-moving, and a little suspicious. Heaven knows they have had reason for suspicion, both in their own treacherous history and in their dealings with white men since. They are a little apt to play off the



JOHN, CHIEF OF MANGAIA

'Sosaiti' against the new and mysterious Government. In the old days, as has been said, the Society was the Government: the chiefs controlled the people and the missionary advised the chiefs and conducted education. Church laws as to morality and the like were often incorporated in the civil code. When government was undertaken by New Zealand, it was naturally difficult for the natives to understand the difference, or even the meaning of the separation of Church and State. I think it was in the Cook Group that certain islanders greeted Government officials with the words, 'Chiefs we know and the Mission we know, but who are ye?' In Mangaia we agreed with the Director of Education to unite in holding a meeting with the natives on the subject of their desire for a special school. At this meeting one or two natives openly stated that they would have hoped to secure better terms, if they had been able to bargain with each interest separately. This tendency to shelter behind the Mission will have to be closely watched. Happily our relations with Government are improving all the time, and Government is showing itself more and more clearly the friend of the natives.

From the religious point of view it may be said that the Cook Islands are the most difficult piece of the Society's work in all the South Seas. At first sight it is discouraging to compare the present state of affairs with the new life that followed so rapidly after the abandonment of idolatry in the time of John Williams. In the same way the missionary service done by Cook Islanders throughout the Pacific from 1830 to 1900 could hardly be expected from Churches as materialized as they are to-day. But it is clear that John Williams's reports respecting the abandonment of idolatry were evidence of the new birth of a few, but of no change of heart through the community. This is proved by the

struggles of Henry Royle and some of the subsequent missionaries. A change so rapid must always leave much heathenism in the background. In this case it was not the enemy who sowed the tares among the wheat so much as the wheat that sprang up miraculously amid primaeval jungle. Some of that jungle, it is true, the wheat killed at once, but with the rest it is still engaged in a deadly struggle. There is no reason why the wheat should not conquer.

But it is worth while to understand present difficulties. To begin with, the work has been retarded by the geographical separation of the islands. Willy-nilly, Churches have been independent and the village traditions of clannishness have done much to create that 'independency' which is always unhealthy for the immature Christian communities in the Mission field. The islanders prefer as pastor a man from the village, both because he will probably have land to eke out his salary and because, even within these little Groups, they have the hostility to strangers found in peasants the world over. When one island has two or three Churches, these are altogether too self-contained. The contrast with Samoa, Tahiti, or even Niué, shows how much backsliding is due to this cause alone. Matters are not made any easier by the presence of the Roman Catholics and the recent arrival of the Seventh Day Adventists.

Sex morality is slow of attainment in Britain. We have only too painful cause to remember. Can we wonder that there are many falls among islanders who only ninety years ago knew no standard but desire and no deterrent but fear? Again, the manufacture of orange beer or spirit was introduced from Tahiti about 1850, and in some places the looser characters of the village go into the bush and drink. Both these evils are made more marked by the fact that the community is almost identical with the Church. In Britain

the Church has been deserted by most of those who do not accept her standards. In the South Seas all are linked with the Church body, and therefore it is Church adherents, or even members, who commit adultery or drink in secret on Sunday afternoons. (This, by the way, is one explanation of the ignorant cry that Mission natives are immoral.) It is the same oneness of Church and community which hampers spiritual advance. Those who seek to be more truly Christian must ever strain against the drag of the inert majority. That majority having the tradition of a Government identified with the Church, still tend to measure the claims of morality by the demands of a secular law, and find it hard to conceive of a self-subsistent Church calling for a morality higher than that of the State. In Mauke, for instance, we found that offenders were only disciplined by the Church after they had been convicted of immorality by the Resident Agent. Again, if the white people, instead of criticizing Missions, would cleanse their own community from drink and leave native women alone, the Church would have one great handicap the less.

In its own small way the island life is passing through a ferment of change. The cinema is coming, and if the pictures are demoralizing British youth, what are they likely to do with the folk of the South Seas? Money is flowing, and covetousness whets its appetite by that on which it feeds. The Theological Institution is facing difficult weather; for some years past no new candidates have come from the important islands of Rarotonga and Mangaia, and the gaps have been filled by students from the simpler and more ignorant islands of the north. A smart Rarotongan youngster with a little English can begin on £50 a year in a store. Why should he come to train for the ministry and keep himself in bare necessities by the sweat

of his brow, with the prospect of £30 or £40 a year at the end of his training? Only a stronger sense of vocation will bring the men we need.

Something may be done to heal the Church's weakness by allowing a larger share of the time of the *John Williams*; Church federation on lines fitted to call out native leadership, and the search for educated men to enter the ministry, would make a real difference; but what is most needed is a spiritual Church seeking to obey the standards of her Lord and sloughing off those who refuse to follow. The battle is a stern one, but it is pure gain to know the positions that must be won.

Yet if this be the most unsatisfactory work of the London Missionary Society in the Pacific, things are not so bad after all, and we can thank God for good work carried through. All these Churches support themselves, and even the Training Institution has received but small grants from the Mission; the people know their Bibles, and on Sunday evenings meet in special Church rooms about the villages to discuss the lessons of the day. At present the whole community, open as it is to influences of evil, is also very open to influences for good. They think of themselves as Christians, and are open to the appeal of Him they recognize as Lord. They give to Foreign Missions more generously than many districts in Britain. The educated young men, even though they will not face the sacrifice of the ministry, are by no means alienated from the Church. History shows that the Church has passed through periods of hostility and indifference before. Her life is genuine, and there is no reason why she should not conquer the new civilization as she conquered the heathen savagery of an older day.

CHAPTER IV

SAMOA AND ITS CEREMONIES

On the way to Samoa we called at Niué. It is so much like one of the Cook Islands enlarged or a small edition of Samoa, that I cannot afford it a chapter, but it had points of special interest. We saw the old drum or gong for calling the people to church, a log six or eight feet long, hollowed like a great trough. Many of the Groups used gongs of this type. The sound is produced by banging a stick from side to side, and can be heard for long distances.

John Williams speaks of the Niuéans as the most degraded type he had encountered except the blacks of Australia. My own impression was very different. Their figures were graceful, their complexion a light Italian brown, and their features good. I fancy they have not the same staying power as the other Maori peoples. Some two hundred had volunteered for war service, and at the time of our visit the *John Williams* took a New Zealand doctor to examine the recruits. He passed about 120, but they found the French climate exceedingly trying, and have, I believe, been sent back. It was wonderful to see this exhibition of loyalty on the part of a tiny people. Yet I cannot but regret that Government consented to draw young men in the prime of life from an island where population is the question of questions. I have the same feeling about all recruiting from the South Seas.

The interior of the church at Alofi still illustrates the model of many of the old churches on Niué and elsewhere.

Heavy wooden pillars, slightly converging, are topped by cross baulks supporting smaller pillars and shorter baulks, and so on to the roof-tree. The walls are also set with great wooden pillars, and the space between is closed by a firm, smooth plaster which the early missionaries made from burnt coral and supported on a light framework of laths. Such a building is wasteful in timber, but has a massive and barbaric beauty. The beams were ornamented with white cowries, which are greatly admired, as big as hens' eggs, and a steering-wheel was erected on the back of a pew three-quarters of the way down the church. I could not make out whether it was symbol or ornament.

It was at Niué that we saw the natives netting flying-fish by torchlight. Out across the bay swept the line of canoes, each showing a flaming torch against the black dark. It was a lovely sight to see the line of fire move slowly up and down and the ruddy glow flung across the waters. We were told that a man stands in each canoe with a sort of butterfly net, and with dexterous sweeps bags fish after fish as they dart to the light. Flying-fish is a change from tinned food, and not unlike whiting, but it is tasteless and very bony.

The profiles of the Samoan Islands, though striking, are reasonable and friendly. The harbour of Pangopango on Tutuila is an exception, for it is a ravine cleft right into the highest chine of the island. The sides are almost sheer, and the vegetation, finding a precarious home upon them, pays for its hospitality by holding the soil together. Two miles from the bar the harbour turns sharply so that the interior seems land-locked, and just at the point of the bend, on a spur dominating both the outlet and the bay within, is placed the house of the Governor of the American naval station. A ledge of rock at the cliff foot carries the wharves,

go-downs, club rooms, and offices that go to make the Naval Dépôt of Fangatongo. There is a fine hospital for the sailors, with an ice-cream store selling wonderful American drinks and contributing its profits to a hospital for Samoans!

For three or four days we enjoyed the comfort of the Governor's house. I sat on the verandah looking down through palm tops hissing in the storm of the upper air, at a channel of deep blue and sapphire ending across the harbour in the grey-green line of reef and the red band of shore. The *Elsass* lay below, a big steamer of the North German Lloyd, fugitive from Australia in August 1914, and by this time, I presume, an American prize. There, too, had taken refuge the podgy little steamer of the German firm at Apia, the *Staat-Sekretar Solf*.

But on the naval station nothing was so unique as its head. If the United States can find many men as fitted as Governor Poyer for the handling of the problems of the less progressive peoples, it is a pity she does not bear a larger portion of the white man's burden. Slow in decision, but very firm, unassuming yet plainly a man of distinction in any circle, full of common sense and of sympathy with the natives, he sees what needs doing and gets it done. At the same time he is likely to avoid the danger—not altogether absent from American administration in the past—of pampering the Samoans by doing things for them which they ought to do for themselves. It is to be hoped that he has not yet been transferred; even the United States will not fill his place too easily.

Incidentally, a curious fact may be mentioned. When the convention of 1900 was ratified, Congress was apparently too fearful of the imperial name to accept the territory allotted to America; and consequently these islands, to this day, are nothing more than a naval station, controlled

entirely by the U.S. Navy and acknowledged by no other department! Hence education and such non-naval needs must be provided from the internal revenues of that part of the Group where commerce and income is of the smallest.

From such a man as Governor Poyer it was heartening to hear high praise of our missionaries at Leone. They have acted as informal chaplains of the station, coming round by whale-boat or along the rough coast paths on odd Saturdays for service next day. But it was even more their general influence on Samoan life that secured the Governor's approval. He said that no one was doing more for the best interests of the Group. The day when Governments were hostile to Missions has passed away. It puts missionary service in the proper light to know that few of those who read this book know the names of those to whom the Governor referred. The best modern missionary seldom gets the public recognition he deserves. He does not complain. Indeed, he would wish it so.

When we went to the little islands of the Manua Group, we found what a hurricane can do. Even after what we had seen in Aitutaki our power of surprise was to be still further strained. A friend in England had told me on no account to miss Manua, for there we should see the old Samoa, quaint and picturesque. Alas! when we got there we found the islands scalped of all their ancient comeliness and torn with raw, red wounds. As we drew near we saw the great, rusty patches of bare earth on the flanks of the hills; now the coco-nut trunks had been snapped half-way like carrots, and now the gale had plucked the crown away as a boy snatches the ears of corn in his hand and leaves the stalk standing. In the worst places a few stumps, ghastly grey, thrust forth at all angles from the tangle of shattered timber like the lonely bristles of a ruined brush. We were shown

a rock, a hundred and fifty feet high, over which the angry tide had poured. We picked our way across the ruins of a church, of which scarcely one stone was left on another. Its massive seaward wall had fallen undivided upon its side like one wall of a Noah's ark, and lay with the window holes clearly marked. From Ta-u the galvanized iron roof of the church was carried in the blast four miles across the ocean and then dropped on the opposite island of Olosenga. The marvellous thing is that the loss of life was so small; for only two or three were killed.

The quality of Governor Poyer was proved at the outset of his term of office by this disaster. On the eve of embarkation from California to take up his post, he received the news. In twenty-four hours he set all the machinery of Government in motion and put a hundred tons of food-stuffs on board the liner in which he was to sail. On reaching Tutuila his first anxiety was to get to Manua. Some of the islanders he removed to Tutuila, which strangely enough had escaped any real damage, and the food from San Francisco sustained the rest. The Governor's vigour and decision delivered the little population.

Returning from Manua we went west and passed Leone and Atauloma. The Leone house is low and comfortable, peering out across the bay over a green lawn and a flat platform of wave-beaten rock. Atauloma is raised up from the shore and has a merry little cascade on one side. It is one of our two girls' schools, and, while it may lack something as a finishing institution, there are few schools in a more beautiful situation. Outside is the wine-dark sea; next the waves break white upon the reef: the many-twinkling lagoon is fringed by the yellow strand, and above high-water mark the great coco-nut palms sway inland in the midday breeze. On the hill is set the school, swept

THE FAIRIES AT ATAULOMA

THE TAUPOU OR MAID OF THE VILLAGE

(see p. 55)

ever by the warm salt breezes. Between it and the little pools of the stream is a small glade, where, as we saw it, a dozen small fairies danced in a ring. Like the stream the school itself rippled with keenness and laughter. They sang a song about us with much enjoyment. There were shouts of joy when they understood a question in English. Over it all presided a young missionary from New Zealand, as the fit mistress of unconventional, irreverent young life. Floreat Atauloma, long may it give learning without tears!

Would you like to see Apia on Upolu, Stevenson's Samoa, the bay on which he looked? Take Windermere, sweep one side away from end to end, put in its place the reef and the open sea, and cover all the low land of the remaining shore with palm-trees; then you will have a fair idea of the architecture of Upolu. The harbour is not a patch on Pango-pango; at all times it is unsheltered, and in times of hurricane dangerous in the extreme. The stark ribs and the rusty shell of the German war-boat, the *Adler*, lie there to-day in witness. In March 1889 there were several war vessels in the anchorage, and when it was plain that a great hurricane was blowing up, one, the English *Calliope*, got up steam and elbowed her way out, past the cheering Americans, into the full fury of the open sea. Pluck conquered and new engines. Not one of the other vessels saw the end of the storm.

The Windermere picture needs some modification to complete it:—for two or three miles along the sea-front runs the main street of Apia, practically the only street. It has a Customs House and wharves, hotels, and a bank, and all the offices of Government. The most prominent buildings are the big Roman cathedral, and the great warehouses and hostels of 'the German firm'. The buildings of the German firm are a reminder of how the flag follows trade.

Samoans, Chinese, and black fellows from the Marshalls are to be seen along the front. Almost all the buildings are of wood and roofed with galvanized iron.

If you want to see Vailima, you must turn in by the church, where John Williams's recovered bones are laid, and go straight back through the tropical vegetation of the shore level, and then rise, past Samoan villages, past Papauta school, past bungalows among the trees, up and up a stony road that gets stonier as Apia gets farther behind. The vegetation begins to be more open, as the shoulder of the hill is passed. Then comes Vailima. It is a large, spacious, double-storied house, for the German Governor had it for his residence and improved it, but the old kernel is still to be seen, the rooms where Stevenson fought disease and conquered depression. Now it is occupied by Colonel Logan, at first the commander of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force and later the civil Governor of the four islands taken from Germany.

The house lies on the shoulder of the hill and looks down over the bosom of the garden in front to the distant sea; and to the left across the little stream (of which we hear so much in the *Letters*), to the hill above, where Stevenson's body is laid. He chose his look-out well.

The Samoans themselves, as compared with the Cook Islanders, preserve far more of their national character. Trousers are little seen. Normally they wear the convenient and seemly *lava-lava*, a cotton kilt reaching from waist to knee; below the knee their sturdy legs are bare. On ceremonial occasions they wear vests and cotton jackets. The women wear the rather shapeless gowns described already, but the girls have a trick of arranging one or two flowers in their dark hair which shows unusual taste.

Their houses, again, are in a class apart. Nothing quite

SAMOAN HOUSES

like them is in the South Seas. The common shape is oval and the length some fifteen yards. Round the oval, at intervals of three or four feet, are set sturdy posts about five feet high, on which rests a rough thatch shaped like a long tea-cosy. The floor is strewn with clean, white fragments of coral, rounded by the grinding waves. If one were quite certain that no refuse was ever spilt and that casual spitting was unknown, such a floor would be ideally dry and healthy. Walls there are none, but under the overhanging eaves, between each pair of posts, are tied four or five long mats, rough and open, in such a way that they can be strung up out of the way or let down as screens against sun, rain, and the wind that daily whistles across the shore. A path of white coral is strewn close round against the wall pillars. But the real beauty of the house is only seen from inside. Tall pillars support the roof-tree, and there are great racks up in the roof on which the rolls of sleeping mats are stored during the day. All the curves of the two ends of the roof are graceful, and it is beautiful to see how the cross rafters bend like bows from one side over to the other. All the beams and smaller laths are rounded, and each joint is fastened with sinnet firmly tied. There is so much delicate and artistic work that house-building is very costly. It is worth noting that though the more important of the Samoan pastors have European houses, there is always a Samoan house behind, and in that they live their daily life.

The village is not rigidly planned. The houses tend to range in line along the main track through the village, but the lie of the ground is always regarded, and there is no hard regularity in the village plan. House and village are alike beautiful and natural against the background of bush and plantation.

For the ceremony of kava-drinking the proper scene is the chief's house, higher than the common house, and round instead of oval. The guests sit somewhere on the circumference, and opposite them their hosts, the village chief and his party. The soft, reflected light creeps in under the deep eaves, and falls on he lovely copper skins of the Samoans—the men are naked to the waist for this rite—on their dark hair and the russet of their Samoan bark-cloth. Dressed in the same sort of garb the *taupou*, the maid of the village, a sort of permanent Queen of the May, squats cross-legged behind the kava-bowl and presides. First, the chief takes a gnarled root of kava, and offers it as a valuable present to the guests. The chief guest takes it and raises it to his forehead in token of thanks and acceptance. In the old days the Tongan, Fijian, and, I believe, Samoan girls used to make kava by chewing up pieces of the root, and spitting the total product into the bowl. To-day the visitor will find no such cause to shrink. As we saw it, water is poured over fine chips of kava-root at the bottom of the bowl, and the *taupou*, with well-washed hands, takes a wisp of hibiscus fibre, and with this squeezes and kneads the chips in the water. Now and then she wrings out the wisp and hands it to a boy standing outside. He shakes it free of grit and returns it, and the maid goes on until the mixing is complete. Every gesture is studied and effective. Like tea-making in Japan, the etiquette of her part of the ceremony is a subject of minute and lengthy tuition.

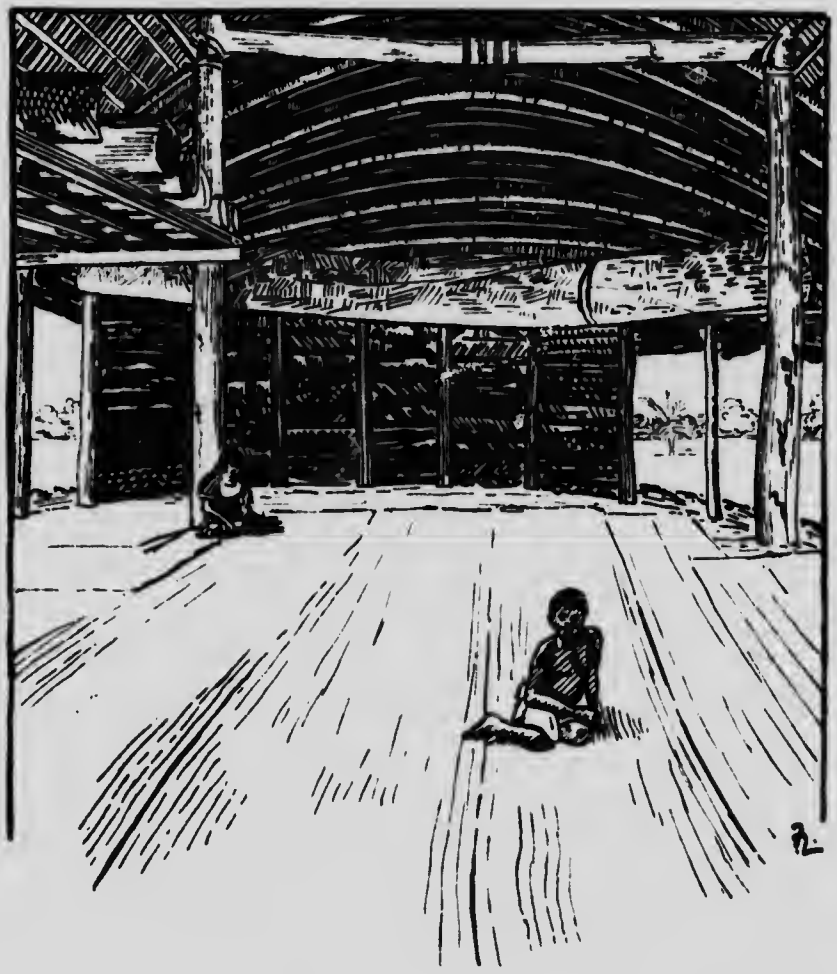
When the kava is made, a cup of polished coco-nut shell is filled and the crier calls out the name and rank of the guest in resounding cadence. All clap their hands, including the recipient, and one of the young men, taking the cup, with a fine underhand sweep presents it to the guest, who, before he drinks, pours two or three drops on to the floor,

saying 'Blessing'. This is evidently a survival of pagan custom, and I find reference to a similar custom in relation to food. All are served in the same style one by one; but, if it be desired to honour the chief guests specially, the local chiefs may arrange, when their names are called, to have the statement of their rank suppressed in compliment to the visitors. Such a refinement would be impossible except to a people of genuinely fine feeling.

Kava is the root of a sort of pepper tree, and the infusion is fragrant, with a slight touch of peppery heat. Europeans say that it is very refreshing at the end of a hot and tiring day.

Every stage in the ceremony was dignified, every motion was graceful; the colour was brown in shadow, brown everywhere, blending shades of brown, varied only by green leaves bound round the pillars or twined from the rafters. Nowhere more clearly do the Samoans prove that they deserve to be called the aristocrats of the South Seas.

With the kava-drinking must be taken the *taalolo*. Here I am speaking with authority, for I saw *taalolos* many and varied—so many that on more than one day I could have escaped with relief long before the end. The word means 'to surge up in a crowd'. This time the 'big house' is not the stage, but rather the grand stand looking out over the arena. We waited expectantly, watching the open space in front. Often hope was long deferred, for why should the Samoan defer to the foreigner's absurd liking for haste? Somewhere beyond the farthest corner a vague chanting would be heard. In a few moments a skirmisher or two leapt forth, only to retreat before we could make out what they were after. When they came again, there would be three or four of them, leaping and gesticulating, and they would be followed by the whole group of the village, moving



ONE END OF A SAMOAN HOUSE

unmarshalled and dragging their steps as they sang. Again and again the young braves skirmished in advance, only to retreat once more. They yelled, they ran hither and thither, they postured, they threatened, they threw their long-bladed axes into the air, pirouetted on one foot and caught them as they fell. Their performance produced all the harmless thrills of the best war-dance. They wore the ancient dancing attire of the Samoans, that is to say, they were naked to the waist and shining with coco-nut oil. For *lava-lava* they wore round their waists the old Samoan bark-cloth with its lovely shades of brown; on their wrists and ankles were fastened tufty bands of hair or leaves, and from their necks swung long necklaces of the glorious red date-like pips of the smaller pandanus. On their heads they wore the *tuinga*, a great plume of human hair combed out straight and bleached with lime to a light chestnut. In front of this plume was erected a small scaffolding of rods, narrow at the forehead and broadening as it rose. This was set with bright shells or mirrors to catch the eye. For the most part the champions carried the long-handled, long-bladed, beheading axes of olden days. I got the chance of examining one closely and found that, like myself, it came from Sheffield! The champions are the sons or fighting retainers of the chiefs, and some of those who came to honour us were no longer young. With the champions there often came one who played the clown and burlesqued their actions for the amusement of the crowd.

At the same time as the leaders, but occupying a part of the arena to herself, came 'the maid of the village'. She too carried the *tuinga*, she too had an axe, and except that she wore a cloth round breast and back, she was dressed like the champions. In addition to the running and waving of the axe she did some of that unbeautiful South Sea

dancing in which the girl with feet together and knees slightly apart swings her petticoats from side to side.

The maid of the village is chosen by the chief to be his representative on state occasions. She is carefully trained in etiquette, and is supposed to maintain a special purity. Her presence in the *taalolo* probably represented the fact that in the old days she would have gone with the men to urge them on to bravery in the fight. Some of those we saw were graceful; some on the lowest estimate were portly; but all were enthusiastic.

In the background dragged the chorus. The men showed bare brown breasts and arms of burnished copper, and, where European fashion had not introduced the trader's calicoes, all wore the *lava-lava* or kilt of bark-cloth. Many had brown and red necklaces. As they came close, the impression of colour was almost overpowering in its perfect blending. Kava-drinking had been the repose of browns in shadow, but the *taalolo* was the riot of browns in the sunlight. Then, as they got close, and one's expectations were at their fullest, the whole thing suddenly petered out. The champions and the *taupou* came forward glistening with oil and sweat—it is no small exertion to be chief performer in a *taalolo*—shook hands and turned aside to recover breath. The others came forward, each bringing a small gift, a coco-nut or perhaps a chicken, until a heap of presents lay before the party. In many cases they took off the bark-cloth which they wore as an outer garment, and laid that too before us. Then, if there were other villages to greet us, the parties retired to the sides of the ground, one after another, and sat down to watch the fun. In one or two cases we had seven or eight villages performing in a long succession, for the dignity of a village would often make it impossible to combine with others.

Then came the turn of the 'talking man'. The *tulafale* or 'talking man' in Samoa, as in other countries, is a great institution. The ordinary Samoan *fono* or council used to be held around some open space, the chiefs and their parties sitting in the grateful shade. When the turn fell to any chief, his own particular 'talking man' would stand in front to speak on his behalf. The insignia of the *tulafale* were the long simple ancestral staff and the short-handled fly-whisk that recalled his first duty of personal attendance on the chief. He spoke slowly and deliberately, and was an adept at playing for time. When the chief had made up his mind, a few words whispered in the background would be expanded by the 'talking man' into weighty periods. It seems pretty clear that, as in other countries—Britain, for instance, or Japan—the man of eloquence gradually gained the power to guide policy as well as to express it. When the Germans finally obtained Savaii and Upolu, they thought it necessary to banish Lauaki, a great *tulafale* of Savaii, with some scores of his followers.

As a rule in these ceremonial *taalolos* one 'talking man' did the speaking for several villages, but good manners compelled the others to dispute his right. From each village there would rise a *tulafale*, leaning upon his staff with the fly-whisk carelessly balanced over his shoulder, and would assert his claim to speak the general welcome. Then, when all had spoken, one and another would again rise, and with an air of vast concession waive their rights in deference to the man on whom they had already fixed.

But on one occasion the programme did not work so well. Degrees of precedence are elaborately thought out, and the premier village of the Itu-o-Tane had been wiped out by the flow of lava from a volcano in the hills behind. The people of this village had retired to a scanty location on

A SAMOAN 'TALKING MAN'

Upolu opposite. Just about the time of our visit they were coming back. At Matautu their 'talking man' claimed the right to be the chief speaker on behalf of all the villages, but this was stiffly contested by the *tulafale* of a second village, who maintained that the first village had lost its rights by retiring from its ancient lands. While we waited for things to settle themselves in the ordinary way, the difference of opinion became more and more emphatic. It was plainly a matter of great moment, and while both parties were anxious enough to be polite to us, they both realized that to make concessions at this time would form a dangerous precedent when it became necessary to settle between their claims in a more formal way. One of the speakers was thin and keen as a dried-up Chancery lawyer. He was plainly going to concede nothing. It was he who invoked the verdict of the Almighty in a way that seemed to me peculiarly crushing. He said to the dispossessed party that he greatly sympathized with them, but that since God had flattened out their village with the lava, there was plainly nothing more to say. The spokesman from the other side suffered from elephantiasis, a disease altogether too common in Samoa. His legs and feet were very large, and his appearance seemed almost to be the external illustration of a man who has put his foot down and will not take it up again. After the conflict had waged for an hour, we retired from the verandah in furtive detachments to get some lunch. That finished, we found the 'talking men' departed. The problem had proved too difficult for solution, and they had left one of the pastors to do the speaking for them.

The Samoans are great orators, though they attain their effect not by tearing a passion to pieces but by the dignity and point of their expression. They are very fond of

historical parallels, and the visit of a guest offers the chance of exhibiting their knowledge of the past and making the great days of history contribute their meed of praise to the present. When the Bible was brought in to add to the effect, the result was full of humour. On one memorable occasion we were told of all the great crises of Biblical history, and as each one was laid out in full with a sonorous peroration, the close followed like a chorus, 'But your visit to us is an even greater day!'

If at times the parallels became almost profane, it was easy to remember that this was only the simplicity of the Samoan mind

At some point towards the end of every *taalolo*, the master of the ceremonies in a loud voice called out the total list of the gifts with pride and pleasure. The Samoan, quite rightly, thinks that, if you have ceremony at all, it should be carried through with dignity and without self-consciousness. One man accompanied our party as representing Malietoa, the chief who for two or three days before the partition of 1900 was King of Samoa. As deputy for this chief he was empowered to take for himself at each place anything he chose from among the presents; but we were told that if he should make any kind of excessive demand, he would soon draw on himself stern rebuke.

Most of the presents were food-stuffs, which I suspect were absorbed in the feasting and entertainment that followed the *taalolo*. There were coco-nuts, yams, bananas, chickens, and the inevitable pig trussed up on a pair of staves for carrying. At least the young folk of the missionaries' household had a good time with what fell to their share. In several cases we were presented with really valuable mats. The Samoan fine mat is a thing quite by itself. Woven, as it is, with great care and ceremony, the

result is beautifully soft and fine, but the untutored European would never guess how highly a mat is valued by the Samoans. Each of the best mats was as well known in Samoa as a picture by Velasquez or Rembrandt in Europe; each had its own special symbolic name, and a fine mat was now and then the cause of actual warfare. The cult is as justifiable as many of our collecting passions in the West, but in this particular case the desired article has no value outside at all comparable to that it carries in its proper home.

Beyond what has been said above as to the natural politeness and courtesy of the Samoans, there are two further proofs of the level to which they had attained. They have a definite chiefs' language used on ceremonial occasions and by no means easy to acquire, and they have, further, a most elaborate system of 'names', by which must be understood very much what is meant by our 'titles', as applied to the nobility. In the old days certain districts had the right of conferring particular 'names' in virtue of which a man became chief, and, at the time when there was civil war and the European nations were attempting to reach a settlement on Samoan lines, the decision involved the most intricate research into the minutiae of Samoan custom. On any ceremonial occasion, too, it is important to know exactly the right phrases which should be used in reference to any particular chief.

CHAPTER V

SAMOAN PROBLEMS

At Apia we had our first experience of *Fautasis*, the Samoan long-boats, built like whale-boats, but of enormous length. They usually have two oarsmen per thwart, and one or two that we saw had sixteen pairs of rowers. Yet even with this length a boat may be no more than six or even five feet broad. Such craft have every kind of disadvantage. They are so long that in a heavy sea they are likely to break their backs, and, as we found after a long stormy journey out to the ship at Tuasivi, they are very unhandy alongside a ship. It is quite impossible for the coxswain to make his voice heard more than a third of the way up the double banks of rowers; meantime the middle section of the crew will follow its own sweet will, while the other third at the bows will be doing the bidding of the most forceful person forward. The possibilities of disaster are obvious, and I was never sorry to get out of a *Fautasi*. The boat is the outward embodiment of that reluctance to choose a commander from among their own number which results from the primitive socialism of the South Seas.

So narrow a boat with a pair of rowers at each thwart only allows of the shortest of oars, and in consequence their stroke is a jerky little chop at the water, which is very unpleasant for passengers.

Yet for all these evils there is a reason. The young men get such boats that they may continue the ancient Samoan institution of 'going on *malanga*'. When the gardens have

been stripped too freely of their crops or the village folk are suffering from the Samoan for *ennui*, they want a holiday, and like good socialists they enjoy it all together. The long-boat carries thirty or forty at a time, distributes the labour among all, and looks as impressive as did its predecessor of earlier days—the long canoe. When they have decided to 'go on *malanga*', they clean up their gardens, so that these may be bearing well by the time of their return, and set out to visit their friends along the coast. Hospitality is sure; the villages chosen will put every last pig to the slaughter, and the feast will last for days. Then the visitors will go farther on their journey. Each entertaining village knows that it will get compensation for the burden it is bearing, when it chooses to set out on *malanga* in its turn. The system is altogether like a cricket tour of the Australians in England.

Indeed, some of the *malangas* actually were cricket tours. A few years ago cricket was introduced into Samoa, and taken up with unbalanced enthusiasm. One village would go to play another, and would stay for days. The gardens were neglected, and old tribal feuds bade fair to revive. When teams got to 200 a side, and each 200 failed to keep its collective temper, the German Government stepped in and prohibited cricket matches in order to prevent breaches of the peace. Under the American Government cricket must be still allowed, for when we were in Tutuila trouble arose between two villages over a cricket dispute, which threatened to end in bloodshed!

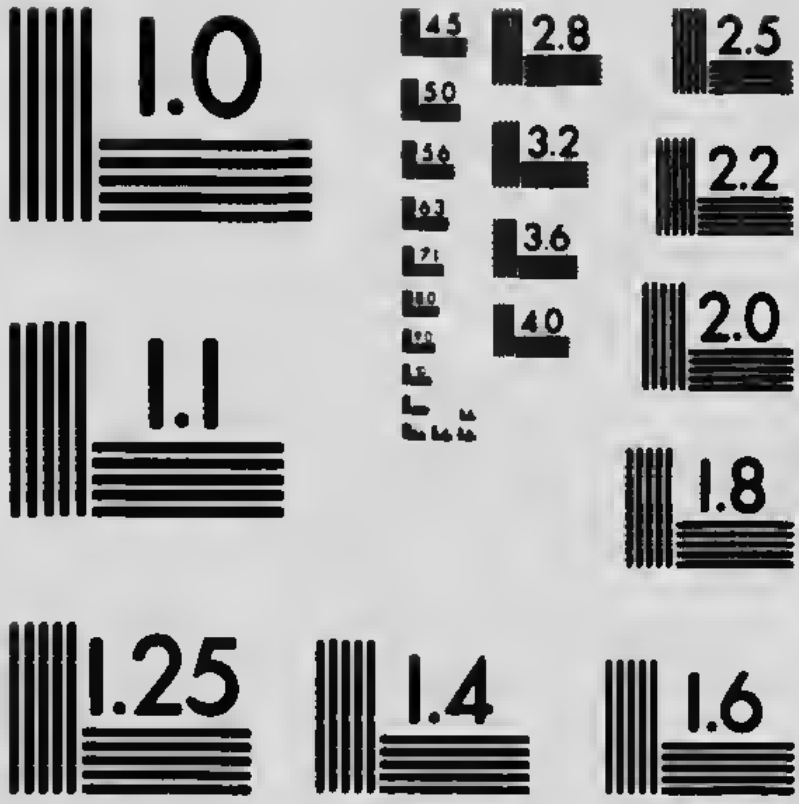
Another amusement is the *Siva* or dance. Many of the old dances are prohibited by Church law, and it will be obvious that night dancing is undesirable among a people specially open to sensuous appeal. The permissible kind which we saw was a dance of some twelve men, and the

performers sat upon the ground. Led by one of the young champions in the centre, with two others as corner men, they waved their hands and swayed their bodies with perfect time and precision. Once again the party formed a beautiful harmony in different shades of brown. As they sat, one saw upon their bare knees and thighs that tattooed imitation of indigo cloth which looks exactly like a close-fitting garment of beautiful blue network gripping tight round every knee.

Church law forbids tattooing, on the ground that it is mixed up with traditions of indecency and heathenism, but for these young champions custom is evidently stronger than Church law. This is probably one of the numerous instances in which Samoan Church Councils have passed laws which seemed to some missionaries meddling and unduly strict. I find that William Gill in the Cook Islands years ago disapproved of prosecutions for tattooing, since 'there were enough sins without making any more'.

The Samoans are skilful fishermen, and there are almost as many methods as there are species of fish. One method we saw was curiously primitive in proportion to its effectiveness. Within the reef at high tide a long V-shaped enclosure is made, with the point out to sea. The sides are composed of nothing more than a long string of big leaves, depending from a line at the surface of the water. The point of the 'V' is apparently open, and the fish, scared along the line of leaves to the point of convergence, dash through, only to find themselves in a string net.

The Samoan method of catching sharks is unique. The apparatus is a large canoe, a rattle made of half coco-nut shells sliding on a rod, a bait, and a big running noose of fibre or cane. The rattle is sounded under water to attract the sharks. When they are near, a bait is thrown overboard



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on its string, and the noose is held out from the boat like the hoop for a circus rider. When the shark comes close, the bait is drawn slowly backwards through the noose, the shark follows with a dash, and, as he passes through, the crew of the big canoe spring the noose tight round him, and draw him in to be clubbed.

A great deal of fishing is done with the ordinary fishing spear of the Pacific, which has ten or a dozen points set in a circle on the end of the spear haft. One tree, again, produces a seed, of which the juice is poisonous enough to stupefy the fish, so that they float to the surface of the water. Of recent years contact with the West has introduced the trick of fishing with dynamite cartridges. They are thrown at a suitable spot in the water, just when they are about to burst. But even a fisherman may hold the cartridge a fraction too long, and as a penalty of such misjudgment there are a good many handless men in Samoa.

Samoa has but a short history, and from 1830, when John Williams landed in Savaii, it has been closely connected with the London Missionary Society. In a native house by the wayside near Malua I found an old man too feeble to sit upright, who remembered John Williams well and could recall perfectly the day when he set out for his last voyage towards the New Hebrides and Erromanga. It was curious to realize that 1839 was so near.

The German control of the main islands of the Group, which dates from the Partition Treaty of 1900, was largely due to the enterprise of a great German trading firm, which, by energy and cleverness, was able to plant German influence secure. The German Government seems to have been on a level with some of our own smaller administrations; that is to say, it was reasonably good. German views of Sunday, it is true, did not coincide with the Puritanism

APIA HARBOUR.

brought by the missionaries from Britain, and, much more important, they had an infamous law forbidding the marriage of a European with a native. Since there was no law against concubinage, this meant that a foreigner might have a Samoan girl as his mistress, but, however honourable their affection, he was forbidden to make her his wife. As has been mentioned, the Germans banished many of the party hostile to them. But, on the whole, the worst that could be said was that the Germans did little for the natives in either education or medicine.

This is specially true of education. Within the limits of the vernacular the general missionary system of education was a good one—till ten years ago thoroughly good and adequate to Samoan need. From the elementary school upwards the progress was leisurely but sure. The Samoan pastor, who also conducts the school of his village, is a comparatively educated man, and in general attainment the villages would compare reasonably well with most country districts in England.

But this system of education suffers seriously for lack of outside stimulus. Its incentives are small; there is little to do with education when you have got it. Three days a week, under the plan described in Chapter I, the scholars must go and fish the reef or scratch the earth for food. On the three school days the teachers' methods are leisurely and not very intelligent. The Samoan atmosphere is restricted and the style of teaching conservative. The result is that children reach the age of fifteen, or even seventeen, before they leave the elementary school. Then, it is true, the boys may go to a *Faamasani* or District School, and, doing well there, may go on to our fine High School at Leulumoenga, where they are taught English, boat-building, and carpentry. If they are to be preacher-teachers,

they go on to Malua with their wives—for by this time they are married—and men and wives receive four or five years of splendid training. But the leeway lost in the elementary schools is never entirely made up, and it is just here that Government pressure ought to have accomplished so much.

This general neglect was brought into sharpest relief by the Government attitude to the teaching of German. Beyond certain prizes for German in two or three of our schools, a school for teaching German in Apia, and a veto on the teaching of English to any but pupils from the Ellice and Tokelau Groups, the old Government did nothing. An official lead might have been really productive; at least without it nothing much could be expected. For there is the sharpest contrast between the rather aggressive stripling in India who, at all costs, will practise his English upon you, and the shy young Samoan who will not use what he really knows for fear of being thought a fool. One Samoan friend, a man of refinement and ability, came home twenty years ago to take teacher training in England. He did well and speaks English beautifully, but now, I fear, he does not read English books or seek to extend his knowledge. The same is true of almost all Samoans; they are not ambitious to learn a foreign tongue. They would be glad enough to have it mastered and at hand, but the slow patience that leads to mastery is beyond them. It is just here that Government should come in.

Since Government was doing nothing and the Mission confined itself to the vernacular, there arose about seven years ago a strong agitation for the teaching of German, and popular clamour forced the missionaries against their will to attempt the establishment of special schools consecrated almost entirely to the German tongue. Some of

the wiser Samoans were doubtful about the innovation. In many cases the boys and girls of the ordinary Samoan schools actually board with the pastor who teaches them, and the new policy removed the boys from his influence. The missionaries, again, objected to have the boys lifted out of the vernacular system, for they found that the pupils of the new schools concentrated on German to the exclusion of all else. The Samoan pastors reported that these looked down on their fellows in the vernacular schools, though essentially they were not so well educated, and that in the villages their self-importance was such that they were neither to hold nor bind.

But under the strong pressure of public desire the Society was asked to find German teachers for two schools. After infinite difficulty it proved possible to find only one, and in view of the speedy change of government this has proved fortunate. That type of school will not be continued, and a second German teacher would have been of little use now! But, German having been swept away, we have still to deal with this unhealthy interpolation of special language schools. The remedy is to teach English right up the system, beginning with the more advanced children in the school of each village. The way to produce more men who are really at home in English is to leaven the mass and help the best to come to the top. Of course we shall need teachers of English in the villages. To secure them the Training Institution at Malua ought to teach English vigorously for the next ten years. By that time the influence will have spread to the village schools, and, starting the children well, we should find a higher attainment at every higher stage. Perhaps at first the teaching of English will not rise to the standard of language attained in a school wholly consecrated to German; but a widely

diffused training in elementary English will give subsequent training a firmer foundation than is possible to isolated schools out of relation to the general plan. It should also help to increase the ambition to learn.

Some one may well ask why it is needful to teach English rather than the vernacular. The question is a good one. In our Indian High Schools, for instance, I am strongly opposed to the undue dominance of English. The unreality of many educated Indians and their power of ignoring concrete facts is fostered by teaching them too early in a foreign language. The terms they deal with are tokens, with no relation to life as they know it. I am also a conservative in matters of language, like most classical people, and hate to see a language destroyed. But an opinion valid in India with her great treasure-house of ancient, indigenous literature must be recast from top to bottom when you come to deal with a population of less than 50,000, who had no literature at all in 1830. Indeed, writing was unknown till Europeans came, and here, as generally through the Pacific, it was the missionaries who reduced the language to writing. The Samoan Bible is a beautiful translation, but it was done by Europeans. Europeans again have provided a mass of general and educational material in Samoan, which is relatively large. Yet actually it is small enough, and, as it is confined to the mere necessities of a simple education, with strong emphasis on religion, it can give little guarantee of all-round mental stimulus. If India needs English to open up communications with the modern world, how much more must the Samoans be trained in some Western language? English is all around them; English is the easiest language for them to learn (I am told that the German traders used to give orders to their servants in pigeon-English!); their new temptations

come to them in English; it is, therefore, in English that they must learn to be strong men playing their part in the commonwealth of nations. The same conclusion applies to all the islands of the Pacific under the rule of English-speaking powers, and we shall see that it has great force even for the simple tribes of Papua.

If the Germans should return to govern Samoa, the position in regard to language will not be nearly so simple. German is not an easy language for South Sea lips, used [illegible]ve to soft speech and many vowels. The grammar [illegible] too much for Mark Twain is an almost insuperable [illegible] the Samoan. The German verb fights tenaciously [illegible]t the Central Powers. But the worst disadvantage is that the neighbouring groups, Tonga, Fiji, Rarotonga, and the islands of the north-west, are all learning to speak English, and the stimulus to English must be as strong as that towards German is weak. It will be a misfortune if Samoa is again shut up to the German language, for language will largely determine the degree of enlightenment likely to be reached by the Samoan mind, and enlightenment may well be the condition of the survival of the race.

The final disadvantage of English would be removed if we had phonetic spelling. In all else English is well adapted for a world language; its spelling seems designed, like the characters in Chinese, to limit and fetter its expansion. We laugh about the vagaries of spelling in this country, though it is difficult to overestimate the needless labour involved for our children. But when we attempt to teach foreigners to read, we get some understanding of the terrible handicap they have to face. When there is no single law as to English spelling on which the learner can depend, the wonder is that all foreigners do not give up in despair.

What we need is first an enactment through all our foreign possessions that English may be written in either the conventional or phonetic spelling at the wish of the writer, and second, a large selection of English standard books printed phonetically throughout. This would mean a great assistance to the speaking of English—I can never learn a language without using my eyes in conjunction with my ears—and though the transition to ordinary spelling would be difficult for the student who had exhausted the phonetic supply, the total training would be far easier than the weary, profitless, and uncharted jungle through which he must now force his path.

But, much as I believe in English, I hope that room will be found for the vernacular. For that reason it seems wise that education should remain for the present in the hands of the Mission. To cut away the vernacular is to cut away touch with concrete things, and so to run the risk of making the work of the school a mere cramming of conventional symbols. The New Zealand schools in the Cook Islands are splendid, but it has yet to be seen whether the neglect of the vernacular will not revenge itself upon the system. Education carried on entirely in English must ignore much of the natural life of the people and translate the children into a world where all national characteristics disappear in a cosmopolitan culture. Fancy Samoans dominated by a cosmopolitan culture! Unfortunately, among the various types of European teacher it is few but missionaries who take the vernacular very seriously. Imported educationists are expected by Government to get to work without delay, and, as in the case of other officers, Government leaves, as a rule, far too little time for learning the vernacular. It is the line of least resistance to work in English, and by the most natural process the Government

school becomes as limited as its head teacher or palters with the vernacular because the head master is incompetent to supervise its teaching. Missionary Societies, whatever their sins, do insist that the missionary shall learn the language, and the missionary has, therefore, one of the essential qualifications for building up education on a wise combination of English and the vernacular.

Again, missionary education allows of that strong religious influence which is generally regarded as needful among natives for the building up of strong and true characters. In Samoa and throughout the South Seas, the pastor, the most influential man next to the chief, has the children under his care. The combination of the two offices saves him from eating the lotus for three days a week, and, as he commonly has the children to live in his house, it means that moral education outside school goes hand in hand with what the school itself can give. This system cannot last for ever, but it is excellently suited to the present development of the people, and, if Government would subsidize a good system of inspection, it might be improved to a level of general efficiency which a Government education would be unlikely to reach for long years.[1]

Higher education for girls is carried on at Papauta and the daughter school of Atauloma on Tutuila. I have already described Atauloma. Papauta, the older school, lies three miles above the pier, half-way up the stony hill road to Vailima, of which Stevenson writes so often. When we were there the girls had decorated the schoolroom with flowers in tasteful profusion. The central pillar was covered with a thick embroidery of white and purple blossom bedded among a background of leaves. The girls also did some

[1] As this goes to press I learn that the Government has decided to give a subsidy which will provide what is needed.

splendid marching to music. The school's record is a fine one. I admit I thought some of the pupils rather old girls, a little too old and heavy to be properly receptive. But, even if there be something in this criticism, the fact remains that, like the girls of Atauloma, they are turned out at an intellectual level which seems often to compare a little invidiously with the attainments of the village pastor. If they become pastors' wives, well and good; many do; but the unmarried girl who goes back home from either of these schools and should be of great value as an assistant teacher in the village, is usually at a discount. The pastor is apt to be suspicious of this pert young thing with her dangerous superiority in English, and he invokes the stubborn power of Samoan custom to freeze her out. In this, as in a good many other instances, it is to be hoped that Samoan custom may be undermined.

The Church is of immense importance to the little community. The Churches connected with the London Missionary Society are the most numerous, for about three-fifths of the population are connected with the body which sent John Williams. Unfortunately, an agreement as to division of spheres, which he proposed to Turner of Tonga, the Wesleyan, and reckoned to be binding, seems never to have been approved on Turner's side, and the Wesleyans came in about the same time as our first resident missionaries. Later, the Wesleyans withdrew for the sake of comity; but the Methodists of Australasia, when they took over the responsibility from the parent body, sent their own missionaries once more. The breach has never been healed, though the European missionaries of the two Societies are thoroughly friendly. The sectarian divisions of the West become more bitter in the hands of the natives and are apt to follow the lines of tribal cleavage. The

Methodists have about a fifth of the population, and the Roman Catholics the remaining fifth. Mormon missionaries have come to Samoa and seem to be working more or less on industrial lines.

We received a great welcome at every place. As was remarked by a high official, one of the best qualified of observers, 'The history of Samoa is the history of the London Missionary Society'. As a Deputation from the Society we were welcomed by the people with all the generous appreciation they wished to show to the Churches of Britain. These Churches had given government, morality, education, the Gospel of Christ—in a word, life itself—and the Samoans might well be grateful. Therefore much as we were bored by the *taalolo* we never forgot the high honour and the unbounded gratitude which they expressed.

But, on thinking things over, I imagine that I was really bored, not because of the monotony—that in a good cause I could have endured—but because the welcome was from the Samoan village and not from the Church. The village received us as if we had been kings, with outward pomp and public ceremony, and after the *taalolo* many were too preoccupied to stay for a service or too anxious to get home. Yet it was the Church we had come to meet.

There you have in a nutshell the great handicap to work in Samoa. It arises from success. We are the unofficial equivalent of an Established Church, and suffer many of the disadvantages of establishment. The folk who welcomed us were possessed by the general idea that Missions had done much for Samoa. They drew no fine distinctions, however, between a spiritual Gospel and the planting of civilization in the broadest sense of the term. Their own religious experience was rudimentary, and probably amounted to little more than that it was a good thing to have a Church

and that its coming was due to the friends from Britain. There were others with a better understanding of the main purpose of the Society and of the kind of thanks it would value, but it was characteristic of Samoa that the choice of the form of welcome they would give to the Society's representatives was plainly decided by the ordinary leaders in the secular life of each village.

In the same way, the selection of the pastors of the villages used to be mainly in the hands of the chiefs, and, though there has been much improvement, rank has still more influence than is desirable in the Christian Church. The principles of the kings of the Gentiles still hold in Samoa as in other Christian countries. We were present at a *Mé* (a May Meeting; the very word has been taken over by the Samoans), and saw it through. Village by village came and sat on the ground, but in each case the maid of the village had a chair, and in all their finery these rose among the rest like human islands in the midst of a sea of bronze faces. Queens of the May are well enough in their place, but their place is not in a gathering of the Church.

Again, just as the church building is the architectural centre of every village, so it is the centre of the social life. It is all very like the Middle Ages or the church of the old Scottish parish in the beginning of the eighteenth century. For this reason the village nose is out of joint if the next village has a more pretentious church. This means commissions for traders, and sometimes for Sydney architects, who build heavy fabrics with small windows and bad stained glass, where all should be light and airy.

Any one who reads the meaning of these signs will understand that in Samoa formalism may easily supplant the freedom of the spirit. *Faa-Samoa*, the custom or etiquette of Samoa, restricts Samoan life at many points, and even in

ELDERLY CHAMPIONS AT A TAALOLO

the Church the law plays an important part. Some of our friends in gloomy moments think that it plays a greater part than the Gospel. In many cases against the advice of the missionaries, the Churches have passed numbers of Church laws, and some of these verge on legalism and tend to the manufacture of minor sins. It is so much simpler to base religion on the list of things which we must not do than to keep on aspiring towards the weightier matters of the law.

Sex morality is low. The temptations are very strong. The restraints, and, above all, the counter attractions, are very weak. The system of boarding boys and girls in the pastors' house represents the verdict of Samoans on the level of parental control in the ordinary family. Again, illegitimacy is no blight upon a child's future, and from one point of view that is good and merciful. The baby belongs more or less promiscuously to the family as a whole, and there is so much love for children that the Samoan family welcomes them on any terms. But it is a more serious matter that illegitimacy involves hardly any stigma upon the father and mother. Then, again, a girl's parents are often reluctant to give their daughters in marriage until the young fellow has reached either rank or seniority. The result is that, when a young man has not these qualifications, he runs off into the bush with the girl he cares for, in the hope that this will compel the parents to consent to the marriage. If the parents are obdurate, the connexion is frequently broken off again. No great blame seems to attach to any of the parties concerned. In such ways the missionary is often disappointed to find that the boys and girls of finest promise have lost their purity. Again, it is too often with the white men from Christian countries that the girls go wrong. In such cases where lies the blame?

But when all these things are added and weighed, they

can be paralleled over and over again throughout our Christianity of the West. If no Churches throw stones but those without sin, Samoan Christianity will have few bruises. It is important to recognize these failures, that we may know what weak places must be strengthened. The missionary cannot be content with official religion or with popular and unthinking assent to truths that command no living obedience. But, making all discounts, in mediaeval England it was a great thing that primitive communities should be under the kindly sway of the Church. Many of the people were not ready for anything more spiritual, and, if they had not had an imperfect religion, they would have had nothing. The Samoan Churches may tend to flaunt the power and glory of their respective villages, but they are well attended on Sundays, daily prayers are said in many of the homes, and, if Church laws are too numerous, at least a high standard of morality is set before the people, and very generally attained. Indeed, there would be less criticism from unsympathetic whites, if the standard were not so high.

The organization is good from top to bottom. Every month there are Local Councils of the pastors, District Councils every quarter, and the great *Fono*, or Assembly, once a year. On all these bodies the European missionaries are in a tiny minority, and, even if by force of Western pushfulness they were to carry their point against the real feeling of the Council, the Samoans could always resort to various effective forms of passive resistance. About eight years ago the late J. E. Newell, in this, as in other matters, a true statesman, led the District Committee to establish the *Au Toeaina*, or Council of Old Men, in other words the Presbytery. As in other Presbyteries, merit may make up for the lack of age, and a young man has

a chance of usefulness. It has proved more than a success, and the responsibility for the best interests of the Samoan Church has been for some time in its hands.

Malua, the Training Institution, is worthy of the rest of the Mission. There a hundred young men and their wives may be under preparation for the ministry at one time, and the only cost to the Society is the salaries of two missionary teachers and a trifling grant towards maintenance. The students raise their own food from the plantations in the bush. A good man, when he goes forth to the pastorate, is sure of generous support and great influence. Unfortunately, the number of students is too great for the need, even if the requirements of our distant Mission in Papua be taken into account. The overplus become stickit ministers in their villages, sometimes a help and sometimes a hindrance to the regular pastor. As in Wales a few years ago, the reason for this overcrowding lies in the fact that the ministry is practically the only career open to a man of ambition, and, as in Wales, the remedy will be found by improving the purely secular education and by the growth of a commercial demand for men. The Committee is considering the problem of limitation. In any case it is on Malua that the future of the Samoan Church must depend.

Being a true Church, the Church of Samoa has shown its gratitude for the Gospel by contributing generously to Foreign Missions. For some time past the contributions have rarely fallen below £3,000, and in 1911 they reached £5,000. As £5,000 covers the total annual cost to the Society of all the missionaries in Samoa and all grants, together with the expense of the *John Williams* in Samoan waters, this meant that the London Missionary Society received an exact equivalent for its outlay.

But it was not understood as an equivalent, and from 1911

a decrease set in. The natives asked whether so large a gift should go to what seemed a foreign object, and began to think of keeping more for their own Church needs. During our visit we were able to put the matter in another light. We began with the proposition that they still needed white missionaries. They were unanimous in agreeing that this was true. 'But, if that was the case,' we went on, 'the white missionary should not be regarded as the servant of a foreign Society but as a member of their own domestic establishment. He no longer came to tell a new Gospel or to establish a Church, but to be their pastor and guide. They were able to pay, for they possessed reasonable wealth, and could, for instance, build expensive churches; and before they were generous, it was their duty to be just.' The conclusion was that they ought to repay to the Society the total annual cost of its work in the group.

The position is interesting to all concerned with the future relation of Missionary Boards at home to the native Church. In some areas the missionary has been withdrawn far too early. It is folly to leave natives, not many removes from savagery, to control themselves without help and without advice. It is even greater folly to leave them alone in face of the increasing power of complicated Western influences. Many a native Church might by this time be swimming unaided and self-subsistent in the calm waters of native simplicity, which yet finds it impossible to battle with the tide-race of incoming civilization. If, then, the natives need European guides and teachers for their training, let them maintain a close connexion with the West, but let them pay for the help they receive, and thus release support for their more needy fellows. This system of daughter Churches living in the mother's house, and paying for their keep until they are strong enough to make

an independent home, may well become the standard for other fields.

In connexion with this suggestion we had felt that, if the Samoans raised the money for the expenses of the Mission, they should enjoy some share in its control. We put the scheme to them, therefore, in two portions: one, that of self-support; the second, that of a gradually increasing voice in the councils of the Mission. (It will be remembered that they have already complete authority in their own Church order.) The idea of self-support within five years they accepted with a perfect loyalty, only modified by a natural self-distrust: the control of the Mission they refused to look at on any terms. 'Fourteen years hence,' they wrote, 'at the Centenary of the Mission, it would be quite early enough to consider such questions. They trusted the English missionaries, and it was their pleasure to leave control in English hands.' This decision, even if it was in part due to a distaste for raising any of their own comrades from the common rank to a special authority, is an interesting proof of that mutual trust between the missionary and the Samoan which showed itself in so many other ways.

The probability is that a contribution will still be given to foreign work, though, of course, much smaller than of old, and by the end of five years the Samoans will have relieved the Society of all cost of maintaining the Mission down to the last shilling. It is a great achievement within ninety years from the coming of the Gospel.

It is a proof of the energy of the Church that they have not neglected the Chinese within their gates. Of recent years they have brought over a Chinese pastor from South China to work among the coolies on the plantations. They have given a large sum for his support, and have been

rewarded by several baptisms. So the Church becomes one throughout all the world.

Those who disapprove Christianity anywhere will not credit its reality in Samoa. To such I make no appeal. But if any be sympathetic but still unconvinced, let him go to Papua and see the Samoan missionaries working for Christ in that treacherous climate, 2,500 miles from their home, among savage people who seem to them as alien as to the Englishman. Many Groups in the South Seas have played a noble part through the men they have sent to Papua, but it is safe to say that for genuine religion the Samoans have come first upon the list. The Papuan Mission could never have been what it is to-day if Christianity in Samoa had not been the real thing.

One more thought came to me as I toured the Pacific. Greek influence is over all the world, and it is specially fitting that the Greeks, themselves so largely a people of islands, should help to enlighten the distant islands of that sunny sea. In what then has Greece left her mark on these simple and lonely peoples? There were two Greek words which in the different languages I heard over and over again with slight changes of intonation. They were not the words of the philosopher or the scientist. They were not in the vocabulary of artist or poet. None of these had the fame to reach so far. Athenian statesmen, it is true, used one of these two words, but used it in a very different sense. The Greek words that reached Tahiti, and spread from there through the Pacific, and even to the swamps of the Fly River, came from the lips of proselytes and slaves, for one of the two was *Ekalesia*, ἐκκλησία, the Church, and *Satauro*, σταυρός, the Cross, was the other. The Church that was despised of old, and is unworthy still, the Cross that was to the Gentiles foolishness, have spread

their sway over the world's peoples, because between them they carry that Gospel of God which was unto salvation in the Roman Empire and is unto salvation in the Pacific to-day.

It remains only to add that the Samoans are socialists. Socialism is found all over the Pacific, though it is most decadent where the ideas and the wealth of the West have freest course. It is even compatible with a certain measure of aristocracy, and Samoa is a good illustration of a group where the chiefs still count for much, and at the same time primitive communism is peculiarly strong. Socialism has many advantages. The daily needs of all are met, and there are no starving poor or depressed classes. Hospitality is always shown. Till quite recently the Samoan missionary in Papua could send his boy home to the family in Samoa with the assurance that he would be provided for. To a marked degree the village life is beautiful in its simplicity and fellowship.

But, having some leanings to socialism, I was surprised to find how curiously the theoretic criticisms made by its opponents in England are illustrated and justified by the results in Samoa.

For, first, it does tend to discourage ability. One of the reasons why the Samoans refused to share authority in the Mission was because they thought the proposal would involve the grant of special power to a few of their number. The pace is that of the slowest ; the vision waits for the most stupid before it can be translated into action. Nothing is done by a majority vote : all must agree. If possible, nothing is done alone. One of our missionaries in Papua tells how his Samoan teachers asked that he would receive them as a united deputation. After a great deal of talking on all sorts of subjects he at last got them to the point and

found that the purpose of their coming had been unitedly to ask him to give a dose of salts to one of their number!

Nor is the judgment of the wisest above the questioning of the most ignorant. I was told that when a boat was passing along the dangerous coast the youngest boy might call out his suggestion to the steersman. Not only so, it might quite well be obeyed, not because the steersman believed it good, but because, if there were disaster, it would be said that he had refused advice. This last fact illustrates the second weakness produced by primitive socialism—the fear of responsibility.

In the third place, the fact that all things are common greatly handicaps initiative. A young fellow builds a boat, and his father takes a fancy to it. Another is built, and this time it goes to a brother. When three or four boats have been used up in this way, without exhausting the queue of relatives, the young fellow abandons the hope of getting one for himself. Or he may come back from a plantation with £20, the savings of long months of work. It is all dissipated on or by his family in a week. Who would work if others got all the profits? Yet there is nothing the Samoans need more than encouragement to work. Communism goes hand in hand with climate to stifle ambition.

Closely connected with socialism is the universal domination of Samoan custom. *Faa-Samoa*, the way of Samoa, is a phrase that recurs over and over again in any Samoan discussion. It will easily be seen from what has preceded that conservatism is nowhere more strongly entrenched than in Samoa; and, like all custom, the letter tends to remain, while the creative spirit is forgotten. In one of my first days I was anxious to see a Samoan house, but I found my guide strangely hesitant; and finally, we received

a message that the family would rather we did not visit them. It was Samoan custom always to give a present to any visitor. They had no present, and their faces would have been blackened, if it had become known that I had visited their house and received nothing, and so for that reason the chance of seeing what I wanted was denied me. It would be hard to find a better instance of how the letter kills.

These criticisms that I have made are important, because upon them may turn the future existence of the Samoans. They are only just holding their own, and their future lies in the balance. But they are a delightful people, dignified, simple, and attractive. They know how to keep their place without wrangling or discontent, and the result is that they secure a respect from all who know them, such as is not readily given by the Westerner to the more primitive races or even to the great peoples of the East. They are worth any service that the West may have within its power to give.

CHAPTER VI

SUVA AND THE ELLICE ISLANDS

The Ellice (or Lagoon) Islands lie away north-west from Samoa some 700 miles, but we doubled the distance in order to coal at Suva, the capital of the Fijian Group.

Fiji contains some wonderful scenery, but apart from a lovely profile of mountains across the harbour, Suva itself is not attractive. It has spoilt the hill-side without developing far enough to be a worthy town. Everything as yet is half-baked. The streets are narrow, so narrow that an earthquake at the centre would be a real advantage for development, and, even where they broaden into country roads, they are spoilt by the ugly, unhealthy-looking little shanties of the Indian coolies. The new office buildings are largely reinforced concrete and strictly utilitarian in design, and small attempt has been made to give space for the splendid vegetation which fringes the roads in Honolulu and could be grown as freely in Suva. The hill above is rich with tropical foliage, amid which the red-painted iron roofs of the European houses give a pleasant contrast of colour. Even on the twelve-mile drive to Davui Levu there is little beautiful scenery. The ground has been cleared for planting, few fine trees are left, and that particular sweep of country is insipid. But as a centre of trade and British government in the Pacific, Suva should have a great future.

Through its streets the Fijians stalk proudly. They are

SUNRISE AT SUVA.

fine-looking fellows, holding themselves like grenadiers, and the likeness is heightened by their hair, which by a combination of nature and training stands stiffly upright. In feature the Fijians are coarser than the Cook Islanders or Samoans.

Both in the early cannibal days and in recent years the Methodists have done splendid work. We saw a fine industrial school they conduct at Davui Levu. Fiji is on the way to become a self-supporting, self-governing Methodist Church, but I suspect that the self-government will have to be judiciously stiffened with Western ability, if the Church is to survive the gift of independence.

Of recent years in the political sphere there has been a good deal of unrest, and Fijians are claiming recognition and power in a way much more like India than the rest of the Pacific.

Indeed it is likely that this is partly due to the presence of coolies from India, which has tended to cut off the white man from the real native to a degree unknown in Samoa. The Indian coolie was a low-class importation, or, being of better caste, was so treated as to destroy any self-respect he might possess. Having created a serf population, the Europeans would naturally attempt to distinguish themselves sharply from it, and the discrimination would include the Fijians also. In such a situation the complaints of the more articulate Indians would tend to produce a like discontent among the proper natives of the soil.

The use of Indian coolies in Fiji presents all those unpleasant features which arise when two or more civilizations are unequally yoked by the coarse tyranny of capital. To begin with, any one who knows India would expect to find just that fraudulent recruiting and

intimidation of which many profess to be the victims. Even apart from direct fraud the Indian peasant, especially the outcaste, landless man, has not the knowledge of the heavy cost of living needful to discount the high wages offered in the distant paradise of the recruiter's persuasive speech. Many labourers did not even know that they would have to cross the sea. The lot of any from the better classes who were led to accept indenture was a progressive degradation. The planters in Fiji, and even the authorities, had not the means of distinguishing; to them Brahman and outcaste Panchama were alike 'coolies'; what mattered degrees of sensitiveness, if the skin were brown? And so the educated Indian, losing every tradition of self-respect, too often went down and down. The members of the lost legion from the English Universities, who sleep in common lodging-houses and cadge half-crowns, are not more pathetic.

The recruiting regulations provided that for every hundred men recruited there should be forty women. Plainly women in India were hard to cajole, and very undesirable characters were often pressed in to fill up the numbers. Then in Fiji the competition of the hundred for the forty led to tyranny and immorality; what else could the system produce? Nearly all the crimes of violence perpetrated by Indians were caused by quarrels over women.

Just after we were there Messrs. Andrews and Pearson came from India to investigate the conditions of indentured labour. It is plain that they conducted their unofficial inquiry with great tact, and that they received the help of Government and of the planters of the better type. Government has done nothing to educate Indian children, and this is much to be regretted; but in other

matters it has shown the desire to provide such safeguards as could be expected where there was little knowledge of the special complications of Indian society. It is clear, too, that many of the planters have been anxious to treat the coolies humanely. The free Indians whose indentures have expired are in many cases prospering on their own plantations.

Yet the system was thoroughly unsatisfactory, and the report is not pleasant reading for one who loves Indians. Apart from the weaknesses already mentioned, the fact that the coolies were recruited from different Indian language areas made it impossible for them to maintain any intellectual life or to become anything but a rabble. Hindustani naturally predominated, but as it was mangled by Tamils and Telugus, as it was picked up by the children born into such a medley, as it was 'simplified' by planters and gangers, it could only be a corruption for which the name of bastard is too good. How can a people have a soul, if it has no language? Nor is it possible for Government to deal with a tongueless mob.

Obviously men should have been secured who understood Indian conditions and could negotiate with Indians in their own language. But how could that be done, when half a dozen languages were in question, each including several distinct dialects? May we not lay it down as a principle for all such immigration in future, that in any territory immigrants should be received from one language area and one only, so as to allow the Government to provide a staff of administrators who know their language and the conditions of their life? A second principle should be that the children should have every chance of learning the language of the Government.

Happily the system in Fiji and elsewhere has roused

much hostility in India, and, shortly after Messrs. Andrews and Pearson had made their inquiry, the Indian Government announced their intention of abolishing indenture for service abroad.

One extraneous proof of the low life of the Indian community is found in the failure of Mission work among them. They were freed from the ordinary restraints and conservatisms of caste, and it might have been expected that they would have been more ready to listen to the Christian message. But, though the Methodists have had the wisdom to devote men to this special work, they have so far had no great success. The missionaries have suffered like the Government from the lack of a common tongue, and, though some have been sent from Australia to North India to learn Hindustani, this will only help them with the more educated, and they will still find it difficult to convey spiritual ideas in the jargon of the majority. Indian life has deteriorated out of all recognition, and Indian religion has largely broken down, yet no other faith has taken its place. The degraded language, the break-up of Indian moral sanctions, the disregard of marriage, the sense of servitude, have all contributed to destroy their sensitiveness to any religious appeal, and no one who loves India can be content that her children should wander thus.

No one is guilty of ill will, the evil is only wrought for want of thought, but this Fijian instance proves what care must be exercised in the years immediately before us to secure that the races mingle under fair conditions, and that the demands of commerce are not satisfied at the price of human life and self-respect. We shall have many such problems to face before 1950 and on an infinitely greater scale.

Three beautiful days took us up to Funafuti in the Ellice Islands. Just in time we reached the entrance to the lagoon. An hour later and the light would have been too dim for safety. Most of these lagoons are very imperfectly charted, and there are coral 'mushrooms' or 'horses' heads' which have escaped survey, such as that which seems to have led to the loss of the *Maitai* off Rarotonga in January 1917. We approached with the lead going constantly and John Wycliffe the bo'sun up the foremast, looking down into the depths ahead and helping the captain to con the ship in. The tide was falling, and as it poured out of the lagoon there was a strong tide-rip at the entrance. The men who run the *John Williams* must understand practical navigation and that under all conditions.

On the way up from Suva we passed by the little atoll of Nukulaelae, famous as the place where the Gospel first reached the Group. In the whole wonderful story of Christianity in the Pacific there is no story of greater wonder.

By 1861 the Northern Cook Islands, as they are now reckoned, were fully Christian. In that year certain friends from the neighbouring island of Rakahanga had been present on Manihiki at the '*Mé*' meetings of the Church. When all was over, they set out homeward without ving across the thirty miles of sea. The day was n well, the wind was fair, and they got so close in that they saw their own houses on the beach. Then the wind changed. As has happened in the Pacific to so many a seafarer, they were swept through the passage westward into the open sea. They struggled to make their island. When that seemed hopeless, they kept up the strain with the hope of reaching Manihiki, but

night came on and they were out of sight of both. They battled all the night in the direction, as they thought, of Manihiki, but when morning came no land was in view. They sat down in their weariness and took counsel.

Their ship was a large double canoe, 48 ft. long, and joining the two vessels was a narrow platform six feet in breadth. There was one big mat-sail and two little sails of calico. For food they had a quantity of coco-nuts and four gourds of water. In the party were six men, two women, and one child, and all the time three men must be on duty, one to bale in each canoe and one to steer. As the result of their council they decided to stand to the south in the hope of making Samoa or Rarotonga. First the wind blew from the north and helped them : then after a week it changed to the east. At the end of a fortnight they sighted land, but tried to reach it in vain. They came near enough, however, to get the squalls of rain sweeping round the island, and spreading their sails they caught water enough to slake their burning thirst.

Next day they saw land once more; once more in vain. After seventeen days they let her drift and merely kept baling. All other effort was useless, when they knew not where to steer. And so, till six weeks had passed, they drifted on. Two sharks they had caught, and one bird, but now they were reduced to six coco-nuts.

In that sixth week they held another council; it seemed vain to prolong the struggle, but one volunteered to go on baling, if some one would back him up by baling the other canoe. A second took up the challenge, and the rest played their part by voting the six remaining coco-nuts to the two who could do the work; they

would hold out somehow on the few scraps that might be left. Thus they dragged on to the eighth Sunday. The power of human endurance is beyond belief. During all that time they had daily prayers morning and night, as their Church had taught them. So much flotsam as they were on the broad bosom of the Pacific, they did their best each Sunday to join in the worship of the universal Church. Elikana the deacon was their leader.

On the eighth Sunday the end was very near; half a coco-nut was left. The Sunday afternoon service was done, and the evening mocked them with its peace and beauty. Taking one last look Elikana saw a tiny blur on the sharp line of the horizon. He was at last sure enough to call the others, and they agreed that it was land indeed. Their hope revived, and then, once more to dash their courage, a squall began to blow straight off the land. But the squall brought rain which they drank, and then by God's mercy the wind returned to its old quarter. They hoisted the one remaining sail and made for land. By this time it was dark, and though they did not know it, they were heading straight for the reef, on which the great rollers were breaking. Even had they known, there was nothing else they could have done. By midnight they were in the surf, and roller after roller dashed them forward until at last on one of the islets of the atoll the wreck came to ground. The child and two others perished in the breakers, and a fourth breathed his last on the friendly beach, but the rest got through. Even so, they might still have died. The islet was uninhabited, and though coco-nut trees hung their fruit above them, none had strength to climb. But a man from the village opposite visited the islet early next morning and saw the clothes cast up on shore.

He went to look and found a dead body, and then he spied the rest, gave them food, and took them to the settlement. They had reached Nukulaelae, 1,200 miles as the crow flies from their point of departure.

Elikana the deacon was one of the five survivors. He found that some years before one Stuart, the master of a trading vessel from Sydney, had told the islanders of the true God, and on his advice they had burnt their idols. When Elikana came, they recognized that here was a man who could tell them of Him whom they had worshipped in ignorance. Through all the dangers of the voyage Elikana had preserved his Rarotongan Testament and Hymn Book, and the folk of Nukulaelae made him divide them up into portions for distribution between the households. After four months a ship visited the island and Elikana went down to Samoa and told his story. He then entered on a training course in the Samoan Institution at Malua, and in 1865 came back with several Samoan teachers under the guidance of A. W. Murray to establish the work which God had so wonderfully begun.

For some Elikana's return was too late. In 1861 he had left on Nukulaelae a community of 300; now less than 100 remained. The Peruvian slavers had come in the meantime and carried away 200 of the islanders, and most of these were never to return. At some islands the slavers got the natives on board by persuasion and then sailed away. At other islands they worked under the guise of peaceful trade. In some cases they organized a drive and beat the island from end to end. But at Nukulaelae and Funafuti they reached the lowest depths of villainy. They had as their accomplice a scoundrel, Tom Rose, who, finding the eagerness of the people, had

given them some religious teaching for his own advantage. When the slavers came, he lured the natives to the ship by promising that they would be taken to a place where they would get fuller instruction in the faith. Was ever trap set with more shameful bait?

The treachery of Tom Rose is balanced by the humanity and quick wit of an oil trader on Niutao, whom A. W. Murray only identifies as M'K——. A few days before Murray first reached Niutao, on his second tour in 1866, 'a blackbirder' from Melbourne, with a Frenchman in command, came to Niutao ostensibly for trade. M'K—— boarded her and found the crew generously entertaining sixty natives. The Frenchman took him aside and offered him a high bribe, together with a passage away from the island, if he would entice on board another hundred. M'K—— advised him to keep up the pretence of trade, and for that purpose to send his supercargo on shore. The captain agreed, and the supercargo went with M'K——. As soon as M'K—— had brought him to his own house he turned on the supercargo and told him to write to the captain asking him to release the sixty on board, for till their return he would be held as hostage. Among the sixty, one man refused to obey the summons to return, and stayed on board. The slavers secured no more from Niutao.

I wonder whether it has been brought out with sufficient clearness that, once a Mission had been established, this sort of thing became from that moment impossible. The books of Louis Becke and Jack London tell, and tell truly, stories of unsurpassed horror, brutalities in detail, and atrocities in the large. But, speaking for the areas of the London Missionary Society, it is possible to say that from the time a Mission was established, even if none but

NIUTAO VILLAGE, ELLICE ISLANDS

native teachers were its permanent representatives, slaving operations or any organized oppression were to be thought of no more, and even smaller crimes received a severe check. I suspect the same would be found true of all Missions in the Pacific. In the degree to which it is true, what an immeasurable service Missions have done! In the case last quoted the Samoan teachers had been placed on some of the Ellice Islands for only a little more than twelve months; the 'blackbirder' carefully avoided those islands and made its attempt on Niutao, simply because Niutao had been till then unvisited by the Mission.

Incidentally, this very protection explains many of the stories against Missions. There have been many Tom Roses in the Pacific, and many more who would have played his part if times had been more spacious, or if they had not let 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would'. Even before the blessings of settled government, Missions left no room for Tom Rose. And so from that day to this he and all his exploiting kind have started scandal against them in bars and smoking-rooms. From such lips there could be no more perfect praise.

The atoll of Funafuti, where we left the *John Williams* a few pages back, has a population, apart from the Girls' School on Funangongo, of only about 240 souls. The lagoon is eight or ten miles across and there are about thirty islets on the encircling reef. It is the Government head-quarters, and the resident agent there is the representative of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands Protectorate, now a Colony. Sometimes there is a doctor; more often there is not. The other seven islands are just like Funafuti, except that two or three are simply platforms of coral and have nothing worth calling a lagoon. Unless you climb a tree or a roof it is impossible anywhere to get

twenty feet above sea-level. There is only one village on each island, and the average population of each of the eight islands is under 400. Communication is very poor; ships go where there is a market, and the islands have little to buy with and few goods to sell; for months together only an occasional schooner or a little ramshackle steamer disturbs the sunlit peace of the intervening sea. Coco-nuts and breadfruit are the main sources of vegetable food. Bananas grow with difficulty, and a coarse taro can be cultivated in low damp spots. Beyond fishing there is little to do.

Government has done well to set out the villages on a new plan, even if it has sacrificed a little picturesque disorder. The houses lie in straight rows, and, as a rule, the lanes between them run to right and left of the island church. The huts are square built, light, and protected against heat and rain with the same loose mat screens found in Samoa. These crude venetians can be let down or tied up at need.

Here, too, I fear that the Mission influence, to say nothing of the storekeeper, has tended to encourage clothes, at least for Sundays. Wherever we went, the people were dressed up, and, when the girls showed us one of the old dances, they tied their grass dancing skirts outside their frocks. Poor things, they did look hot! In church the little girls, as they sat cross-legged, very nearly upset my solemnity by putting a large fan inside their loose frocks from below and fanning their bodies vigorously through the service! But when, some little time after service, I went unexpectedly away into the back parts of the village, I found many people shamefacedly scrambling for something to cover their shoulders. I fancy that Sunday clothes are quickly put away, and that for ordinary life neither men nor women are over-

dressed! Government officers may easily exaggerate the extent to which clothes are worn, because they too are always surrounded with the atmosphere of ceremony.

Have I conveyed the impression of a tiny doll's house life in the climate of a conservatory, a life far from the interest or protection of the great world? Till Government came, who would have cared for these people, if there had been no Missionary Society? Who would have given five minutes' thought to them, if they had been on the road to decay? Even now, good as Government is, could it carry the burden alone?

Apart from some Mission these people would have wallowed in animalism—that foulest brand of animalism which is found where the vice of the white man mingles with native brutishness. I have not a shadow of doubt that the islanders, but for the Mission, would by now be dying off. As it is, the census figures of to-day, compared with those of A. W. Murray fifty years ago, show that they are more than holding their own. How much poorer the world would be if those sunny, simple people had been left to flicker away because no one cared!

A peculiarly interesting glimpse of the work at one of its intermediate stages is found in Mrs. Edgeworth David's *Funafuti*. The book is unfortunately now out of print, but it is full of the spirit of the islands, while its humour alone will repay the labour of digging it out of the shelves of a library. In 1897 Professor David of Sydney went on a scientific expedition to discover, if possible, certain facts as to the growth of coral and the development of a coral island, and Mrs. David went with him and stayed for some months upon Funafuti in close contact with the natives. She had little or no previous knowledge of Missions, and she took her data as she

found them. The trader deplored the good old days of heathen dancing, the weaknesses of the Samoan teacher in charge at the time were not hid from her keen eyes, and her Anglican training recoiled from the irreverence of the Sacrament, as it was administered by the casual child of nature. She criticizes freely and her criticisms are valuable, but most of all because in view of them we can rely with assurance on her testimony to the work of the Church.

Nor is her testimony given in doubtful tones : she has no illusions about the good old days, is quite unmoved by the suggestion that the general good would be served by a return to the fine, free days of heathenism, and comprehends with perfect sympathy the slow and painful process by which the people climb upward into the Kingdom of God. She writes as a final summary : ' The natives seem to have fully grasped the moral code and the main doctrines of Christianity as taught them by these puritan pastors, and, what is more, they live up to their light, and the general result is one of which the Society may be justly proud.'

Her book represents the period of the Samoan pastors. The white missionary came up yearly, and, since the islanders are very biddable, he was able to do much in his short stay. Yet his visits would have been so much wasted effort, if it had not been for the faithfulness of the Samoan pastors. These men plainly did useful work. The respect in which they are still held in the islands, and the peculiar influence they exercise, is a clear proof that according to their lights they were servants of their Master and of the people. True, they had most of the faults of the Samoan. Some were vain, greedy, or lazy in a friendly, childlike way, but the majority were faithful, and some were saints. As a body they always mounted

a step or two above their people, and they lifted the island life. It is even possible that their pastoral work was superior to that which they would have done among their own people. Here in the Ellice Group the shackles of Samoan custom were unknown or very lax, and the Samoans seem to have given their unfettered best. Or was it that only the best would volunteer for these barren islands? In any case the Ellice Islands give fine testimony to Samoan Christianity.

It is worth noting that the system could never have been so fruitful without the annual visitation of the Mission ship. No commercial firm would send a steamer to work its rounds under conditions which would allow the missionary to give any proper supervision. A Society like ours must have control of a vessel, if it is to shepherd islands so isolated and so small.

Two pictures may show how the London Missionary Society continues its care. We landed on Vaitupu, one of the more important islands, fifty years to the day after the first visit of A. W. Murray. One of the first objects that we saw on the shore was a white stone beacon, put up to commemorate the payment of a debt in the past, and to be a warning against debt in future. The beacon was falling into decay, and we were tempted to conjecture that to its neglect was due the fact that a peculiarly flagrant case of borrowing had just been discovered in the Church finances. About a mile and a half brought us to the farther shore. We passed a large inland lake, and then followed a track through some of the dankest jungle I saw among the islands. Masses of great ferns like hart's-tongue grew in the forks of the trees. The leaves were often seven feet long and a foot broad. No wonder the place was infested with mosquitoes! On the farther side,

looking out over the ocean, were the missionary's house and the boys' Boarding School for the islands. The school was modelled on the Samoan District School, and seemed very efficient. But the site was unhealthy. At the time of our visit the missionary's wife had hardly recovered from repeated attacks of fever, which had reduced her to a shadow. No doctor was nearer than Funafuti and it might be months before a ship called. It was from such a centre that Bond James, the missionary in charge, was doing his work. Once or perhaps twice a year the *John Williams* would give him a chance of visiting each island of the Ellice Group and also the Tokelaus.

He has been called back to Rarotonga, and for the next year or two, at least, we shall not be able to put a missionary in the Ellice Islands, which will have to be superintended from Samoa, as was the case in the past. But if a missionary family is placed there again, one of the islets of Funafuti should be chosen for their residence, and not Vaitupu. Probably the school also should be on the central island, if a suitable islet can be secured.

In the case of Bond James, Vaitupu was chosen because the school was already there. Miss Jolliffe, who established the Girls' School in 1912, was able to choose unfettered. With the consent of the Government she was given the little islet of Funangongo on the Funafuti reef, about three miles across the lagoon from the Government settlement. The islet is about 1,000 yards by 120. The outer side is protected by a barrier of boulders cast up by the ocean. Inside is smooth sand and the calm lapping waters of the lagoon. Except for two married men who do the heavier labour on the plantation, the islet is wholly given up to the girls, and a better choice could not have been made. There are no mosquitoes,

as we proved during a lovely night, though the main settlement swarms with them. Funangongo is perhaps the healthiest place in the Ellice Islands. A representative council of the girls has charge of the discipline; helped by the men, no work is too heavy for them, and Miss Jolliffe has a sway like that of Tennyson's Princess. The school is in all respects well adapted to the conditions of the Group. Including Miss Jolliffe's house, the buildings are exceedingly simple, and are constructed of local material by the natives. There would be no great loss on fabric if the school were to be transferred elsewhere to-morrow.

I shall never forget our visit. After a busy day of flaming heat, we sailed across the lagoon and landed on the sand just opposite Miss Jolliffe's shanty, as the sun gave its last glow. The air blew soft and cool. After night had fallen, we dined in an open thatched hut on the edge of the lagoon. Almost at the back of our chairs the tiny waves rippled on the sand. Then it was prayers with the girls. The schoolroom was a larger shanty, open on every side. The girls sat at their desks and sang a few English songs with life and spirit, and then some of their own hymns in Samoan. Miss Jolliffe was leaving next day for six months' furlough, and she spoke to them a little message of farewell. Something had gone wrong with the lamps, and four poor little lanterns burned yellow and dim. As a result the scene was wonderfully simple and concentrated. Stillness over the lagoon thirty yards away, not a creature moving outside on the islet, the gentle booming of the rollers on the ocean dike some hundred yards behind, air blowing fresh through the open walls; and within, a Rembrandt picture: the face of an English woman, for the most

MISS JOLLIFFE'S HOUSE ON FUNANGONGO

part in shadow, but lighted along a profile that might have fitted a saint of the mediaeval Church; opposite her the girls of an unknown group of islands for whom she was giving her life. Her whole soul was plainly in this meeting as in the daily gift of a noble personality, and since she cared little for the loneliness, I, too, saw enough that night to know that she had got all the reward she sought and more. There was no need to pity; whatever might happen to her, nothing to regret; she had entered already into the joy of her Lord.

The isolation might be too much for another—all temperaments are not alike—and, if so, the Mission would have to change its plans. But in the meantime an English lady gives herself without break or respite, and in perfect content, that the girls of the Ellice Islands may conquer ignorance, sloth, and sensuality, and that they may be the mothers of Christian homes, purifying and inspiring the little island hamlets from which they come.

CHAPTER VII

GILBERT ISLANDS

THROUGH the Gilbert or Kingsmill Islands we continued to enjoy unusually good weather; we saved time all through the journey and missed nothing of what we set out to do. It is not always so. The visitation has sometimes to be made amid continuous gales. At Abaiang we made the mistake of calling on the windward side in the hope of saving time, but the sea was too much for us. The whale-boat managed to go in, but only got back, almost water-logged, after an hour's desperate struggle. There was nothing for it but to sail round to leeward and row in across the broad lagoon. This one experience, meaning a loss of about six hours, was enough to show us what we had escaped. When the weather is really bad, far less work can be done in the allotted time, and then only at the cost of danger. Sometimes when the wind blows from the west and the reef is a mass of breakers, the only possible course is to steam to the lee side, land the whale-boat, have it laboriously carried across the island by main force of numbers, and relaunch it in the lagoon. On one occasion a storm had sprung up while the party were on an island, and Mr. and Mrs. Goward saw a whale-boat upset three times in the attempt to get out. Yet in spite of the danger illustrated thus before their eyes they embarked upon the fourth trial, and this time the boat got through the breakers and out to the ship. That is how the islands have to be worked in bad weather,

yet there is nothing external to mark out the Gowards as of specially heroic mould.

The islands are on the Equator, and, when we landed, the contrast of the dry heat with the freshness of the sea-breeze was overpowering. For the first twenty-four hours my one desire was to sleep.

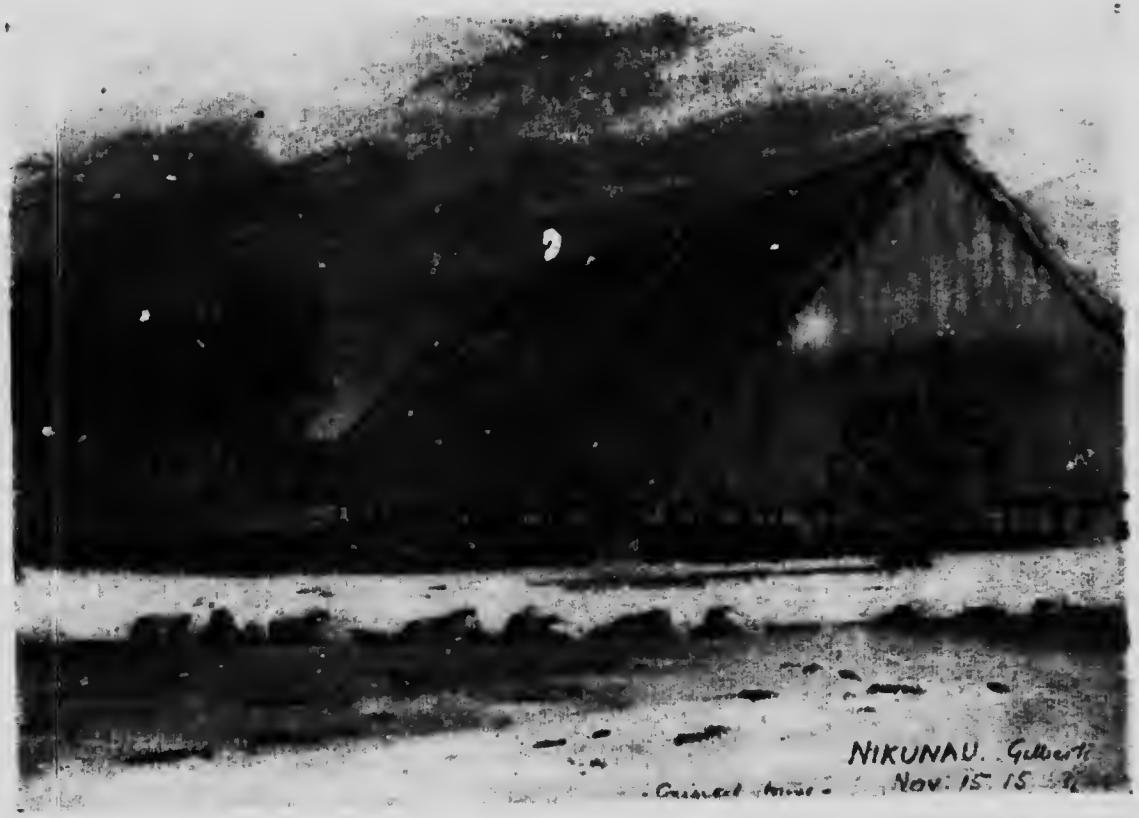
It is this heat that explains the conditions of the islands and the character of the people. The only things that will grow in any quantity are coco-nuts and pandanus. Of the coco-nut I shall have more to say. It is the staple food of the islanders, though, as a rule, Europeans cannot use it freely. The pandanus or screw-pine bears a round, red fruit, bigger than a man's head and like a giant raspberry, with great pips. Each of these pips is hard at the outer end, but the inner fibres are cased with a soft pulp, scented like the best soap, and of much the same taste! This can only be removed by determined chewing, and Gilbertese jaws must open wide and have strong muscles. I can still see a row of small boys twisting their mouths to chew pandanus, and grinning with every other feature because they saw I was amused. The diet can be varied a little by drying the pandanus pulp on mats in the sun. For the rest the people live on fish, and I am convinced that fish lose most of their flavour in tropical waters. The Gilbertese fish, besides being tasteless, are full of bones.

In a few sheltered spots, especially in the more fertile northern islands, it is possible to grow the giant taro, a sort of arum lily of which the root is eaten. But all attempts have failed to acclimatize the fruits and vegetables of Samoa and Fiji. The European in the Gilberts must live mainly on tinned food, and what that means can only be understood by those who have done it for

years at a time. It is not only that the actual nourishment is less than that of fresh food, but that it is difficult to take an interest in your food when you are shut up to the inevitable tin from a storehouse shelf. The Gilberts are not a white man's country.

The islands tend to follow one general plan. The heavier seas come from the east, and for the most part the main backbone of the island lies across them, curving round westward at either end to protect the lagoon. From the north point of the curve to the south the reef is drawn across in a line which roughly corresponds to the straight line of a capital D, and thus the lagoon is enclosed from the west. The island proper consists of one long, thin chain of close-strung, narrow islets. Though the total length from end to end may be thirty miles, the breadth is rarely more than half a mile. Nowhere does the land rise more than fifteen feet above high-water mark, and the soil for the most part is nothing but finely broken coral. Everything above the shore line is covered with a thick canopy of coco-nut palms. The islets are linked by a foot-track of fine grey sand, and the villages are built along the lagoon every mile or two—double chains of houses on either side of the track.

The Gilbertese house is nearly square, with a gabled roof and spreading eaves of thatch. In the roof is a chamber, and the main floor is a platform of logs raised two or three feet above the ground. Behind most of the huts is a little barn for coco-nuts, not unlike the 'Yam house' of the Trobriands, off the east coast of Papua. In all these features we begin to approach Papuan architecture. The main hut is open on every side, and it is quite possible to see from end to end of the village;



COUNCIL-HOUSE IN THE GILBERTS.

privacy is not easily attained. But otherwise the houses, under the kindly shade of the coco-nuts, are well suited for Gilbertese conditions. Here and there is a *maniapa* or Council-house. This has an enormous gabled roof of thatch and little else. The sides are raised about four feet on rough stone blocks so as to admit light and air. There is something very impressive in the simplicity and beauty of the line. The last forty years have added churches of heavy stone and plaster, if built by the Samoans, and of light and open palisades topped by a broad cool roof, if built by the missionary.

It is all very barren and monotonous, but the simple materials compose into a real beauty. Just after sunrise the islands are radiant with the slanting sun, and the open shore is cool and fresh. At midday, when all the open ground is dazzling with light and scorching to the foot, a heavy canopy of palm foliage shades the central line of land. Or in moonlight you may walk between the white stones that mark the Government track, over the dark, sharp-cut patterns which the great fronds cast on the silver sand. In the wind, even at midday, the lagoon is fresh, and the canoe dodges the yellow tufts of coral just below the surface and glides over fairy grottoes in between.

Little of the above description applies either to Ocean Island or to Nauru. These are islands raised up with round hump-backs well above the level of the sea. They must once have been at or below sea-level, for there is much coral in the phosphate quarries at the top, and some hold that the phosphate itself is seaweed and other organic matter deposited through the centuries in crevices and coral pools. Their vegetation is different. The sea-breeze blows cool, and after touring through the

low Gilberts it is a new sensation to stand a hundred feet above sea-level and command the ocean. On both islands life is much richer in variety because of the large white population brought together by the Phosphate Company. Under normal conditions the Company's vessels visit these two islands about once a fortnight, and there is cold storage with everything a European needs for life. Because gardeners seek for fertilizers, these two islands are worth more than all the gold-mines of Papua, and commerce has transformed them to its plan. There are rails and engines, great loading piers and cranes, crushing and sifting machines on a huge scale, stores and mess-rooms, and a fleet of steamers plying to and fro. To come from Beru to Ocean Island is to sail in a day and a half from a Pacific Eden, with its village peace and its childish life, to a dusty modern mining or manufacturing district with all the complications of coloured labour thrown in.

On Ocean Island the labourers are mainly Gilbertese with some Ellice Islanders. They are under a careful system of indenture, and the British Government sees that they are looked after well. The wages offered are attractive; by their means food supplies and various Western treasures find their way into many village homes. Now and then, of course, the labourers take back with them ideas they would be better without, but that is part of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and probably labour recruiting is rarely worked under better conditions. On Ocean Island some payment is made to the original inhabitants for the use of their land, and while these rents are absurdly small in proportion to the profits, they probably mean as much wealth as the natives are fit to use. On Nauru the islanders are of a different

speech, and the labour is done by men from China and the Carolines. There the German Government was in authority, and it was not interested enough to insist that the original owners should receive anything. Nauru, by the way, was an important link in the German chain of 'wireless' across the Pacific.

Since the Gilbert Islands proper are so much like each other, there is no need to mention them one by one. But Nikunau will be memorable because we were able to restore to their homes two men who several weeks before had been carried away by the westerly current, while they were fishing, and had been fortunate enough to make Beru, some forty miles across the sea. They were received back as from the dead, for all hope had been abandoned and their little inheritances had been divided. Another had been carried off on the same day, but in his case nothing came to shore but the broken shell of his canoe.

The big lagoons of Onotoa, Nonouti, and Tabiteuea will be connected in our minds with the delight of sailing in the local canoes. These cut very deep into the water (a section amidships would be a sharp wedge), and are stayed by an outrigger. Having such lines they act almost as centre-boards. They need a lot of sea room at starting or tacking, for, when they want to put about, the point of the lateen yard has to be carried from one end to the other. But when they are moving, they go with the fleetness of the wind, and to skim the lagoon, with outrigger sometimes in and oftener out of the water, and see the shadows and colours of the seaweed and coral spinning away beneath you is to know motion in one of its most perfect forms.

On every island we found the traders in anxiety

because w. · conditions, and especially the fall in the price of copra, had prevented ships from visiting them. Their sale goods were exhausted, and in many cases they were out of European food, while their sheds were bursting with copra they had accumulated. As it was likely to deteriorate by keeping, they were naturally eager to know if we had any news of the ship. Perhaps at another time they would have made a more favourable show, but I got the impression that, compared with these stores, the most primitive of village shops in England would be a paradise for order and a very Whiteley's for supply. At the same time I do not think their prices were excessive, if the cost of their own labour be reckoned in the bill. But it is not wonderful that the Mission finds that by supplying its own preachers and students with the goods they most need, great economies can be effected.

It is a lonely life that traders lead, and for the most part they are married to native women, or take them without marriage. The temptation to drink is strong, and some at least are not likely to lift the reputation of the white man. But in this Group relations with the missionaries are unusually good. Though the time for visiting each island is very short, no chance is lost for little acts of friendliness to very lonely men. Perhaps the most valued gift has been spare newspapers from the irregular English mails. In the Gilbert Islands the trader does not find the day's newspaper waiting for him by his plate at the breakfast table! He may get letters one, two, or maybe six months after the last delivery, and at the very quickest they will be two months out from England.

The Cook Islands and Niué since 1901, and since 1914

the islands of the Samoan Group formerly in German hands, have been under New Zealand, while Papua is under the Australian Commonwealth. The Gilbert and Ellice Islands are under the Colonial Office, and it is interesting to find how free and efficient is government from Downing Street. Of course in Suva there is the High Commissioner for the Pacific, with counsellors who know the Pacific, but except in large matters of policy the Government of the Colony is free to follow its own course. It is directed and inspired by a belief in the Gilbertese native, and a desire to give him the best chance possible. The tone of the office on Ocean Island is human and friendly, and its officers are proud of the people they govern. They are fighting disease with somewhat inadequate apparatus, and doing their best to prevent the decay of the population, apparently with real success. They are watching the material and moral interests of the natives, and they have a keen sense of the need of education, and of the type of education likely to be best for the islands. I believe the condition of the natives on Ocean Island was notably better than on Nauru, where the Phosphate Company worked under the German Government. In short, the Government of the colony is inspired by the best traditions of British colonial government.

There are, of course, minor points of criticism. The sanitary villages to which sick people must remove are not properly staffed, and their stark discomfort may well encourage the concealment of disease. But, in part at least, that is due to the difficulty of securing doctors for such lonely islands who will stay long enough to train a staff of native assistants, and the absence of regular means for transporting them round the Group. An

island Government, as well as an island Mission, should control its own ship. Then there is a very laudable desire to discourage much clothing as being dirty and liable to cause tuberculosis. But it would appear that Government has failed to persuade the police to lead the way. For the most part they were more heavily clothed than the average villager! Undoubtedly one great cause of tuberculosis is the habit of sleeping with the head covered to avoid mosquitoes, and the filthy substitutes for mosquito nets which are sometimes used are little healthier than wrapping up the head. If Government could ensure a supply of good, cheap, mosquito netting, it would do much for the health of the islands. Again, disease must often be spread by the common propensity for bathing in small fresh-water pools a few feet across. The whole population of a village will use one tiny pool, and an infectious disease has free course.

One specially perplexing problem clogs the administration. The Roman Catholic and Protestant Missions are unfortunately not on the friendliest terms, for the Roman Catholics follow their usual practice of refusing to recognize any other body as a Church. Further, natives have a way of exaggerating the disagreements of their white leaders and converting them into definite feuds. As a result Government has felt itself restricted to the old non-Christian or heathen minority in choosing village officials. It is difficult to believe that this can be a final solution, though what the solution should be, it is not easy to say.

Besides the administrative centre at Ocean Island, we saw the subordinate station on Tarawa. There was the large prison for the Group, together with the Government

A CHURCH IN THE GILBERT ISLANDS

Hospital, and prison labour had been used to beautify the station. Something akin to grass grows underneath the trees, and a few sheep were feeding when we were there. Through the open grove of coco-nuts neat sandy paths were cut, and the whole place was more like a park than anything we had seen since Suva.

The prisoners moved about freely except at night, when they were corralled and under guard. We saw two or three murderers under sentence of death, and their presence at the little service made it hard to know what to say. Apparently most crime is connected with sexual trouble of one sort or another. As in other parts of the Pacific, it is not uncommon to take prisoners into the police when their time has expired. The offences for which they are condemned are often but dimly understood, and in some cases they are hardly reckoned as crimes in native morality. On the other hand, the prisoner learns discipline, comes to understand the ways of Government, and can be fully tested, so that he often makes a good and faithful officer.

I have said that the Government officials are proud of the Gilbertese; their pride is justified. The very bareness of the Group has produced manhood, and the Gilbertese are probably a hardier race than any others that we saw upon the journey. In the old days, without being actually cannibal, they were wild and criminal. They fought with wooden swords set with sharks' teeth, and wore a mail of coco-nut fibre which could turn most weapons of wood or stone.[1]

The isolation of the islands led, in old days, to wickedness of many kinds. But for some time past Government

[1] An excellent example is placed at the foot of the stairs in the United Service Exhibition, Whitehall.

and Christianity have combined to put an end to the old feuds and to the raids of slavers. It is good to know that Gilbertese bravery and determination still remain. For a fortnight I watched boats' crews of young natives doing heavy work under the burning sun. I never saw teams more energetic and plucky, nor so uniformly cheerful.

A man who had been in the Government steamer *Tokelau* told me of a piece of bravery which happened before the war during his own stay on Tarawa. Two ships were anchored in the haven of Betio under the shelter of the main island. The two captains decided to go for a short trip up the lagoon, and took a boat's crew of Gilbertese, one at least of whom was a prisoner. When they were well away, a storm sprang up suddenly, and they were capsized. They hung on to the boat and its floating gear. The gale was so strong that the two steamers in their sheltered anchorage dragged their moorings, and it was in the teeth of such a wind that the prisoner of the story volunteered to swim to shore. The distance was about eight miles. By sheer pluck he came through. The first European house he came to was that of an Englishman, who refused to let his boat go out 'because it was being painted'! At this point the prisoner fainted with exhaustion, but after a little while he revived and ran four miles along the shore. He then found another trader, an Austrian, who was willing to let his boat go out. It was thought wise to send a native canoe as well as the whale-boat, and the prisoner was the first man into the canoe. The two captains were rescued after twenty-four hours in the water, almost black from exposure to the salt and the sun.

The prisoner was taken into Government service, and

I was fortunate enough to see him among the crew of the police boat at Nauru. His unassuming simplicity and the cheeriness of his ugly face were very charming. A people capable of producing such a man are worthy of the best that we can offer.

As the islands are away from any of the main tracks of the Pacific, the message of the Gospel was brought to them comparatively late. When the Roman Catholics began work I do not know, but the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions founded its Mission under Hiram Bingham the younger in 1857. He and his wife went through hardships parallel to those endured by our own missionaries in the dark days of the Tahitian Mission. He made a splendid translation of the Bible, which will stand for many a long year. But unfortunately the American Board suffered one or two serious losses by death, and concluding that the climate was impossible for white people, they withdrew their missionaries and worked the northern Group from Kusai in the Carolines, some 800 miles away.

Meantime, the missionaries of the London Missionary Society were working up from Samoa through the Ellice Group, and in 1870 they came to the five southern islands and established teachers there. Perhaps the Gilbertese were less docile than the folk of the Ellice Group, perhaps the Samoans were not quite so successful as pastors, when they were far from supervision; at any rate there was much leeway to make up when W. E. Goward and his wife came north to settle on the islands in 1900. These two had previously been charged with the supervision from Samoa, and hearing the call to make the Gilberts their permanent home, they obtained the Board's approval and settled on Beru. The result has proved the wisdom of

their judgment. The work has gone forward, whatever test be applied, and in the last few years the American Board has been urging the London Missionary Society to take responsibility for the whole Group.

After the American missionaries had been withdrawn to Kusai, other forces had made headway in the north, and as the Americans had of recent years no ship like the *John Williams* their work could not be so well supervised as our own. Finally, they offered so generous a subsidy that in December 1916 the Board of the London Missionary Society felt it safe to accept the responsibility, as it seemed certain that all the new work could be financed from the American contribution for the first ten years, and after that be made self-supporting. The attitude of the American Board has been a signal instance of missionary comity and generosity.

As the work in the Gilberts is later, so it is in many ways more primitive than in the previous Groups; the element of evangelization is more prominent, while pastoral care is at an earlier stage. We have here a Mission whose history and spirit lie midway between those of the settled Churches of the South Seas and the pioneering temper of Papua. The methods pursued are in some ways unique; the organization is much more centralized than in other Groups, and everything turns on good communication. This Mission has shown that, given good facilities for travel, a Group can be worked effectively with a very small staff.

Beru is one of the southern islands, and about half-way down it lies the station of Rongorongo. The ground is limited to five acres, and setting aside actual towns like Apia or Suva, there are probably no other five acres in the South Seas so closely packed with human activity. The anchorage is outside the reef some three miles from

the settlement, and all supplies must be conveyed by whale-boat across reef and lagoon. If the tide is high, the passage through the reef—perhaps three-quarters of a mile—is merely difficult; as the tide falls a little, it becomes laborious, and at low tide a boat cannot pass. On the land side of the lagoon a little jetty marks the station, and, setting foot on shore, you will find apparatus of every kind. Close by are two large missionary bungalows, open and airy, with high pitched roofs of thatch, and free ventilation above every partition. The church is thatched like all the other buildings, and in the same way its sides are of midribs of palm-leaf set on end like fences. The printing machine has a house to itself, and there is a rough workshop and a big store. The simple school buildings are on the same plan as the church, and all round are dormitories for young married couples or for young men. The unmarried girls are in a special quarter.

Rongorongo draws its pupils from all over the southern islands. From the village schools the young folk go, if possible, to a Central School on their own island, still quite elementary in its standards. From the Central School such as prove themselves worthy are drafted on to Rongorongo. The visitor who keeps his eyes open while a missionary is visiting an island cannot mistake the keenness of the boys and girls for education. They come as eager candidates, and, if they are accepted, they go away rejoicing. After all, in its small way, Rongorongo means to them what the University meant to some of us. They will pay money down, even to £4 or £5, and the parents will pledge themselves to provide food that they may be no burden on charity. The principle of the Gilbert Islands Mission is to make people do everything possible

for themselves, and nowhere have I seen such pride in the opportunity. Indeed, I am coming to the conviction that where by means of foreign money everything is done for people, there is found grasping and discontent; where a missionary insists that the native should give up to, aye, and beyond his power, there is happiness, courage, and mutual respect.

At Rongorongo the machinery of the Mission is ever at work to prepare for the next half-yearly visitation. The visitation itself is so occupied with problems of distribution, spiritual and material, that everything must be parcelled and labelled beforehand, so as to produce the largest effect in the shortest time.

To understand the Mission you must accompany the ship on its rounds. One night at high tide all the boats will be hard at work embarking stores on the *John Williams* outside Beru. Next morning she will be lying off an island forty, fifty, or eighty miles away, and a new activity will begin. Maybe there are young folk to return for holiday, and perhaps the widow of a teacher who has died at his post on some other island; there are the visiting party, the white missionaries, the invaluable Samoan assistant, Jupili, with a leading Gilbertese pastor or two, half a dozen cheery girls from the Institution to look after the picnic meals, and a couple of boats' crews of young fellows. Boats are lowered and canoes come round, and, if the weather is good, all are ashore in an hour. Then come the stores, Bibles and hymn-books for sale, bundles of local magazines printed in Beru, school books and books of religion, boxes of medicine for the teachers to handle, other cases for the missionary to dispense that day, if time allows, not forgetting spectacles for failing eyes. There are parcels of papers

A Gilbertese Village.

for the traders, and the boxes of various goods which represent the teachers' wages.

On the shore we see waiting heaps of unhusked cocoanuts which will be embarked, some in the boat, and some towed floating behind; rolls of dried pandanus and bundles of high-smelling dried fish are brought out and laid on the shingle to be carried through the shallows to the boats. These are for the maintenance of the students of that island who are at Rongorongo, and they correspond to the bag of oatmeal the Scotch boy used to take from his village to Glasgow University. Boats are coming and going all the morning and at the end the whole forepart of the *John Williams* is a glorious jumble of native stores, for a foundation of unhusked cocoanuts does not lend itself to neat arrangement.

The missionary, meantime, has had a service for the people, followed by a meeting of the pastors and elders, as soon as the traders have drawn the stores they require as the equivalent of their pay, some scandal or matter of discipline may need careful inquiry, and here the native helpers are of the utmost value. The school must be examined, contributions collected, book and Bible accounts checked, and the remaining time must be spent in dispensing till darkness falls. Then there is the weary row to the ship, to begin the same varied labour next day. After visiting two or three islands the ship returns to Beru to unload and reload again.

If we could do without a store system everybody would be profoundly thankful. Payment in kind involves such careful accountancy that it is very difficult to know where the undertaking stands except in most general terms, and most missionaries are not chosen for their skill as accountants. Besides these complications the

system involves much serving of tables. The store easily generates disputes between the missionary and his subordinates, and gives rise to the charge of trading and of unfair competition with the local trader. The charge of trading becomes of less moment if, as is now the case in the Gilberts, the store is only available for the pastors and students of the Institution. There is still less injustice to the trader, when he is himself the customer, because the ship has failed to come in time for Christmas. The trader wants to buy stores for himself and his family: is the missionary to refuse to supply him on general grounds? In Papua the same system obtains, and since stores of the ordinary commercial kind are far fewer than in the Gilberts, rigorous limitation to teachers and students becomes very difficult. I saw a Papuan, plainly not in Mission employ, come to the missionary who stood, key in hand, on the steps of his store. He asked for a packet of fish-hooks, and the missionary turned to me.

'Should I supply this man or not? If I don't, he has to sail fifty miles along the coast to buy what would cost a shilling. He knows I have the hooks, and, if I refuse, he will only be convinced that I have some selfish reason for refusal.'

Yet it is plain that, if the missionary does sell goods, he makes it to that extent more difficult for the store-keeper to come in and do a decent trade. A minor matter is that the store makes the missionary the ally of the trader in the encouragement of unnecessary clothes. In the days of long ago the missionary was expected to eke out his little salary by trading for profit, and no doubt this fact contributed to the insistence on clothing in the South Seas. Even now there is a temptation to try and add to the income for the work's sake. At Rongorongo, if I had

my way, there would be no women's hats in church with their bright ribbons. If only the Apostle Paul had not used that unfortunate sentence about women being veiled when they prophesied! But even he did not say that they were to wear hats, if they were only worshippers.

On the other hand, both in the Gilberts and Papua we make Mission finances go much farther by the store system than they would if teachers had to buy in cash from a small trader, and the teachers get far better value for their money. Without the store we should have to pay much larger salaries. The missionary himself gets most of his stores from Australia or England, and nobody would think of limiting him to the local trader. Why should he not help his South Sea teachers by organizing similar import on their behalf, and, if he has two or three score of young people to clothe, why should he not use the money in the most economical way? But all this is for the present distress; let us hope that trade conditions may so improve as to enable us to dispense with the Mission store.

To return to the visitation of the islands. Throughout all the southern part of the Group there is the sense of life and progressive work. In the forefront of all the activity, and in the centre of every council, is Jupili the Samoan. Jupili, no doubt, was so baptized because about the time of his birth there came the Jubilee of the Samoan Church. He is a big, burly man with a fine smile, and, curiously enough, has not been trained in the Theological Institution for Samoan pastors. Perhaps to that fact he owes a certain freedom from the official stamp. He is a man who has conquered self and never wastes time in standing on his own dignity, and the result is that he can command any service from others. He and his wife are worth as much as European missionaries to the Group.

The day we left Beru and the lonely missionaries there, we took the Communion with them and with the native leaders on the island. During the service I got a new sense of the meaning of it all. Here, and here only, was to be found the centre of life for the islands. It was not in the traders or in the ships of Australian merchants; it was not in the great Phosphate Company, nor even in the Government, good as it is, nor in its resident officials; it was not in the new promise of education. The centre of hope lay in a little brotherhood of ordinary men and women, native and European joined in one, who were mastered by the Cross of Christ and working in its power. The weakness of God is stronger than men.

But another thought came with the first. For our wine at that service we had, most fitly, the clear juice of the coco-nut. Over and over again I had been refreshed by its delicately flavoured liquid, and in these islands the mature nut is the staple food. Its peculiarity is that it must grow near the sea, and on islands such as these, where it is at its full glory, it actually strikes its roots down through the sand to the sea caverns among the coral, and draws its nourishment from the salt water. Its roots are in the brine, and from that supply it can provide sweet and living water at its crest. The vine speaks of suffering, of the tree pruned without remorse, of the grape crushed in the wine-press; the juice of the coco-nut spoke to me of the conquest of Resurrection and of the power of the Cross to take all that is most bitter and most barren and transform it into victorious life. That assuredly is the summary of the Church's work in the South Seas.

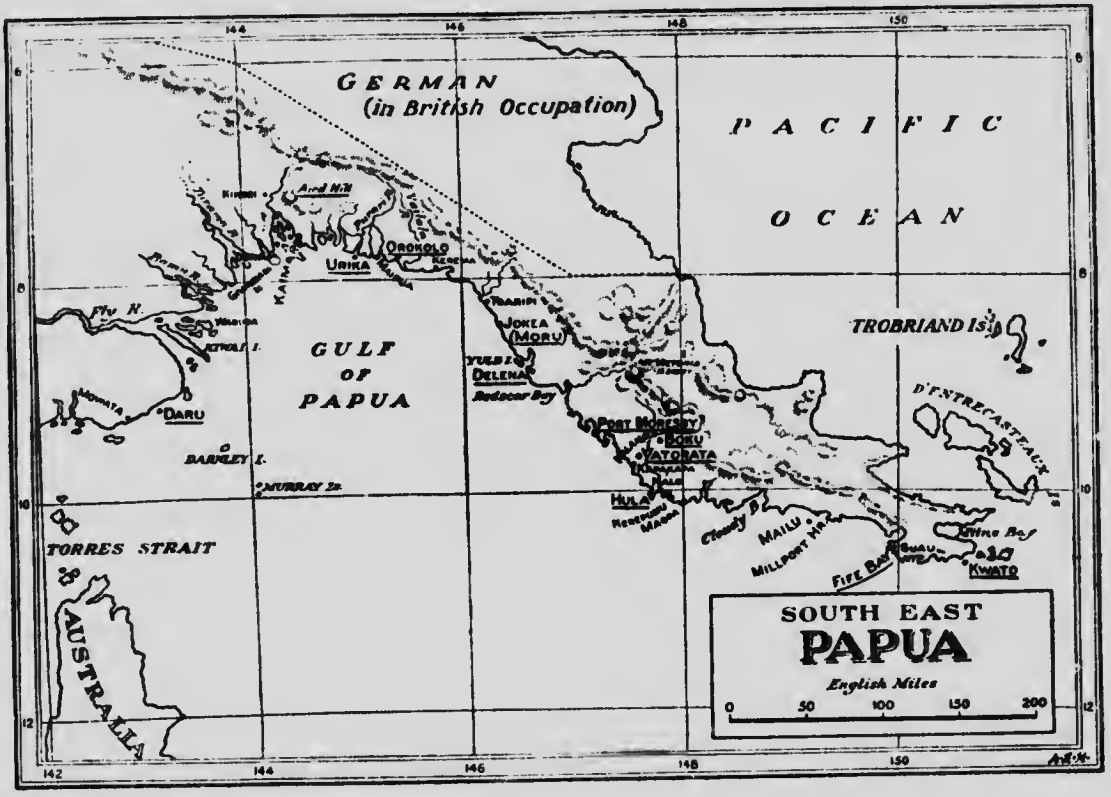
CHAPTER VIII

PAPUA

BEGINNING IN THE WEST

THE problem of our Papuan communications vexed us early. New Guinea may appear small on most maps, but place the eastern point of the whole great island over London and the other end will cover Constantinople. Even the limited section of Papua, or British New Guinea, covered by our Mission stretches along 700 miles of coast. Though in mileage one station is not very far from another, it may take two or three months for a letter to reach any of those more remote. It is this combination of distance with inaccessibility which necessitates the use of costly motor launches on nearly every station. There is no other means of effective transit. Between Daru, Port Moresby, and Samarai there is regular communication by the *Misima*. Yule Island, Port Moresby, and Samarai are linked by Burns Philp's larger boats, but on the coast between these centres there is nothing the traveller can trust. There was one little steamer with no fixed programme, and a few schooners from Port Moresby moved uncertainly out and back again, but none of these would have served our purpose. To charter for our own special use would have been expensive.

But thanks to B. T. Butcher's loan of his launch, the *Tamate*, and his willingness to go with us down the coast, we were guided to a solution which we never had cause


GERMAN
(in British Occupation)
PACIFIC
OCEAN
GULF
OF
PAPUA
TORRES STRAIT
AUSTRALIA
TROBRIAND IS.
D'ENTRECASTEAUX
DARU
BARLEY I.
MURRAY Is.
Fly R.
Aird Hill
UMUKA
OROKOLO
JOKEA
(MORU)
DELENA
Bodsoar Bay
PORT MORESBY
BOKU
VATORATA
HULA
MAILU
MILLPORT HR.
FIFE BAY
KWATO
SOUTH EAST
PAPUA
English Miles
0 50 100 150 200

to regret. The *Tamate* is only 48 feet long, with a beam of 9 feet. On the cabin settees three men could berth, if the heat allowed, to say nothing of the cabin floor and the narrow spaces on the deck above. But, though small, she is very heavily engined, so that we lost no time, and we did the 800 miles with great ease.

As Butcher had to nurse the engines at all important or dangerous points, we needed a mate. Again there was much thought, and this second problem was solved by sending for Sam to Suau in the east. Sam's service was typical of the heights the Papuan can reach, when he is properly trained. His real name is Taudiveve, which was naturally too much for indolent English tongues. As with many of the Suau boys, his nose seemed crushed back into his face, leaving his forehead and chin protruding. But still more characteristic was the elevation of the back of the head, exaggerated by the stiff, upstanding hair. He was short and thick-set, with feet that stuck to the deck like limpets. He had been a sort of mate on a coastal boat, but that was wrecked—some said because Sam's advice was not followed—and for a year he had been disengaged. A modester, friendlier, more efficient steersman I never wish to see. He brought with him Leudoga, copper-brown, well built, and, though his head was framed on the same plan as Sam's, the handsomest of the crew. Of these two I became the master by 'signing them on' with all formalities demanded by Government. The rate of pay was declared, and I covenanted to pay them off before the Government officer at Port Moresby or Samarai, to give them certain rations of biscuit and *bulamakau* (which is tinned meat), to provide each with a plate and a blanket, and, if need be, to give them mosquito nets. The system of 'signing

on ' is on the whole a good one ; the stipulations do much to protect the natives.

Then there was Jim from Hula in the Central District, a very capable and willing second engineer. As we started from Daru, Baxter Riley lent us David, one of his best boys,[1] patchy-black like the men of the west, tall, long of arm, and with bulging muscles on his chest. The complement was made up by Aive from the cannibals of Goaribari. His projecting lower jaw and the great hole through the septum of his nose just above the upper lip were very animal, and, with his long, ill-nourished limbs and loping walk, always reminded me of a young wolf. But he played neither the cannibal nor the wolf with us.

Papuan life seems to develop a sense of humour, and many of our friends wished that we might have thoroughly bad weather as we travelled along the coast, so that we might know what they had to face. I understood their desire, and, if I had been in their place, should have shared it, but happily it was not fulfilled. Storms only came during the days when we were in shelter. We had, it is true, one adventure. On Christmas Day, at 4 p.m., amid the islands and shifting channels of the Fly River we ran aground on a shoal. The tide was at the spring, and had it been near the flood when we grounded, it might have been a fortnight before we could get off. Meantime, we were right in the funnel of the Fly Estuary, and the first real waves would have broken us to matchwood. There was nothing for it but to wait and hope it might not be so bad as that. We were thankful that the boat settled down into a hollow and hardly left an

[1] 'Boy' is a very elastic term in Papua, and may mean any youngish man.

even keel. Then at 11 o'clock that night, as the little waves came in, the *Tamate* began to bump, and at midnight we were free.

We were also perplexed by the problem of the season for our visit. It is natural that Australia, though she administers Papua, should have but small knowledge of her distant territory. From Brisbane, Port Moresby is a week's journey, and even from the little North Queensland ports of Cairns and Townsville Papua is about as far as Finland is from London. Further, Papua has the repute to the ordinary Australian of a fever-ridden, inhospitable land, where even the explorer must look well to his equipment, and where ordinary folk set foot on shore at great risk. But it surprised me to find that information as to Papuan conditions seemed to be more easily obtained in London than in Australia!

From London we proposed December to March for the season of our visit. That, of course, is the hot season, and from Australia came the criticism that we should suffer from the extreme heat, and that we should be exposed to the dangers of the hurricane season. It seemed obvious that, coming from a country only a week away from Papua, the criticism should carry great weight. Fortunately, three men from Papua were available in London, and they gave their entire approval to the time first chosen. They admitted that the heat was great, but as Papua was always very hot, a little extra heat was of small account. Papua, they said, was entirely outside the hurricane zone. Their final argument was conclusive. During the hot season the NW. monsoon is blowing, and it is possible to land at all our stations. During the rest of the year the trades blow up into the Papuan Gulf from the south-east with such force that landings such as

those at Moru and Orokolo may be impossible for weeks at a time. We found in the event that we had chosen wisely. We had good weather all the way. We were able to travel in the little launch along 700 miles of coast, often outside the reef, and none of us had fever during the whole of the sixteen weeks we spent in Papua. Papua is not a health resort, but it is a great deal safer than many people imagine.

No one will understand Papua who does not keep in mind that it is a series of divided fragments of nationality. It may be admitted that two main racial strains can be discerned—those whom I should be inclined to call the True Papuans, inhabiting all the country around the Gulf and west of Cape Possession, and the Papuo-Melanesians farther east, who might well be called the Mixed Papuans. But even the True Papuans fall into sharply-marked sections and towards Orokolo begin to show much race contamination, while the Mixed Papuans to the east vary radically every thirty or forty miles. Nor does the variation follow the line of a regular progression. Tribes of one type crop up unexpectedly amid those of an entirely different type, and the only explanation seems to lie in supposing a series of migrations from the western portion through to the east and to the islands, and then from the islands back to Papua. Sometimes the settlers came in canoes and dropped on a particular line of coast amid a people quite alien, sometimes from the mountains a new tribe came down to the sea.

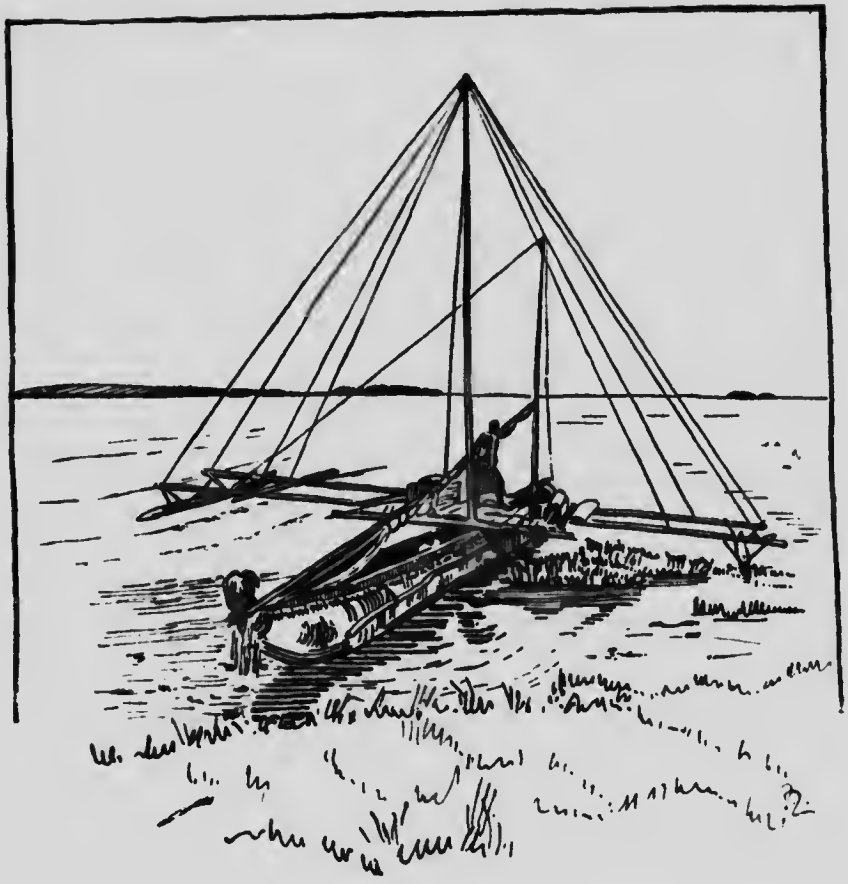
Language naturally corresponds to these divisions, as it helps to mark them. A few years ago the Bible Society sent a scholar to report as to the number of main languages in British New Guinea. He reported that there seemed to be twenty-seven definite languages with which

the Bible Society ought to reckon, quite apart from numerous dialects. In the L. M. S. area are thirteen Mission districts, and in these our missionaries have to deal with eleven languages. On the average perhaps 10,000 to 20,000 people may speak each particular tongue. Any one will see at once how difficult it is to provide even a portion of the Bible and to create the simplest literature when readers must be so few. It has therefore been the dream of the missionaries for many a year to encourage one of the languages and make it general along the coast. Government had the same desire, and tried to push the use of Motu, the language of the people around Port Moresby. There has been some result, but nothing like what might have been hoped, and I fear there is nothing for it but English. The tongues of those tiny primitive clans are not suited to express the new, and above all the spiritual, ideas which are flooding in upon them. English alone can open the doors through which the Papuan must enter. But English takes much time to learn, and in the interval Motu is certainly more natural and may serve a useful purpose for a long time yet. If the babel of tongues be not simplified in some way, the unity of Papua will never come.

Ethnic and linguistic cleavage makes for mutual hostility, and in turn hostility prevents the intermingling which might bridge over the gulf. From end to end the country is cut up by great rivers, and, as roads are still very few, ordinary journeys must be taken by sea, and the man who comes in by sea seems much more of an alien. The hill dwellers are afraid of the shore villagers and visit them rarely. The shore dwellers reciprocate their feeling.

Differences are shown in all the externals of tribal life. The men's club-houses, in some districts called *dubus*, increase in height and dignity from the west towards Orokolo. From that point the *dubus* gradually fall away to a little bare scaffolding. In some cases women are allowed to enter these; in other districts they are excluded on pain of death. There is no common standard for the height of the piles on which the houses are built; in the Port Moresby district some of the houses are built so as partly to overhang the water, and some villages are set a couple of hundred yards out into the sea. Facial types are very marked. I fancy that after five years' experience a shrewd observer could tell from what region any Papuan came. Again, clothing varies enormously. The Papuans themselves are shocked by the differences, and the full dress costume of the Port Moresby native appears quite indecent to his cousins east or west. Burial customs are as varied as the tribes themselves. Morality differs greatly, as does the mass of animistic belief which passes for religion. All the clans do a certain amount of artistic work of a primitive kind, but suddenly around Fife Bay you are startled by an unexpected outcrop of wonderful designs not unlike some of the best Runic work. Something parallel is found among the eastern islands, but why should such striking art begin just at that point? What gave to this little Daui-speaking colony such a perfect sense of line, and why did it come to the east alone? In short, there is probably no area of the size in the known world where there is such a museum of racial division, and at first sight one feels inclined to accept one general conclusion—that it is impossible to generalize.

Yet unity enough can be discovered to justify us in



DOUBLE-OUTRIGGER CANOE, FLY RIVER

thinking of the Papuans as true kinsfolk, and in hoping for their consolidation into a genuine Papuan race. For the most part they are alike in that they have no chiefs with any clear authority, nor organized government of any sort. They are even more alike in the absence of gods and idols. They all approach religion through the fear of spirits, and their ceremonies are of very disputable meaning. There is a universal belief in witchcraft. In these matters they would always understand one another.

Then again, long before the coming of the white man, there was a remarkable chain of pilgrimages moving up from east to west and back home again. The Mailu people had an annual engagement at Aroma to exchange their arm-shells for pigs. The Hula canoes come into Port Moresby to get rid of their fish, and the greatest trade movement of all was the *Hiri*, the annual migration of the Motuans from Port Moresby and the allied villages right up to the cannibal areas of the west. Year by year the *lakatois*—each made up of four or five huge dug-out canoes lashed together—went up in October before the end of the SE. trades, and the men in them (no women went) settled down in the river villages of the Purari Delta, till they were able to go back in February, when the monsoon blew from the north-west. During their visit a truce was rigidly observed. Taking up arm-shells and pots, they exchanged them for sago, and for great logs of trees from which they hewed out more canoes, so that each *lakatoi* by the time of return became a broad pontoon of ten to twelve canoes side by side. The system still continues, and each November the young men of the Motu villages set their mat-sails for the west.

In the third place the coming of fixed government has worked for unity in new ways. The Government

official moves up and down, making feuds impossible and stirring the stagnant villagers into contact with their neighbours. The police are drawn from all over the country, especially the west, and are all expected to learn some Motu. They carry back to their homes the idea—the revolutionary idea—of Papua as one land. Insignificant as is the shipping, it also brings Papuan sailors into contact with the tribes all along the coast, and labour recruiting for plantation and gold mine carries men right out of their own district. Before Government came, the Missions preached peace, and turned foes into brothers in Christ. More and more they are uniting the most divergent types, as may be seen from the list already given of the crew of the *Tamate*. These and other such influences are combining to make a Papuan people, and, if only time be given, the process will be carried to a successful end.

We can now leave generalities and speak of Papua as we saw it. Coming from the Gilberts, we struck Samarai first and coasted hurriedly westward past the out-stations, at each making the needful plans for our return. Finally, at Daru we left the *John Williams*, and returned in the little *Tamate* to visit each station one by one. Each has its own distinctive stamp.

Daru is one of the islands on the seaward fringe of the delta of the great Fly River. They say that enough water comes down the Fly River to supply continuously the needs of the whole world. Whichever way one turns, there are low islands and swamps covered with a wonderful mass of vegetation. Baxter Riley works the coast to the east and up the Fly Estuary along and beyond Kiwai Island. Apart from the dangerous shoals and rapid and shifting currents, the district is somewhat

depressing. It is true that communications are better than on most stations, and for Daru that means more European society with less risk of crime and savagery. But the people who live in the middle of the delta mud have grim faces with noses more hooked than Shylock's, and their faces rarely light with joy or humour. Their complexions have curious patches of sooty black in the hollows, as if they had been coaling ship and had given their faces a hasty wipe.

The Queensland pearl fisheries of Torres Straits are so near that many of the men go away pearling, and pigeon-English is common. So are European clothes. I fear that too often a vest is worn until a new one is bought, and the new is put on over the rags of the old. We visited several villages on Kiwai Island up the Fly River. We ran the launch as near in to shore as we dared, and then got into the little dinghy. In her turn she stuck in the mud and we dropped gingerly overboard into a foot of slime. After about a quarter of a mile of this we reached a muddy shore. The village was set upon a bank of mud, and mud was on all the people's clothes. I wondered how any one could hope to make the village clean. Such conditions press with crushing weight on the teachers from the South Seas, for they are used to clean villages by the open sea.

In the old days these people of Kiwai were great head-hunters, and at Iasa, when Samuel McFarlane visited them first in the Mission steamer, the canoes put out to cut her off. They were greatly surprised when, as they described it a few years later, the great boat was suddenly set on fire and began to smoke and move away of itself, before they could come up. Plainly witchcraft was at work.

FASHIONS FOR MEN ON THE FLY RIVER

Still, from these unhopeful conditions, savagery and dirt, the Mission has succeeded in developing a strong and courageous Church life. For Papuans, who are not generous, the Churches around Daru give well. The boys and girls in training on Daru Station have a brightness and spring which is in happy contrast to the general gloom of the villages, and when they return to their people, they should take a new life with them.

CHAPTER IX

THE GULF STATIONS

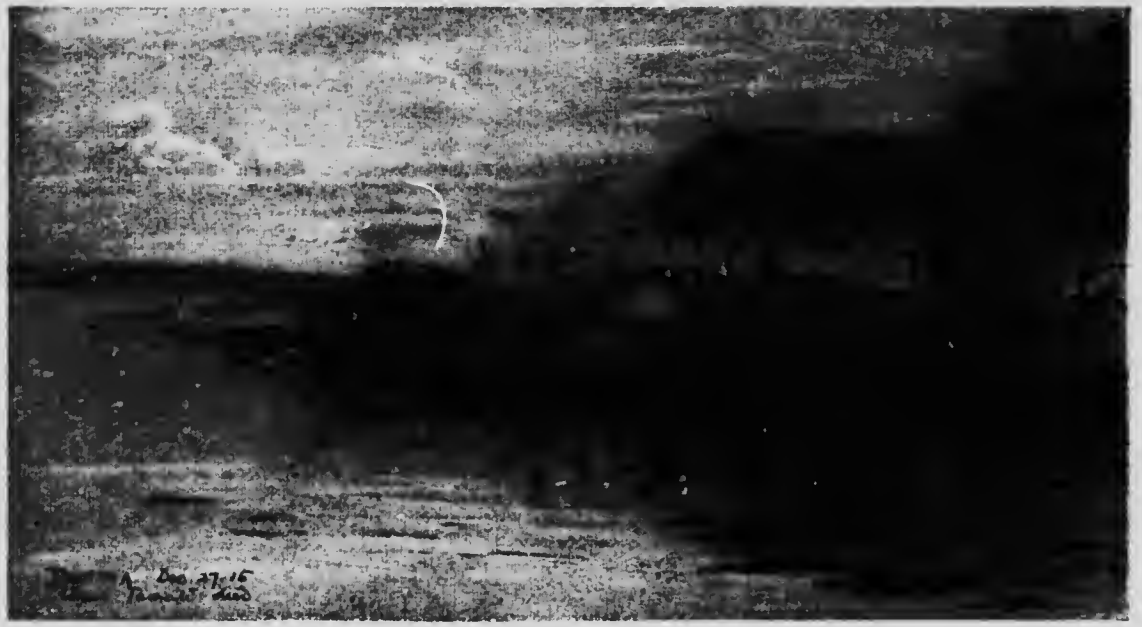
LEAVING Daru district at Wabuda, we sailed across the mouth of several great rivers to Goaribari, and, stopping at Aidia, were among genuine cannibals. This is in Butcher's own parish, and they knew his launch well; in their dug-out canoes they came swarming round. They wore a crescent of mother-of-pearl by a string round the neck, a pointed nose-skewer, heavy ear-rings, and, as a rule, a great triangular piece of shell instead of a loin-cloth. They look like American Indians out of a boy's adventure book, but unclothed as for the tropics. Either from natural uncleanness or from some vegetable unguent they smelt strongly. When their canoes were twenty yards to windward, a strong whiff, as of high partridge, came down the breeze! We went ashore in the heat of midday and saw their women for the first time. These had their heads shaven, and wore nothing but a wisp of grass strung from their belts between the legs and fastened up behind. They looked hunted, haggard, and as if age came upon them very early. Little crabs, and a shell-fish like a large cockle, together with sago and bananas, make up the daily food of these Gulf villagers. They especially appreciate the large white maggots that breed in the sago-tree.

The making of sago is a very interesting process. The sago palm grows amid the swamps, and only there. It is not unlike a coco-nut palm in shape, but the stem is

very much thicker and the young leaves low down are protected by spikes five inches long. A sago-making party goes into the swamps and the men cut down the trees; then, as a rule, the women take up the process. The bark is taken off and the fibre inside is soft and friable. A woman sits down opposite the log, and with a V-shaped piece of wood hacks away the fibres into a soft heap. They are then squeezed and kneaded with water—such water!—over a rough trough made from the socket of the big leaf, and the brown liquid that drains away leaves a pinkish-white sediment at the bottom of the leaf basin below, which dries into a mass like flour caked after a wetting.

In the west, after mixing in any meat they have, they make up the sago in long rolls, and, binding these in leaves, roast them over the fire.

That same afternoon we reached Dopima, the scene of the massacre of James Chalmers and Oliver Tomkins on April 8, 1901. I suppose no one who had once seen Chalmers could ever forget him. 'Tamate', as the South Seas knew him, was not tall, but he was broad and stalwart, and his face was the face of a lion. It was he of whom R. L. Stevenson wrote, 'I have a *cultus* for Tamate; he is a man nobody could see and not love'; and again, 'He has plenty faults like the rest of us, but he 's as big as a church.' The younger generation can scarcely know how much they missed in never having seen him. From 1866, when he left for the South Seas, only to be wrecked in the second *John Williams* on Niué, he worked in Rarotonga till 1876, and from that time he lived to spread peace and the Gospel through New Guinea. Beginning at Suau among the cannibals of the east, he moved west to Toaripi or Motumotu (now part of our



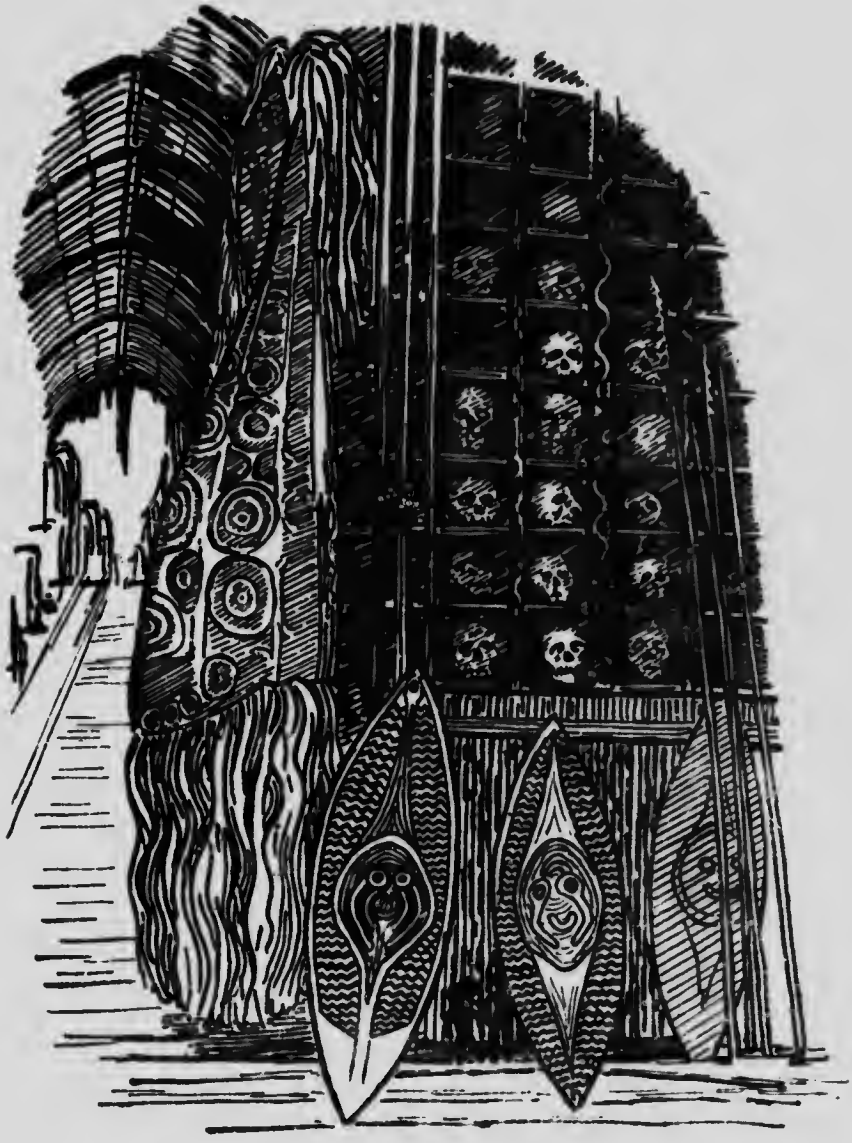
DOPIMA CREEK—WHERE TAMATE DIED.

Moru district), and after exploring all the gulf from there he settled on the south end of Kiwai. He had moved to Daru a few months before the end, and it was there, as if by premonition, that he left all his effects in order, when he set out in the little *Niué* on his last journey.

What happened at Dopima is hard to disentangle from the stories in his 'Life' told from various angles, for in details they seem contradictory. One account says that the natives persuaded the two missionaries to go ashore. Some of our men, however, believe that the Goaribaris were conducting the *Muguru*, an unclean tribal ceremony, and warned them not to land, but that Tamate felt his influence would wane if the natives learnt that warnings would frighten him away. Anyhow, early on April 8 they landed amid the crowds of those who had gathered from the other villages of the clan. The boat grounded on the far side of the little point in my sketch. On the site of the big house stood its predecessor (burnt to the ground by Government after the murder), and into that the party went. As previously arranged, two braves felled them from behind with clubs while they were sitting, and others cut off their heads. During the few years following, the skulls and most of the bones were recovered and now lie in the grave at Daru. The people of Ipisia on Kiwai never forgave the Mission for the loss of their chief and of the boys who went in Tamate's train and died there. Some think that, if firearms had been taken, there would have been no massacre. My own doubt is whether Tamate would have lived so long, if he had depended on firearms at all. No man, however armed, could be on his guard all the time; and I feel quite sure that his influence would have been less.

We anchored very much where the *Niué* anchored on the fated day, and went ashore at once. Butcher is well known to the people, and the launch's name no longer calls up guilty thrills. We strolled slowly up and down the big house—the club-house of the warriors. Its section was just like a huge English barn on piles, and with none of the distinction of the lofty *eravos* of Orokolo, but in length it was unique. I paced 200 yards and saw besides a large section of fallen roof at the front, which proved that a few months before it must have been twenty yards longer. The rough planking of the floor was laid loosely on the cross-bars below, and quivered and sprang beneath our heavy boots. At the far end were rough pigeon-holes, each holding its skull. Some had features moulded on them with gum, and these were said to be those of friends who had died a natural death. On every side there were masks and 'spirit' figures used in their dancing. The naked warriors came round us shyly, and after many small presents of tobacco they gave us half a dozen bows as keepsakes. Then at the door of the big house we sat down and had service. How much did they understand?

We wandered along the village, the women running away to their houses as we passed, and after seeing the 'house of the boys' the rest went aboard in the dinghy, while I looked round for a sketch. Finally, by signs I persuaded a boy to ferry me across the little creek, and got the view that is reproduced here. It was as calm and beautiful as the Thames on a summer's evening, when neither boats nor wind break the reflections in the water. Near the point to the left of the sketch the whale-boat was left while the murder was done, and the first intimation of real danger came to the crew of the *Niué*, anchored



THE SKULL-RACK IN A CLUB-HOUSE, PURARI DELTA

I.

in midstream, when they saw a band of savages rush down from the big house, launch the boat again, and take it round the point into this very creek. Somewhere just opposite to where I sat, the murder had been done; to the right, a little higher up the creek, they had smashed up the whale-boat. In the heavy, sleepy peace of the afternoon it was difficult to realize the history of blood. That night we slept calmly, only ten in all, with no watchman, half a mile out in the open channel.

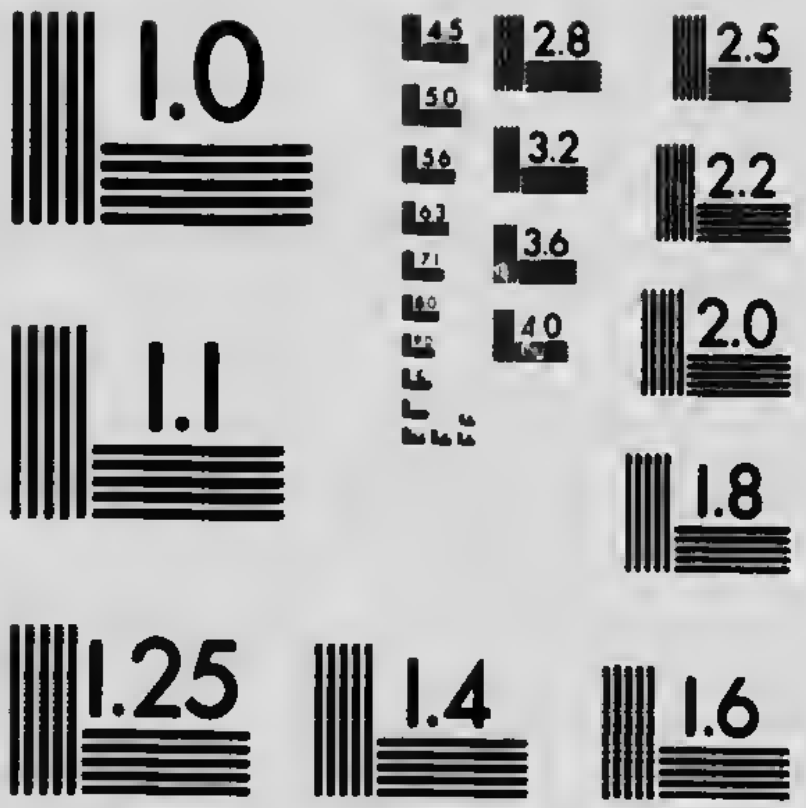
Yet, as the skulls suggested, the peace is only superficial. A few months before my visit a labour recruiter in a canoe was treacherously attacked and badly wounded by a crew of Goaribaris. With difficulty he and his boy from Port Moresby escaped through the channels to Homu at Urika. Less than six months after our visit a young officer from the Kikori station, twenty-five miles up the river, was brought more than 250 miles down the coast in the police launch, on his way to the surgeon at Port Moresby. Stage by stage he journeyed, weak and burning with inflammation, for he had a barbed arrow through his breast, which no one could extricate. When he got as far as Delena, he died.

After the night at Dopima we reached Aird Hill by noon. The station was established in 1909 from Arthington funds to work this new district. All the way up we followed the winding channels through the great swamps of the delta. At high tide the roots of the mangroves stand in water, the little creeks run swiftly back and forth, and anything worth calling land is hardly to be seen. At low tide you might still hesitate to call it land, for you would be faced by a slimy, knotty tangle of mangrove roots, and rising out of the slime crabs scarlet-spotted, and little hopping mud-skippers with uncanny staring eyes;

perhaps even a crocodile. Travelling conditions through a mangrove swamp are beyond imagination!

No one was at home at the police post at Kikori, and, as we turned a little east, we saw Aird Hill rising above us out of the trees. The hill is some thousand feet high; indeed, the screen of trees overhanging the waterways is so lofty and unbroken that only an outstanding hill could be seen; one small knoll very suitable for settlement, though twenty yards from a common route, remained undiscovered for years. Butcher has placed his native settlement on the terrace fifty feet above the swamp, and his bungalow 100 feet higher on a bluff. The site is beautifully chosen. While we were there, it was fresh, cool, and entirely free from mosquitoes. Pineapples grow like weeds and with a flavour that stay-at-homes will never know. There is a wonderful view over the swamps to the sea thirty miles away. On the east a far longer vista brings one up against the blue line of distant mountains. From the hill-top the view spreads on every side, and the sight of the unvisited, unknown high lands up the great rivers to the north must be a sore temptation to any one touched with the spirit of the explorer. On this station, just five years old, the work among cannibals is at its earliest stage. Butcher has gathered a few boys to come for six months at a time to learn the white man's ways. Two or three families, more peace-loving than the rest, have settled on the flat below, and morning by morning in the little breezy church on the shoulder of the hill they meet for prayers.

The material is very raw. About ten o'clock one night we heard a noise of many voices outside the bungalow, and after much talking it became plain that a woman had been hurt. She was supported to the dispensary (built



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART
NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS
STANDARD REFERENCE MATERIAL 1010a
(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)

away from the house to treat very uncleanly people) and lamps were brought. Little more than a girl, naked and ungainly, she had a great gash in the head, dealt by some blunt instrument. It turned out that the husband was away in Port Moresby as a labour recruit, and his father wanted to take the girl for himself. The father's wife naturally objected, and in the family row that followed it was probably she who had knocked down the too-attractive young woman with a billet of wood.

While the gouts of blood were being washed away and the bandages put on, the little crowd outside was tittering at the humour of the general situation! Early next morning father-in-law went off with daughter-in-law, bandages and all. But the story is not all black. The second son stood up for his absent brother and rebuked the father for wishing to steal his wife. For him morning prayers had not been all in vain.

In May 1914 a village of the wild Kumukumu, less than a mile from the jetty, was attacked at night by the police because it had been molesting passers-by. The missionary was absent or probably the trouble would never have arisen. Several people were killed, and an inquiry was held by Government as to the conduct of the native police. The big house was burnt in the raid, and the villagers deserted the ill-starred site. We went to see the spot, and after eighteen months it was next to impossible to find. Paths were gone, houses were gone, everywhere was a tangle of young trees, twenty feet high, and three or four inches in diameter. We discovered with difficulty a couple of burnt piles, a few floor boards that had not quite decayed, and a heap of cockle-shells trodden into the ground. The jungle had eaten up the village and left practically no trace of human occupation.

Across the Swamps to the Mountains, Aird Hill.

Nothing I saw gave me so clear an impression of the terrible power of vegetation in the tropics.

Among clans of this lawless type the missionary moves about in his launch for a week at a stretch. In the meantime his wife lives fearlessly in the bungalow on the hill, with no news and no human protection but that of a Samoan teacher of no outstanding authority or courage.

On New Year's Eve we left Aird Hill for the low levels again. Partly through the swamps, and partly along the open sea, we reached the district of Namau and made our way to Kaimare. What Charing Cross is to London, what Crewe is to the North of England, that is Kaimare to Western Papua. Doubtfully following one of the innumerable waterways, we rounded a corner and came suddenly into sight of the town, the first of the towns of Namau. Several channels branched out on every side like the arms of a star, and on the point of land between each arm was a section of the town. The high-pointed roofs of many *ravis* (or club-houses) yawned upwards on all sides, with some faint reminder of Gothic architecture and its lofty, pointed naves, while above the brown of clustered dwellings the smoke of the evening cooking mingled blue grey with the mist rising from the water. Alas, it was too late to sketch or photograph, and next day we started before dawn, but I hope to see Kaimare again before the inevitable changes sweep away its charm.

We found J. H. Holmes waiting for us there, better known to natives and Europeans as Homu, missionary of Namau. He told us that his launch boys on shore had picked up a story of how, three months before, two girls had been caught in a foray against neighbouring clans, brought into Kaimare, sacrificed, and eaten! Yet

police superintendents and other Europeans are constantly passing through Kaimare.

On New Year's Day, 1916, we wound our way through gusty rain storms to the great villages in the swamps, Ukiaravi and Korepenairu, as picturesque as their names, and on the model of Kaimare. Several *lakatois* from Port Moresby were anchored along the lanes of water between the houses, apparently quite at home among their strange hosts. On our way we passed many isolated settlements and garden huts, which prove that, though lawlessness is not wiped out, the *pax Britannica* is not far away. At least the natives now feel safe enough to break off from the big villages.

How any one could find the way passed my understanding. To me each swamp, each lane of water, each corner, looked just like the last, but by the afternoon the lanes narrowed and we reached Homu's station at Urika. Urika is nothing more than a swamp island reclaimed. On the seaward side, it is true, a narrow belt of sandy ground rises two or three feet higher, and a big coco-nut plantation runs along the front, but, where the house is placed, water channels run around and under it. At high tide they are teeming with water, at low tide they are drains of black mud. Mosquitoes are many, but the site is not nearly so unhealthy as its description sounds.

Homu is one of Chalmers' aptest pupils, and to hear him talk of what he has been through is an unbroken delight. For his first period of nine years he wandered backwards and forwards through the Purari delta from Moru and Orokolo, and up into the islands behind. For the most part he took his life in his hand, and what to him mattered more, the lives of others. Sometimes at night they would lie in a native canoe under the over-

hanging vegetation by the waterside, not daring to strike a match, lest they should bring upon themselves attack. Several times he nearly died of fever or dysentery, and all those nine years he was engaged to a woman in Devo who could not come to marry him because she had some one at home to care for. I fancy his letters told little of the risks he ran!

Then at the beginning of his second period of service they came back together, and started the station among the tall, black, grim people of Namau. Urika then was pure swamp, and they lived in a little 'humpy' near the beach. They began to cut a canal to drain a site for houses and settlements. Many difficulties arose with their wild labourers; sometimes they would go for one another with knives or axes; but at last the cut was complete. As Homu watched the stream running to the creek and leaving the land dry and firm, he turned to the most intelligent of his boys and said, 'Now you understand what I was after. Why were you such fools as to make all the delays you did?' The boy drew Homu aside where they could not be overheard, and said, 'Homu, do you see that bank of trees about a hundred yards down the canal? Twice the people of the big village near by came up to kill you. The second time they got as near as those trees. They made up their minds that you were offending the spirits of the district, and that they must wipe out you two and all of us. When they got to those trees they halted and began to discuss. Suppose they made a mistake! They thought of the danger from the spirits. They thought of your friendship with the chiefs. So they argued it back and forward. At last those who were reluctant persuaded the rest for that time to go home, but they promised each other that, if in the

next few months illness or calamity came to the district, nothing should save you. Now you know why we were sometimes a little reluctant to carry out your plan.'

The people of Namau are not impressionable from a religious point of view. It seems impossible to settle South Sea teachers out in the villages. Either the men from the South Seas are not strong enough, or the people are not enough advanced. Homu of recent years has sought to attract the young folk to Urika, where they are offered wages for knitting and the making of fibre mats. I cannot pretend to desire that the natives should be supplied with knitted vests, and neither industry seems likely to pay, but it is wonderful to find how machinery interests th natives. In the villages they cannot count beyond five, and school they despise: yet at Urika youngsters will work a knitting-machine with no other instructions than a series of numbers written on a card. Education in Papua should plainly be strong on the manual side.

On the way to Orokolo we passed the important village of Maipua, once hostile, but now increasingly friendly. The tide was high and the waterways of the village ran swift. Bamboo bridges only carried us part of the way, and we crossed in dug-outs to another quarter where I took the photograph at p. 198. Pigs' jaws were strung on the posts, crocodiles' skulls were neatly placed on the floor, and everywhere were the dancing-masks and wooden shields that represent spirits. At the back of this house we saw several *kaiamunu*—wicker-work figures as large as a horse and like a cross between a pig and a crocodile. No woman is allowed to look upon them.

MAIPUA VILLAGE, PURARI DELTA

It was in Maipua in the early days that Homu had one of his most vivid experiences. The people of a new village, when they see a white man, are always inclined to turn up his sleeves and trousers to see whether the curious colour extends to the rest of his body. On this early visit relations seemed friendly and he was going through the regular process of examination. Suddenly a chief from a neighbouring district, who had come with him as peace envoy, gave him a secret signal to depart. In five minutes Homu leisurely and casually made his good-byes. When they were well away from the village, he turned on the chief and asked why he had broken off negotiations so quickly. 'Well,' the Papuan answered, 'it was like this—the man who was turning up your trouser leg, and feeling your calf, was just saying, "Wouldn't it be good to knock him on the head and see how this white flesh tastes?" and I thought it was time to go!'

From Maipua we panted and bustled up a narrow stream with hairpin corners and swelling eddies to meet H. P. Schlencker, the Australian missionary of Orokolo—'Seneka', as the Papuans call him. Here Homu left us and we followed the stream in swaying dug-outs, so crank and lightly balanced that several times I thought we should be overturned and my cameras be ruined. Two or three miles took us to Muro, where we found a band of carriers and started the seven-mile walk to Orokolo. First we cut straight south for five miles through the bush to get to the sea. Sometimes we walked dry-shod, sometimes in mud that almost plucked our boots off, or with our feet crushing through rotting trunks; sometimes we waded through water to the hips; but at last, after a very pleasant afternoon, we came out on the beach at Arehaua,

the western end of the Orokolo settlement. Two miles along the firm sand brought us to the bungalow.

Orokolo is a great chain of villages, spreading for four miles along the curving beach. Seen from the sea a score of huge club-houses raise their immense jaws amid the coco-nuts. The club-houses, here called *eravos*, are not so big in themselves, but the huge projecting verandah is carried farther and higher than elsewhere. It is difficult to conceive what can have given them the idea, except the open jaws of the crocodile. From the back of the house the roof slopes ever upwards, and projects outward and upward over the platform in front. When two or three face one another in the same hamlet the effect is specially striking. If, on the other hand, from the sea or any other place that allows an open view, three or four together are seen from behind with the palms all round them, one gets the impression of huge water monsters or mastodons with enormous shoulders, breaking away in panic through the bush.

If Kaimare is the Charing Cross, Orokolo is the Margate of Papua. I do not mean that there are hotels and excursions, but that the long beach, even in calm weather smoking with spray, seems alive with children. In the cool of the afternoon the working women return, carrying their heavy burdens on their backs with the help of slings across their foreheads and bending forward under the weight. Mothers with infants sit round on the sand above high-water mark, fathers leave their thatching of the club-house or their job of garden fencing and lounge about at ease. Boys and girls wander out into the shallows with nets and fish-traps, and the smallest imps play 'king of the castle' in a great root of *Nipa* palm washed out to sea by river-floods, and then bedded at the beach

crest by the last high sea. Under heathen conditions I have rarely seen life, and especially child-life, so sunny and so free from care.

The people of Orokolo (and from thence eastward nearly to Fife Bay) abhor cannibalism, and their contempt for it has tended curiously to check the practice in Namau, twenty miles away. The Orokolo people look upon it as thoroughly bad form. The people of Namau, while greatly hurt that their reasonable use of slain enemies should make their neighbours turn up their noses, have been nevertheless so affected that they have reduced cannibalism in quite a marked degree. Yet the cheery light-coloured men of Orokolo are good fighters. There is a funny story of the time when Homu was stationed there. Two clans during a feud used to come to the opposite banks of a small stream and, sheltering behind the big trees, fire their arrows into the air, much as a howitzer drops its shells over a screen of earthworks. Neither side accomplished much, but they went on without a break. At last Homu proposed that they should have an armistice at six every night, and they agreed. Regularly at nightfall he went down and fired his revolver. Both sides gathered up their arrows and went home to supper and to bed, for all the world as though he had blown the whistle for 'time' at a football match.

The young fellows came up and gave us a shooting exhibition. No doubt modern conditions do not encourage archery, but I was surprised and disappointed. As a mark Seneka put up an unhusked coco-nut about the size of a large human head. From twenty yards away only five arrows out of forty hit it, and fifty yards seemed beyond any effective range. Their arrows looked too long and too light. Of course when twenty or thirty

were fired at once, it was very easy to see how deadly might be the effect of volleys from close quarters.

The promise of the beach of Orokolo was fulfilled in the school. The boys and girls swarmed to learn, and apparently made no special demand for manual education —in both points quite unlike the children of Namau. The sports day was a pretty sight. The Orokolo girl of twelve or fourteen, with her grass skirts swinging as she walks, is as free as any girl in England, and quite sure that 'life is a game that 's just begun'. She wears a mass of necklaces, and her head is cropped fairly close and then shaven in a pattern, as if paths were cut between the little tufty plots of hair. The married women are close shaven and without ornament. Most of the boys wear an amusing round ball of hair at the front and another at the back of the crown, and for the rest are shaved. We went one night into one of the big *eravos* and had a short service, which was somewhat spoilt by the begging for tobacco at the end. The Papuan does not naturally take much stock in things unseen. Another night amid the big houses at the western end of the town we held a service brightly lighted by acetylene lamps. Results so far are scant in Orokolo, though the people are very friendly. But among such surroundings it was interesting to find, in the study at the end of Seneka's lightly-built, airy house, a library of devotional books such as I have rarely seen. In that library we could understand how a man might possess resources powerful enough to win even the materialized Papuan.

I never got over my surprise, by the way, to find that almost all along the coast in each compartment of the wooden houses there is a fire-place, in which a fire is kept burning all night. The hearth is a big wooden

block covered deep with old ash, and the block can be renewed at need. I suspect that the real purpose of the fires is to keep away mosquitoes, but it is not difficult to understand that houses are often burnt down.

Orokolo, though itself lies low, is the beginning of dry land. The next stage brought us to the hills coming right down to the sea, with the great mountain chains showing up behind. From here to the east end the whole coast was unbroken beauty, and at the best points the backbone of mountains stood out, some of them 13,000 feet high, like Alps without their snow. Though not the highest, Mount Yule is as striking as the Matterhorn, for its top is like a great Wellington nose pointed upwards to the sky. The natives reproduce the outline in many favourite designs. On the sea margin there were lochs like those of the West Highlands, but fringed with tropical vegetation, and little river deltas teeming with all the life of the swamps. Few people have any idea of the beauty of Papua. At Orokolo, too, the True Papuan type was becoming less dominant, and many had skins of a lovely chestnut brown. The mingling went further in the Moru district, the last before the racial dividing line at Cape Possession, and far more faces of the Mixed Papuan type were seen.

The great village of Toaripi or Motumotu, the old home of Tamate, was our first call in the Moru territory, and here we met Pryce Jones, whose name being translated is Sione. In this district the girls of marrying age had their heads shaven, and were anointed all over the breast and body with a horrid mixture of red earth and oil, which gave them a peculiarly brutalized appearance. One of the customs which seems to run all down the coast is that those in mourning smear themselves with black all

A Club House at Orokolo.

over the body. Sometimes in the west the women use brown earth instead, and in the case of a couple of Goaribari women we were given the pretty explanation—much prettier than the ladies themselves—that they were in mourning because their husbands were away east as labour recruits. In several districts the widow is expected to wrap herself in a tight-fitting bodice of narrow straps of plaited string, but at Toaripi for the first time we had the good luck to see a widower. He was specially painted and from his shoulders two long trains of feathers depended. His head was ornamented as for a dance. Altogether he had feathers enough to deck out a whole nodding hearse. Was it, one asked—was it grief, or courtship reviving ?

In this district we found the Church well rooted, which is as it should be, for the work is older than that to the west. At Toaripi, after a primitive but eager gathering, we were introduced to an old bearded deacon. He was not clothed unduly ; a pocket-handkerchief would have supplied all that he wore ; but from what I heard he was as good a deacon in proportion to his opportunities as many in the Churches at home. At Moru, the head station just above the big village of Jokea, we saw a little congregation in which a fair proportion were in ordinary paint and feathers. For the most part Christianity has told against long hair and ornaments and certainly the Christian boys look trim, and must save much time by not having to get themselves up. But it was good to see both types together in the Church. In the big villages of the Moru district the club-houses, though smaller, were still in their glory, and their influence was seen in a curious way. Women had been so drilled by the system to take no public part in the life

of the tribe, that they found it hard to face the prominence of church. Almost all our audiences in this district were men. To the east, however, the influence of the club-house is less, and that of the Church is more, so that this handicap is not felt so much.

But the station is mainly unique for the repeated and regular visitation of the villages. Sione, tireless pastor and evangelist, is always on the move, and he has big schools and an active, loyal staff of South Sea teachers. He manages, somehow, to train his boys without bringing them under too tight supervision; and, though with some the method fails, the general result is that they can look after their own discipline wherever they are. Sione was in Madagascar in earlier days, and, as in almost every case where a missionary knows more than one field, he has been able to contribute very much of value to the system of his new Mission. He is also one of the men who have done much for Bible translation. His keenest interests lie in the investigation of the unexplored pathways of native speech, and he believes that he has found at last, what men in other western districts would be thankful to find, a word that may be used for 'God'.

Education hath her victories. The men from one of Sione's villages, as they made a journey up the coast, were in danger from an enemy village, which poured out armed with clubs to attack them. They had no weapons themselves, but producing paper and pencil they said proudly, 'We know how to write. We shall take all your names and show them to Sione, and then you'll see what he'll do.' They got away unmolested.

CHAPTER X

CENTRAL AND EAST PAPUA

DELENA is historic for some of the early work of Tamate, and now as the station of H. M. Dauncey (Donisi), the senior of the Mission. There is probably no one, except Sir William Macgregor, who knows the intimacies of the past history of Papua as does Donisi, and as Secretary he helps to hold together the scattered line of missionaries, and to give younger men their chance. We met him at Kivori, and found the South Sea teachers greatly perturbed by our premature arrival. The news had been sent by two boys from Delena in ample time, but, swimming across a flood stream where a Government ferry-man should have been on duty, one of them was taken by a crocodile, and the other went back home to bear the bad news.

Here is quite a different country, as befits the change to the Central Division and to the Mixed Papuan stock. The district begins to be dry and less fertile. All but the dampest hollows are covered with long grass, and the fertility of the swamps is left behind. The club-houses become smaller and have fewer masks and no skulls at all, while the people approximate to the Motuans of Port Moresby. Motu is very widely understood and is generally used in Church services. From here along the coast to Hula there is something like civilization, and Church life has passed beyond the infant stage.

Port Moresby is the centre of Government, with a

population in normal times of about 400 or 500 whites. In 1874 the first European house built on the bay was put up by the sailors of the *John Williams* for W. G. Lawes, Tamate's great colleague. The protectorate declared in 1884 was preliminary to full annexation on September 4, 1888, and Sir William Macgregor was appointed first administrator. A better appointment could not have been made, and Sir William did special service in exploration and in laying down a humane policy towards natives. The bay is a long basin about two miles across at its narrowest, and offers splendid anchorage. Steamers to and from Australia come in about three times every month.

The country here is very dry, and Ela, the European settlement, is a collection of tin roofs on a red ridge almost bare of vegetation. The Governor's house is well situated between Ela and the native settlement, but even the Governor cannot shield himself from mosquitoes. These swarm all through the Central Division, but I remember no place where they were so ferocious in daylight as on the walk up to Government House.

The native settlement consists of three villages built partly over the water, so as to allow of rapid escape to canoes in case of attack. The natural dress of the Port Moresby or Hanuabada man is exiguous to the last degree. But the Port Moresby stores are near enough to create a large demand for calicoes and vests. The people we saw wearing clothes in the church at the villages outside Port Moresby seemed a long way removed from cleanliness, and in the district there is very much of that skin disease which produces loose scales all over the body. After shaking hands with the Christian community, a ceremony to which they attach much

HOUSES ON THE WATER'S EDGE, PORT MORESBY

importance, we used to retire to the nearest soap and water without delay. I cannot be sufficiently thankful that nose-rubbing is no longer in fashion.

When we were there, the people of the district were in sore trouble. Many of their big *lakatois* had failed to return. The light winds, to us so fair, had been disastrous to them. Their great unwieldy craft got no way on them, and crossing the estuary of the big rivers were swept helplessly out to sea. Most of the young men of the villages were in one or another. A few returned, and at the climax of the uncertainty the friends of the rest became more and more anxious. We saw many women wailing, and it was evidently the custom to tear their cheeks and temples with their nails. Many were mechanically moving their clawing fingers up and down at a safe distance from the skin, but with others the wounds were genuine and gory. In the end I believe almost all the men returned, though much of the sago they were bringing was lost and several *lakatois*.

The Training Institution at Vatorata is thirty miles down the coast by Kapakapa village. Like the rest of the Central Division it sometimes suffers from a shortage of water, but the site is healthy and central. Young married couples from several districts are trained there as teacher evangelists, and the mixing of the types is pure gain. The west, except Daru, is not far enough on towards Christianity to make any contribution, and in the past the Port Moresby and Kapakapa districts have produced the largest number of candidates. W. G. Lawes, in his quiet way as great a missionary as Tamate, founded the little 'school of the prophets' at Port Moresby, and then later was wise enough to move it away from the influences of the growing town. But

KALAIGOLO VILLAGE.

Vatorata must have its proper place when we talk of education.

From the point of view of interest in mere travel Vatorata comes in mainly as the gateway to the interior. The Society has made one of the very few roads in the territory, and this, as the Governor writes, 'renders it possible without excessive labour to penetrate a fair distance into the interior'. After coasting for 300 or 400 miles, it was a happy change to journey inland. The going was not easy. It was well enough as long as the narrow track went through the grass lands, or skirted the bank of a big river like the Kemp Welch, but often we crossed backwards and forwards over the serpentine bendings of a rocky mountain torrent, or climbed on to a narrow ridge only to find that it dropped again. I was certainly out of training, and I fancy I drank too often during the middle of the day; at least some cause produced a desperate weariness by the afternoon. The heat of midday was really too great for normal travel, but we pressed on because in the middle of the afternoon rain often falls heavily, and after that the traveller alternates between sliding back as he goes up and sliding forward as he goes down.

But the views from the two bungalows at the end of each day's march were worth all our labour. Kalaigolo is a solitary hill above the Kemp Welch [illegible], and looks down its lower course and over Kerepuna out to sea. Boku, forty miles from the coast by road, at the end of the Henty Ridge, looks up to the blue mountains opposite, 10,000 feet high. The villages inland are built on ridges for safety, and no doubt also for health. The Papuan of the coast cannot bear to be far away from water, fresh or salt. These villagers of the hills seem to prefer to

nest far above the streams. The people are wild, but reasonably moral and friendly, the population is sparse, and the work, though in its early stages, is very hopeful.

Hula, thirty miles east from Vatorata, was the last of the villages actually in the sea. The spit of land on which the Mission bungalow is placed is so parched and scorching that, apart from safety in attack, there is much to be said for the advantage of living on a platform above the cool water. Hula beach I picture as the 'Lord's' of Papua. In the late afternoon, school well over and the heat relaxed, the boys and girls drop down the ladders of their sea houses and wade ashore, or commandeer a handy canoe and paddle in, and then in ten minutes all along the hard sand a dozen games will be in full swing. They sort themselves somehow, boys, big and little, girls, some tiny and some full grown, in one or two games boys and girls mixed, and they all seem as keen as mustard. True, they throw instead of bowling, and any wooden club will serve for a bat, but their hitting is free and fearless, and the girls of Hula would entirely refute the brotherly judgment that girls cannot throw.

What has cricket to do with Missions? In this case a great deal. Hula district had, in the old days, several white settlers, some of them of the baser sort. Concubinage went on all the time, and, when they invited their friends from Port Moresby, the visitors made free with the girls. The worst excesses arose in connexion with the immoral dances of the district. The nature of these may be judged from the fact that while the wife, as being so much private property, was not allowed to be present, the unmarried girls were present and became the centre of uncleanness. Beharell, the missionary of the last ten years, discouraged some of the pandering

to white men by threatening to thrash any father who prostituted his daughter. But he did better still when he gave them decent amusements to take the place of the immoral dance. Charles Kingsley would have rejoiced to see Hula beach in the cool of the afternoon.

Close by at the mouth of the Kemp Welch is Kalo, whose people, in 1881, murdered South Sea teachers, wives and children, ten persons in all, because one of the wives had pushed the wife of a chief off her low verandah. The men of Kerepunu come of the same stock and are very big compared with most of the Papuans. I felt glad, while they shouldered me, that I was their friend. As a rule the Papuan is not tall, but he is so beautifully proportioned and so alive and alert that he looks much taller than he really is.

From Port Moresby to Hula the work of the Mission is strong all along the coast, the schools being efficient and reasonably advanced. The proportion of native Papuan teachers is large and the churches are well attended. Big Christian gatherings like the *Més* of the South Seas are held every year, and do much to supply the brightness and jollification we all need, the child races not least. Some of the old practices must go, such as the dances referred to, and it is our bounden duty to put Christian festivals in their place.

> Religion never was designed
> To make our pleasures less.

Our next station used to be on Millport Harbour. It is now on Toulon Island, six miles from the coast, for in this case the longest way round has proved the nearest way home. The key to the mainland is the island village of Mailu, big with a population of five hundred, and the

THE BIG CANOES SETTING OUT FROM MAILU

metropolis of these parts. The lovely bays of the mainland conceal small hamlets here and there, but you will find no centre of general traffic or kinship unless you cross the strait to Mailu. Sooner or later all the coast people come in there, and every year from the sheltered bay in front of the village the big canoes set out to Aroma on their yearly pilgrimage of trade, with the great crab-claw sails bellying in the south-east monsoon. There is little doubt about it: Mailu is the best place for the Mission.

The village of one street curves gracefully along the line of the bay, and the houses, heavily thatched in rusty black, edge shoulder to shoulder lest the spirits should get in between. For here we are back again to raw heathenism, and here, some for good and many for evil, the old customs are reigning still.

W. J. Saville arranged that the young folks should show us how they play, and so early one afternoon the boys and girls clustered round the Mission station and loitered under the casuarina trees that fringe the sandy cricket ground. Their elders followed to see the fun, the men in scanty loin-cloths, the women in full grass petticoats to the knee. We strangers broke off from our business, and immediately we showed ourselves the games began.

First came the Walk of the Cuscus, the tree-bear of Papua. The boys stood in two rows facing inwards, and each linked hands firmly with his partner opposite. One of the smaller imps was hoisted up to stand on the arms of pair number one, and kept upright on his shaky perch by a friendly man at either side holding him by the hand. A short chorus was sung with great gusto, and at a certain cadence the 'bear' was hoisted upward with a jerk of the straining arms and landed on to the wrists of the next

pair. Then the song began again and there came another hoist. As each pair of supporters were released, they moved to the farther end of the row to take their turn again, and we were told that in this way the game would often travel the whole length of the village street.

Then the women and girls had their innings with the Snake Game. All joined hands in a single line: number one girl turned and dived under the joined hands of two and three; two gave a twist and followed still holding on; the leader scurried in a circle to the front and so dived between three and four; another wide sweep and then between four and five; and so on down the line. As the moving train grew ever longer and longer, the laughter and screaming increased until the leader had passed under the arms of Y and Z. Then she circled on and on with her tail circling after, until like a cord round a top all were wound at full stretch of arm round Z as centre. When they became one throbbing mass of grass petticoats and brown backs supported on slim, twinkling legs, they all pushed to the centre to throw Z to the ground. At last all went over together and so the fun reached its height.

There was an attempt to make a merry-go-round with boys as spokes and two or three others sitting on their massed feet at the centre, but when the bearers at the circumference applied their power and tried to swing the locked mass as one whole, it broke miserably. Yet no one minded a bit.

To have bare feet and no clothes worth anxiety opens up great possibilities, and for the next turn the line of girls sat bending forward on the ground, each with her shoulder pillowed on the bent back of the girl in front. Then the hindmost girl, guided again by an elder at either

hand, plunged and stumbled along the causeway of backs till she came to the end, where she too bowed for the procession to tramp over her. Necks and heads came in for some hard pounding.

Smaller plays finished, the boys and men divided for the Fish Game. The boys massed themselves to make the shoal of fish; the men away on one side had a rope to represent the net. When the boys crouched each on his left knee, each vibrating his flat right hand above his head, the suggestion was almost perfect of a smooth sea broken by a moving shoal of 'leather jackets'. Stationed along the rope the men watched tensely. Then two small boys edged forward to represent another kind of fish that does not move in shoals. The net line quivered for the first spring, but the fish darted back. Then came a single fish of another species. And now the shoal moved cautiously forward, swinging to this side and that as a shoal does. The net began to move; they were startled and made off out of reach. Once more they came forward, this time with less hesitation; they reached the middle, and the net swept forward like a sickle to cut them off. Some dived round the ends, but the main body rushed blindly into the sagging rope, and were swept forward struggling by the superior weight of the men. Then began the Song of the Fishing, and, singing, laughing, and struggling, fishermen and fish lurched across the lawn.

It was characteristic of that land of Babel, with its thirty languages and its uncounted dialects, that the singers could tell the meaning of none of their songs. The old men had got them from those that went before, but even they confessed that the words came from some tongue they did not understand. They sang the songs, and with that simple fact inquiry should be content.

After this, as the sun went lower and the shadows deepened, they played the 'Attack in the Sago-Swamp'; but the old men were contemptuous—'The boys and girls did not know how it should be done,' they said, and the words of the proper songs handed down mysteriously from the time when the tribe spoke another tongue made a real difference, even if no one understood them now. So the old men offered to come the next afternoon and go through the scene again.

Sure enough there they were, and the hours it must have taken them to dress were rewarded to the full. Such a show it was! Armlets and garters, belts and necklaces, supplied any deficiencies of the narrow loin-cloth. At every band on arms, knees, and ankles, red, green, and yellow croton leaves were inserted with a real sense of decoration. Their hair was carefully frizzed out and set with combs, feathers, shells, cassowary plumes, and all manner of ornament, attractive and terrifying. On the forehead some wore one or more beaks of the hornbill, each the token of a man slain. Most faces were painted in patches of red and blue. A few had long wooden spears, and all the main performers carried the Papuan drum shaped like a long hour-glass with handle in the middle and skin across one end. Sitting in the village they had looked ordinary and ugly enough: here the war panoply gave real dignity to their faces. The old profiles showed keen and aquiline, and they might have been tropical editions of Fenimore Cooper's Redskins.

As a prelude they danced; first they did the *Daugi* (keep the 'g' hard and pronounce the vowels like Italian), the dance of war. A dozen or so lined up in double file following the chief, with a couple of spearmen as scouts on either side. The drums began their low sinister

THE DAUGI DANCE AT MAILU

booming, and to their time the warriors danced. They crouched head forward, with knees bent for sudden springing, feet set widely to swerve to this side or that, the drum held in the left hand low at the knee of each and the right hand striking the measured time. They moved slowly, now swaying crosswise on to either foot, now taking short leaps forward that scarcely seemed to leave the ground. Their finery streamed behind them as they sprang. Looking at them from behind, one saw them bared and tense from shoulder to heel, and never have I seen the human form more beautiful. Every sinew was lithe, every muscle could be seen playing beneath the glossy brown skin. It was the perfection of weird grace. For about two pins I could have turned Papuan!

Then they did a lighter interlude, the Cockatoo Dance; the main chorus, still with drums, waved cassowary plumes above their heads. The parrots were two young men, parti-coloured with red and black in quarterings across the face and breast and with feathers arranged round the head like the crest of the cockatoo. The two squatted opposite to one another and gave an absurdly close imitation of the love-making of two birds on a bough.

Then came the Dance of the Raid. The cricket ground became a sago swamp. A log was propped up for the sago-tree and felled with much shouting. The shreds of fibre were hacked out of the trunk and squeezed over the primitive washing-trough. It was all very realistic, and recalled every stage of the process to any one who has seen sago-making. Then they bundled up the imaginary yield of the morning's toil and moved off to a sheltered place for their midday meal and rest. All the while they were spied on by two or three of the other party, who concealed themselves with an obviousness worthy

of the mediaeval stage. The siesta over, the sago party sent out scouts, and, deeming the coast clear, proceeded to cut another tree. It was scarcely done when the attack came; from all quarters the spears rained. The shower came so thick that I was reminded of the hero of the Latin exercise book who, hearing that the arrows of the enemy would be thick enough to shut out the sun, posed himself suitably, and said, 'Then we will fight in the shade.' We seemed indeed to see a cloud of green, for in the game the spears were fleshy stalks of a big leaf. Some of the sago party ran, some lay 'dead' at the first volley, and some put up a hopeless fight against overwhelming odds. Finally, all were clubbed or hacked to death according to the best traditions. Then some were carried off, hanging obligingly to poles, presumably for the dinner of the conquerors. Among these the village idiot distinguished himself and drew peals of laughter from the crowd. I was more interested to see in how animal a way his nose ran into his upper lip, just like the statues of Pan. From some bodies they hacked off the imaginary heads and put them into baskets. Speedily the raiding party reached home with their prizes, and the triumphal dance began. The head baskets were set in the centre and the dance surged around them. Every now and then all brought the left foot down on the ground with a resounding thud. Four women, the older pair obviously performing a pleasant public duty with zest, the younger self-conscious for all but a few excited moments, danced round the circle of the warriors swinging their grass petticoats and leaping lightly from the ground; then all sat round the head baskets, and there was that posturing with the hands which counts as one form of dancing in the Pacific.

At last, from the argument proceeding, it appeared that even the old men had forgotten the proper words. Night fell rapidly and it was all over.

But many of these old men had played the game in earnest. In other parts of Papua it is played in earnest still.

Mailu village is not an easy place for the missionary. After some years of work the boys and girls at last are changing. They trust the missionary and his wife. They come to them for counsel, they want education, and they will give labour and thought to aid this new strange movement which the missionary has set on foot. Above all, when they have lived for a time in the missionary's house and been trained, they have learnt enough of the Gospel to want to choose their own partners in marriage, so that, having learnt so much, they may not be dragged back by being mated with ignorance, brutality, and superstition. A new day dawns.

At such a transition it is easy to imagine the suppressed but bitter hostility of the older people, especially of the older women. Hitherto they have ruled the girls, but that new-fangled creature 'from the skies' with her long, pretty dresses, her skill in dressing wounds, her quiet power to teach the girls about the house, and her absurd objection to the old natural paths of physical and moral dirt, has stolen the hearts of the girls away and they will heed her only. The men do not feel so strongly, and are more approachable than of old. They move about more, and have a better chance of realizing that the old ways must change, and that these foreigners will stand up for them and are quite different from some of the foreigners they have learnt to fear. And so they are economizing on pigs from Aroma at the time of the great feast, in

MAILU VILLAGE

order that they may be able to build a church where God will be worshipped in the unique Mailu tongue.

Many strange things jostle each other in Papua, but not many more strange than the contrast I saw in Mailu village. On one of the front stagings of a house there sat an old shrivelled lady, fully dressed in a grass petticoat, her bare legs dangling above me. High behind her rose the gable end of the house, and in the middle, stuck there probably by some one who had begged it as an ornament from a Samarai store, was a large picture of a sleek gentleman in top hat and frock-coat with the inscription 'Wear Blank's Boots'.

At Fife Bay, with its station of Isuleilei, we were back again, if not in civilization, at least in a state of quietness and established friendship to the missionary. Historically the east, like the west, was cannibal, and it is less than forty years ago that cannibalism ceased to exist. In the lovely Highland strait of Suau, so narrow that you could almost throw a stone across, with steep, shaggy hills rising on either side, is a ledge of rock which is covered at high tide. That ledge was the shambles, for there the bodies of the foe could be cut up for the feast, and the tide would come up and wash all clean. It was at Suau that the Chief Kirikeu came and laid a basket of meat by Mrs. Chalmers's side as a friendly offering. She looked down at it absent-mindedly, and gradually recognized that it was a piece of the breast of a man ready cooked!

Chalmers and his wife settled there in 1878, and by 1882 God had made use of these two to end the old system, though Mrs. Chalmers had gone down to die in Sydney before the change came. Now the natives are able to scatter in tiny hamlets all along the little bays, very nearly as safe as any English hamlet from treachery or

attack. This freedom to live where they will makes education more difficult than where the natives are gathered into big villages and the school can serve many families close by. Suau was the home of Sam, our steersman, and we found, when we got there, that he was a man of substance and owned two whale-boats.

C. F. Rich has given great attention to plantations, and in this district a result has been obtained from his example which, if not quite different, is at least on an altogether different scale from anything of the sort elsewhere. Natives have planted 19,000 coco-nut trees in the district upon native land. Under the old ways of cultivation, or rather of neglect, the Papuan thought of a tree as likely to profit his son, or perhaps his grandson, and was too lazy to endow posterity. Now that he sees that a tree properly planted will bear after six or seven years he takes up plantation keenly. Thus a real service to the country has been done by model planting.

Kwato is a tiny island in the China Straits given to the Society in exchange for Samarai Island, two miles away, which the Government requisitioned because of its anchorage. After a glance at the map any one will understand the comparison of the district to any of the finest pieces of scenery in the West Highlands, though what in Scotland would be broom or heather, in the China Straits is the interwoven foliage of considerable trees. In the water by the pier are great star-fish, sea-urchins with spines like barbed needles, great brown sea-slugs (the *bêche-de-mer* of the China trade), and fish striped like zebras or iridescent with blue, or gold, or some other colour splashed out from God's paint-box. On and around the central hill is all the apparatus of a great station for a couple of hundred souls, and everything works up to

the thatched octagonal church, with its wide open doorways looking up and down the straits.

Kwato is one of the older and more advanced stations. Organization and leadership have been strong, unusual resources have been available, and the fruit is plain for all to see. In the old days the district was as barbarous as Suau. At one Communion Service a few years ago the bread and the wine were served by two well-known chiefs from neighbouring districts, one of whom had killed and eaten the wife of the other in the old bad days. That meeting was a symbol of the destruction of the old order.

C. W. Abel has adopted for many years the system of close, careful training, and the influence has been good. He can go away for six months' furlough, leaving all his possessions and valuables in charge of Papuans, to say nothing of a motor launch or two. As a preface to the following story, it should be remembered that the Papuan attitude was expressed by a Mailu boy who was consulted by W. J. Saville about the translation of the sentence 'It is more blessed to give than to receive'. The version he turned out, and insisted on, was, 'It is much better to get than to give.' So thinks the natural Papuan.

Yet not long ago a business man from Melbourne was on the steamer which called at Samarai, and, having the day to spare, went off to Kwato, but found Abel and his family away on furlough. The Papuans in charge showed him round and gave him afternoon tea. He was greatly impressed when the tip which he wished to give them was gladly but firmly refused. They said, 'We have been taught to do these things for love and not for money.' That means a good deal.

At one time a saw-mill was run on a large scale at Kwato, but European supervision was difficult, and, owing to the lack of seasoned timber, skilled labour had to be wasted in mere lumbering during some months of each year. But some fine little launches have been built on Kwato, and have sold as well as any launch from a European firm, and many another should be built in days to come.

As Kwato looks across to Samarai and is close to the entrance to Milne Bay, where European plantations have greatly extended, the problem of relations with Europeans is acute. In the old days these regions were the scene of much brutality to the natives on the part of white men, sometimes because they were of the baser sort, or sometimes because of sheer, clumsy ignorance of native ways. But the progress of government has put an end to any flagrant cruelty. On the other hand, the wisest whites and natives recognize the dangers which are arising from the sale of large areas of native land to European firms and individuals. At the outset the native is usually reluctant to sell and probably refuses, but when before his simple eyes axes are heaped on axes, ornaments are multiplied, and cotton goods are spread out by the piece, his better judgment gives way; and grasping at the shadow of possession, he is almost certain to lose the substance. The great inroads which have been made upon the native lands on all sides of Milne Bay have tended to break up the tribal organization, and the native may easily become a landless, wandering outcast. C. W. Abel thinks that part of the solution lies in the establishment of native reservations, and undoubtedly some provision of the sort should be made. He has also taken up coco-nut plantation on a large scale, so as to provide a future for

the young couples he has trained on his station. The organization of the scheme and the care of the plantations are splendid, but the Mission will find it hard to secure a successor capable of managing so big a concern. The further problem arises whether a Mission should take up business on a large scale. On that point I have more to say below.

CHAPTER XI

ASPECTS OF PAPUAN LIFE

It is time to say a few things about Papuan habits and ways, and to discuss a few of the problems the country presents, always remembering that generalizations must be of the loosest. The frequency with which the word 'cannibal' has occurred will suggest a great disregard for human life in parts of the country. What is difficult to convey is how completely cheerful that disregard can be. The men of the west, as I have said, are a dour, morose-looking lot. As far as the island of Kiwai goes, that might perhaps be because the old amusement of head-hunting is allowed no more; yet the people of Goaribari or Urama, who still enjoy the privilege, are just as glum. But all the rest would seem to murder, as schoolboys might fight with snowballs, from sheer animal spirits and love of adventure.

Something humorous seems to gather round most reports of Papuan experiences, perhaps because those without a sense of humour go home or die young. But I hope I shall not be misunderstood when I say that in Murray's *Papua* there is nothing more grimly funny than the stories of murder in the chapter on the Administration of Justice. He says at the outset that there is almost always a pig mixed up in the case at some stage, though sometimes the cause is much less substantial. In one instance a pig died which belonged to two brothers, and 'the brothers in their unquenchable grief went forth

THE DUG-OUT CANOE OF THE WEST

AN OLD GOARIBARI CANNIBAL
(see p. 141)

and killed the first man they saw'. In another case natives of the Main Range, who should have been reasonably civilized, cut the throats of two runaway carriers, and could give no explanation except that the carriers 'looked cold and hungry'. At Samarai a prisoner once urged that the murdered man was a bore—'All the time he talk, he talk, he talk too much,' and the magistrate seems to have had enough fellow-feeling to give him a sentence more suited to a case of killing in self-defence! When we visited Government House Judge Murray told us a more recent story. A man having murdered a woman, the Governor asked why he chose a woman rather than a man? The warrior leaned confidentially towards him and explained, 'Two things: one, woman he not run so quick; two, woman he not carry spear.' The spirit of Papua is the spirit of the *Bab Ballads*, except that there is no special need for expiation if the other party is not strong enough to enforce it.

You mustn't judge yourself too heavily, my dear—
It 's wrong to murder babies, little corals for to fleece;
But sins like these one expiates at half-a-crown a piece.

Girls will be girls—you're very young, and flighty in your mind;
Old heads upon young shoulders we must not expect to find.
We mustn't be too hard upon these little girlish tricks—
Let 's see—five crimes at half-a-crown—exactly twelve-and-six.

What, however, the 'red slayer' has to fear in Papua is not the priest, but the sorcerer, and still more the attempt of the injured party to 'pay back'. As in all tribal feuds, the doctrine of paying back is the foundation of justice. The last time the two villages met, village A succeeded in killing five people from village B, so now B sets out to kill an equal number. But moderation

DANCING MASKS, URAMA

is always difficult, and instead of killing five B succeeds in killing twelve. That leaves seven which A must attempt to make up at the next opportunity. And so the count goes backwards and forwards. It is for all the world like one of those games in which you must throw the exact number to win, while anything over or under that number counts against you. In the first establishment of peace there is no greater difficulty than that created by the sense that a village has something which it ought to 'pay back' to those with whom it is asked to make peace. Yorkshire and Lancashire do not feel more keenly about a Whit-Monday cricket match.

It is fair to say that Papuans do not regard their own lives very much more than the lives of others. Like all the simple races, if they make up their minds to die, they seem to be able to do so by sheer strength of will. That is why the sorcerer's power of suggestion is so terribly effective; any who believe themselves bewitched ask no cause more tangible, but lie down and die. To show how loose is their hold on life, could you find anything better than the pathetic story (for which I do not vouch, as I cannot verify it) of two murderers, who were under the loose confinement usual in a Papuan gaol? At the hour of their execution everybody was ready but the victims, and, though prisoners rarely take to flight, everybody assumed that these two men had run away. But they turned up half an hour late, hot and panting, and apologized profusely because they had kept the officers waiting! 'If the Government wished to kill them,' they seemed to say, 'it was the Government's way of paying back, and they were willing to be sacrificed.' It is good to think that the death sentence is very rarely given for murder among such a people.

But the humour of which I have spoken is only in a book, and you must get away as far from life as the *Bab Ballads* if you are to have any continued appreciation of Papuan bloodshed. As is suggested by the story of the slayer of women three pages back, the thing itself is dirty and treacherous, with hardly a redeeming feature. For the most part the process of paying back is carried out by a surprise attack, and usually half a dozen canoes will cut off one strange canoe, or a bevy of men will waylay youngsters or women. Far be it from me to criticize them harshly. Western military science always seeks a large preponderance of force as the key to its tactics. Perhaps the real difference between their bloodshed and ours lies in the triviality of its cause, and that motives so arbitrary and so paltry should lead to so terrible a result. And yet, if we could get inside their minds, I suspect we should find that the doctrine of paying back had in it some elements not unlike our theories of national honour. When all is said, however, there is little that is heroic in Papuan warfare, and the reign of peace is pure gain.

If in any Christian gathering of Papuans you ask them what Christianity has done for them, the older men will tell you at once that owing to Christianity it is possible for them to move backwards and forwards along the coast and into neighbouring villages, where previously they would never have dared to show their faces.

Yet no one should think of Papua as a dangerous country for Europeans. In certain districts there is still danger, though to white men very little; but in all the more settled portions a white person is nearly as safe as up country in Australia or in London itself.

Murder at once suggests sorcery; indeed, it is only by an

artificial separation that I have kept sorcery out so far. We all know there is no such thing, and yet the Government arrests and punishes the sorcerer—and Government is right. As any one will believe who knows natives at a similar stage, sorcery runs all through the village life. If a man is wounded in a fight, or taken by a crocodile, or carried off by dysentery, it is plainly because he is bewitched. To the Papuan mind there are no natural causes, and no one ever dies a natural death. Therefore the sorcerer, apart from the knowledge of poisons which he sometimes keeps as a side line, actually does kill people by suggestion, as I have said above. In that case, and just as much when there are causes of death to our minds quite unconnected with sorcery, the relatives begin to pay back by more sorcery or by violence, and so it goes on right up to the full-grown feud. The sorcerer is thus very near the centre of the Papuan social system as a perpetual cause of terror and of the blind brutality that terror breeds. Unfortunately, when Government imprisons the sorcerer, his neighbours are sometimes all the more convinced of his power. 'Would the great Government have interfered,' they say, 'unless it was afraid of what he could do?'

Sorcery springs out of the animism which rules all Papuan religion, an animism so crude that it is doubtful whether it deserves the word religion at all. In many of the languages no term for God has been discovered, and, even when a word has been found, it usually means only a spirit rather greater than the rest. In parts of the west missionaries go so far as to use a transliteration of the word God, because they can trace no word that they can think of using. There are no signs of worship, except certain rites to propitiate evil spirits, and various animistic ceremonies to secure the needs and desires of the performers; no altars are found,

and there is no temple except the club-houses, which include in their freemasonry a large element of mystery. Near Kapakapa these become rough frames and painted logs on which various ceremonies are performed, and farther east, in the neighbourhood of Kerepunu, there are 'spirit' houses. Up west the masks and shields carved with grotesque faces are spoken of as 'spirits'. Many of the canoes are given eyes to see their way, and in some districts every object, animate or no, has a spirit of its own. The anthropologists do not seem able to help us much, and I have heard of no one who was capable of measuring how much of genuine religion is to be found in the Papuan attitude to spirits. Each district has its own type of spirit ceremony, and it may be that the peculiar disunion of the Papuan clans has prevented that comparison and competition which in a more united race would have evolved the idea of a spirit supreme. The lack of this conception leaves the natives in a low moral state with nothing to redeem them from complete materialism.

The untouched native cannot be said to be generous. 'Nothing for nothing' is a good Papuan motto, and I have heard it said that the very mothers expect to be repaid later for the milk they give to their babies at the breast. The contrast with the generosity of the South Seas is very marked, and especially with the lavish giving of peoples such as the Samoans. In the matter of sex some tribes are very animal, though there are curious differences of moral tone among the different peoples, but as a rule there is little restraint on sex relations before marriage.

Yet nothing surprised me more than to find how completely human was the impression the Papuans made upon me. I have lived in India and have Indian friends of all classes. When I went to Papua I expected to feel at once

SPIRIT HOUSE AT KEREPUNU

a barrier between the natives and myself, and even positive repulsion, in exact proportion to the difference between the Indian and the Papuan in the scale of civilization. I admit that the savages of the gulf are not attractive, largely because they are dirty and live in dirt, but with that exception I can say with some surprise that in Papua I never felt any barrier of race greater than that minimum which naturally persists between the Indian and the Englishman. I found the young folk trained on the Mission stations simple, childlike, and worthy of real friendship. The Papuans are men and women, men and women for whom Christ died, and beyond that common humanity one need ask for nothing more. In theory I believed in the brotherhood of man before; I know it now by an experiment, which, if not the ultimate test, comes very near it.

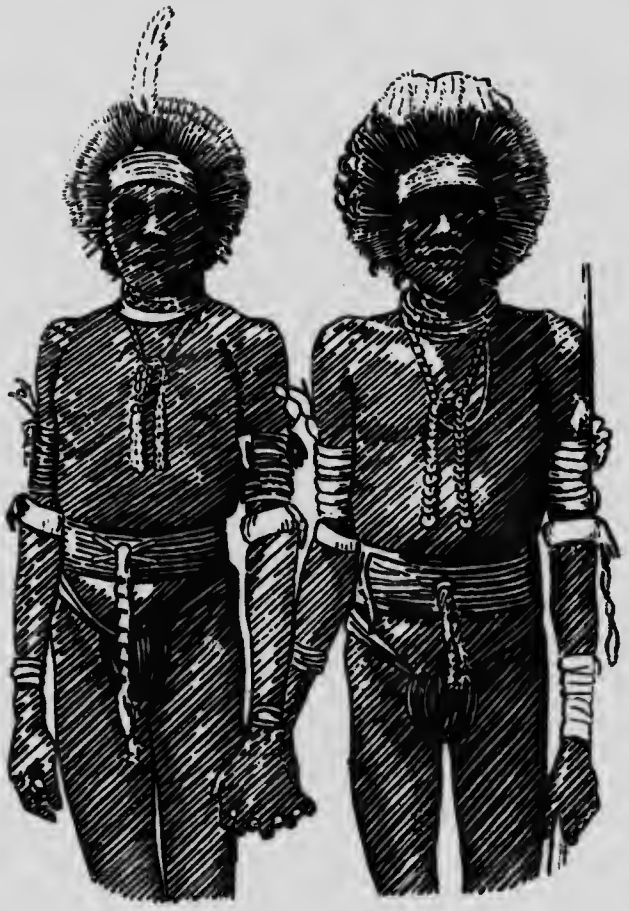
Indeed from many points of view the Papuans are a very attractive people. Any one reading a book like that of A. K. Chignell, *An Outpost in Papua*, just because he will feel that the writer is no sentimentalist, will be minded to agree that the book is conclusive testimony to the Papuan. The mingled humour and affection which make that simple chronicle so fine as pure literature would be impossible if the objects of affection were unworthy. Further, his picture of the men of the north-east coast entirely fits what I saw of the south-coast Papuans, and may be taken in all essentials for a picture of them.

Though they may be simple, they have a good deal of intellectual power. Purely theoretic learning, it is true, means to them very little, but in all practical affairs they are apt and fresh of mind. It is only the most handy of South Sea teachers who can keep pace with them in carpentry and native crafts. They can line out coco-nuts, even though the ground is undulating, and they humour the machinery

of a motor launch with all the affection of the born engineer. Beharell will send his boys to Port Moresby, sixty miles and back, for mails and stores, a dangerous sixty miles, and the boat will be handled as carefully as if he himself were there. During our long tour we owed much of our safety to Papuan boys. On the more developed stations the leading natives can take many a burden from the missionary's back, and the Papuan ministry has started well.

One often asks the question, 'What contribution is this race or that qualified to make to the corporate Christian experience of the Church?' Of India and China it is easy to predict, and one may guess some of the solid strength of the African. What can the Papuan bring to the common stock? As I was nearing Papua I read the judgment of a missionary author that the Papuan contribution will be that of simplicity. I laughed with some superiority. It seemed so obviously an evasion of the difficulty. But I was quite wrong. Since I have seen Papua I know what he meant. Simplicity is of two kinds. One is the mere negative absence of brilliance or complication; the other kind is a certain positive effluence with power to make others want the simpler ways, and love and admire the straight, unsophisticated, uncorrupted realities on which alone true life is founded. I suppose that is what is meant by 'becoming as little children'. It is this outflowing, reacting simplicity which is found in the best Papuans, and to the Christian Church they may well bring what the child brings to the home.

They have peculiarly fine artistic feeling. I have spoken of the Runic designs of Fife Bay and the east, but everywhere the Papuans show real taste in personal adornment. On most afternoons the young Papuan dandies show off before the girls, each pair hand in hand, like a couple of



TWO YOUNG DANDIES

sentimental schoolgirls, up and down the village street. Combs set with feathers are in their hair, flowers (probably from the missionary's garden) or croton leaves are stuck in their armlets and garters, and bright streamers of bark fibre flutter behind them in the breeze from their elbows and tight, carved bark belts. Their faces are painted, which is unnecessary and usually unbeautiful, but the taste of the general ornament is perfect. The Papuan must have a genuine love of colour. It was curious to notice how many young fellows had the full Burne-Jones lips, and their features, so sensitive as to be almost neurotic, inevitably recall the 'aesthetic' type of European.

Then again, the blue tattooing of the women was really beautiful. In some cases they have a broad collar tattooed round the neck, and dropping to a point between the breasts, which produces an effect like embroidered clothing. If only they would leave their faces untouched, there would be very much to be said in favour of tattooing.

But after seeing all the various decorations, patterns, colour and carvings, one asks whether this taste for beauty cannot be maintained and used in the service of the Church?

Another dominant impression is that of the decency of nakedness. The missionaries who found the Papuans naked had left behind by some years the theory that clothing was ordained of God. They and their successors have encouraged the wearing of *ramis* (kilts of cotton), but on all else they have frowned. For the first day or two it is a strange experience to be waited on at table by girls with no clothing above the waist, but the strangeness passes quickly and one is left with a sense of the true purity and naturalness of it all. On one station is a woman of specially fine character who visited England with the missionary's wife, and has spoken here at public meetings. (At one

English mission room, by the way, the rough boys of the neighbourhood with their coarse interruptions showed themselves far less civilized than she!) In Papua I saw her dressed in a *rami* like the rest, moving about and doing the common work of the house, and in a *rami* she was just as much a lady as she had proved herself in England with European dress. It is strange too to see English women moving naturally among men whose clothing consists literally of a piece of string and ornaments. But W. N. Lawrence, wisest of seniors, who lived in the Cook Islands for many years, tells me that in conduct the unclothed people around Port Moresby are probably as pure as the much clothed people of the South Seas. If the big stores are not too fatally successful in forcing clothing upon them, we may [illegible]n yet learn the meaning of essential decency from th[illegible]e of Papua.

[illegible]population is surprisingly small; Governor Murray est[illegible]s it at 400,000 for all British territory. That of the area for which the London Missionary Society is responsible is probably not more than 150,000. In the first place tribal feuds have taken their frequent toll. In some of the eastern tribes, too, abortion is common, and everywhere there is a special danger from diseases indigenous to the country or only known since the coming of white men. Enteric does not seem to exist, but dysentery, malaria, dengue, and blackwater fevers are only too frequent. Though the natives are promiscuous enough, syphilis was unknown till introduced by Europeans, and the process of dissemination seems likely to go on with horrible rapidity. Yet the population appears to be holding its own, and should easily continue to do so apart from the diseases introduced. If industrial and practical training could be given, there would seem to be no reason why the number of the people should not increase greatly. There

is unlimited room for expansion, and, as the 'white Australia' party is likely to prevent the importation of other races as labourers, everything is to be said for training and enriching the Papuan people, with the hope that prosperity will bring a large increase, and that they will fill up the waste places.

White influences are not always good. Ordinarily the white store-keeper or miner does not take a wife with him and has recourse to native women. The missionaries' wives have shown that even in the wilder parts there is no real reason why a European woman should not join her husband, once his home is fixed. The more white women in Papua the better.

Behind Port Moresby there are copper mines, and oil has been found in small quantities near Orokolo. Sisal hemp (or aloe fibre) does not seem to have paid, but plantations of coco-nuts are comparatively common, and rubber has begun to boom. For these the future should be bright. Unfortunately in some cases plantations mean buying out the native. When this is done, other land should be secured to those dispossessed, for there is plenty of room. Further, Government policy, as giving special consideration to the natives, should encourage them to become small holders, and not to sell. A Government system of buying and collecting copra would establish hundreds of Papuans as business proprietors in a short time. What has been done in West Africa could be done in Papua, but at this stage in Papua Government organization would be essential.

For the plantations owned by Europeans native labour is of great importance. Recruiting is going on all the time, and, since the recruiter gets as much as £3 per labourer, it is obvious that the traffic may easily lead to fraud and petty tyranny. I got the impression that it was becoming more

difficult to secure workers, and with so small a population it is important to make labour as popular as possible. Any ill treatment is fatal to the commerce of the country. Government on its part does much to protect the native. The system of 'signing on' before the magistrate, with rules as to rations and official discharge at the end of six months or a year, the prohibition of the truck system, and the punishment of ill treatment may involve a degree of vexatious interference in some instances, but they do much for the class that has the fewest friends. On this account the Government is healthily unpopular in certain quarters, as a Government of native territory always ought to be.

But Government cannot always be on every spot, and some planters are short-sighted and unimaginative. The European gangers (usually on contract by the piece) are often ignorant people with little understanding of the natives, and think only of handling their pay at the end of the job. One of my friends, standing by the manager of the estate, was watching one such driving his gang without restraint or mercy. After a little while my friend turned to the manager and said, 'How many of that gang will ever want to sign on for plantation labour again after this six months is done?' The manager answered, 'None of them!' With the small labour supply such thoughtless exploitation of the workers is commercial suicide, to say nothing of the wrong.

Missions have sought by various methods to provide a better way. In some cases the missionaries of the London Missionary Society have planted small areas, and in Milne Bay land has been taken up on a large scale. For the most part the first motive has been to provide healthy occupation for the boys and girls on the station, and to give them training that might stand them in good stead later in life. The

second motive has been to help to make the Mission self-supporting, and the desire to solve the general problem of native labour, which has greatly influenced C. W. Abel's work in Milne Bay, has in most other cases been only a subsidiary object.

For small plantations the case is strong. Planting is the natural and basal form of agriculture in such a country, and it is far better for boys and girls on the station to learn to use their hands effectively than to get the idea that the A B C is a passport to a career of dignified ease. If the result is also to reduce the fearful expense of each station, and so allow the opening of new areas, no one can complain. In the east and the west, where planting pays, as it rarely does in the centre, each Mission station might conduct small plantations with real benefit to the natives. In another case besides that of Fife Bay, we had evidence that the villages around had learnt from the Mission plantations to lay out their own lands in a more scientific way. Anything which will give to the native an incentive to honest labour will be a blessing to him. In the old days fighting and the preparation for it demanded much effort, and that often of very continuous character. Now that fighting is being stopped, they must learn new uses for their time. Small plantations may be very useful.

But the system of *large plantations directly under the Mission* is a very different matter. It involves great commercial risk and the sinking of much capital, but the worst problems are personal. Few people who talk lightly about the value of industrial work understand what they are asking. A superintendent must be secured who is :

(1) a good business man under ordinary conditions;
(2) a good business man under Papuan conditions (which is more rare);

(3) firm in dealing with the natives but Christian in constant kindliness;
(4) ready to put the spiritual interests of the work before the commercial.

Now men of such qualifications are hard to find. Where one has been secured, it is impossible to be sure that we can find his successor if he should die or retire. While small plantations can be abandoned with no great loss, it is no light matter to surrender a big undertaking in which much money has been sunk. The managing body responsible for a large area may find itself in a position where duty to the natives may conflict with financial interests. Again, the arguments used to justify Mission plantations of great magnitude would involve the Mission in an attempt to organize the economic life of the people on a very large scale, and this would mean the usurpation of Government functions and the unfair elimination of the honest white trader.

But the final argument is that the position of employer is incompatible with that of spiritual guide, and therefore is impossible in the long run for the missionary. If a man defaults, the Mission cannot prosecute. If he is dissatisfied with his pay, he is not likely to open up to the missionary as to the needs of his soul. Even under the fairest conditions a strike might arise, if people so ignorant were misled by slanderers, and the Mission would have to surrender or place itself in an altogether wrong position.

My general theory, then, is that the large organization of plantations is not a suitable activity for a Mission as such. At the same time I have no doubt of the need and of the opportunity. The risk to the Papuans at present is great. A system under which the managers of plantations regard

their recruits merely as so many hands, and have no personal relation to them, is bad enough where employer and employed belong to one race and can communicate freely, but in a country like Papua it brutalizes or destroys. It can never be redeemed by the negative provisions against ill treatment which the Government attempts to enforce. The future of the Papuan race is more largely in the hands of the capitalists of Britain and Australia than one likes to think, and Christian business men alone can provide the remedy. If they would commit themselves to the development of Papua with native interests uppermost in their minds, they might do an inestimable service to a people just emerging from savagery.

I do not pretend that it would be easy to create the atmosphere we need. Christian directors at a distance are helpless unless the spirit of the men on the spot is Christian also, and it is hard to persuade men at once of character and of ability to bury themselves on the Papuan shore. Even when a man goes out with good intentions, the moral climate so easily wears him down. But if it can be shown that commerce is the inevitable handmaid of the Gospel, service not less worthy than that which has been given so freely for the Gospel will surely be forthcoming to save the natives by teaching them to work. The lives of these simple and attractive people may well depend on the readiness of Christian men to plan for, and live alongside, the Papuans, simply because they too are part of the family of God. In any family worth the name weakness and immaturity are the supreme claims to love and care.

The administration, which from 1906 has been under the federal Government of Australia, is good as far as it goes. The hints already given of its real care for native interests indicate the general policy of its superior officers.

INTERIOR OF A CLUB-HOUSE AT MAIPUA, NAMAU, WITH DANCING MASKS (see p. 152)

From the outset Sir William Macgregor set a standard of tact and mercy in dealing with wild tribes whose sins were mainly those of ignorance, and whose outbreaks were often caused by sheer terror. At the same time he did his best to develop the natives and give them their opportunity, as, for instance, by the employment of Papuans in the constabulary. No better tribute could be given to the method than by stating that there is no soldier in all Papuan territory, and that the native force is sufficient to keep order among peoples who, badly managed, might easily get out of hand. With rare exceptions Sir William Macgregor's traditions have been continued to the present day.

Then again the land laws are good. Permanent alienation is no longer allowed, and leases for ninety-nine years are the general rule. When the European wants to acquire land, after preliminary parley with the native owners, he must call in an official who conducts the final negotiations with them on behalf of the Crown, and then in the Crown's name leases the land to the new holder. While this method cannot check all abuses, it does much to prevent the more flagrant kind of exploitation.

On the other hand, more attention should be given to the lower ranks of the service. Australia would do well to create a Foreign Civil Service parallel to the Indian Civil Service, to which men of good education might be attracted for training. There is some danger that a Labour administration may not realize this need, but Labour should recognize that, as it dispenses with rank and pride of family, it must substitute the trained mind, and above all character, that has stood the test. Just as a concentrated training is given to young officers going to the Front, so subordinate officials with a good general education could be helped through many a difficulty by a year's course on the practical side of

administration as it must be adapted to Papuan conditions. Such a service would have to be better paid; I gather that in some cases present salaries are so small that it must be difficult to attract good men. Then all Government servants of whatever rank should be encouraged to take their wives with them. A white woman makes so great a difference in the whole spirit of the Papuan bungalow, and in the influence of the station upon the natives, that it would pay the Administration over and over again to give higher rates to all officers who are accompanied by their wives.

Further, even admitting all the difficulties of language in Papua, a stronger pressure should be applied to make all officers learn to speak one or more of the native languages. All through the Pacific, in Groups too where the excuse is far less than in Papua, there is too much of government through interpreters, and when the only interpreter is a native policeman there can be no guarantee of competence or indeed of honesty. The first essential of good government is that people should be able to tell the official what they have in their minds. Here again, if I had my way, I should not be satisfied to deal with the official. In India and all other dependencies where we govern other races I would pay a further allowance for his wife, if she learnt the language properly. The day will come when women will be part of the administration, but in the meantime a wife can do much to conciliate and sympathize, especially with the native women, and, however good the staff of unmarried women, the wife has always the dominant power of the home. But if that power is to be for good, there must be an understanding of the people, and that can never be without the vernacular.

Nor can the administration continue to neglect education

as it does at present. The only chance to preserve the natives is to train their capacity, and, either by subsidies to the Missions or by schools of its own with a strong leaven of manual teaching, Government should see that its protégés are fitted to take a place in the battle of modern life. Industrial education is expensive, and, unaided, no Mission can undertake it on a sufficient scale. The reply will be that Australia already gives to the territory a subsidy of £25,000 every year, and that this is not the time to ask a penny more. But if education of the right sort were given, there is very little doubt that the prosperity of the people would so increase that from internal revenues the initial outlay could be repaid.

My last suggestion would be a great increase in the number of buoys to mark the harbours, especially the smaller harbours, and a road from Orokolo to the east with Government ferries at the rivers. A road is always a great step in the development of a country towards ordered government.

CHAPTER XII

PROBLEMS OF THE MISSION

Now for the Mission in its strength and weakness. I must turn again to Chignell's *Outpost in Papua* with gratitude that a man has taken time, and been articulate enough, to help his readers to feel themselves into the simple happenings of a Mission station. The things expressed in that book are true in varying degree of the Roman Catholics in the hill country opposite Yule Island, of the Anglican Mission in the north-east, and of the Methodists in the great eastern islands. It has been the privilege of the London Missionary Society to plant along the Papuan coast twelve stations like that described, and a thirteenth forty miles up into the hills of the Main Range.

Further, the Society from the outset has given no encouragement to celibacy, and no one can travel along the coast without seeing how much has been gained by the presence of the missionary's wife. Of course, this gain has not been purchased for nothing. Of the cost to the man, and the woman's heavier cost, it is not mine to speak. Enough that the cost has been paid and that the results are worth the paying. Here and there a teacher's wife who entertains the traveller with careful consideration for his European needs will prove to have got her training from the white woman. But that is not the most important result—the womanhood of all the villages, and especially of those near by, is lifted up by the teaching and purity of the missionary's home. Travel anywhere along the coast, and, after passing

raw native villages with perhaps here and there a European shack and a tiny store, suddenly you will come to the Mission station. There, if I am not much mistaken, you will feel that you have reached a haven for spirit as for body. The house is comfortable in a very simple way, for men and women of education inevitably make themselves a home. You may even think your entertainment luxurious, if your good feeling does not remind you that it is for you that they have killed the last chicken, or turned out the most expensive tin. But as to the peace and beauty of the home there can be no two opinions.

To begin with, the place is physically and morally clean. You are in an atmosphere of friendship which radiates in every direction, so that to be known as a guest of the Mission station is a passport through the villages. The eager free courtesy of the merry boys and girls under training in the big open hall at the back of the house shows you what the Papuan may become.

Medicines are given out, and you may catch the missionary's wife binding up some neglected and repulsive sore. The boys are taught carpentry and boat-building, and the girls learn how to wash, cook, and keep the house clean. Babies stagger about erratically and unrepressed. Older people come and wait at the verandah steps to see their children in the boarding-home, or to ask advice or mediation. Perhaps a man who has earned good wages is bringing them for the missionary to keep. Stranded men from another district come to him to put them on their way home. A couple of South Sea teachers, or, if it is a special day for issuing stores, a dozen of them, will arrive from their distant villages to report and discuss their problems.

On some stations there is a school house, on others the missionary's house itself is so built that while the roof is

square, the rooms are on three sides only and thus a great airy hall is left, opening on to the back verandah. In this hall school is held, and in the evening games and evening prayers wind up the day. At a free moment the missionary will go off to look at the small plantation, or to see that the station is kept clean and the woodwork saved from those forces of decay which can be repulsed for a time but in such a climate admit no final defeat. In the intervals he does his accounts for the store, or translates the Bible, or makes up school books, or studies the unfathomed secrets of the local tongue. All is friendliness and activity. Amid the wilderness each station is an oasis.

The school in all its aspects is of crucial importance. Government does nothing but give friendly encouragement to go to school, unless English is taught, in which case encouragement may turn into actual compulsion. For all the education the Papuan receives it is the Mission he has to thank, and, in view of the limitations under which the missionary works, the results are surprisingly good.

On the other hand, there is very much to criticize. The village school takes in the rawest material and can only attain a low level. Discipline is a word unknown in the Papuan home. In many districts the natives cannot count into double figures, and even the adult will work out a big sum laboriously on his fingers and toes (digits in the literal sense); when these fail him he goes on to pat elbows, knees, and shoulder-joints to help him out. The missionaries, for the most part, start with the ideas of education on which my own school teaching was based thirty years ago. The South Sea teachers are the result of an older system still, and like all half-educated people are desperately conservative. The Papuan teacher can hardly be expected, as yet, to understand the aim of education at all. Yet the problem of educating

THE AESTHETIC TYPE OF RAW NATIVE
(see p. 192)

MISSION STATION BOYS

a race in danger of extinction unless it be fortified against the disintegrating forces of modern life, is one of haste and urgency, and the methods which were tolerable in the stable communities of the west thirty years ago are too slow for Papua, simply because they are defective in principle. If we are to save the Papuan, the lessons which we are learning at the end of our experience in Britain should be applied at the outset in Papua. We are far too literary and intellectual in our teaching, and bring far too little into play all those bodily activities which proceed from, and react on, the mind. The result is that while our method is intellectual and literary, the results are neither. Any one who sees a mob of children learning the tables in English (remember there are no words for most of the numbers in Papuan) and repeating them in a chorus with a pronunciation which makes the scantiest difference between fifty and fifteen, or seven and eleven, will be filled with pity for the waste of it all. The Papuan parent, no doubt, asks the child what has been taught in the school, and when the answer is an unintelligible rigmarole, he tells the youngster to come out on to the reef and learn to catch fish, or to study bush-craft, or to copy some carved ornament. My sympathies in such a case are all with the parent against the school.

Kindergarten, Sloyd, Montessori,—we want the best concentration of them all for Papua. The ordinary life of the village is in many ways a better training intellectually than the bookish appeal which we are apt to make. If we are to teach, every subject ought to be taught in connexion with objects, every illustration should be from loca interests. It is only necessary to go on to the wide sands at Orokolo at low tide to realize how naturally the children take to drawing; ships, and pigs, and houses are sketched

in unending repetition. The native arts and crafts, and above all the native decoration, ought to be used to the full. We must provide for Papua as far as we can the new kind of school which we need for our children in the west. There we have the advantage that much of the material we in Britain have to seek laboriously, stares us in the face in the Papuan village.

We had a young Australian in Port Moresby who was doing work of this sort, and his school would have become a practising centre for teachers up and down the coast. But he was compelled to retire owing to the health of his family, and an experiment well begun has come to nothing. But it will be tragic if the experiment is not renewed.

But the little institution for pastoral training at Vatorata has had no such interruption, and obviously it assumes great importance, if we are to improve education either on old lines or new. As it is at present, a few of the best children are drafted from the elementary school to the missionary's home, and there trained till they are supposed to be fit for further education at Vatorata to be pastor teachers. But the missionary on his station has so many other things to do that as a rule the home training he can give is broken and amateurish. We need a high school, though the word should mean nothing but a school somewhat above the elementary degree, and it should be for the boys, and then later for the girls also, from all the stations along the coast. If this could give a good grounding in English taught on the directest of direct methods, and a thorough-going manual training, including the making and handling of rough tools, all the pupils would go out to their villages to be much more useful, and the men who pass on to the religious training would start with far better mental furniture. If the same two useful subjects,

English and handicrafts, were also kept going during the training of the Bible school, the pastors would go out into their villages ready to be the economic saviours of their people. The time has certainly come for such a school, and the main need is money.

It should be recognized also that pupils will not be recruited without some effort. All Papuan history tends to make the native very chary of leaving his own narrow territory. He dislikes education away from home, and still more he fears that after training he may be sent off against his will, he knows not whither. He also has a preference for returning home once a year, which is reasonable enough, but not easy to satisfy while we have no Mission boat to work the coast. But the institution for the training of pastors at Vatorata has had the same battle to fight, and is winning so completely, that by general agreement it would be impossible to dispense with the central seminary for training pastors. What has been done for higher training in the old difficult days can be done now for the lower grade, if a coastal boat be provided. If a high school were started, Vatorata would become the centre for all the Mission, and I do not think I shall be highfalutin if I say it would help to bind the Papuans into a nation.

One thing remains to say about the Mission itself. It is an expensive Mission, and we may learn something for the future if we discuss the cause of the expense. The Missions to the South Seas started on the early theory that missionaries should support themselves by handicrafts and commerce. It was soon found impossible for them to provide for all their needs in that way, and then through many years small allowances were given on the understanding that the missionary made what he could by trade. That system had its own special disadvantages. Men had

very different ideas of what they had a right to make, and the store called for too much attention. Their position as spiritual guides was imperilled when their customers were members of their own flock and the missionary disagreed with them about the price of shirts. About thirty-five years ago that system was completely abolished.

But it had had one great advantage. The Board did not feel obliged to pay salaries to missionaries on any adequate scale, and it felt even less obliged to finance the native Church. If the natives wanted pastors, they must pay for them; if they wanted buildings, they must build them; and the home body expected that the power of the Gospel would make them willing. In other fields the slow difficulty of founding a Church made the Board recede gradually from this position, as it had also receded from its old ideas of missionary support. Since then Missions have tended to become more and more a financial operation, and a period came when, in planning new Missions or extending old ones, greater emphasis than of old was laid on finance and less on the Holy Spirit. Nowadays there is much radical thinking on the question of self-support,[1] and we may hope the missionary body may be recalled to methods more like those which helped to build up the early Church. But now that Missions have such enormous financial ramifications, it is not easy to get clear of traditions and vested interests.

One of the places where the old method succeeded was in the South Seas. The islands were relatively fertile and the people's wants very few; whole communities came over together and the Church became the centre of the civic

1 As for instance in such a book as Roland Allen's *Missionary Methods: St. Paul's or Ours.*

life. An ordered Christian life meant the saving of resources previously wasted. In short, there was the wherewithal for self-support. At the same time the spirit of the people was generous and local traditions encouraged giving. It was, therefore, comparatively easy to get large contributions towards the expenses of the Mission, and there was far less tendency than in other fields to look to the home Board to support native teachers. What may be hoped of the great Samoan Church is written above, while Lifou has paid all its expenses during several years. In the Cook Islands, which now, alas! are the least generous of the Society's areas in the South Seas, the Churches give about £200 yearly towards the cost of the foreign missionaries and of the missionary ship. But all local expenses they bear themselves, and in the Aitutaki hurricane it never seems to have entered their heads to write to England for help. *O si sic omnes!*

Unfortunately Papua was opened up for missionary purposes at a date when the natural way to open a Mission was to make the home Church responsible for all the finance. Everything in Papua tended to increase the demand for help from home, and to create the idea that it was useless to hope anything from the natives. To begin with, the missionary landing on a strange shore among savage peoples had inevitably to purchase a friendly reception with presents, and then by more presents to smooth the way of the teachers he left behind. In the second place, the Papuans, as has been said before, are not generous by nature, and, seeing in the Mission stores what seemed to them vast wealth, they concluded that, if there was to be giving, the missionary must do it. Thus the fight to secure contributions seemed so hopeless that it was often given up. On the other hand, some of the older men, and I fancy Tamate

himself, were lavish and free-handed, and the tradition has never ceased.

Another reason for expense is that the standards of safety have risen, and we should no longer think it right to ask men and women to expose themselves to the risks of such isolation as in the early days, when the Directors were ignorant of what their envoys went to face. The nature of the Papuan coast makes travelling at once needful and costly. A motor launch is most effective for visitation, and greatly increases the missionary's power of work, but it cannot be said to be cheap. Set it on the other side of the account that only last year on one station two missionaries, one European and one Samoan, were saved from disease that seemed to be following a fatal course by the motor launch which took them 100 miles to Port Moresby. The station was absolutely isolated and the launch had only been bought six months earlier! Of late years many a South Sea worker has been succoured physically or morally because a launch was available.

Happily the Papuans are beginning to raise more of their own expenses, and, especially in the Central division and Daru, their gifts, though small, are increasing. It is an interesting side-light on the Papuan character that he will give money comparatively freely (probably because he does not yet understand what it is worth), but he hates to part with anything in which he has 'mingled his own labour'. But the Christianity of the Papuan Church will be a poor thing until she learns to sacrifice the wealth she has, and, as has been said in connexion with the Gilberts, wherever a people has learned to give, there you will find content and joy.

One very important cause of expense has not yet been mentioned, and that is what may be called the parochial

A Grey Afternoon in Toaripi.

theory of the South Sea teachers. By 1870, the date of the opening of the Papuan Mission, the London Missionary Society Churches among the islands had reached such a stage that for every Christian village (and most villages were Christian) there was a pastor. The South Sea teachers had that conception in mind, and so had many of the missionaries who planted the seeds of the Gospel in Papua. The teacher was no longer an itinerant evangelist responsible for a large area, and after a little instruction turning each village cause over to its own members to support; that theory was forgotten. The South Sea teacher who comes to Papua was conceived to be the pastor of the village, and this was true even though none in it had embraced Christianity. The idea of the village as the unit is strong among the peoples of the South Seas, and perhaps equally so in Papua, and so the South Sea teacher regarded himself as the appointed spiritual guide for one place and for one only. As a natural consequence there have been instances in villages scarcely opened to the Gospel of South Sea teachers claiming rights of discipline and religious compulsion, which could hardly apply in a village acknowledged to be Christian by its own choice. That the pastor was also the teacher of the school was another and a better reason why he should stay in his parish and not visit round about.

Now each South Sea teacher used to receive at least £23 a year in salary, to say nothing of the extra cost of running them right across from Samoa or Rarotonga in the *John Williams*. When, therefore, they were established each in a separate village as foreign missionaries, the total expense was high. But since salaries have had to be increased by nearly sixty per cent., it is even higher. It may be noticed, too, that a man in such a position does not usually encourage

the Papuans to rise up and make his guidance unnecessary. The parochial theory may have been almost inevitable, but on policy its influence has been bad. It should give place to a more mobile evangelization.

The teachers from the South Seas deserve a section to themselves, for without them the white missionaries could never have obtained the results we saw. There are very few instances in the world where there are *foreign* missionaries of a non-European stock. These at least deserve the title. Some one may question the word 'foreign'; indeed, before visiting the Pacific I should myself have thought that the men of the South Seas would have such affinities with Papuan natives that they could easily identify themselves with their adopted country. Just the opposite is the case. Conditions in Papua are utterly different from anything they know at home. True, in some matters they are more naturally at home than the European,—the food, for instance, is much the same. But any slight advantages they may thus possess are more than swept away by the lack of mental training to understand a new country and to strike their roots into its soil, and still more by their lack of mental and spiritual resource to meet loneliness and depression. They are far less fitted than the European to understand the laws of health, and to meet disease with quiet courage.

Over against the native they know that they belong to a higher civilization and they feel themselves superior. We English cannot blame them, for they have merely stolen our own pet sin. Indeed, I suspect that just in proportion as they feel that the Englishman rather looks down on them from a high elevation, and in proportion as they detect his tendency to lump all coloured people together as natives, just in that proportion are they eager to emphasize the

A SAMOAN MISSIONARY IN PAPUA

difference between themselves and the 'uncivilized crew' around. But, like our own English temper, this attitude keeps the natives aloof, and to that extent hinders the spread of the Gospel. Then again, like all foreign missionaries, they bring with them the sins of their own Churches. Sometimes they are guilty of attempting to add to their income by trading a little, sometimes they are overbearing; they lack mental interest and their outlook is small. Above all, the Papuans are catching them up, and Papuan teachers are already equal to the weaker men from the South Seas.

The above considerations, together with the increasing expense of their salary, have led to a decision to reduce their number greatly, and in future the weaker men will be sifted out and only the strongest will be sent from the islands. These will need an increasingly definite spiritual experience of their own, but, if they have that, there is still a great contribution for them to make.

I have given first all that can be said of their weakness, because I want to be believed when I speak of their strength. There is no finer record in missionary history of any age than the story of the South Sea teachers in Papua. Many of their names are not known to the most enthusiastic of the friends of Missions, nor recorded in the most detailed missionary history. Ruatoka of Mangaia and Port Moresby has alone been heard of in England, and that is mainly due to the popularity of Tamate, his tutor in Rarotonga and his friend through their Papuan career. Among hundreds of others no one can tell the names of more than a few, or give any conception of the way they struggled and were patient, of the way they failed or won success.

If the missionary's house is an oasis in the desert, so in a smaller way are the houses of the men from the South Seas, and you will find them everywhere along the coast.

We should have a great record, if only the houses could tell of their occupants. These lived among filthy swamps and fell to malaria all the more readily because it was unknown in their islands. They tried to teach little savages, themselves only a few lessons ahead. Husbands saw wives, or wives saw husbands, pine and die, and sometimes it was the little children. They lived in face of constant insults from the fighting bullies of the village. They stood up to the white men and rebuked them for their sins, and then, when those same white men collapsed on the gold trail and lay helpless by the roadside, Ruatoka and the men of his breed went out and brought them in on their backs. Half our present English missionaries could tell how they have been coaxed back to convalescence by the nursing and care of the teachers and the teachers' wives, and there is no counting the times when the brown missionary has stood by the white missionary in situations from which the chance of escape seemed very small.

The afternoon we were at Kerepunu, I noticed a stir in the meeting, and, as soon as it broke up, Beharell hurried us away. The news had come that a teacher's wife at Maopa in Aroma was dangerously ill. The *Tamate* had gone ahead of us, and as we came in to Maopa in the glowing peace of sundown we saw the *Tamate's* flag at half-mast; we were too late to do anything, for the teacher's wife had gone. Next morning, at ten o'clock, after all the delays that accompany a native funeral, we walked along the shore in the burning sun, and turned inland for 100 yards among the dunes. In one hollow a great hole was prepared. It had begun as a grave, but sand fell in so constantly that they had enlarged it to a shapeless pit. The coffin was bits of packing-case knocked together. The mourners standing by the husband were two or three South Sea teachers who

MAOPA VILLAGE, AROMA

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

students. In one wall is a window to Chalmers and Tomkins; over the Communion Table is another, as ugly a window as ever I wish to see. It is just four lancets side by side with scrolls zigzagging from top to bottom, but I fancy that the man who wrote of the heroes of faith in the Epistle to the Hebrews would have spent some time on that window, for on the scrolls are the names of eighty-two South Sea teachers who have died in Papua. The catalogue, covering the years from 1870 to 1899, includes men only, and no mention is made of the wives or of children. Some died of malaria and dysentery, one or two were drowned, and a few were poisoned; some were finished by arrows, and some by stone clubs. But more always came to fill their places, and since 1899 there is a list of more than forty others, again men only, who have given life itself that the Kingdom of Christ might be established in Papua.

There lies the unity of our work in the Pacific. From Group to Group the Gospel spread, and ever anew white men and brown men lived and died together that untouched islands might hear the message. Each Group mentioned in the earlier chapters of this book passed that message on and never counted the cost. Here is the supreme test of the work done by the first missionaries and the great men, known and unknown, who have followed them. Nott, Buzacott, John Williams, and all the rest, they have their recompense here. The men they taught are following in the Master's footsteps; indeed they follow in a way that puts the Churches of the West to shame.

They were simple peoples and their strength was small, but they gave their best that others might know the good news that had saved themselves. The fire was scarcely lighted on their own islands, before they were passing on the torch across the sea. When other Groups were ablaze,

they went on to Papua that its long coast also might flame from end to end. Many torches and one fire—with more torches still to light; diversities of operations but one work—and that one work is not yet done. Without us even the old heroes of the Pacific shall not be made perfect. God gives to us the glory of going on.

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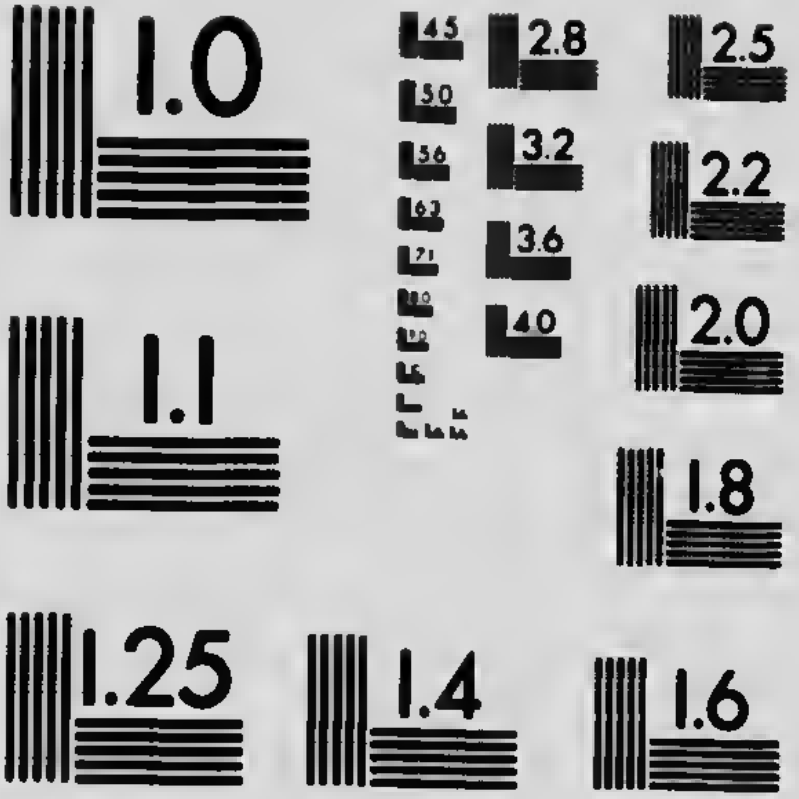


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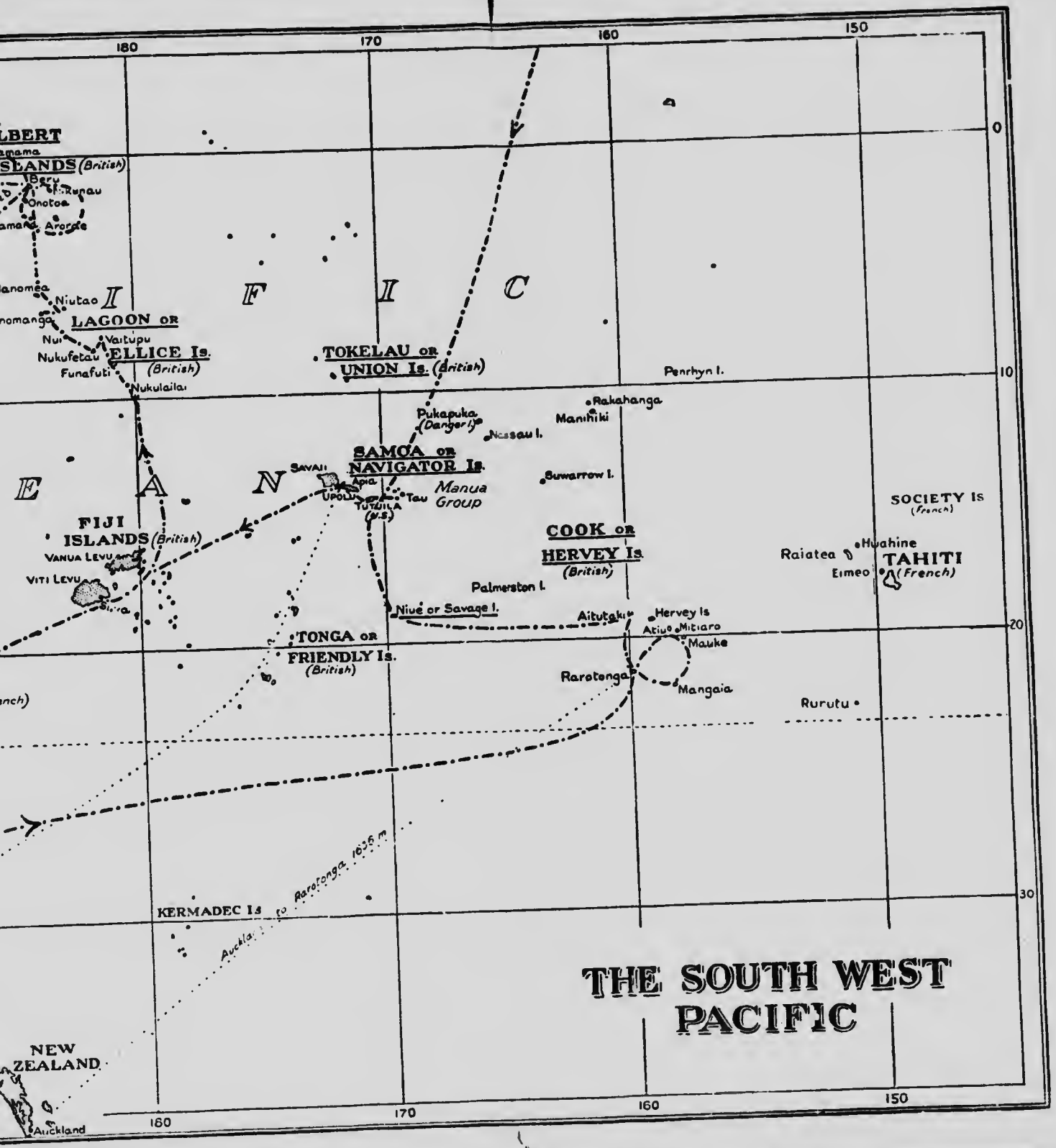
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