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# TAMATE

## The Apostle of the Papuan Gulf

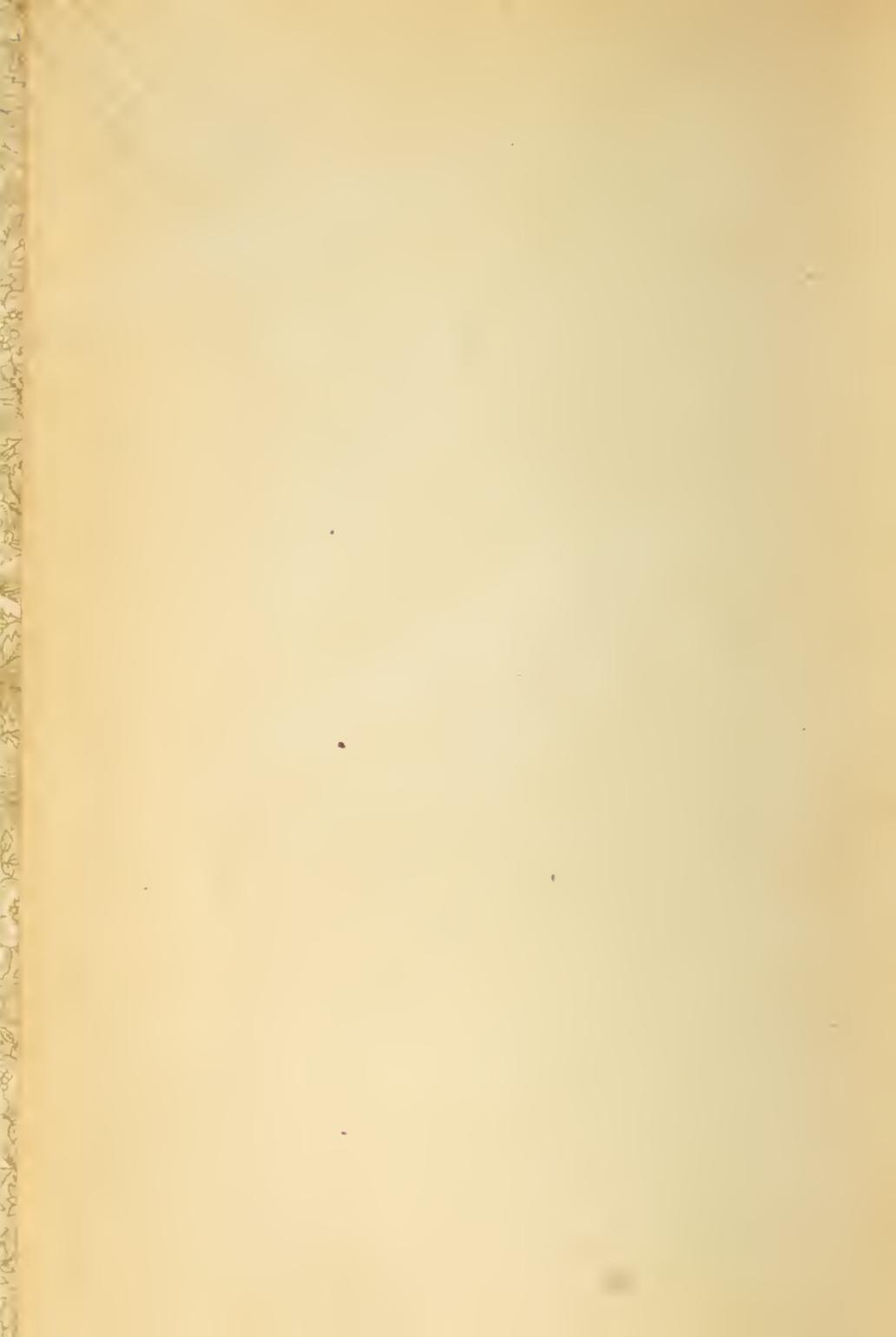


C. STUART ROSS

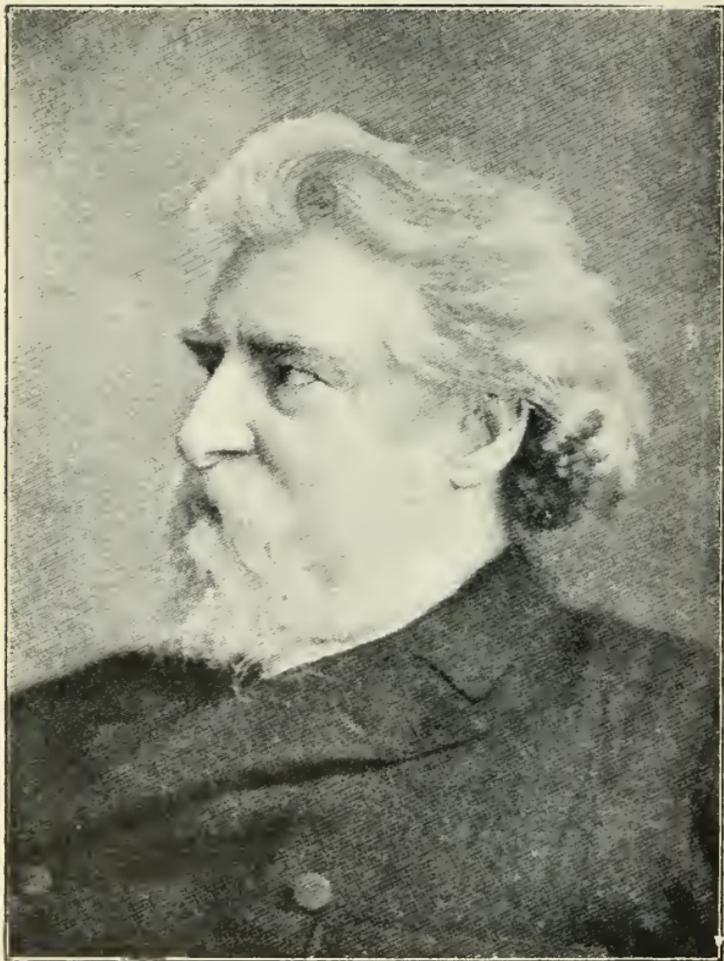


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*"James Chalmers—the Great Heart of New Guinea.*

*"A Man I love....A Man that took me fairly by storm for the  
most attractive, simple, brave, and interesting man in the whole  
Pacific."*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

# TAMATE,

The Apostle of the Papuan Gulf.

BY

C. STUART ROSS,

AUTHOR OF

THE SCOTTISH CHURCH IN VICTORIA,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

PUBLISHED BY

M. L. HUTCHINSON, LITTLE COLLINS ST., MELBOURNE.

DEDICATED  
TO THE  
DIRECTORS  
OF THE  
LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY,  
WHOSE EFFORTS FOR THE  
EVANGELIZATION OF HEATHEN RACES  
HAVE BEEN  
A BENEDICTION  
TO THE  
CHRISTIAN WORLD.

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*BY THE SAME AUTHOR :*

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Etc., Etc., Etc.

## PREFACE.

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JAMES CHALMERS takes rank among the excellent of the earth. His life and work are a stimulus and inspiration to us to labour ever more abundantly in the Gospel of Christ. All that he was and had he laid at the Master's feet. He endured hunger and fronted peril with unflinching and fearless heart. His love to Christ was a glowing passion in his soul. His faith in His promises never faltered. He was willing to spend and be spent in His service. Hardest and roughest experiences could neither daunt his courage nor quench his zeal. His longing for the conversion of the heathen was deep and strong. It reminds us of that of Knox, when he cried out in the dark night in an agony of prayer, "Lord, give me Scotland, or I die." So Chalmers, more than once, with a holy daring cried, "Give me New Guinea, or I die." And, in fact, for New Guinea he laid down his life, surrendering it cheerfully, as he sometimes prophetically (as it now seems to us) said he would, in order that the light and healing power of God's Word might shine in upon the darkness of the heathen whom he loved so well.

He stood out with such prominence in the Mission, prosecuting his work with such devotion

## PREFACE.

and energy, and wielding such influence over the natives, that he was referred to in one report as "the Apostle of the Papuan Gulf." Sir William Macgregor, who knew him well, declared on a great public occasion that there was nothing strained in the definition.

I have read with great interest, "James Chalmers: His Autobiography and Letters," by Richard Lovett, M.A.; and to those who desire very full information regarding the life and work of Chalmers, I would recommend a perusal of that book, which has been published by the Religious Tract Society, London. But quite naturally, much is omitted that is of special interest to many in the Colonies, who were brought into personal contact with Chalmers, and whose love and practical sympathies he entirely won. To supply that omission, therefore, I decided to issue this supplementary volume, in the hope that it may contribute in some measure to the creation in our Christian people of a deeper and more general interest in the Evangelistic operations of the agents of the London Missionary Society in British New Guinea, which has now been brought into close political touch with our own Australian Commonwealth.

C. STUART ROSS.

The Manse,  
Darlington,  
Victoria.

1903.

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## CHAPTER I.

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### A MISSION—ARDOUR KINDLED IN DUNEDIN.

**I**T was in July, 1877, that we first met James Chalmers and his wife at Cintra, the Dunedin residence of the Hon. Mathew Holmes. They were on their way from Rarotonga to New Guinea, and made some pause at Dunedin to visit relatives who were resident there. Mrs. Holmes, a saintly woman, had travelled down the coast with them from Wellington, and, attracted by the charm of their personality, and the robust type of their Christianity, had welcomed them as guests at her hospitable home at Anderson's Bay. We felt drawn to Chalmers at once. His force and manliness, and splendid enthusiasm, laid their spell upon us. His talk sparkled with uncommon incident and adventure, and was stamped with such

glowing earnestness and honesty, that he took us by assault. A few days later, in the Church at Anderson's Bay, he held a large audience fairly captivated by a stirring address which he delivered on Mission Work at Rarotonga and the islands of the Hervey Group. He was our guest that night, and we sat on till late chatting on the great subject that lay so near his heart. The result of that talk was that we were committed to the cost of maintaining a native teacher in New Guinea.

On the 7th August following a great public meeting was held in the Temperance Hall, Dunedin, by way of welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers, and to wish them success in their great Christian enterprise in the new land. Speeches full of force and fervour kindled into practical sympathy and interest the hearts of that vast audience. Mr. James McKerras, a leading merchant of the city, on that occasion called us from the platform and put £15 into our hand, which he desired us to give to the Missionary, with an engagement that an equal sum, subscribed by himself and two other merchants of the city, would be

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paid annually for three years, to maintain an evangelist in New Guinea. The announcement of that generous donation and undertaking elicited a great outburst of applause. When the Missionary rose to speak he was greeted with an enthusiastic welcome, and amid the outpourings of his thanksgivings and praise, a wistful look came into his eyes as his thoughts flashed back to the old humble home at Inverary, and a deep, sad longing was expressed that his mother could have been there to witness the splendid enthusiasm there displayed. Her recent death had scarred his heart and tinged with sadness all his joys.

Mr. William Somerville, an elder of the Church, and one of the kindest and best of men, threw himself with ardour into the mission movement now initiated, and under his guidance the Sunday School children took upon them certain obligations in regard to the New Guinea work. Mr. Eley, a member of the Church, came to us at the close of an evening service, and after some talk about the mission, handed us a cheque for £15 to be applied in aid of its prosecution. Thus men's hearts were

touched by the magnetic influence that flowed from Chalmers, and kindled into an interest that grew and glowed, and that led them to lay their gold upon the altar that the heathen might be won for Christ.

Early in September Mr. Chalmers had reached Sydney on his way to his destination. "When we get to New Guinea," he wrote to us, "I shall appoint your teacher and let you know his name. . . . We leave on the 20th for Somerset, where we join the Schooner at present engaged in the New Guinea Mission, and accompany Macfarlane and Lawes to China Straits. The "Ellengowan" will not be ready for some time, so we must press on by the mail. We pray that your Sabbath School may indeed be abundantly blessed, and that the work they are now entering upon in New Guinea may be the source of great good to them. May your own dear children be richly blessed. indeed, and may they ever feel it an honour to so help in supporting an evangelist amongst the heathen. God bless them. Our love to you and yours,  
&c. JAMES CHALMERS."

## CHAPTER II.

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### MOULDING INFLUENCES, AND WORK AT RAROTONGA.

**J**AMES Chalmers was born at Ardri-  
shaig, Argyllshire, on August 4th,  
1841, and received an elementary  
education at his village school. It was in  
the little Church at Inverary that the first  
longing to labour in the Mission field was  
awakened in his heart. The Rev. Mr.  
Meikle, the minister, for whom throughout  
his life he entertained the warmest affection,  
read to the class one day, at the close of  
the Sunday School lessons, a letter from a  
Missionary in Fiji, which was published in  
the Record of the United Presbyterian  
Church, and which dealt with the revolting  
practices of heathenism, and the power of  
the Gospel to cleanse the polluted heart.

The reading of that letter kindled a desire in young Chalmers to devote himself to Foreign Mission work. He was then only fifteen years of age, and though the impression which was made gave for a little while a new direction to his thoughts, yet it passed away under force of the influences that daily operated on him.

At eighteen years of age he was brought under religious conviction, which issued in conversion, and three years later, under a quickening of the old longing, he began to qualify himself for the great work on which he now set his heart.

For eight months he laboured in connection with the City of Glasgow Mission, and was thus brought into close contact with the practical heathenism that existed in his native land. But he always looked wistfully across the seas hoping that the way would open for him to enter upon the foreign field. It was about this time that Dr. Turner, of Samoa, crossed his path and powerfully influenced his future movements. Guided by his counsel he applied to the directors of the London Missionary

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Society, who, satisfied that he was the stamp of man which they required for their work, sent him to qualify in Theology at Cheshunt where he remained for two years. At Highgate he remained for another year, following such lines of study as were prescribed for those who were designated to labour in the foreign field. Then came his marriage, in 1865, to Miss Hercus, and shortly after that he set sail for Rarotonga and was wrecked en route at Savage Island. He arrived at his destination on May 20th, 1867.

Rarotonga is the largest and most picturesque island of the Hervey group. It is some thirty miles in circumference and has a lofty mountain range running from East to West, which is clothed with luxuriant vegetation to its very summit. The highest peak is called Teatu-Kura, which commands a magnificent outlook over a vast extent of broken volcanic country.

Forty years of Christian teaching in the Hervey group had produced good results. Outwardly the people were well advanced in Christian knowledge and civili-

zation ; on many of them the Gospel had laid a firm grip and developed in them some of the finest traits of Christian character. But the moral tone was low, vices were rife, and against these the Missionaries had unceasingly to contend. Chief among the evils that hindered progress was intemperance, caused by indulgence in foreign spirits and an intoxicant manufactured locally and known as "orange beer."

Mr. Chalmers did splendid work there, and displayed a tact and courage in dealing with hostile elements that had the happiest results. He had a remarkable power of adapting himself to circumstances and of reaching chords in the natives' hearts that vibrated to his touch, thus bringing them out of indifferency into sympathy with Christian work. His occasional impatience of staid old methods and ways of doing things exposed him sometimes to strictures and admonitions from older workers in the Mission field. But he went on his way longing to see the Gospel triumphant and all men around him conscious of the throbbings of a new-found life.

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He was not satisfied, however, with his field of operations. His restless, fiery spirit chafed at its limitations. He felt that the islands and tribes which had been evangelised might now safely be left to the care of native pastors and teachers with only slight European supervision. He had an ardent desire to go out beyond the furthest reach of civilization among the very fiercest and wildest tribes and declare to them God's love in Christ. His irrepressible energy found outlet in exploring every valley and clambering over every mountain top in Rarotonga. That was his un-failing remedy for indisposition and depression.

At last, in 1876, the Directors invited him to visit Britain, calling at New Guinea on his way. His mother still lived and longed to see him, and he had a great yearning to look into her face once more. But in December of that year he received the announcement of her death. The visit which he had projected was therefore indefinitely postponed. "The nearer I get to Christ and His Cross," he said, "the more do I long for direct contact with the

heathen." And it was with great joy that he received instructions from the Directors of his society to proceed to New Guinea, where he knew he would find his longing abundantly gratified. On the eve of his departure from the Hervey Islands, the Mangaians presented him with the sum of £60 as a small token of their love and esteem.

## CHAPTER III.

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### NEW GUINEA.

**N**ORTH of Australia, some 150 miles beyond the outermost frontier of Queensland, lies New Guinea, the largest Island in the world. It is nearly 1,400 miles in length, and some 400 miles across at its broadest part, and is separated from Australia by Torres Straits, which are thickly studded with islands and sand banks, the busy scene of the pearl fisheries, which have now developed into an important industry. In New Guinea there are tropical forests of marvellous beauty, where vegetation wantons luxuriantly in a thousand forms of exquisite loveliness. Lofty mountain ranges, the birth-home of innumerable rivers, hide their summits amid mists and snows. The Owen-Stanley range which, forty miles back from the sea-board, rises to a height of some 13,205 feet, is said

to have a swarming population dwelling in villages built on its ridges and spurs. The countless streams, which in the rainy season rush down the gorges and valleys from those stupendous heights, flood the low lands, and turn many of them into a vast morass, the fertile cause of the deadly fevers which make havoc of the health of the Christian teachers, who have gone thither from other isles. The climate of the South-Eastern coast, which is higher than the other side, is comparatively healthy from the wholesome influences which the trade winds exert upon it. The country is described as generally fertile, abounding with streams and inland lagoons, which swarm with ducks, and are the home of crocodiles, of which the natives stand in constant dread.

There seem to be two distinct races inhabiting the island, the Malayan and the Papuan, which differ from one another in colour and habits, and in the way in which they treat their women. The houses of the coast tribes are built on lofty piles or trees, probably for safety from incursions of crafty foes.

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The condition of the heathen population of the country awakened interest in the London Missionary Society, which sent out agents to break up ground as early as 1871. Native teachers from various islands in the South Pacific were also located at various points. In 1874 the Rev. W. G. Lawes joined the Mission as superintendent of the Malayan or Eastern branch, with Port Moresby as his centre of operations.

Mr. Chalmers, with such a field before him, vast and unexplored, entered upon his work with glowing zeal and heart aflame to win the heathen for Christ.

Towards the end of the year there came to us from Murray Island a marvellous collection of butterflies of unusual size, and with gorgeously tinted wings; and, later on, we received specimens of products of the land, which told of illimitable sources of commercial wealth, which only enterprise and capital are needed to develop.

Mr. Chalmers moved about unceasingly, opening new Stations, placing teachers, and visiting Mission districts already formed.

A noble contribution to the Mission cause was made by the native Churches of Raiatea and Rarotonga, which sent twenty additional teachers to the New Guinea field. But all too soon difficulties and disasters began to gather and thicken around the heroic band that laboured there. The malarious climate and the want of proper food seriously affected their health, and some were removed by death, while others fell victims to the treachery of those whom they sought to evangelize.

Early in 1878 Mrs. Chalmers made splendid exhibition of her dauntless courage and faith when, during the absence of her husband for six weeks on matters of urgency connected with the welfare of the Mission, she, of her own will, decided to remain among the wild Suau tribe in order that the work might not suffer hindrance, and that the native teachers might have the cheer and the moral support of her presence. And that sublime act of moral daring had the best effect on the native mind. "They trust us," the savages said, "We must treat them kindly. They cannot mean us harm, or Tamate would not have

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left his wife behind." It is one of the most luminous pages in the history of Missions, that which exhibits to our view the frail, cultured woman, left alone among a wild cannibal tribe, with only a few native teachers around her, whose courage she had to sustain as best she could. But the strain to which she was then subjected was too much for her. Her vitality fell low. She lost the power of resisting the enervating influence of climate, and, under date, South Cape, New Guinea, 29th August, 1878, Mr. Chalmers wrote to us :—

“The enclosed translations explain themselves. If I have time I shall send you a copy of ‘My trip across the Peninsula.’ You may do what you like with it—publish or burn it.

“I have got a collection of curios and insects for the Dunedin Museum, but will not be able to send them on until ‘John Williams’ leaves in November. I shall send the whole to you, and ask you to present them. The insects had better be given to an expert, and ask him to make a complete

collection for you. My collections of plants go to Baron von Müller.

“ Mrs. Chalmers is not well, and may have to go to the colonies. If so, we shall leave next week for Cooktown. I am in excellent health, much lighter than when in Dunedin this time last year. Hence in much better trim for travelling.

“ We are excellent friends with the cannibals, go about with them, sleep with them, eat with them, and sit to all hours yarning with them. They are not bad fellows, and can appreciate kindness.

“ 31st August . . . Piri's letter I think interesting. Parts I have translated separately. You will see why. I know all is interesting to you. I had to translate right off, and have not been able to revise and copy.

“ I hope soon to clear up about Orangerie Bay lagoon and the different rivers flowing into it. Our united love to you all. Pray for us that we may be strong in His strength, and evermore live

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near to our Lord Jesus. We remember you.  
Affectionately yours,

JAMES CHALMERS."

Mrs. Chalmers went to Sydney, and died there on 19th February, 1879. "It was evident to all," the Rev. J. P. Sunderland wrote to us, "she could not recover. She had every care which loving friends could show to her, but she fell asleep in Jesus." Mr. Chalmers had been arranging a visit to the Home-land, but his wife's last words to him—"On no account leave the teachers"—determined him to go back to work; and with chastened spirit he threw himself with renewed energy into it, striving thus to overmaster the sorrow which had so deeply bruised his heart.

The translations referred to were those of letters received from Piri and Pi, the former being the evangelist supported by the Anderson's Bay Sunday School, and the latter by Mr. McKerras and his friends.

## CHAPTER IV.

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### NATIVE TEACHERS AND THEIR WORK.

**T**HE mortality among the native teachers distressed Mr. Chalmers greatly. They held a large place in his heart. Many of them had been trained by himself at Rarotonga. In many respects they did admirable work, but they had no toughness of fibre to resist the miasmatic fever that smote so many of them down. Those native evangelists we are apt to hold of small account, we are slow to appreciate their courage and devotion, and the great longing that sometimes fills their hearts to carry the lamp of truth to heathen lands. With full knowledge of the perils to which they would be exposed, the Rarotongans left the quiet security of their island homes to pluck the standard from their dead comrade's hands, and to carry it forward into the thickest of the fight. Mr.

Chalmers knew their worth, and was always eager to honour them. He never allowed either them or their labours to be depreciated. Many of them wielded an influence that was sometimes powerful, and that was wholly for good. They not only taught the people and exhibited in their view the purity and beauty of a consistent Christian life, but they also translated portions of Scripture into the language of the country, which effectively helped on the evangelization of the tribes. Piri, and Pi, and Ruatoka were splendid types of native Christians and evangelists, whose praises Mr. Chalmers never ceased to sing. And they were utterly devoid of ambition, always willing to make sacrifices and endure toil, without any itching desire for applause and fame. It was to save precious lives so often decimated by malaria, that Mr. Chalmers projected a Training Institution at Port Moresby, where natives of New Guinea might be educated to become teachers and evangelists to their countrymen.

An imperative need of the native teachers was a boat, and on 1st April, 1879, Mr. Robert Brown, of Dunedin, who took a deep

and intelligent interest in Mission work, sent us a cheque for £35 which had been subscribed, and which was forwarded to the Rev. J. P. Sunderland, in aid of the New Guinea Boat Fund. And, in response to an appeal made to them by Mr. Chalmers, the native Churches of Mangaia subscribed to the same fund the sum of £66 18s., collected by them on one Sabbath day.

In April Mr. Chalmers returned to Dunedin, and gave eloquent and fervent addresses on his work in New Guinea in the Anderson's Bay, and other Churches. He was greatly changed and reduced in weight. Sorrow had left its ravages upon him. But the old fire in the eye and magnetic ring in the voice with their wonted power searched and thrilled men's hearts.

The following letter addressed to the children of the Sunday School, will show the spirit with which the Native teachers prosecuted their work :—“Blessings on you from God and Jesus Christ our Saviour. 'Tis I, Piri, who write this letter of love to you, that you may know the nature of our stay in New Guinea now. We are doing our

Master's work, every day trying to persuade the people to become people of Jesus, teaching that the people may know the Word of God,—and some already know how to read, and now we follow on, that they may become as members of the Church of Jesus, and New Guinea must become a Kingdom of Jesus. Children, 'tis that I seek, that I may obtain some souls from New Guinea as a hand-bearing presentation in God's presence. God's talent is in my hand, and I am buying (bartering) now, that I may other talents beside obtain, and I make known that all-powerful and all-glorious Name in the presence of the people, that they may receive Jesus as life for their souls. If they live I have obtained more talents for my Master. Should no soul be saved by my making known the Name of Jesus, then truly I am like unto the servant who hid the talent of his lord. That is my great fear, lest I should become a worthless and lazy servant and be thrown out into the darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth . . . Blessings on you from God, through Jesus Christ." 'Tis I, PIRI, BOERA.

Mr. Chalmers wrote to us under date, March 4, 1880 :—‘My dear Brother—With the teacher, I say, too, ‘Blessings on you and yours.’ We are busy getting wood for Church building, and hope to have a good house up very soon. Assisted by two teachers and two natives, we are translating Matthew. I hope to be able to keep at it until we have got to the end of Mark. At odd times the teachers have translated Catechisms, which I am revising, and with new hymns, may soon be able to send to press.

‘I hope in opening the new Church to baptize a few natives who are now in class, and whose progress is cheering. I feel confident we have not much longer to wait; the wall gives way, and we must enter in.

‘We are now right in our wet season, and some days you would be astonished to find it so cold, sufficient for warm clothes—thermometer, 75 deg. I wonder how I would stand the Highlands now; not well, I fear. Fancy being snowed up in Lochaber, or, worse still, in a carriage of the Highland railway, and not able to get along.

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I remember you, are now entering on your cold weather, and will laugh at our cold of 75 deg. One of our inland teachers came down lately very sick, but has returned quite well again. All on the coast are at present well."

Mr. James McKerras, whose interest in Christian Missions was always keen and well sustained, announced to us his intention of subscribing, in conjunction with Mr. Robert Glendining, £15 a year for the support of a native teacher in New Guinea. Mr. Glendining for many years has stood well to the front as one of the most generous and sympathetic friends of the Church in Dunedin.

## CHAPTER V.

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### THE HOOD BAY MASSACRE.

**H**EARLY in 1881 a sad disaster befell the Mission in the Hood Bay Massacre, which was perpetrated at the instance of Quaipo, Chief of Kalo. Twelve persons were then barbarously slain, including four Native teachers, who could ill be spared. The British Government sent Commodore Wilson in his flagship, the "Wolverene," to punish the murderers, and the chief and three others were killed. How Tamate's heart was torn by that cruel tragedy will appear by the following letter from his own pen—or rather pencil. It is dated Dilend, Hall Sound, 30th May, 1881:—"Dear Brother Ross—Excuse pencil. I am living in a tent and cannot find ink. I came down here last week to begin work at Maiva, the largest district visited by me the end of last year, but a heavy sea

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rolling in prevented me landing, so I returned here and have begun work. The natives are all out to-day cutting wood for a house. This is really the only good harbour in all the Gulf, after leaving Port Moresby. Some years ago we had a station on Yule Island, just opposite, but two white men having been murdered near here, the teacher was withdrawn, and since then nothing has been done. Our hope is to have stations here at Maiva, Kevai, Jokea, and Motumotu as soon as we can possibly get teachers, and at Naara, Cape Suckling, where my friendly queen is.

“The Hood Bay Massacre was a terrible blow to us, but I hope not upsetting or disastrous. Light will arise in the darkness, and this cruel massacre will not be forgotten or unblessed. Eh ! brother, they were my ain bairns : three of the men and the two women were trained by me on Rarotonga, and since our joining this Mission we have worked together—they looking to me as to a father. It was a terrible heart-raking. The murdering of the women, infants at the breast and walking children, was horribly cruel. Anederea’s wife and

infant were pinned with one spear. You will not be astonished at my appreciation of those imprecatory Psalms, and breathing them freely. A child of five years, running from the boat to the Mission-house and calling on its father, was met and speared by a youth who nursed him, and for two years lived about the house. I have been twice in the Bay since the massacre, but have not met a Kalo native. They are in expectation of an attack, and are prepared. We have returned the Aroma teachers; the people and chiefs received us well. At Kerepunu and Hula they beg for teachers to supply the places of the murdered ones. We have written to the various Institutions of the South Seas, and hope soon to receive a number. Some will come via Auckland.

“How are all in your home? How the bairns would enjoy a peep in here! I do not suppose they would care for it beyond an hour—A good tent with fly: my bed a piece of an old canoe covered with a mat: my table a camphor-wood box, and a tobacco case for a seat: another tent outside for a store: and, to the North, a fly for a

cook-house : natives in crowds all about, jabbering frightfully, and a sorcerer trying to make friends by appearing friendly : but these are gentlemen I dislike, and do not feel friendly. There are only three of us, Bob Samoa, and Keua, the old Port Moresby woman who accompanied me in my inland trips : and this waif Keua says she is going wherever Tamate goes, and she is not afraid, because if Tamate lives she will live, and if they kill Tamate then they will kill her, and it will be all right. She does the cooking. I look upon this kind of life as the pepper and salt to the regular settled Mission Work. I expect to have a good deal of it for some time to come.

“Mr. and Mrs. Lawes have returned and taken their old station, Port Moresby, the central station of the New Guinea Mission. I shall have my headquarters with them, and sally forth after a rest and other work. God help us to live out our little day for His praise and glory—in all kinds of work abundant. If only Christ is glorified all is well.

“Do you know I never yet felt sick with hard work, but I have really been sick with

laziness and doing nothing. I have spent three weeks in an open boat, visiting in all kinds of weather, and thoroughly enjoyed it. I have had to tighten my belt to ease hunger, but have never had any evil consequences. But when resting for a time and feasting I have got fever. Tell the bairns honest, hard work for Christ, it matters not in what situation, will be always blessed, and no evil consequences will follow.

‘What is the matter now? Natives are shouting, ‘Tamate, Tamate, come out quick.’ Must go. It was to see the wood they had brought in for house. Poor fellows, they are in earnest in this house business. I hope soon they will be as earnest in another business.

‘You are right, brother, as to our ups and downs, lights and shadows. They are many, but they will lend a grand background to the future.

‘I shall keep Princeton Museum in memory. I have just finished a collection for Berlin. I wonder if they will make me a Baron. Fancy your old friend Baron! Now Tamate! What about the world ending?’

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“ . . . I wonder if ever I shall see you all again. My path seems plain enough. My loved one at Home ! My work for Christ here, until He shall say it otherwise. Do not suppose I am never lonely. God only knows how alone I am, and at times how I feel it. I live the past and sometimes forget it is a past. But, brother, God is Home. In Him through Christ there is all. Have you ever felt you were comforted with the insects chirping, the sough of the wind through the trees, or a solitary bird singing in his loneliness out of tune ? Or have you ever felt that your nearest companions and friends were the seemingly unattached stars overhead ? And you remembered yourself and thought, God is here, near, and loved ones who have gone within are here, near, and you have felt life change and worth living.

“Brother, Good-bye. The God of all grace bless you and yours. Love to you all. Oh, pray for me : earnestly do I ask for it.”

Very affectionately yours,

JAMES CHALMERS.

## CHAPTER VI.

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### GOSPEL LIGHT DRIVING HEATHEN DARKNESS BACK.

**T**HE publication of the foregoing letter, and the wide distribution of copies of a brochure which we wrote on Mission Work in New Guinea, stimulated interest in the great enterprise, and Mr. Chapman, at that time a member of the Riverton Church, but now in the Church triumphant, came to us and said, "The people are not doing enough for Missions, I will give five pounds a year if the congregation will raise other ten pounds to support a native teacher." A little boy, who is now a prominent minister of our Church in Dunedin, handed us three shillings which he had saved, saying, "Please use that for Christ's work among the heathen." Another boy put into our hand a shilling, which he had earned by some hard

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service ; and another handed us two pounds four shillings—all for Missions.

The following letter addressed to us by Mr. Chalmers, will shew the steady progress made by the Gospel in New Guinea :—  
“Your very kind letter of 1st August I duly received, and, by last mail, your deeply interesting pamphlet. Your letters are as fine cool water to a thirsty soul in this sun-burnt land.

“I have ink this time, brother, but no box suitable for a table, and with my writing case on my knees I write, finding it easier to do so with my pencil than with ink, so pray forgive.

“I am here superintending the building of two houses to be in readiness for teachers expected very soon, so that they may have comfortable houses, without the hard work of putting them up when they come new to the country. To know that we are remembered in prayer by you and yours is strength and consolation, and helps us amazingly in our work. In such ways the toiling disciples may see the Master stand-

ing near coming over the seas to cheer and comfort,

“We are now really in the Gulf, amongst a fine sturdy lot of natives, with whom we get on amazingly well. Our camp is primitive. We shall be glad when our houses are finished. Your teacher, Piri, is with me, a splendid fellow with natives, and a right good workman in every respect. I have the old Port Moresby woman again and two boys from Hood Bay. The old woman does our cooking, and the boys are for the boat. Working with natives only is slow work, and requires much patience. I sometimes wonder if Job’s would be sufficient for them.

“It will cheer you to hear that on the 1st of January twenty more natives were baptized, and seven sat down at our blessed Lord’s table. In the afternoon an open service was held, when several spoke, and some said really good things, testifying to the good they had derived from the Gospel, and the effect it has had on the whole tribe, and that it is their sincere desire to follow Christ. There were natives present from

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various other tribes, some formerly in mortal dread of the Port Moresby tribe, and I have no doubt they were astonished at what they heard and saw, and the effect on them must be for good.

“In December we opened two Churches at Aroma (where the Chinese were murdered), which will become centres of light for that and surrounding districts. There are now many openings for teachers, and splendid scope for thorough, earnest work, which I hope will soon be undertaken in a truly Christ-like enthusiastic manner. We need men in true sympathy with our Lord in His great work of man’s redemption. Men living themselves near the cross will ever desire to lead the heathen to the cross.

“How I should like to spend an evening with you, and over a pipe talk of the work and its prospects, and hear of your work too.

“The shades of evening are falling ; the curtain is being drawn, the natives are assembling in front, and the talk begins. Soon, the Gospel having lost none of its

calm Christian men and women, and in the grand old power, these wild savages will be evening hour will meet to praise Him who has redeemed them and given them peace. Brother, we rest in active work in preaching Christ, and the curtain will arise to reveal day breaking and a rising sun, the glorious Sun of righteousness. Oh, God, what are we that we should be honoured to take part in that great Work ?

“Here we shall have a fine lot of children, merry boys and girls, to teach and train.

“We are expecting our new Mission Schooner soon, and I hope to have a small vessel to do work the larger one cannot do, so that the teachers may be constantly visited, and get supplies regularly.

“Light is going. Brother, good-bye. Christian love to you and yours. God bless you in all your work for His dear Son, with old and young.”

In the midst of all his strenuous labours to advance Christ's kingdom in that dark heathen land, he was stricken down by

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sickness, and had to seek change in a cooler climate. "Schooner came in to-day," he wrote under date Port Moresby, 10th July, 1882," a vessel leaves in a few hours. Just time to thank you, yes, thanks, thanks many, for your remembrance of me. The box has arrived, not yet opened. . . I have been very ill with fever, and am a little better, but must seek a slight, short change. Will soon be in Cooktown, and write you more fully. . . ."

A few weeks later he was back again at work with all his old energy, visiting and encouraging teachers, his heart cheered by signs of progress made on every side. "Our new Mission schooner," he wrote, under date Cooktown, 1st September, 1882, "is really a failure, and already needs extensive repairs and alterations; hence our being here. We visited all the stations on the coast, and everywhere were greatly pleased with apparent progress. At South Cape, where, more than four years ago we were surrounded by cannibals clamouring for our lives, the teachers presented twenty-one Catechumens, some young and some old—notably one man who gave us much trouble

in former days—and asked that they should be baptized. We examined all separately, and were delighted with their answers. We heard many of them pray in public, and exhort their countrymen to receive the Gospel, and believe in Jesus Christ. Having to spend some days with them, we were able to see a little of their lives, and these corresponding with their profession, we baptized them. It was a truly blessed season, and one that ought to stir us all up to more diligence in the Master's work. . . .”

“We are at present putting up a new building,” he wrote. “to be used as a classroom, where we hope many New Guineans will receive an education sufficient to qualify them for pioneer work among their own countrymen. Students' houses, native-built, will be up all round, and we hope the whole will be finished by the end of the year. We propose calling it ‘The New Guinea Institution for Training Native Evangelists.’

“Last week I was East as far as Aroma and found all well. We had peculiar

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weather for our trip—a scorching hot sun by day, and drenching rain by night. One night I had to keep two men baling the boat.

“Our Schools keep up well. Here (at Port Moresby) we have an average attendance of over a hundred. There is a very large Catechumen Class at this station, old and young. At other stations along the coast they have the same.”

Early in 1883 the New Guinea College was opened with twelve students and their wives; and before the close of the following year, nine New Guinea Evangelists, the first fruits of the College, were placed in various districts with happy augury of success.

## CHAPTER VII.

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### POLYGAMY AND ITS PROBLEM.

**A**MONG the twenty-one candidates for baptism mentioned in the last chapter, who were sacramentally admitted to the Church, "there were two men—the best of them all—" Mr. Chalmers wrote, "who had two wives each, and they, poor fellows, wondered what should become of them—must they put away the extra wives, and which one should go? In the early Church, I believe, there were men with more than one wife; only the bishop and the deacon must not have more than one. Then, as now, the Gospel went to a heathen people, and found their custom such. Men believed the Gospel, accepted of God's terms of salvation, and sought to serve Christ. I cannot think they would be compelled to cause much sorrow and suffering, by casting out of their homes women

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who had for many years been there as their wives, and who served them faithfully. Insist on it, and the young woman is kept, the old one is thrust out—to go where, and to be looked after by whom? In the two above cases it would be a terrible hardship, and one not sanctioned by the Gospel, I think. In both cases the wives live comfortably together, work together, and together care for the husband, as he does for them; one must be cast off, and where will she go, poor body? Years and work have told on her; relations are dead, and those remaining will not be burdened with her support. Should another seek her, and take her to his home as wife, how will it be when she has frequently to meet the man, with his relations, who has cast her away? Poor woman, I sympathize with her, if with her whole soul she loathes and scorns that terrible Gospel decree that made her a widow, or worse than a widow, that may even have made life unbearable to her. Surely not the glad tidings of a Father's love, through the adorable Son, our Redeemer, has caused such? No, no, only man's device; a requirement our Lord Jesus has not laid

down. Other Missions have required it, it will be said. I answer : Not what THEY have required ; but what saith the SCRIPTURES, or what is the spirit of the Gospel ? ”

Questions like that on which he was forced to take issue with the views of his Society, caused him much perplexity and tribulation of soul.

Then we find him fearlessly facing perils from which most men would shrink back appalled. “A friend,” he wrote from Port Moresby, under date 12th February, 1883, “has copied the enclosed ; will it interest your children ? . . . Last month I was at Maiva and Delena, and found all well, and heartily engaged in their work. Last week I was at Kabadì, where we hope soon to have teachers. They had been attacked by a part of this tribe on their way back from attacking another tribe. Since then no one has visited them, all our natives here being afraid. So I thought I would just like to see them. I with difficulty got five men from here to accompany me. We had a splendid reception. They were glad to see

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us and treated us accordingly. I was told I should never leave Kabadi, I should be murdered, &c., &c. Those with me said, 'Yes, God has cared for us, and only He could have caused such friendliness.' We have begun work in our New Guinea College. God grant that many real Christ-men and women shall go forth from here to lead their countrymen to Him.

'I wish your new Missionary paper all success, and only wish I had a good pen to help you. The following may be of use. It is an extract from a letter of Mr. Lawes to 'The Queenslander':—

'The first South Sea Island teachers were landed in Redscar Bay by Messrs. Murray and Gill, in November, 1872. They had to be removed on account of sickness, and in November, 1873, were placed here at Port Moresby by Mr. Murray. From that date until now the work has never been suspended. Mrs. Lawes and I made our home among the people here in 1874; Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers came in 1877. These years have been full of work, with their due share of anxiety and sorrow; but no one

here ever lost hope, or despaired of ultimate success.

'A great change has taken place in the people, and they are advancing in civilization and knowledge. True civilization is always of slow growth, and from within outwards.

'It was part of their business at Port Moresby to rob and plunder. Just as they had a warrior chief, and a hunter chief, so they had a robber chief. He is still living in the village, though his occupation is gone. Passing canoes were plundered, inland parties who came to the coast to trade had everything taken from them; all this has passed away, but the memory of it lives. Only two months ago, canoes belonging to villages on either side of the harbour returned from the West with Sago, and waited for night to pass this place, because they feared a revival of the past. There is a good deal of petty pilfering still, but the people are ashamed of it. They have learned to respect property. The character which this coast bore for cruelty and savagery was deserved, though ex-

aggerated. Their greatest honour and glory was murder. The tattoo marks on the chests of the men show how proud they were of what should have been their shame, for these are the medals of honour worn only by those who have shed human blood. Life is now respected, and strangers are perfectly safe at almost all the villages along the coast. I may be reminded of the massacre of Chinamen at Aroma a few years ago. Their skulls dangle from the "dubu" there, and are a warning to foreigners that the people will stand no trifling with their women. Men doing as they did would be lynched in the streets of Brisbane. Commodore Wilson, of the "Wolverene," could not blame the people for what was really a righteous retribution. If Englishmen take the liberties these men did, their skulls are likely to ornament a "dubu" too. Respect for the rights of others, whether in property or life, is an important sign of civilization. It's a miserable shame that the same respect is not always shown by men of boasted civilization for native rights.

‘In knowledge the people are advancing.  
The Schoolmaster is abroad on New Guinea.

A hundred children attend school at Port Moresby twice every day. During the past year 650 children have attended the schools in this district. This is exclusive of South Cape and the Stations in China Straits, which would bring the number up to 1000 at least of New Guinea children under instruction. We have sixteen stations occupied between Cape Possession and Cape Rodney, two at South Cape, and four at the East end. These are so many centres of peace and light. They are occupied by South Sea Islanders, countrymen, many of them, of Ruatoka, who received a testimonial from the Queensland Government for his kindness to the diggers. He represents the average South Sea Island teacher, and the testimony borne by all classes to his character would apply equally to his colleagues.

‘We have reason to believe that Christianity, the root of all true civilization, is beginning to be felt as a power in New Guinea. Greater success has attended our work as Missionaries on New Guinea than on many of the South Sea Islands in olden time—Islands now christianized. The

nucleus of a Christian Church has been formed. At four different stations we have men and women baptized on a personal profession of faith in Christ.'

## CHAPTER VIII.

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### TRIP TO MEKEO.

“**T**HE paper I enclose,” Mr. Chalmers wrote to us, ‘Trip to Mekeo from Maiva,’ I have not time to read over. Use it as you like.”

‘During my various visits to Maiva, the chief, Meauri, and his friends were always anxious that I should visit a district on friendly terms with them, some distance inland. They spoke of it as being inhabited by a kindly people, who grew large quantities of various kinds of food, and had betel nuts in such abundance that they knew not what to do with them. On two occasions I met a few men and women from that district, who pleased me much. The men were well covered, and the women wore short, bushy, grass netticoats, that did not reach down to their knees. They are terrible

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smokers, and had pipes an inch in diameter, made of bamboo, and open at both ends ; a large cigar of leaf tobacco was stuck into one end, and the smoker drew vehemently at the other, and such clouds of tobacco smoke I have never seen before.

‘During my last visit Meauri reminded me of a promise made some time ago, which I certainly had forgotten, and begged me to go now and fulfil it. We arranged accordingly to start on Monday morning. Meauri was to accompany us, but when the morning came he found some plausible excuse to remain behind, and we started, led by Meauri’s two uncles, and several cousins following. Dr. Ridgley, who recently came from Home to join our Mission, being anxious to accompany us, was the only other white man with me.

‘We found the swamps at the back of the inland Maiva villages—between the latter and the low range of hills—about half a mile in breadth. I believe it is possible to take a boat from the mouth of the creek West of Maiva one mile, and put right round to Kevori, and out at Cape Posses-

sion. We waded through the swamps, and ascended the range, which has higher peaks than those near the coast. I do not think the highest point of the coast range more than 350 feet high, and that of the other, 500 feet at the outside. I propose calling both ranges the "Ridgley Ranges." From the top of the first, we proceeded along the top of a ridge that led us to a valley with several swamps. We then ascended, and crossed over to the long stretch of flat country, extending, as far as we could see, right back to what has been called the Yule Range, although I could never distinguish that from the Stanley Range, Mount Yule being only one of the high peaks of that great New Guinea backbone.

'Descending into the plain, we constantly crossed creeks and mud swamps, and at last our leader turned round to me and said, "Water all finished." Hoping that now we were to have pleasant travelling over a fine level country, we were somewhat cheered by the information; but lo! when scarcely a mile on we were again into swamp, which continued, more or less, for many miles. We came to the first village, about nine

miles from Maiva, close to a large, deep swamp. The houses were few, and built on very high posts. The natives were much afraid at first. It was soon evident that our guides had only to order what they desired, and it was at once fetched. After being refreshed with cocoanuts, we again started, and having walked about four miles, we came to another small village, where we met Anapanau, Chief of Aepeana, who was living here because he had recently lost one of his wives. He is a fine old fellow, light-coloured, tall and well-proportioned, with enormous teeth, one of them being formed like a horse's hoof. In the house in which we rested were two large peculiar-looking things, made from the net-like bark got near the top of all cocoanut and sago palm trees. The various pieces were carefully sewed together with the fibre from the bark of a tree. They were about seven feet long, and three feet broad, and looked like a case in which dead bodies might be kept. On enquiry I was informed they were mosquito nettings. Those who used them crept inside from the top, and then fastened down the door, preferring rather to be stewed than eaten. There

were no swamps on the road to the next village, only muddy patches, the country tolerably open, with long grass and clumps of trees. Arrived at the village we were warmly received by Anapanau's brother, Maino Parau. The afternoon being well advanced, cooking was soon begun, and a cup of refreshing tea made us feel less tired. The village is a large one, with an extensive cocoanut grove encircling it. There are two rows of houses, with a nice clean street in the centre, and a miserable reception house at each end. They bury their dead in the front of the house, and cover the grave with a small building, in which the near relations sleep for several months.

'Men and women and children crowded round our lodgings to see the distinguished visitors. We felt sure there were some large villages near at hand. Later on, our guides told us there were in all a group of six villages like the one we were in.

'When we made show of retiring, fires were lighted all round and underneath, the smoke of which was to protect us from the mosquitoes. By tucking our nets care-

fully under our blankets, we were soon able to give orders to remove the fires below. The flooring of our house was only round pieces of any kind of wood. We slept well, and were up betimes walking about. Our last night's visitors returned, and we determined to follow them. Our guides and newly made friends objected, but it was of no use, we must go on. Pushing our way through rather thick bush for about a mile, we came to Amoama, a village as large as the former.

'In the centre of the village was a "dubu," or temple, of considerable pretensions, with peculiar stuffed figures outside, one of them representing a man armed for the fray, with bow strung and arrow ready to shoot. Another figure, just inside, represented a crocodile, and over the doorway were the representations of a man and woman. Several old men were seated on the platform, and, after giving them a present, we returned. The natives are altogether a very fine-looking people, light-coloured, tall, and well-built, and resemble those of Hood Bay more than any others I know. Having got our swags ready in the

early morning, we were soon on the road for our return journey. Our carriers were heavily laden with betel nuts, and one with a dead dog and taro.

‘Shortly after our arrival our hosts killed two dogs to entertain us, which our followers soon disposed of; the third was killed and sent to Meauri. In killing the dogs they struck them on the head with a large stick, and then broke all their legs. We arrived at Maiva about 2 p.m., wet and tired.

‘In future this district will be worked from Maiva. Already they are learning the object of our work from the teachers whom they constantly visit. All they can at present understand is peace, tomahawks, tobacco, and so on.’

## CHAPTER IX.

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### COLLECTIONS FOR PRINCETON MISSION CABINET.

**I**N 1880, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, wrote to us as follows :—“We have commenced the formation at Princeton Theological Seminary of a Cabinet to represent the customs, condition, religions, &c., of Indian and other native races; also the character of countries. As you well know, Princeton is the leading Divinity School for the training of Ministers in the United States; and we wish to keep before them such an exhibit as shall help to create in those training for the Ministry a Missionary spirit. . . . Perhaps you know of some one in Australia who would take an interest in making a collection for this purpose in their section. If so, please lay the matter before them.

“This will be the only collection of the kind on this continent, and we wish to make it as large and important as possible, and hope it may be no unimportant instrumentality in creating a greater enthusiasm for Missions.”

We shipped, in response to that appeal, a large collection, via San Francisco, which the agents kindly forwarded free of charge; and also endeavoured to interest Mr. Chalmers in the movement. Later on, Dr. Jackson wrote to us as follows:—“I am authorized by a friend of the Cabinet to place in your hands £20, for collections in the Islands. If you can use it to advantage please let me know, and I will forward it to you. . . . If you think that collections can be made in all the Colonies for Princeton Cabinet, perhaps I can raise £20 for each. The object is to illustrate the native races—their customs, handiwork and religions.”

That will explain the opening sentences of the following letter, dated 18th May, 1853:—“I have just written Dr. Jackson. I will do my best for the Museum, but will

accept of no money. If they like to give a subscription to L.M.S., good ; but I take nothing personal. I have now on hand several things ; my trouble is how to send them.

“If my papers will suit your very excellent Missionary Magazine, I can supply you occasionally. . . . I have had a turn over with fever : am better, but take change for repairs.

“I am glad you agree with me as to baptisms. I dislike oddities, and do not wish the popularity of aloneness as a giant. I have not yet heard from Mission House. I wonder, brother, how far you and I would agree in many other things—a few pipes and many long cracks would let us know. Ah, well, we both agree in this, let the heathen know God is Love, and He gave His Son for them, for us. . . .”

A few weeks later Mr. Chalmers was at Cooktown, and went on to Brisbane to shake off the fever, and to see about annexation business, which at that time had come within the sphere of practical politics.

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“We have just finished,” he wrote, “printing the Gospel of Matthew, a hymn-book, school book and Geography in the Port Moresby dialect.”

“Pi, of South Cape,” he wrote under date 17th August, 1883, “is Mr. Mc Kerras’ teacher, and has been so from the beginning. I shall see him soon, and get him to write. He has got on well, and has been greatly blessed.

“I go to South Cape next month to open a new Church, and administer the ordinance of the Lord’s Supper for the first time there. There are twenty-one Church Members, and a number of candidates.

“I have been travelling inland towards Mount Owen Stanley. I return soon, and hope to ascend.

“The Maiva Churches (three) are finished, and I go West to open them.

“I may go home next April for six months, but now undecided. I dread civilization, and fear I am too much a savage.

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I have now long led a Bohemian life. I do not think the strictures of English life would suit me.

“I sometimes think I will propose to the Directors to give me a lengthened holiday for New Zealand, and travel through it, and try some rich friends to give me a ten-ton boat. I am getting older, brother, and fancy a little more comfort. An open boat by night and day in sun and rain is not all comfort, and a ten-ton boat would be a travelling palace, a lengthener of days. Well, I will see. God will direct aright. . . My collection for Princeton is growing, and by end of year will, I hope, be worth sending.”

“I have sent you a letter from Piri,” Mr. Chalmers wrote under date, Hanuabada, 29th September, 1883, “I have also sent one for Mr. Somerville’s sister, thanking her for the very valuable gift of a splendid bell. A few more such gifts from friends would be truly appreciated. I am waiting daily for the schooner to visit South Cape, where Pi, Mr. McKerras’ teacher, is stationed. I had a letter from

him lately ; their Church is finished, and he reports a large class of candidates for baptism.

“Piri asks for a boat. Of course if you do assist, let it be understood it is for a Mission boat to be used by Piri, not his own private property. . . .

“I must see if I have got a paper that would suit your interesting Magazine. I leave shortly for Boera to spend the Sabbath with Piri.

“You will see from the papers of a large sale of land. If not stopped, it will lead to serious trouble in the future. No native understands he is parting with his heritage for ever.

“I have just got a paper. Would you read it over and correct. The wind is springing up, and I am away. . . .”

The paper which he sent was the Story of Kone, which we reproduce from the pages of our “Missionary Record.”

## CHAPTER X.

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### KONE, THE NEW GUINEA RAINMAKER.

**I** MADE the acquaintance of Kone on the beach to the West of Cape Suckling, and from that time to the day of his death I ever found him a true friend. We were on our way to the Gulf of Papua, to visit the Elema District, in order to try and make peace between tribes which were at war with one another.

“We had been sailing and rowing all day and all night, and feeling tired and hungry, we anchored the boat to cook food, and have a sleep during the heat of the day. A number of canoes were pulled up on the beach close to us, and natives were sitting about with a large collection of earthenware pots. I landed and sat down with them, and found they spoke the Motu dialect. They told me they had come to trade

with Namoa natives, living in a village in the Naara district, that they would receive in exchange for their wares pieces of Kangaroo flesh, and that, on the following day, they would return to their own village, Delena, on the mainland near Yule Island. They were of course greatly delighted to meet us, and begged me to remain and go with them. A proposal was made to visit Namoa, and return in the evening, but the day being hot and sultry, I feared we should have heavy rain in the afternoon, and did not wish to get wet away from the boat.

“Do not be afraid; there will be no rain,” said a woman who sat close beside me.

“Why not? I am sure there will be,” I replied.

“There cannot be, as the rainmaker is here, and will conduct the party in. You need not be afraid, as he is going with you.”

“Who is the rainmaker?”

“Kone, the chief, who is sitting by you.”

“Well, Kone,” I said, “you are the rainmaker. Are we going to have rain?”

“No, not to-day, not until we have finished our trading.”

“I think you are wrong,” I replied. “But I will go with you and see Namoa, and the queen, Koloka, of whom I have heard much, and whom I met once at one of the other villages.”

“Kone was pleased at my consenting to go, saying the Namoaans would be greatly delighted to see me. After a late breakfast we started, Kone keeping close by me. We left the narrow strip of low level coast country and got on to the Leata hills, and, when within a mile of the village, there could be no mistake about our being drenched before we could reach any shelter.

“Kone,” I said, “the wind is now from inland, and the rain will very soon be down on us.”

“Turning in the direction of the coming darkness, he said, ‘Rain ! remain, and come not here.’ ”

“I called laughingly on the rain to come, and soon it did come in earnest, and said, ‘Kone, my friend, who now is right?’ ”

“He stopped and turned, and, looking me earnestly in the face, said, ‘Tamate, did you think I took you for a mere child ? No. I knew you were a great chief and had power, and the rain listened to you. You should not have called on the rain to come ; but I too am a chief, and have power.’ ”

“Kone, I did not make the rain, nor have I power to make it come. No man possesses that power ; only the great and good Spirit who created all things can do that, and He alone it is who gives us rain.”

“Kone had never before heard of the great Spirit, the Creator, and during the remainder of our journey he listened, and I think, thoughtfully, to what I said.”

“On our arrival at the village, he introduced me to the queen, and to her husband

and people, and gave them to understand that I was a chief of great power."

"It was raining heavily, and we decided to remain. We encamped in the large "dubu," or temple, and with a good fire were soon dry and warm. Kone kept close by me all night, and, fearing lest I should be disturbed, he told the people to remain quiet. The evening was spent in smoking and chewing betel-nuts, while Kone recounted the rain story, and some of what I had told him on the journey. After evening prayers, we all lay down by the fire, Kone lying down close by me."

"In the early morning I roused the sleepers, got some yams, sago, and taro cooked, and having helped these down with cocoa-nut milk, we returned to the coast, where all had to listen to the experiences of the trip. We were followed to the shore by nearly all the natives of Namoa, carrying kangaroos and betel-nuts, and a pig for my party, presented to me by the queen."

"When trading was finished, canoes were launched, and bidding farewell to our new-

made friends, we started for Delena, Kone leaving his own canoe to have the pleasure of being by me. On our arrival at Delena, all the home-stayers were told of the new friend, of whom they had long heard, but never seen, and they were told to have food cooked at once, as he might be hungry. Kone insisted on my staying ashore, and taking his "dubu" until I left. He did everything in his power to make me comfortable. In a very quiet and unostentatious way he became servant to us, insisting on attending to all our wants."

"Now I have written all this, and have said nothing of his appearance. He was about five feet six inches in height, and, though slim, yet well built. He had a true, kind expression in his face—a face one could not help loving. His movements were staid rather than active, giving an idea of calmness not easily roused, and if roused, soon allayed to return to his old friendship. He was about forty-five years old, much respected by the people, and known and liked far beyond his own village. Eh, Kone! I have known many savages, but not one I have loved like you!

“During our stay Kone insisted on our using his mats, and said to me, ‘Whatever you want just let me know.’

“On my return from the West, we arrived at his village near midnight, on a thoroughly wet stormy night. Kone was soon on the beach with a torch to conduct us to his “dubu.” He brought his best mats for us to sleep on, got his wife and friends to get their pots on, and, helped by our cooks, we were soon very comfortable. The next morning, before leaving, he begged for a teacher. I have no doubt he could see tomahawks, knives, beads, and tobacco, through a teacher; but I know, too, he saw something else. His tribe being small, was often threatened by others, and he could see that if a teacher lived with him he would be a help to him, and he could also see that where teachers were, peace prevailed.

“Before teachers arrived among the Motu tribe, these people were the terror of the coast, and especially of the Yule and Delena districts, but now Kone received them without fear as friends.

“Our adversaries say, ‘Pray, what have Missionaries with the Gospel done for New Guinea?’ I say, ‘Ask the Motu tribe, and then the other tribes from Round Head to Maiva, and I think their answers will be sufficient to warrant the statement that the Gospel has lost none of its power, and is still the peace for Savage tribes.’”

“I wonder if, when Kone asked for a teacher, he did not even then desire one to tell him something of the new Great Spirit, of whom he had now heard for the first time.

“When preparing for teachers last year, I put up a house on land given to me by him, at the back of the village. On my arriving for that purpose I found Kone in great sorrow, and living in a small house built over a small grave, and mourning as one without hope.

“Oh Tamate,” he said, “I am sore grieved; my beloved child is dead, dead; and I am glad you have come.”

“Kone.” I said, “you must help me in building a house”: and right willingly did he consent, and help me through with it.

“To me the greatest sorrow of New Guinea is the people’s want of knowledge of the true God of love, and their ignorance of the future glorious life in Christ. I cannot say that the war-horn and the shrieks of the victims draw any sympathy from me. They only excite wrath. But when such a case as that of Kone comes before me, a man weeping even unto death for a beloved child, without hope of a future, I feel a great longing to give them the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

“I remember, some years ago, in Orangerie Bay, at Dauni, on Sunday morning, being awakened by our captain, who told me he thought the natives were getting ready to come on to attack us. It was about three o’clock a.m. On listening, I could hear the horn blowing, but it was the pig-horn, and in the village opposite to the vessel there was a loud wailing. I returned to sleep, and about ten o’clock landed in a canoe, the first foreigner to walk through

that village. I sat down with the mourners, and gave a present to the dead. The body was that of an elderly man, who had been only a short time ill, and who had died during the night. It was dressed in finery, with scented sprigs through the pierced nose and ears, and, supported with sticks, was in a sitting posture.

“Soon a young man came running in, and, with a loud wail, threw himself upon the dead. I seem to hear it now. It came from his heart, and I think it went to mine. I cannot forget it. With what intense agony he cried, ‘Oh ! my father, my father ! Speak, speak to me now ! Speak, my father, speak !’ But from those dead lips came no sound. Would that they only knew of Him who says, ‘I am the Resurrection and the Life.’

“Well, Kone was in that dense, painful darkness, ‘without hope.’ Often have I seen him sitting mourning by that small grave, and occasionally have I sat with him, telling him of the ‘Man of Sorrows,’ the Christ of God, the Light and Life of the world, and the grave’s destruction. I

taught him a short prayer. It was, 'God of Love, give me light ; lead me to Christ.' I spent a month with him then, and the most of that time Kone was near me. He helped us in house-building, gave us food, killed a pig, came regularly to services, and many evenings came alone.

“On another visit, Kone, day and night, kept near us, was a diligent learner, and anxious indeed to be taught. When parting with him, he always came to the boat and gave me a parting present, and, weeping, would say, 'Do come back soon. Day and night we shall think of you, and long for your return.' Last October I went to the Gulf, to visit tribes near the Bald Head, and called at Delena to take Kone on with me. I shall close this with an extract from my journal :—

“Anchored this morning just round point, about three miles from Delena, and at daylight up anchor and ran down to anchorage. Very soon we saw boat coming, and Lavao standing up aft, and several of the men with native cloth on their heads, as a badge of mourning. I missed Kone, and

anxiously waited for them to come alongside. As they approached there was no loud talking, and all looked sorrowful. Lavao, the Lolo chief, stepped on board, and I asked, 'Where is Kone?'

"After a little he said, 'Oh, Tamate, Kone, your friend, is dead.'

"Dead, Lavao? I had to sit down.

"Yes, Kone is dead; and we buried him on your ground, near your house, the house of his one great friend,

"Did Kone die of sickness?

"No, he was speared by your friend Laoma. After you left there was a feast at Delena. Kone and others were there; also some Naara natives.

"At night Laoma came with his spears to kill a Naara man, and when about to throw a spear, Kone caught the Naara man and placed him behind him, the spear entering his own breast. We carried him home, and on the second moon he died.

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“Since then I have met Laoma, and he tells me the same. My poor Kone ! my kind savage friend ! Shall we meet again ? Has that prayer of thine, from out thy darkness, to the God of love, for light and life, been unanswered ? I cannot think so, and I can hope that even now they have been revealed to thee.”

## CHAPTER XI.

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### DECKED BOAT—A SUPREME NEED OF THE MISSION.

**F**EELING that a house was necessary to hold services and school in," Mr. Chalmers wrote to us, under date 19th October, "I set about this morning building a simple, yet suitable house for the climate. It is thirty-eight feet long and twenty broad. We have nearly finished, and hope on Sunday to open it. The natives assist willingly. God grant that light may enter the hearts of these poor natives, and that in this new house some may learn of Christ as the Light, and their Saviour from sin and superstition and all their consequences.

"Johnnie (my boy) shot three pigeons yesterday, which came in well to-day, as for some days we have not had too much to eat.

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“What a splendid opening there is here for a teacher at present, and I only wish we could supply them. The sun is too hot for working, so I am speculating on the future. All the Elema tribe (over 20,000) having teachers, one white missionary at Maiva, with a staff of teachers, could undertake from Cape Possession to Cape Suckling; the Port Missionary from Redscar Bay to Round Head; one at Hula or Kerepunu, from Round Head to Mailiu Kolu; one at South Cape, from Port Milport to Leocadie; and one at Dinner Island, from last group to East Cape. That is in the future. But the present we can use by pressing on with the teachers; only we must have a schooner of ten or twelve tons. To work the Gulf and keep the College students always supplied with food such a vessel is necessary, and should always be on this side, and have nothing whatever to do with the Straits. I am sorry I have no rich uncle likely soon to go hence, who might think of his poor nephew's wants and leave him £300. Not much that to wealth, and not too much to give in so good a cause. Some good friend may read this. I want the boat, need her, the work cannot be done

well without her. I am getting old. Open boats are very, very nice, but days and weeks in them are rather stiffening, and there are times when more than an open boat is required, because of wind and sea. The new vessel to be called the "Irene" or "Maino."

"Yesterday, brother, I got your letter. On 19th October I wrote that : if I get the money for the vessel in New Zealand, the vessel can be built either in Auckland or Sydney. I have a captain and crew, and would take them with me if I can go South next year. I would sail the vessel myself, that is, I would be really captain, and have a South Sea Islander under me, with a New Guinea crew. The working of the vessel would be inexpensive, I pay half, and the Society half. The vessel to be entirely the property of the London Missionary Society. . . ."

On the 27th March, 1884, Mr. Chalmers wrote to us as follows :—"I was inland last week, far, far away, making peace between tribes, and had a most successful trip. I had hoped to have got Mount Owen-Stan-

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ley under my feet, but it rained every day, and such rain too ! I turned back within twelve miles of the top. I was only one week away, and in terrible country, walked over 170 miles, and must have climbed in all over 20,000 feet. We brought tribes together that for many years have lived as deadly enemies. We had the pipe of peace, and the friendship so complete, that they slept in one another's houses the nights we stayed.

"I hope your 'Missionary Record' flourishes apace. I fear I can send you nothing this time, I am so boxed up. You know my habits in the matter of letter-writing. Well, here I am in straits with several mails unanswered, and if I do not set too in earnest now, the burden will become too much for me.

"Our new teachers are suffering from the climate. One poor woman died very suddenly last Saturday. Her husband, poor fellow, is now very ill. God grant that all may be spared for good earnest work in New Guinea. Next month, if the weather is settled, we hope to place them all

at their stations. Our weather at present is moist, hot, and uncomfortable. I think light is breaking in Queensland on the 'Labour Trade.' Its days are numbered, and not all the bolstering of the politicians can save it. The 'Courier and the 'Queenslander' are now against the island trade, and being the leading papers, I feel sure the death is near. Fiji must follow.

"We have had brother Gill with us, and a fine refreshing time it was. I wish you knew him.

"I am busy now with school work, teaching bairns a, e, i, o, u, &c., &c. We agree splendidly, i.e., the bairns and your humble servant; they learn and romp, laugh and are sober, and somehow they do get along, though slowly.

"Piri's boat.—Rarotonga has given the boat, a fine large whale boat, so pray forgive us both, never mind the money.

"The ten-ton boat—I should not think of asking our Dunedin friends ALONE to subscribe. Auckland will help, so will Adelaide

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and Sydney. The islands would help, but they have already given four whaleboats, and I cannot just now ask them. Complete, it should not cost more than £250. . . . I wish I could visit New Zealand soon, but there are too many teachers to leave in one man's hands.

“What say you to this? Take your first holiday this way, only let me know when expected at Cooktown or Thursday Island, and I will meet you in ‘Ellengowan.’ Let us a’ just a wee, wee nearer tae Him, and lippen Him wi’ a’.”

“Just a hurried line,” he wrote on 26th April, “I have made out the annexed boat fund, and believe will get it. I cannot go South, and must use my friends. Do you think Dunedin good for £60, to remit to Mr. Sunderland, for a 10 or 12-ton boat, to be called ‘Irene,’ or ‘Maino,’ and to be the property of L.M.S.? If you think more could be done so much the better, as other places may fall short or fail altogether. . . .”

“The teachers are better, and will soon be placed at their stations. They are anx-

ious to get away and be at work. God grant them many years of earnest work for Christ, and a glorious reaping-time.

“I trust Mr. Gill will write you about Pi and his work ; he was lately at South Cape.

“Piri has got his boat. He has finished his Church, and is well. He goes with me next week to Kabadi.

“Lawes and his wife may be in Sydney about September. He might visit New Zealand. He is a splendid deputation and a fine fellow. You would be charmed with him.

“Boat Money.

Society Islands	...	...	£60
Hervey Group	...	...	105
Adelaide	...	...	40
Auckland	...	...	30
Wellington	...	...	20
Christchurch	...	...	20
Dunedin	...	...	60

I draw the above on faith.”

## CHAPTER XII.

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### A MUNIFICENT GIFT TO THE MISSION.

**I**N April, 1884, we received the following letter, dated from Stewart Island :—  
“Dear Sir,—In the ‘New Zealand Missionary Record’ for February, 1884, Mr. Chalmers, Missionary to New Guinea, refers to some communication made to him about a decked boat, showing at the same time, from the description given of his journeys, his need of such a thing. Has Mr. Chalmers got a decked boat yet? If not, would a six-ton decked boat be acceptable for his use? I have such a boat. She is a good little boat, though small for a deck. She has sails, &c., and would not need any great outlay to make her ready for Mr. Chalmers. She cost £100 when built, a little more than a year ago. The deck might afford Mr. Chalmers some protection from the rain he speaks of. I had

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intended to sell the boat, but taking up your little 'Missionary Record,' brought here with me, I was reminded of Mr. Chalmers's need, and, indeed, if he is supplied, there may be another amongst the New Hebrides, working for God in your Mission service, who would be very glad of such a convenience. All I can say is, dear sir, that if the boat is required for Mission Work, I would far, far rather give her for the dear Saviour's service than sell her. She is called 'The Blessing,' a name, if your Committee decide to accept the gift, I should be glad to have continued, and I would also beg of you in such case, and earnestly desire, that no mention even of my name be made in connection with the boat, but that she be simply accepted as 'from a friend for the dear Lord's Service.' This letter will be sufficient authority upon which you (Mr. Ross) can claim the boat. . . I have had since I came here very much for which to lift up my heart in gratitude to our Heavenly Father, so that whilst I do hope for the continuance of His loving kindness for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, I also feel thankful that I have something that I can

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at least offer to Him for His service, and most willingly give if required. . . .”

Mr. R. Brown, honorary secretary to the Otago Auxiliary of the London Missionary Society (which was formed on the occasion of the first visit of Mr. Chalmers to Dunedin) wrote with reference to the timely gift of the boat—“We are sure no one can read the above correspondence and not feel moved with admiration of the ready and generous spirit in which this munificent gift is presented to the Society for Mr. Chalmers’ use. It has been well said that it is ‘more blessed to give than to receive’ : but we are sure that this is essentially a case in which giver and receiver partake alike of the pleasure and the blessing. To Mr. Chalmers, labouring arduously as he is doing in that ‘terra incognita,’ New Guinea, cut off entirely from the society of civilized men, exposed for weeks together to the scorching sun by day and the drenching dews by night, with no better shelter than that afforded by an open whale boat while exploring and mapping out the harbours, bays, and islands on the coast of New Guinea, and planting, at immense sac-

ricific of health and all that men account dear to them, Mission Stations here and there—such a letter and such a gift must be cheering in the extreme, and will doubtless inspire him with fresh hope and courage, evidencing as it does the deep sympathy with which his work is being regarded, and we can scarcely over-estimate the value of such a work. Three-fourths of our knowledge of New Guinea with certainty comes from Missionary sources : and while we witness, as we have again and again during the last few years, one exploring party after another returning, baffled and decimated by climate and disease, and witness at the same time the unassuming but persistent labours of these messengers of peace, we feel that surely it should be our duty to strengthen their hands in their noble work. Even looking at their labours altogether apart from the Christian view, they are of inestimable value to commerce and science. What David Livingstone did for Africa, they are striving to do for New Guinea.”

Mr. Mills, the Manager of the Union Steamship Company, on hearing of the terms of the gift, kindly offered to send on

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“The Blessing” from Dunedin to Sydney free of charge, and Mr. A. Hill Jack, Manager of the National Insurance Company, insured her, at his own private expense, right through to Cooktown.

From all sides there came to us indications of a deepening interest in Mission work, and expressions of ardent desire to help in winning the heathen for Christ.

“It is a most munificent gift,” Mr. George R. Hercus wrote to us, “and given in a most gracious spirit. I am sure Mr. Chalmers will greatly appreciate both. From the description of the boat, I think it likely to prove just the thing he has so much felt the want of, although it is rather less in size than he spoke of. You would notice in the ‘Record’ a few weeks ago a donation referred to of £25 towards the same object. I sent this to Mr. Sunderland at the donor’s request, and if any fittings or alterations are necessary to fit the boat for her special mission, this will be available for the purpose, so that there seems nothing in the way of this wish of Mr. Chalmers being fulfilled.”

“The heart of our Brother Chalmers,” the Rev. J. P. Sunderland wrote to us from Sydney, “will be greatly cheered by the noble gift of our New Zealand friend.” And later on, he wrote, “‘The Blessing’ arrived safely. . . . We have re-shipped her for Cooktown. . . . She is rather small for open sea work, but I have no doubt the best use will be made of her by our devoted Missionary Brother, Mr. Chalmers.”

## CHAPTER XIII.

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### THANKSGIVINGS.

**D**R. W. Wyatt Gill, soon after his return from a visit to New Guinea, wrote to us as follows, under date, Marrickville, May 17th, 1884, "At Mr. Chalmers' request I forward to you the enclosed paper, which may possibly suit the readers of your own excellent 'N.Z. Missionary Record.' If printed kindly send me a copy, as I am collecting Mr. Chalmers' papers (with his knowledge and consent for book use) as well as send a copy to Mr. Chalmers himself. Could you not favour me with a copy of 'N.Z. Missionary Record' for January, 1884, containing the second part of the story of 'Kone, the New Guinea Rain-maker.' Mr. Chalmers gave me the first part. I saw Kone's grave, the widow, and the child.

“My visit to New Guinea was full of interest : it extended over some weeks. My brethren showed me everything, and I am bound to say the Mission is a great success. I admire the patience and devotedness of Messrs. Lawes and Chalmers ; and not a little the heroic zeal of our native pastors. Only the Master knows the amount of self-denial and holy consecration manifested by them all. In the Eastern branch of the New Guinea Mission there are to-day 116 Church members : 1200 children under instruction ; also 14 students for the native ministry. Twenty-nine teachers, old and new, are at work under the brethren. It is twelve years since my first visit to New Guinea. At that time Port Moresby and its inhabitants were not known to be in existence, and now—! Thank God for what I have seen of the power of His blessed Word ! In 1872, when I first landed teachers at Redsear Bay, they were always at war with each other. Now there is no killing all along the coast. This is the result of Gospel teaching !

“I hear that a gentleman gave Mr. Chalmers a small yacht. This is just what he needs. I thank God that help has come

at last. It seemed to me that Mr. Chalmers was fast wearing himself out by exposure to sun and rain in open boats. Who is the generous donor? If you know him, tell him he has done the right thing, and that the Master will surely reward him for it. How is it that the yacht has not yet arrived here at Sydney, en route for New Guinea? The sooner he gets it the better."

Mr. Chalmers sent us "Koloka, a New Guinea Queen," and "Keua, a Friend of the New Guinea Mission," two interesting character sketches, which appeared in our "Missionary Record," but as they are given with some fulness in "Work and Adventure in New Guinea," we abstain from reproducing them here.

"How am I to express myself to you for your manifold kindnesses," Mr. Chalmers wrote to us, 4th June, 1884. "Through you I have got the yacht. Well, you have done all for the Master, and He will see to it. Thank you brother, thanks many. She will be the property of the L.M.S., and used entirely in Mission work. The donor may rest assured that she will be used for Christ's

service only. I hope soon to hear of her arrival in Cooktown, and as soon after as possible I will have her here. I put off writing the donor until I see her. I wonder if he would object to our turning the name into native. She is called 'Blessing'; in this dialect that is 'Hanamoā.' The natives cannot pronounce the English name, and to them the native one is full of meaning. It is 'Blessing,' 'Praise,' 'to make good,' &c. Should I go home for a while she will be kept moving, and will have plenty to do. We have teachers now in Motumotu (Port Chalmers) in the Gulf, and to visit them in a boat is not over safe. The Admiralty named it Port Chalmers, I suppose, in honour of this Bohemian Missionary. Friends say now that I have got my heart's desire through you I will not go home. But I think I will, when, I cannot say. Should I go home I shall return your way, and hope then to meet face to face with the donor.

"We have also placed two teachers at Kivori, a fine district behind Cape Possession: and at Naara, one teacher with our queen Koloka. We leave to-morrow to place two teachers at Kabadi, the district

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of land-sale renown. Two teachers have also been placed at Saroa, behind Round Head, and we hope, in another month, to have Kalo and Belerupu supplied.

“We expect a vessel in from the Straits that may leave before our return from Kabadi, and I write hurriedly this note. May you, yours, and your work be ever blessed. . . .”

## CHAPTER XIV.

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### THE CHURCH'S VITALITY CONDITIONED BY AGGRESSIVENESS.

**T**HE success that has attended the labours of native teachers in New Guinea proper during the last few years must be very gratifying to the friends of humanity and the London Missionary Society, and should greatly encourage them for the future. For twelve years Mission work has been carried on in New Guinea, and I know of no Mission connected with this Society, or indeed any other Society, that can compare with it in results.

“Believing as we do in the work of our teachers, we are naturally anxious to be regularly supplied from the older Missions of the South Pacific. If these Missions should confine themselves to home work, they will suffer and eventually go out.

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Everywhere the Church lives according to her zeal for aggressive work amongst the heathen, and for the Directors to pass minutes preventing Missions sending teachers would be simply suicidal. We must do all we can to keep the South Sea Churches connected with New Guinea, and so preserve the working sympathetic Christ-life amongst them. As our knowledge of New Guinea increases, the Church of Christ in Britain and the South Seas should be prepared to take up the work. Hitherto the Directors have put no limit to our extending, and we have gone on doing so.

“Last February, our Mission barque, ‘John Williams,’ visited us, conveying thirteen teachers and their wives, accompanied by our old friend and co-worker, Mr. Gill, late of Rarotonga. On the ‘John Williams’ leaving us we distributed the teachers amongst the old stations, that they might be near to us, and have also the care of the old and acclimatized teachers, until the South-East Monsoon had really set in, when they would be placed at their own stations. Teachers on first arrival are almost sure to have fever, and it is better

that they should stay where they can be attended to. Some up to the present time have had no fever, whilst others have suffered much, but are now better.

“Last month we began to locate them at their own stations, and the first to be located was Iunia, a Tongan, educated by Mr. Gill, on Rarotonga. Having married here a widow, who understands the Motu dialect, we thought they should take Tupuselei, a village fourteen miles from Port Moresby, where formerly a Niue teacher lived. The natives were highly delighted to have a teacher again amongst them, and gave Iunia and his wife a good welcome. Since the death of their old teacher, they have had a good deal of trouble with the hill tribes, old scores thought to be forgotten have been paid and repaid, but now a teacher is with them they will be able to live peaceably.

“From Tupuselei we continued our boating to Kapakapa, where there were two new teachers and their wives living with the old teacher appointed to Taroa, the fine large district behind Round Head. For long the

Taroa natives have been expecting teachers, and knowing when they got them it was peace all round. For the last few months they have been busy paying off (for murders committed by them) debts and making peace.

“On our arrival at Kapakapa, a large number of men came in to carry the teachers’ goods, and they told us it was now all peace. The following morning we started with a large company, and, taking it leisurely, arrived about 10 a.m. at Kigo, the first of the Taroa villages. A new house had been finished for the teacher, and from it the view is unsurpassed in New Guinea. After placing the other teacher at another village, about two miles further East, and visiting other villages, and hearing entreaties for more teachers, we returned to Kigo.

“Having some students and several Port Moresby natives with us, we went into the village and spent several hours singing on one of their large platforms. It was a beautifully clear moonlight night, and, leaving the singers, we walked to a good position at the West end of the village, where the view was splendid. I have trav-

elled much in this great land, but have seen nothing to surpass the view of that night for picturesqueness.

“On our right the Gerese Hills, and on our left the Coast Range, and, lying before us, the hills and valleys of Taroa and Manukolo, and, behind these, the higher hills of Keremu stretching on to the Astrolabe range of Mountains, and, further inland, as if guarding these in front, and rising dark above them all, the Owen Stanley Range, ending in the high unvisited mountain of the same name. Everywhere near us were well watered valleys and ridges with plantations, and villages scattered here and there containing kindly disposed people. It is to be hoped there will soon be sufficient teachers to occupy all the principal villages. We did conceive the idea that night of building a large, comfortable native house, to cost about £5, and when weakened by fever, or needing a change from the nagging, tiring work of schools, &c., steal away awhile to Taroa. We returned to Port Moresby, and after spending one night, sailed in the ‘Ellengowan’ for the West.

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“Ever since Mr. Lawes joined the Mission the one cry of the Motu natives has been ‘Westward ho.’ The largest population, and the freest, kindest, wildest natives are there. They, especially these in Freshwater Bay, simply care for no one, and bounce all the tribes, thinking their sweet will is law. I know them all well, and my cry has also been, ‘To the West—to the West with our youngest, strongest, bravest, best teachers.’

“We found good anchorage in two fathoms just outside ‘Alice Meade Lagoon,’ about two miles from Motumotu. Again and again have the natives of Motumotu asked for teachers, promising to treat them well, and to live peaceably with their neighbours. They have them now, and they feel our promise is sure, though often long delayed through no fault of ours. All were delighted with their teachers, and no hard pressure was required to get both houses pushed on. These are our first stations beyond Cape Possession, and the first in the large Elema district. We move on, I think slowly, I hope surely, and before long, we shall, I hope, be to Orokolo. To

connect Maiva and Motumotu we want two more stations, and so have a continuous line.

“Motumotu is at the mouth of the ‘Williams River.’ I often wished to go up this river and visit a reported large village, Moveave, for years at enmity with Motumotu, but never could find sufficient time. We intended spending a few days with the teachers, so as to give them a good start with their new demonstrative friends, and we decided to ascend the river. We got a canoe, and paddled up one of the branches into a small creek, where we were dragged through more mud than water up to the village. As we neared the village our friends from Motumotu were somewhat fearful and anxious; and not until after we had been some time in the village did they gain confidence. The population is very large, the houses are well built on posts, and there are many ‘dubus.’ Our old friend Semese proclaimed words of peace, which were reiterated by the Moveaveans, and all felt that it was well, and friendship was restored. We were at first met by a large armed party—bows and arrows innumer-

able : this was speedily converted into a noisy demonstrative peace party, and increased much in numbers. Before we had done visiting the village and 'dubus,' not a weapon was to be seen. Fires were started, and pots containing queer viands were soon placed on them.

"We ascended one 'dubu' to the platform twenty feet from the ground, where we sat down on a mat given for the purpose. So great a crowd followed us that the platform gave unmistakable signs of a very hurried and unpleasant descent. Several posts and cross-beams gave way, and we thought it advisable to get off as quickly as possible. In the street in front a temporary shade was erected for us, and mats spread, on which we squatted, with more than a thousand people around us. We got presents of areca nuts and betel, pepper and cocoanuts, bananas, and yams, and various dishes of cooked food. On the islands of the West highlands of Scotland the poor people make porridge mixed with shell-fish. At Moveave they make sago porridge mixed with the same, also with dried fish and other things. Taking one of the dishes, and thinking I got

sago and dried fish, began eating heartily, until I noticed peculiar claws and a rather long tail, and on inquiry found I had been relishing stewed iguana.

"After the crowd had enjoyed a smoke all round, there were loud and persistent calls that we should sing, so getting our singing companions near us we sang, to their great delight, and were encored again and again. But the sun kept hurrying down, and before he dipped we wished to be at Motumotu, so we had to get up and bid them good-bye, promising soon to return."

"Last week," Mr. Chalmers wrote to us early in 1885, "the 'Blessing' came in, sailing, but made fast to the 'Ellengowan.' She is a pretty boat, and a handsome gift. She goes to the Gulf to-day. The man in charge when coming across from Cooktown, got overboard and nearly lost his life. We must get bulwarks or stanchions, or we may have accidents. I wish I had the ability to write my thanks to the donor, Union Co., and Mr. Jack, and your own self. She will be used entirely for real Mission work, and will be a great acquisition. The native

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name is 'Hanamoa' (Blessing), and all along the coast she will very soon be known.

"I am in excellent health. We begin placing New Guinea evangelists, the first real New Guineans, at various villages. They are quite full of enthusiasm, and desire greatly to go far away, but we prefer them near at present. . . ."

## CHAPTER XV.

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### POLITICAL DEVELOPMENTS— PROTECTORATE PROCLAIMED.

**T**HE exigencies of the sugar industry in Northern Queensland, which was always on the watch for new sources of labour supply, and the spirit of commercial enterprise which grudged to see lands of boundless fertility lying in absolute waste and disuse, caused attention to be drawn to the great island of New Guinea, which lay so close to our Australian Northern boundary. The discovery of gold also awakened interest, and allured adventurous bands of miners across the intervening strip of sea, to explore and prospect the country. These may have been in some measure contributory to the movement for the establishment of a British Protectorate over New Guinea. But the main reason that influenced the Government to take that step was

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a political one, namely, a determination to forestall annexation of the South-Eastern portion of the island by a foreign power. The Missionaries would have preferred that things should remain as they were ; but as that seemed to be impossible, they regarded British annexation as the next best thing that could happen in the interest of the natives. It was a time of great anxiety and distress to Mr. Chalmers, who foresaw, in certain contingencies, great perils to the natives whom he and his brother Missionaries had done so much to advance. There were two things which he strenuously opposed, namely, the alienation of the lands, and the expatriation of the people to labour on the sugar plantations of the adjacent colony.

Two men, representing a Sydney syndicate, had bought, as they alleged, 15,000 acres of fine sugar country in New Guinea, for one penny an acre. The native who sold it had no right to it ; the real chief and owner had neither been seen nor had he received an equivalent ; he had no knowledge even of the transaction. Mr. Chalmers, in a red glow of indignation at what he regarded

as unprincipled spoliation of a helpless people, never rested till the alleged claim to the land had been withdrawn. Through personal interviews with Queensland Ministers, through correspondence with the Imperial Government, on the platform, and in the columns of the press he insisted that the human rights of the natives should be respected, and that they should not be torn from their homes and placed in enforced servitude in a foreign land, His noble and chivalrous defence of the poor savages who loved and trusted him had something in it unspeakably touching and pathetic.

When Commodore Erskine arrived at New Guinea to proclaim the Protectorate, Mr. Chalmers, along with Mr. Lawes, rendered service of great value and importance in gathering the chiefs together, instructing them in the real nature of the proceedings, translating and explaining the terms of the proclamation, and the full signification of the public ceremonial. Without the help of the Missionaries, the Commodore confessed, insuperable difficulties would have fronted him in the performance of the duties which he was appointed to fulfil. And there is no

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doubt that the lines of policy pursued by the Government are mainly those which were suggested by Messrs. Chalmers and Lawes for the control of the tribes and the economic administration of the country. More than most men are willing to acknowledge we are indebted to Missionary devotion and enterprise for the development of trade and the expansion of Empire, and for the ever-growing enlargement of the boundaries of scientific and geographical knowledge.

“When I finished with the *Commodore*,” Mr. Chalmers wrote to us, “and Mr. and Mrs. Lawes went on in the *Flagship*, I returned from Peste Island to South Cape, where we had young New Guinea teachers and their wives from our College, awaiting me to be landed—a kind of firstfruits to be given in evangelistic work to the Lord of the harvest. I placed four teachers at new stations, and when finished came on here and placed four more. Before the arrival of all the warships, I placed one at Kivori, near Cape Possession, making in all nine. They were good, earnest men and women, who long had been with our South Sea

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Island teachers, and for a few years at College here. The services setting them apart were full of interest and great blessing, and they have gone out full of enthusiasm to do work for Him whom they love, to lead their countrymen to Him. I wish you could have seen them, and felt the thrill of pleasure when these offerings were laid on Christ's altar. Everywhere they had good receptions. We know the Harvest Lord will not forsake them, and we may expect good work. It can only be a wee while now, and He'll come to look us up. May we have sheaves to shew Him, and may these New Guineans have many.

“I shall see Piri, and keep him up to the mark. I wish I could only keep Tamate up to it. Gill has all my papers. I must get the spirit of ink, and write one or two for the ‘Record.’ Love to you all, and all blessings descend on you all. . . .”

## CHAPTER XVI.

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### UNDENOMINATIONAL CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

**S**OOON after our settlement in Victoria, we projected issuing a Mission paper, to be conducted largely on the lines of our "New Zealand Record," giving ample space in it to the publication of Missionary operations in New Guinea, and to the work generally of that marvellously successful and honoured organization, the London Missionary Society. But for various reasons, which appeared cogent enough to us in the circumstances, we were constrained, to our keen disappointment, to abandon the enterprise, in the hope that differences of opinion in some of the great Mission agencies represented in the Colonies, and the friction engendered by these, might so far disappear as to lead to cordial harmony of action and to practical, if not formal, co-operation in ac-

completing the sublime aim which they held in common, to conquer the heathen world for Christ. It has always seemed to us, that if the great organized Churches of Christendom can show a valid historical 'raison d'etre' for their separate existence, they can show none for isolated action in Christian Missions—for perpetuating denominational differences in pagan lands. A grand combination of evangelizing agents and concentration of financial resources moving forward in holy crusade against the follies and pollutions of heathenism, would be more impressive and effective than the present mode of working; they would broaden sympathy, stimulate interest, lift the Churches' efforts to higher ground with loftier outlook, if there were blazoned on all the banners planted in heathen soil, **NOT FOR DENOMINATIONALISM, BUT ALL FOR CHRIST.**

Hence we think the London Missionary Society, in the undenominational aspect which it presents in all its work, is worthy of admiration and substantial support from Christians of every name.

“Your letter is so to the point,” Mr. Chalmers wrote to us, under date. Port Moresby, 19th August, 1885, “and the object in view so clear, that I shall send it to the Mission House at once. Get Gill to assist you with papers; he writes well, and is full of Mission news. A few weeks ago I had a large case of valuables for Piri. I divided them out between Piri, Ruatoka, Isaako, and Pi. Piri also got parcels enclosed, addressed to him and wife. Mr. Somerville sent the case. I acknowledged it a few days ago. . . .

“Is it not too true that the Christian Church has neglected her opportunity? The apathy in reference to Christ’s command is indeed depressing.

“Mr. Lawes tells me that Mr. King, of St. Kilda, Congregational Minister, has a splendid magic lantern, with good slides. You might get it for a while from him. I do not know King personally; he is an old Samoan Missionary, and was, and is highly spoken of as a man and a minister.

“At present I am a prisoner from a sprained foot, now getting better, and

hope the fetters will be taken off in a day or two. Until now, since Mr. and Mrs. Lawes arrived, I have been on the move, and but for my foot would now be at Aroma.

“Have you heard the Romanists have come to Yule Island, right in the centre of our Gulf work? What is the use of saying anything? We can only work and pray, and pity the poor natives, who will not know what to believe.

“Our teachers are all well. At Saroa two new churches have been opened, and last week several were baptized at Kapakapa, and Kaile, and at Aroma, Kerepunu, Delena, and Maiva, there are good catechumen classes. At Kalo the teacher is getting on well, and has a fine large Church nearly finished. The schools are not nearly so well attended as I could wish, hence that branch of our work is very discouraging to the teachers. In the College there is life, and many are the applications for admission.

“I hope, as I ordered, you have got ‘Work and Adventure.’ It is possible another volume will appear next year.

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“I leave next month for the West, where I shall stay some time in new districts. The ‘Blessing’ (Hanamoa) has done splendid service, and, although small, has proved herself a capital sailer, and able to stand a gale of wind. If I could get a good offer for her, do you think the kind and noble giver would be vexed if I sold her, build a larger and more suitable, and retain the name ‘Blessing,’ or ‘Hanamoa,’ the native of blessing? I should not like to hurt the feelings of the true-hearted man who gave her. . . .”

“Work and Adventure in New Guinea,” by Mr. Chalmers, contains remarkably interesting sketches of Papuan life as he saw it in the interior. Professedly Christian people, who boldly aver that the heathen are happy enough in their natural state, should read that book and the companion volume by the same author—‘Pioneering in New Guinea.’ The information given there might lead them to change their opinion regarding the utility and value of Christian Missions to the heathen. The religion of the New Guinea tribes, we are told, is one of fear. They tremble at the falling of a

leaf, the flight of a bird, the appearance of a stranger in the land. The story of the deep degradation into which they had sunk is narrated to us with directness, simplicity and graphic skill; and there, we learn, the Gospel has achieved some of its highest triumphs, and exhibited its divine power, as in days of old, to transform into meek and lowly followers of Christ, and into devoted and heroic extenders of His Kingdom, some of the basest and most polluted thralls of a cruel and pitiless heathenism. The two volumes give a most animated account of Missionary exploration and work in New Guinea, and form a valuable addition to the literature of the great Society which has done so much to scatter the darkness of heathenism in many lands.

“Mr. Chalmers has just sent me,” Dr. Wyatt Gill wrote to us, “his Journal for 1884, written in pencil. Would it not suit the pages of your Missionary Periodical? I am glad that you are pleased with the book on New Guinea. May it serve as an impetus to the Missionary spirit and enterprise!” “Keep Chalmers’ M.S. for your

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own periodical," he wrote later on, "as that would please our friend best. . . ."

The record of work referred to may be found in "Pioneering in New Guinea."

## CHAPTER XVII.

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### SIR PETER SCRATCHLEY APPOINTED SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

**G**ENERAL Sir Peter Scratchley was appointed by the British Government to the office of Special Commissioner in New Guinea, soon after the Protectorate was proclaimed, and no man could have been chosen better fitted than he for the important position which he was called to fill. Full of sympathy with the Missionaries in their work, and with clear recognition of the advantages which they possessed in their knowledge of the character and habits of the natives, and in the great moral influence which they had acquired over them, he was specially desirous of associating Mr. Chalmers with himself in his visits to the various districts that required attention, and in his dealings with

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the chiefs with whom he was brought officially into contact. Indeed it would have gratified him exceedingly could he have persuaded Mr. Chalmers to accept some office of administrative trust under himself, and devote to the service of the Crown those splendid gifts, which commanded the homage of savage races, and won for him their unfaltering confidence and trust. But nothing could induce him to swerve from the lofty service to which he had consecrated all his powers. His work as a Missionary he held to be of supreme importance, and everything else was subordinated to that. In the interest of the people whom he loved, however, he was willing to render all possible help to their civic rulers, and to smooth the pathway for their feet. His work as an explorer and as an intelligent extender of the boundaries of science, attracted attention both in the Colonies and at Home, and his papers and collections describing and illustrating the physical geography, flora and fauna of New Guinea, not only awakened interest both in the Colonies and in European lands, but drew men's eyes upon him as one possessed of rare daring and fertility of resource, and

such confidence was reposed in his judgment and special qualifications for the position, that more than once he was offered, and promptly refused, the leadership of expeditions equipped by learned societies and others, for exploration and research in that great unknown land. But his Divine Work ! Ambassador for Christ to the Heathen ! Bearer of the Glorious Gospel of God's grace to those, whose very misery voiced their clamant need of its Divine consolations. Ah, he felt that he could never turn aside from that to take up anything that the world could offer him.

On 6th January, 1886, Mr. Chalmers wrote to us from Port Moresby as follows :—  
“Your kind letter of the 23rd October last I received a few weeks ago, on my return from the East end, where I had been with the late General Scratchley. When at South Cape I baptized thirteen, and a few weeks ago Mr. Lawes baptized at Boera, Piri's station, five. At various other stations there are classes of catechumens, men and women, waiting to be visited.

“I hope your book is out, and that it will have a large circulation and do much

good. I am sorry you are away from New Zealand, but 't is the Master's work wherever you are. I am glad you have got to a more agreeable climate, and a sphere that opens more of life to you. May you be abundantly blessed in your every work, and know that Christ is glorified !

“You are right about over-urging money claims upon your people. We are too apt to give the Church the idea that our religion, our very faith, is money, and money only. I dislike the begging system much. When a Church lives, there will be no lack of funds for all her work.

“General Scratchley's death was a terrible blow to us. We liked him much, and we felt he was indeed a fit man to inaugurate the New Guinea Government. In his great anxiety to become acquainted with the people and country he overworked himself. He was a very temperate man in food and drink, and we did not fear the climate would take serious effect upon him. He was only ill a very short time, and we hoped the quick run to Australia would quite set him up, and a few quiet months

at Hobart with Lady Scratchley and children would so renew him, that his return next season was secure. 'Tis otherwise; we must submit. The General would have acted right by both races, and would not be led by any party. Did you ever meet him? We cannot help wondering what the next New Guinea chapter will be; we wonder and we pray.

“We are now in our North-West Monsoon, and since Christmas have had plenty of rain.

“We have got two new Missionaries from England. I trust they may be kept in health and prove true workers, thorough Christ-men, and have many years of glorious work in this land.

“The ‘Hanamoa’ does good work, but she is too small. In the present state of the Society’s funds we must be satisfied and wait. The great distress in Britain tells much on the Mission funds. I suppose you also feel it in the Colonies. . . .”

The “next New Guinea chapter,” about which Mr. Chalmers felt some anxiety, was

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entirely satisfactory in its opening, and in its political developments. An unwise appointment to administer the affairs of the Protectorate might have seriously impeded the progress of the Mission, and caused much harm to the natives by sowing in their minds the seeds of suspicion and distrust, thus hindering their educational and social uplifting. The Missionaries therefore welcomed the appointment that was made as a happy augury for the future prosperity of the country.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

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### HONOURED IN MELBOURNE.

**N**EARLY twenty years had passed since Mr. Chalmers, accompanied by his young bride, had sailed from English shores to take up work at Rarotonga. Years full of joys and full of triumphs they had been, and with no small share of perils and sorrows. The Directors of his Society had repeatedly requested him to lay aside his work among the heathen for a while and visit the Home-land. But he shrank from leaving his post. His diffidence, and tendency to underrate his own fitness to undertake the deputation work, which he knew would be thrust upon him, made him reluctant to move. But the vastness of the work that lay to hand, the urgency of the needs of those swarming tribes, who were living in pitiful darkness and dying in absolute ignorance of God,

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pressed upon his spirit and stamped out his scruples ; and he braced himself up to tell out in the face of the British people how alone New Guinea could be won for Christ. Four months after the date of his last letter to us, he was in all the bustle of preparation for a visit to England.

Mr. Chalmers, always on the watch to commend the Mission to the Christian public, addressed meetings in the larger Australian centres. On his arrival in Melbourne, he received a great public welcome in the Independent Church, Collins Street. The Governor, Sir Henry Loch, who presided on that occasion, said :—“ . . . While we view with admiration and respect Mr. Chalmers’ Missionary labours, the country owes him a debt of gratitude for his services to the State. Whenever differences have arisen—which I am sorry to say has not infrequently been the case—between the natives and Europeans who have gone to New Guinea, we have ever found Mr. Chalmers ready to assist in settling those difficulties in such a way as to avoid fighting and bloodshed. He accompanied Commodore Wilson when he went there, and I

believe I am correct in stating that the manner in which Mr. Chalmers then acted, saved a very considerable expenditure of blood and suffering to the natives. Again, we find him accompanying Commodore Erskine, when he was despatched to extend the Queen's Protectorate over British New Guinea ; and, on a more recent occasion, he again accompanied Sir Peter Scratchley, when that late lamented officer went to establish the authority of the Crown in that country."

Baron F. Von Mueller moved:—"That this meeting accord its profound appreciation of the great labours during many years of the Rev. James Chalmers, in not only carrying the blessings of Christianity to the savage populations of New Guinea, but in advancing also the science of Geography by penetrating into the wildest recesses of that large island, thus revealing to us simultaneously many new forms of the wondrous works through which Almighty God speaks to us in living nature ; and that this meeting, further, gratefully recognises the aid cheerfully rendered by Mr. Chalmers, and by his estimable col-

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league, Mr. Lawes, by which exploratory efforts were vastly promoted in that great country, with which indeed Mr. Chalmers' name will ever be historically identified, where it will be cherished in the future by a flourishing community, and be held in grateful remembrance by the native races."

He said, "that the representatives of the Geographical Society were gratified for the privilege of being present on that occasion. Missionary work required a multitude of gifts. It needed forbearance and kindness, blended with firmness and courage, great tact, the renouncing of the pleasures of the world, and the braving of difficulties of all kinds. Mr. Chalmers had engaged in geographical enterprise, and had contributed much to our knowledge of New Guinea. Even on his last short journey, when he accompanied Forbes, he rendered very important services. He had shown that the upper regions of New Guinea were uninhabited, and were therefore undoubtedly open to settlers. The chain of mountains through New Guinea was double the length of the European Alps, and its upper climate like that of Great Britain.

It was destined to become the abode of Colonists. He trusted Mr. Chalmers would live to see New Guinea free from savagery, and his work there a monument for all time."

The Rev. A. Gosman said :—" . . . There were some men who represented what might be called the prudence of Christianity. Mr. Chalmers was one of such enthusiastic courage that danger had only to leap up to call out all his manly qualities."

Mr. Chalmers (who on rising received an enthusiastic welcome from the great meeting) said :—" . . . Great Britain had secured the grand harbours of the South-East Coast, and the principal waterways of New Guinea. There were no harbours on the Australian coast, excepting that of Sydney, that could compare with the harbours on the South-Eastern coast of New Guinea. He had visited Tarlon and the Amazon Islands, where the people were all women, but he found the men on the smaller islands. They were part of the great Arona tribe, who had made their way eastward, driving back the real aboriginals of the

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country. They made periodical expeditions to the mainland, and but for the Mission, it was probable they would have compelled the native races to retire to the mainland. . . .”

The Missionary hero received many graceful attentions during his stay in Melbourne. He was welcomed as a guest at Government House, where Sir Henry and Lady Loch delighted to honour him. His modesty, his simple, unaffected manliness, his splendid enthusiasm, his unconquerable love for the heathen, and contempt for the perils that fronted him in the performance of his work—all excited the admiration, and won the hearts of men. Efforts were made to detach him from the Mission, and to secure his services for exploration. But he firmly resisted them all. “I can’t be anything but a Missionary,” he said, “and when the Master calls me hence, He will have to give me Missionary work to do.”—Such red glow of desire burned in his heart to tell the lost of the infinite love of God.

## CHAPTER XIX.

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### RE-VISITING OLD SCENES.

**I**T was with a strange tumult in his heart and thrill of his entire nature that the Missionary exile, after so long an absence, trod again the streets of the British Metropolis. His name, and the important services which he had rendered in opening up New Guinea to Gospel light and to Australian enterprise, were well known to only a comparatively narrow circle of Christian people, who had a vital interest in the evangelization of the dark places of the earth, and from them as well as from the Directors of his own Society, he received a most cordial and inspiring welcome. His fame, with rapid flight, flew through the land. He leaped at once into a popularity that made unceasing and insatiable demands upon his time and energies. The circumstances in which he

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was placed evoked all the hidden fire and forces of his nature, and he threw himself with a burning zeal and self-abandonment, a white heat of holy passion into the task which he set before him of firing the Christian heart of Britain with a living, glowing interest in Missions to the heathen. His fascinating magnetism, rugged eloquence, supreme Apostolic devotion to Christ captivated all men's hearts. Thousands thronged to his meetings, eager to look into his face and hear his voice. He was the "lion" of his day and year—of his century, some in the ecstasy of their admiration averred. But this is certain, he touched the people's hearts and roused their sympathies as they had rarely been touched and roused before. Some who filled important places in the Imperial Service sought his counsel on matters touching the interests of the new Protectorate. His papers read before the members of the Colonial Institute and before the members of the Royal Geographical Society, were full of valuable information, and testified to the keenness of his observation, and to the diligence of his research. At the meetings of these institutions men spoke of his noble courage

and intrepidity, of the potent influence which he had acquired over some of the native tribes, and of the immeasurable value of the services which he had rendered to Christ and to his Country, as Missionary and explorer of an absolutely unknown land.

On his return to his field of labour towards the close of 1888, he applied himself with new ardour and enthusiasm to his work, ever projecting an extension of operations along the line of coast, and planting new Mission Stations in advantageous positions, made to weep at times over disappointments, and losses sustained in the removal of teachers either by sickness or treachery. The width and large comprehensiveness of his views and plans may be gathered from the following extract from one of his letters :—“We look too much for individual cases of conversion. These are chronicled and made much of. Do not you think the Gospel is for mankind, and that it ought to influence whole tribes? We potter away with one or two converts; good, but strike for the higher—assert for the nation or tribe. Our statistic system is

all wrong. They will keep the statistics in heaven, I feel sure, and I would leave them in their hands." And yet, with all his broad, ambitious projects for the evangelization of the whole Protectorate, we find him, with all his soaring aspirations and dauntless energy, chained down to the humble task of teaching in an elementary native school !

Two Missionaries—Messrs. Walker and Dauncey—arrived in September, 1888, as a re-enforcement of the working strength of the Mission, and that was a subject of thankfulness and praise to him. And there came into his home life, too, about the same time a new brightness and joy—one who became, for all too brief a period, a courageous and efficient helper to him in his work for Christ. He married again, a widow, who had been in the early days an intimate friend of his former wife. She stood bravely at her post for a while, doing faithfully the duty that lay to her hand to do, and exerting an influence for good on the rude savages who were round about her. But all too soon her work was interrupted. The climate made such ravages in

her health that it became necessary to take her away for a change.

Mr. Chalmers therefore arranged a visit to the South Pacific Islands, and travelled from Sydney to Samoa in company with Robert Louis Stevenson, the "gentle novelist," who at once took Chalmers into his heart, and spoke and wrote in words of glowing admiration of both him and his work. It was a happy time, which passed too quickly away.

After visiting Samoa, Tonga, and other islands, where his time was filled up with public work—all more or less directly connected with Missions—he set foot again in his own old home at Rarotonga, where sweet memories of earlier days thronged thickly upon him, and there he had a good time and a busy time, creating and deepening in the Islanders a sacred interest in his own work at New Guinea. And when, at length, the hour came to leave them, they clung to him with a tender passionateness, and would fain have kept him to be with them always. But he told them that could not be, as the Master had other work for

him to do; and the parting from Rarotonga was a very pathetic one. In May, 1891, Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers arrived at Port Moresby, where they remained for a few weeks, until the "John Williams" cast anchor and disembarked twenty teachers, a welcome reinforcement to the Mission staff, from the Islands which had been recently visited.

In October, 1888, British New Guinea was formally annexed, and created a separate Possession, with a government of its own. Dr. (afterwards Sir) William Macgregor, was appointed Administrator, and no man could have been found in the wide range of the Imperial Service better fitted than he was for the important office which he was now called to fill. His high character and distinguished abilities had brought him into prominent notice, and secured for him responsible appointments in the Crown Colony of Fiji. His well-known interest in Mission Work, his manly sympathy with native races, and warm advocacy of native rights, his large political experience, and scientific attainments, were all of special value in the position to which he was now advanced. During his tenure of office in

New Guinea he rendered valued service in promoting peace between hostile tribes, in checking violence and crime, in inculcating respect for law and order, and in enacting wise and equitable laws for the protection and welfare of the people whom he was appointed to govern. To him it was given, first of all men, to plant his feet on the summit of Mount Owen Stanley, an achievement which Chalmers had been fired with an ambition to perform. As an explorer and a naturalist he won great fame, and did much to extend our knowledge of the capabilities and resources of the new Possession.

## CHAPTER XX.

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### THE FLY RIVER.

**A**NXIETIES and sorrows now crowded on Tamate, and little wonder if for a while he moved about with a sad countenance. His wife, though striving to bear up bravely, was in feeble health. Some of the teachers whom he had left with her at Toaripi were prostrated by sickness, while others were removed by death. He had occasion to go to Cooktown in the Mission schooner, "Harrier," but when beating up against stormy weather and high seas, she struck on a sunken reef—all efforts to get her off being unavailing. Mr. Chalmers and most of those who were on board escaped in the whale-boat, and scrambled up on the lee side of Three Islands. The captain and four others clung to the wreck until rescued by a passing schooner. It was the fourth time Mr. Chal-

mers had suffered shipwreck since he had joined the Mission, but never before had he faced such perils, or endured such hardships as those which fell to his lot on that occasion.

He now found himself in great straits for want of a boat to carry on his work. He therefore arranged with Messrs. Burns, Philp & Co., that one of their boats should visit the Mission stations to the East of Port Moresby every two months. And Sir Thomas McIlwraith, on behalf of the Queensland Government, in a magnanimous spirit, which elicited his warmest gratitude, lent him, without charge, a schooner for his immediate needs. It was a kindly act, and a graceful recognition of the value of Christian Missions. It was more than that, it was also a tribute of respect rendered to Mr. Chalmers personally. For he was well known to the great political leaders of the Northern State, and he had deeply impressed them with the practical wisdom of the views which he had enunciated in discussing the policy which should rule in the Administration of the New Possession.

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He returned to Toaripi with all speed, his spirit dulled with the pressure of anxious thought. But on his arrival he found to his joy that his wife was well, and the teachers much improved in health. "Our Father in heaven had cared for all," he wrote, "and our songs were those of thanksgivings." Then we find him away again visiting the Mission stations, speaking words of encouragement and cheer to the native teachers who, though full of earnestness and devotion to their work, yet lacked staying power, and their eyes always brightened with joy when Tamate's brave, cheery voice rang in their ears.

The condition of his wife's health now awakened such grave anxiety that they had to face the trial of parting for, perhaps, a prolonged period; and she sailed for England in March, 1892. Again thus, in God's providence, cast adrift from home life, he seemed to gather into his great heart all the lost souls of that dark land. Now and again we get a glimpse of the mighty longing that filled him to carry the Gospel of God's grace to the remotest tribes of the Possession.

“Ten years ago,” he wrote, “when little was known of the people West of Manu-manu, in Redsear Bay, I hoped, if God spared my life, to introduce the Gospel to all the districts as far as Orokolo, and thought that the work might occupy a fair lifetime. We got to Orokolo in January, 1892, and now my desire has enlarged, and I hope yet to carry the Gospel to the Fly River, and to the Westward. The plan I have always adopted is to visit frequently, get thoroughly known by living with the people, and, through interpreters, tell them the story of Divine love, and so prepare the way for teachers living with them. I place no teachers where I have not lived myself, and where I should be willing to live frequently.”

By instruction of the Directors of the London Missionary Society he undertook to work the Fly River and Western Division of the Mission. He entered upon that new field with courage and faith, and without misgivings. But he could not shut his eyes to its hazardous nature. “This Fly River work,” he said, “I look upon as my last and perhaps greatest work for Christ, and

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being always with Him, I fear not. God knows there will be many Gethsemanes, and it may be Calvarys, but all for Christ, and it is well."

No perils among the heathen affrighted him. "No accounts of unknown districts," he said, "I have ever received from natives equalled in real savagery those relating to the Namau districts, and of course these gave a charm to the plan of trying to be the first to visit it." When he went to Namau, the chief presented him with a good piece of land for a Mission house. "Give us a teacher," he said, "and from here to the river the whole point is yours. We build the house and we bridge the swamp for him to walk on." "I promised," Mr. Chalmers said, "as I saw a good opening here to the whole district, and a convenient place of call for myself when coming from the Fly River." "We had service, the singing pleasing them much, and the interpreter told them the story of God's love to us all. . . I was tired, and ready as I thought to sleep under any circumstances. Sleep! All chance of it had gone. The present and future are with me. The Gospel is being

preached all through Namau, and I saw the end of killing and cannibalism, and another people won to Christ." Thus with prophetic eye, and with unfaltering faith in the fulfilment of the promises, he saw the old dark days, with their appalling horrors, for ever closing, and a new era of light and gladness dawning upon the people, peace reigning among them, Christianity pouring its fulness of benedictions down upon their path.

Recent visitors to New Guinea have been passing strictures on certain trading transactions on the part of Mission agents, which came under their observation. Mr. Chalmers sternly set his face against that. If he found a teacher waxing cold, perfunctory in the performance of duty, degrading his sacred office to the common level of a trader, he removed him from his post and sent him back to his island home branded as a failure.

## CHAPTER XXI.

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### SECOND VISIT TO GREAT BRITAIN.

**T**HE Centenary Celebrations of the London Missionary Society began in 1895, and the Directors, believing that the presence of Chalmers would lend additional lustre to the meetings, cabled to him to make his arrangements to visit Britain. He felt now no reluctance to face such audiences as he knew that great occasion would attract. He was conscious of his power to move men's hearts when God's Spirit fired his own, and his lofty theme took entire possession of him, and all his heart and soul cried out in importunate and pathetic pleadings for Christian sympathy and succour for the dying race, whose very misery and haplessness were a powerful appeal for the peace and joy of the knowledge of Jesus. His heart leapt with gladness at the thought that once more the

opportunity would be given to him, to press upon the Christian people of Britain the claims of the helpless heathen tribes, whom he had learned to love with a tenderness and a self-abandonment of affection, which find few parallels in the whole history of Christian Missions.

The warmth of the welcome which he received on his arrival in England exceeded that of his previous visit ; for he had now many personal friends there who had learned to love him with a strong affection, and who counted it one of their highest privileges to help on the work with which he was so closely identified. His health suffered from the rigour of the English climate, but he made unceasing and heroic efforts to fulfil the manifold engagements to which he was committed ; and now, as on the former occasion of his visit to the home-land, vast audiences in all the large centres of population were delighted and thrilled by his glowing and graphic descriptions of life and work in New Guinea, and strongly impressed by his passionate demand for men to lift the heathen out of their darkness into the light of Christ.

Sir William Macgregor, formerly Governor of New Guinea, occupied the chair at a great meeting which was held in the Free Church Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, on March 11th, 1895, and which was addressed by Mr. Chalmers. Sir William, on that occasion, bore the following noble testimony to the good work done by the Society, and to the important part borne by the coloured teachers in that work:—"As a teaching body, the London Missionary Society, in the teeth of great and many difficulties, has effected much good in New Guinea. Its stations are as yet practically confined to the coast line, and even on this they are sometimes separated by great intervals, which leave numerous populous tribes totally unprovided with teachers. There are certainly many hundreds of tribes living inland from the coast stations, who have not heard of a Missionary, and who can never be taught from the posts now established. To reach these a great accession of strength is required, and a different and more extended plan of campaign will be necessary. Native teachers born and reared in coast villages will never take

kindly to residence inland ; the boys and youths of the interior will not, as a rule, remain long enough at the coast to acquire the training of efficient teachers. European Missionaries must therefore leave the coast, and take up permanent stations among the tribes of the interior, and educate the future inland teachers on the spot. It may be said at once that New Guinea must be taught eventually by native teachers.

“Let me say a word for the coloured teacher. He, poor simple soul, leaves, at our call, his own little world and warm-hearted friends in the South Seas, to devote his efforts to his fellow-men in an unknown country. I believe some eight of the Society’s teachers have been murdered by our natives. How many of you ever heard of those eight men ? Had they belonged to our own race, we should all have known much more about their career, their suffering, their martyrdom. Scores of them have died splendidly and silently at their posts. Let me remind you that often less courage is required to perform a brave and daring deed on the impulse of the moment, than is needed in the man that remains, as the

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native teacher does, at an obscure and difficult post for a prolonged term, especially when he knows that he will get no credit of any kind for his performance. The work of the South Sea teacher has the misfortune of not appealing to the imagination. Only those that see his work, and understand him and his surroundings, can appreciate him and sympathize with him. Any Missionary will starve himself to provide hospitality for his guest—I have known it done often—and the poor coloured teacher is certainly no less hospitable than the white Missionary. Now what, except the promises of the Gospel and the approval of his own conscience, has the coloured teacher to look forward to as his reward? In a month or two after he ceases to work his very name fades like an echo. . . .”

Honours were poured upon Mr. Chalmers, which he took at their true value. His services as explorer of a new land were recognized by the Geographical Society of Germany. Then followed recognition by the various Societies of the Australian Colonies. The Royal Geographical Society of England also enrolled him as a member.

But what he regarded as the most graceful distinction of all was the bestowment upon him of the freedom of the royal burgh of Inverary. That gratified him—to stand again among the people who knew his old, simple, quaint home, and his humble parentage among them, and receive from their hands the highest honour in their gift.

The interests of the Society with which he was immediately connected stood, in his estimation, far and away above all considerations of personal advantage, and gold given for his own uses he flung without hesitation into the Mission fund. He occupied on one occasion the pulpit of the late Dr. Parker, at City Temple. The famous preacher was laid on his back by serious illness, and was glad to avail himself of Chalmers' help. When Mrs. Parker returned home from the service, she spoke with generous praise of the Missionary hero, of his striking personality, and of the great work which he was doing for Christ. Dr. Parker was so interested in what he heard that he wrote a note to Chalmers, thanking him cordially for his service, and enclosing a

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cheque for £50, which he specially desired him to use for his own personal comfort. The whole amount, however, was sent on to the Mission Fund.

## CHAPTER XXII.

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### STATION ESTABLISHED AT SAGUANE.

**M**R. Chalmers left his wife behind him in England for reasons of health, and returned alone to his work in New Guinea towards the close of 1895. In pursuance of arrangements already made he proceeded to Saguane, in the delta of the Fly River, where he established his central station, and whence he hoped evangelizing agents would go forth, in the course of a few years, to touch with Gospel influences the wild tribes that lay back from the sea-board. His mode of life now, early in 1896, and his weird and wild surroundings, formed a sharp contrast to the glad experiences of those fast fleeting months which he had spent in Christian Britain, when kindest voices had acclaimed him, and hearts had opened to receive him and

to pour unstinted love upon him—where his whole nature had brightened under genial social intercourse, and had risen in joyous response to the stimulating power of the intellectual and spiritual forces round about him—all of which had made his visit to the home-land so memorable and full of pleasant reminiscence to him. And no wonder that he found it hard—something of a strain upon his patience and faith, to gather the lawless, flighty, irrepressible little savages into the school which he opened, and to teach them the simplest elements—the very rudiments of knowledge. But “the common round, the daily task,”—the irksome drudgeries to which he put his hand, were exalted and glorified by the vision which he got by faith of the looming triumphs of the glorious Gospel of Christ in that land of foul and indescribable abominations, and of dreary superstitions and cruelty.

Mrs. Chalmers joined her husband in August, 1897, and not only brought the sunshine and comfort of her presence to his home, but gave him very important help in

the school, carrying on the work very efficiently, and winning the simple affection and trust of the children, during her husband's absence at the various stations which were under his superintendence and official care.

“My dear Brother Ross,” he wrote to us under date, “Fly River, Saguane, 6th December, 1897, “Good, so very good of you to write. . . . I am much more in touch with the old home-land than with the Colonies. The only colonial paper I get is the ‘Otago Witness,’ and Mr. Peter Barr sends me that. If ever I retired, which I have no desire to do, I do not think we should settle in Australia, perhaps in New Zealand, more likely in London. I love the great city.

“I have not seen your Life of our good old Doctor, but will try for it when next in Thursday Island. I should like just to pop in and have a good long yarn with you. I am glad your old Missionary enthusiasm abides.

“On my return from England, nearly two years ago, I settled here, right at the

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mouth of the Fly Estuary. I was asked by the Directors to undertake the Fly. Although teachers from Murray Island have been here for years, no real impression has been made. The present indifference is very great. We are working, watching, and waiting, and know well the blessing will come.

“The children attend school very fairly, and we hope much from them. The country about here is very unsuitable for our South Sea teachers, and our great hope is that soon some of the people will so give themselves to Christ that they will become teachers.

“Tamate vaine joined me three months ago, and now it is home. She has kept her health very well since joining me.

“In Torres Straits it has been an active year in Church building. In Saibai they got together over £100, bought the material, and built a very fine Church. These people, twenty-five years ago, were a terror to their neighbours, as determined skull-hunters.

“In October we opened a very nice Church on Mabuiagi, which cost the natives

£250, and all paid for by themselves. Now the natives of Mabuiagi, twenty-five years ago, were a savage, naked, nomadic crowd, and living much as the Australian aborigines do in their wild state.

“On Murray and Darnley they are building fine, large concrete Churches, which will be opened next year.

“I wish you could come down and see us. The trip to Thursday Island I should think the finest in the world, and in July, August, September, the weather is delightful on the island, and these are also our best months here. If afraid of fever, Torres Straits can be done, and much Mission work can be seen. I want much to see Mission Work in China and Japan, and we may arrange sometime for that trip. Tamate vaine will enjoy it. Love to Mrs. Ross and yourself. Ever yours faithfully,

TAMATE.”

A few weeks after the date of that letter he met with an accident—a bad fall, which invalidated him for a while. Enforced inaction, when there was much to do, tended

to depress him, and as soon as he could move about, accompanied by his wife, he set out to visit the teachers in the Straits, But the season was an exceptionally tempestuous one, no such violent winds and stormy waters had he experienced for many years, and his constant exposure in a frail, wet craft, to appalling squalls and drenching seas, told seriously upon his health. They put in for shelter at Thursday Island, and, leaving his wife, who was ailing, there, Tamate, after a few days' rest, completed his visitation of the Mission Stations. He returned after a brief absence, prostrated by malarial fever, complicated by other troubles induced by his fall. But as soon as strength permitted, he was back again at his post at Saguane, fighting his way through difficulties and trials, combating by sheer force of Christian heroism revolting heathen rites, whose roots were struck deep in the social habits of the people; and at last, with clear discernment of the breaking of the dawn, for which he had longed and laboured and wrestled in prayer, he was enabled to sing glad songs of victory, while gathering immortal sheaves for

the garner of Christ. Manifestations of the Divine presence were clearly visible; many were seeking baptism, and affording cheering indications that the power of God in the Glorious Gospel of His Son was touching and transforming their hearts.

In April, 1900, Mr. Chalmers was greatly gratified by the arrival of a colleague, who entered upon his work with ample promise of a useful career. It was arranged that the Rev. O. F. Tomkins should superintend the Torres Straits Mission, leaving Tamate free to explore the Fly River, and establish stations to operate on the tribes contiguous to that. His new colleague gave abundant proof of his fitness for the position which he filled. He rapidly won his way into the veteran's heart, and found opportunities for the display of qualities which merited and received the most generous praise from his lips.

Six months later on, after a prolonged illness, Mrs. Chalmers died. Her removal was a sore trial to Tamate. His heart for a time was numbed with grief. His own health was failing;

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physical infirmities were multiplying upon him. A sense of loneliness at times completely overpowered him. But when he looked around him and saw the misery of the heathen, a profound compassion filled his heart, and he roused himself to more strenuous effort to bring them into living touch with Christ. Some idea of his ceaseless activity may be formed from a statement made by Dr. Lawes, that "of the 130 Mission Stations which the L.M.S. has in New Guinea, there was hardly one that did not owe its initiation to Mr. Chalmers."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

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### TAMATE WINS THE MARTYR'S CROWN.

**A**LTHOUGH we have no direct evidence of it, yet there is no doubt that Tamate felt that his life on earth was approaching its close. We have abundant proof from the tone and tenor of his latest writings, that the ripening process was going on apace. In spite of decaying physical power he applied himself with new energy, with eager and tense activity to his work, as if he would make the most of the days that still remained to him. For the heathen lay as a great burden on his heart. He was filled with a passionate longing for the evangelization of New Guinea, and with a holy daring he claimed it from God. Now and again he gives us an insight into the wonderful openness of his soul's eye, and clearness of his spiritual vision. He lived very close to the

supreme realities of eternity, and in some of the more important crises of his life, when imminent perils threatened him, he felt the touch of a Divine hand upon him, he was thrilled by a Divine voice that spoke in his ear, and put strength into his heart, and gave direction to all his goings. His worldly affairs were all in the most perfect order; and he left on record for the guidance of others, sagacious reflections on the best methods of conducting and extending the Mission, and on the sort of men that the work demanded—"they must be men," he said, "of the Cross, Christ-men, with hearts aglow with love, and fired with burning desires to rescue the lost."

He sailed from Daru on board the Mission boat "Niue," in company with Mr. Tomkins, Hiro, a Rarotongan teacher, the Chief of Ipisia, and a party of ten Mission boys. They were anchored off the Eastern end of Goaribari Island on the evening of Sunday, April 7th, 1901. Soon after the vessel anchored the natives came off, and stayed on board till sunset, when Tamate persuaded them to go ashore, with a promise that he would visit them in their village

the next day. Early the following morning the natives boarded the ship, and crowded the decks, so that there was no room to move. Their canoes were filled with weapons of war, and they resisted all efforts made by the Mission party to get them to leave the ship and go ashore. Tamate then decided to land, thinking that they would follow him. In company with Mr. Tomkins, and the Ipisia Chief, and the Mission boys, he went ashore in the whaleboat, intending to return in half an hour for breakfast. A large number of natives accompanied the Mission party, the rest remained on board and looted the ship, taking all the barter and stores on which they could lay their hands. The "Niue," suspecting treachery, moved along the coast, watching and waiting for the return of the Mission party, but saw nothing of them, and, on the morning of the 9th April, left for Daru, to report the matter to the civil authorities,

The Governor, with a large force, visited the island, and repelled several attacks which were made upon him by the natives. He captured a prisoner at Dop-

ima, from whom he received full details of the massacre. The Missionaries were knocked senseless under blows of stone clubs dealt to them from behind; their heads were then cut off, and their bodies cut up and handed to the women to cook for the cannibal feast. The remainder of the Mission party on shore met with a similar fate. The Governor's force punished the cruel deed by burning the "dubus" in the villages, and all the war canoes which they found. Some twenty-four natives were killed in the attacks which they made upon the invading force.

Thus passed from among us one whose name and work will be imperishably associated with the planting and progress of Christianity and civilization in the great land that lies contiguous to the Northern border of our own Commonwealth. Supreme peril to life he had often fearlessly fronted before, and now, when he perceived the savage mood of the people with whom he had to deal, he met death dauntlessly, no doubt joyfully accepting it as the opening of a glorious gateway into a brighter realm of activity for Christ—out of the

shadows and the sorrows which had so often darkened his pathway here.

And for us who are left behind to fight on against sin and darkness—against pitifulest selfishness, and pride of place and self—there was aching of heart and grief when the announcement of that dark tragedy came to us, and we could only bow our heads in lowly submission to the Master's will, and thank Him that He gave us in Tamate so noble a gift that we, stimulated by his bright and inspiring example, may seek to be animated by his spirit, and do, with courage, and faith, and singleness of eye to God's glory, the work which has been laid to our hand to do.

Very deep throughout the wide Commonwealth of Australia, and throughout the neighbouring Colony of New Zealand, wherever Tamate's name was known, was the sorrow that was felt, and very profound was the sympathy evinced when the electric wires flashed intelligence of the tragic close of that brave, unselfish, simple, consecrated life, that was stamped with all

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the finest qualities that give dignity and grandeur to the character of a man.

The last act of the dark tragedy was performed on 16th March, 1903, when advantage was taken of the presence of the Missionary steamer "John Williams," with a large party of Missionaries and their families at Daru, to carry out the burial ceremonies of the skull of James Chalmers. It was enclosed in a cedar cabinet mounted with a silver shield, and inscribed—"Skull of the Rev. James Chalmers. Recovered from the Goaribari natives, at which place he was massacred on April 8th, 1901."

"It is difficult to do justice," Vice-Admiral Bridge said, "in writing, to the character of this really great Englishman. One had only to know and live with him in out-of-the-way lands, to be convinced that he was endowed with the splendid characteristics which distinguished our most eminent explorers and pioneers."

Admiral Erskine, after speaking of the great services rendered to the British Gov-

ernment by Chalmers, says :—"I cannot close this letter without expressing my personal admiration and respect for the noble qualities which distinguished and adorned my late lamented friend, and the profound sorrow and distress with which I have heard of his untimely and terrible death at the hands of those natives, for whose benefit he spent over twenty years of his life. An earnest and true disciple of his Master, he has yielded up a life of self-negation and devotion to duty, to win immortality and a crown of glory which fadeth not away. And it would be entirely in keeping with his Christian character—a humble follower of the Great Example—if his last thoughts and fervent prayers were offered up in the last bitter hour for the poor benighted savages, who unwittingly have done to death their truest friend and benefactor."

"GREAT-HEART IS DEAD, THEY SAY—

Great-Heart the Teacher,

Great-Heart the Joyous,

Great-Heart the Fearless,

Great-Heart of Sweet White Fire,

Great-Heart the Martyr.

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“GREAT-HEART IS DEAD, THEY SAY—

Fighting the fight,  
Holding the Light  
Into the night.

“GREAT-HEART IS DEAD, THEY SAY—

But the Light shall burn the brighter,  
And the night shall be the lighter  
For his going,  
And a rich, rich harvest for his sowing.

“GREAT-HEART IS DEAD, THEY SAY.

WHAT IS DEATH TO SUCH A ONE AS GREAT-  
HEART ?

One sigh perchance for work unfinished here,  
Then a swift passing to a mightier sphere,  
New joys, perfected powers, the vision clear,  
And all the amplitude of heaven to work  
The work he held so dear.

“GREAT-HEART IS DEAD, THEY SAY ?

Nor dead, nor sleeping ! He lives on. His  
name

Shall kindle many a heart to equal flame,  
The fire he lighted shall burn on and on,  
Till all the darkness of the lands be gone,

And all the kingdoms of the earth be won,  
And One.

“A SOUL SO FIERY SWEET CAN NEVER DIE,  
BUT LIVES, AND LOVES, AND WORKS,  
THROUGH ALL ETERNITY.” \*

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\* John Oxenham in “The Quiver,” 1901.

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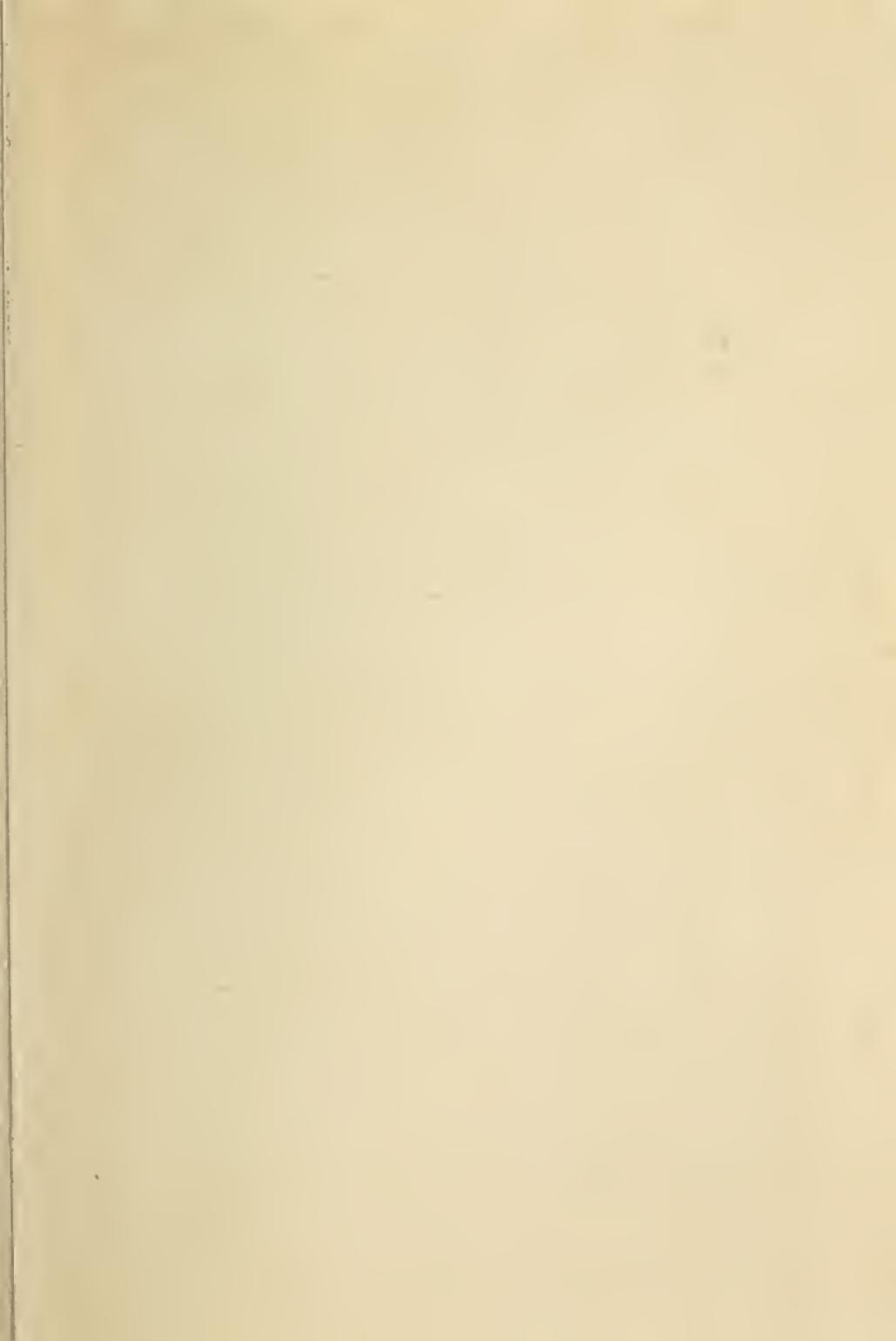
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