A NATIVE OF WAMIRA.

ALBERT MACLAREN

PIONEER MISSIONARY IN NEW GUINEA

A MEMOIR

BY

FRANCES M. SYNGE

INTRODUCTION

BY SIR WILLIAM MACGREGOR, G.C.M.G., M.D., ETC.

FORMERLY GOVERNOR OF BRITISH NEW GUINEA

ILLUSTRATED

Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts
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PREFATORY NOTE

It is a privilege to accede to a request to write a few words in order to introduce this book, in the publication of which I have been allowed to assist, to the friends and supporters of the S.P.G. I knew Mr. Maclaren well both in Australia and in England. What struck me most about him was his almost unique power of sympathy, which rendered any formal introduction to him unnecessary, and which in a brief space of time made it possible for acquaintanceship to develop into friendship and friendship into love. Again, he gave others credit for his own high ideals, and by his transparent sincerity and by refusing to believe that his friend or acquaintance could be moved by motives less high than his own he exercised a compelling influence, of which few could fail to be conscious who had spent even a short time in his company. The highest and the most neces[illegible] hi[illegible] missionary can aspire to gain is [illegible] was because Maclaren posses[illegible]

sympathy in so high a degree that the brief work which he was called to do has been fruitful of lasting results.

Few will read this brief sketch of Maclaren's work without feeling the contagion of his enthusiasm, and without becoming conscious of an increased desire to obtain some measure of the Christlike sympathy which was the secret of his power.

CHARLES H. ROBINSON,
S.P.G. Editorial Secretary.

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INTRODUCTION

FOR me to write an Introduction to the life of the Rev. Albert Maclaren is a labour of love, for I have known few more lovable men than the subject of this memoir.

Albert Maclaren first became known to me on Sunday, the 23rd of February, 1890, when he arrived at the Island of Dauan, on the New Guinea coast, on board the S.S. *Merrie England*, from Thursday Island.

On my arrival in British New Guinea in 1888 I found two Missions established there. The London Missionary Society had already been fourteen years at work, and then extended over a large area of the southern coast from the Fly River to Teste Island, but this line was broken by great gaps at which there were no teachers.

The Roman Catholic Mission had, three or four years before my arrival, established itself in the middle of this line, with headquarters on Yule

Island, and with a few stations on the Mekeo River, on the mainland opposite to Yule Island, which was a very accessible and convenient centre.

It was quite clear that many a long year must elapse before these two Missions could evangelise the 92,000 square miles of territory over which I had declared the Queen's sovereignty on the 4th of September, 1888. My experience of Mission work in Fiji, where I was intimately acquainted with the remarkably successful results of the Methodist Mission—results that, so far as I am aware, have not been surpassed by any modern Christian Mission—had led me to feel that it was my duty to try to procure additional Mission settlement in New Guinea; and not unnaturally under such circumstances I first addressed myself to the Australian Methodist Church, and had already, before Mr. Maclaren arrived in New Guinea, invited a Methodist Mission to take up the Eastern Islands of the Colony.

Mr. Maclaren was accompanied by the Hon. John Douglas, C.M.G., who had acted for some two years as Special Commissioner on the New Guinea coast before the country was brought under sovereignty. Mr. Maclaren informed me he had come over to arrange to open a Mission of the Church of England.

It was clear there was more than sufficient field for the four Missions, but it was at the same time desirable that each should have its own area, so that their strength should be utilised to the best advantage. I urged on Mr. Maclaren before deciding anything to accompany me on a tour to the east end of the Colony and along the north-east coast of the mainland.

Accordingly on the 22nd of May, 1890, Mr. Maclaren accompanied me on a tour to the Mekeo district, making the acquaintance of the Roman Catholic Bishop Verjus. Mr. Maclaren had volunteered to act as my Private Secretary for three months while travelling with me, which allowed the Private Secretary to go on leave on full pay, as Mr. Maclaren would not accept any remuneration. This gave me at the same time a very efficient Secretary and a delightful companion. The first journey I had to make during that term was to deal with a tribe of the Mekeo country that had attacked another; but fortunately neither there nor at any other place while Mr. Maclaren was with me was any blood shed by my party. It was already said by the natives of the Mekeo district that the "Governor makes peace everywhere," and we were received accordingly. An equal number had in this case been killed on each side, and the two principal

chiefs were made to publicly rub noses and become reconciled. This was Mr. Maclaren's first experience of the Papuans. But he had other new experiences during that first journey. He had several matrimonial proposals from high chiefs, who believed Mr. Maclaren was open for an alliance because he was clean-shaven. One night Mr. Maclaren was asleep under my hammock, which was swung on two sticks under a "fly," when he was awakened by a painted, armed warrior, who looked into his mosquito net, and caused some alarm; and soon after that a great pig came and began to "root" him as he lay in his sleeping couch. One did not know from this beginning which most to admire, Mr. Maclaren's moral courage or his cheerful good nature. After the Mekeo trip Mr. Maclaren was with me when I visited the schools and examined the scholars of the Roman Catholic and London Missionary Society's schools, and he thus became acquainted with their methods.

On the 9th of June, 1890, the Rev. George Brown, the General Secretary of the Australian Methodist Missions, joined us at Port Moresby. The working heads of the four Missions could thus be all brought together without much trouble. A remarkable group of men were thus assembled to confer together.

Representing the London Missionary Society were two distinguished men—the scholarly, accomplished, devoted and experienced teacher, Dr. W. Lawes ; and the courageous, indefatigable, ever-active and fearless James Chalmers. For the Methodist Church the large-hearted, brave veteran, Dr. George Brown, who had kept two hostile Samoan armies apart by sitting down between them when drawn up in battle array, and refusing to move till they began to discuss terms of peace ; and who had afterwards planted the Gospel in Duke of York and neighbouring islands under conditions of great danger. For the Church of England the Rev. A. A. Maclaren, full of life and hope, prepared to work with these older men in the new field, with two objects only in view—to serve his Master and to do all in his power for the Papuan, for whom he already entertained the warmest sympathy. The fourth Church, the Roman Catholic, was worthily represented by its working head, Bishop Verjus, a well-educated man, broad-minded, and an excellent missionary. Of that group of eminent and highly qualified men only the Rev. Dr. George Brown, the oldest man of the number, now survives.

The missionaries agreed among themselves that the Church of England should occupy the north-east coast from Ducie Point to the boundary

with the German Protectorate of Kaiser Wilhelmsland; that the Methodists should have all the Eastern Islands, except Hayter, as their field, the London Missionary Society giving up to them Teste Island; that the London Missionary Society should have all the south coast, except the part occupied by the Sacred Heart Mission. That this result was arrived at so speedily and easily was in no small degree owing to the character of Mr. Maclaren. He was a man of perfect temper, very tactful, courteous, and always prepared to give due consideration to the greater experience, and to the wishes and opinions of others. There can be no doubt that the partition of labour made between the Missions then was of very great use to the natives of the country and to Mission work. It was soon after confirmed by a policy that was, with the sanction of the Secretary of State, published in the *Royal Gazette:* that in any one native village only one grant of land would be given to a Mission by the Government.

In the month of July, Mr. Maclaren and the Rev. Dr. Brown accompanied me on a round of inspection of the Louisiade and D'Entrecasteaux groups of islands, and as far as the Lachlan and Woodlark Islands, which gave Mr. Maclaren an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted with many native tribes, and gave him a know-

ledge of their condition, manners and customs that would hardly have been possible in such a short space of time under any other circumstances.

On the 23rd of July, 1890, we first entered the special Mission field of Mr. Maclaren, the north-east coast, at Chad's Bay. We anchored in front of the native village, and could see numbers of people preparing to run away. I landed with two boys without any arms, when some of those present recognised me, as I had some time previously resettled them in their village. We soon assembled a number of the natives. They did not understand any English, but it was possible to make oneself partially understood by the Milne Bay dialect. When Dr. Brown and Mr. Maclaren landed, I presented the latter to the natives as their missionary, and using the native idiom told them "he had come to sit down among them as their missionary". They understood this to mean that they were to be seated, and that Mr. Maclaren was to preach to them there and then, which he naturally said he was not prepared to do, though they showed their willingness to receive him as their missionary by at once seating themselves on the ground in an attitude of expectancy.

Mr. Maclaren then accompanied me the whole

length of his coast district, which he thus visited from Cape Ducie to Mitre Rock. Many of the tribes were then as wild as possible. In Collingwood Bay, for example, a memorable stampede was produced among a crowd of natives assembled round us by one of my party striking a match. Such was the panic produced by this slight cause that the natives bolted blindly in all directions, running against and upsetting each other, while one was stunned by rushing against a house-post. In Collingwood Bay we were presented with the greatest treat they had at command—cooked yams and dead dog.

On the 4th of August I landed alone with Mr. Maclaren on the invitation of a number of natives we saw on the beach some miles south of Mitre Rock. They soon became numerous, and were somewhat boisterous. They did not know iron, and were with difficulty got to do any trading. They were provided with arms, and were very suspicious. Their method of salutation was to pull one's nose. One of them in warmth of friendship or exuberance of spirit saluted Mr. Maclaren in this way somewhat roughly, and caught him by the chin. They suddenly all darted into "the bush," without any apparent reason; but we found later on that it was because one of them had stolen Mr. Maclaren's spectacles. Another was detected in

the act of stealing his jacket. Had we remained too long there would certainly have been trouble. These are fair examples of what Mr. Maclaren learned of his people on that journey.

We selected several sites for Mission stations, such as that on Mission Hill, some twelve or fifteen miles south of the German boundary; and for Collingwood Bay, Maclaren Harbour, a beautiful place on the north end of the Bay.

Mr. Maclaren continued with me till the 14th of August, 1890, when I landed him at Cooktown.

On the 20th of December, 1891, I was at Samarai, accompanied by the Right Honourable Sir Samuel Griffith, G.C.M.G. We found Mr. Maclaren there seriously ill, and on the way to Australia. He was suffering from fever, and it was thought desirable that he should proceed to a colder climate. Mr. Maclaren was physically a splendid man, but he had one peculiarity in his constitution that unfitted him for a malarious country—he could not tolerate quinine. I have known a few, very few, similar instances, in which men could not take this medicine, but they are now, I believe, all dead. No such man should stay in a malarious country, for he does so at the risk of his own life and to the danger of others. But this was not understood at that date, which was prior

to the great discoveries of my friend Major Ronald Ross.

In a despatch dated the 6th of February, 1892, I wrote as follows:—

"On the same day (23rd December, 1891) the steamer proceeded to the Anglican Mission Station at Wedau, in Bartle Bay. The Rev. A. Maclaren, the head of the Mission, we left at Samarai, suffering from an attack of fever, which did not appear to be of unusual severity, but to which he succumbed shortly afterwards. The death of that gentleman is a great blow to the Mission in its present stage, and is a very regrettable public loss. He was at the time the only clergyman representing the Mission in his district. An excellent site had been selected for the station, and some progress made in erecting a very superior dwelling-house, but it was found that much of the house materials had been short supplied and operations had in consequence been suspended; but although Mr. Maclaren had been such a short time in the district, and had heavy care and much vexation in connection with the building of houses and founding the Mission, I could see clearly that he had made a distinct impression on the natives of the vicinity. He had prepared a vocabulary of about a thousand words of their language, and had visited all the tribes on

the coast between Girumia and Sibiribiri. The natives of Wamira were attending service regularly, and becoming a settled, industrious community. He had also been successful in establishing peaceful relations between some tribes not yet visited by me, and I believe he was fast reducing crime in the district."

And in my Annual Report for the year, when speaking of Missions, I wrote:—

"The Anglican Mission, which had taken up as its field the north-east coast from Cape Ducie to Mitre Rock, was completely stunned by the death of the Rev. A. Maclaren, at the end of the year. He was possessed of all the high qualities that seemed necessary to make a man a great missionary among such a people—enthusiasm, originality and strong sympathy. High hopes were entertained as to the work he and his Mission would be able to accomplish among the native tribes. His death was a very serious public loss. Under the management of the Rev. C. King, the Mission-house at Wedau has been completed, and all is now prepared at the station for the reception of other workers. Mr. King has established services and a school for the natives nearest the station."

Further knowledge of the world has only confirmed my belief that the death of Mr. Maclaren

closed the earthly career of one who would have been a great missionary. He was a sympathetic man, patient and sweet-tempered, the type of man that would gain the confidence of natives and influence them for good. He was earnest in the spiritual part of his work, and went to the fountain-head for his own religion. Mr. Maclaren made it a rule of life to read a certain portion of the Greek New Testament every day, a practice that would have greatly assisted him when he came to translate the Gospels into native dialects.

He was warmly attached to the Church of England, though I understood that his father was a Presbyterian. But Mr. Maclaren was so little of the bigot that I find it entered in my diary that he went to say his prayers in the Roman Catholic chapel at Raro. Bishop Verjus of the Roman Catholic Mission said to me once when speaking of Mr. Maclaren: "They tell me he is more a Catholic than I am". This was probably true in the broadest and best sense, though Bishop Verjus was no bigot.

Mr. Maclaren had clear views as to utilising native manners and usages in mission services. He was, for example, delighted with the nose flute of some of his people, and intended to include it in the choir. This frame of mind he derived from his acquaintance with the history of the ancient

church, and from his own study of human nature.

Mr. Maclaren gave the first impetus to Church of England Mission work on the great and interesting field of the north-east coast.

One can wish that Mission nothing better than that it shall always continue to move in the direction in which he gave to it its first start; and that it may always be animated by the spirit that was infused into it by Albert Maclaren.

WM. MACGREGOR.

CHAPTER I

BIRTH AND EARLY YEARS

ON a memorial stone in Westminster Abbey it is written, "God buries His workmen but carries on His work". This might be written on many another, and not least on a cross which, far away in the heat and glare of a North Australian cemetery, marks the grave of Albert Alexander Maclaren.

No farther back than the year 1891 this young Anglican clergyman, followed by the watching eyes and the earnest prayers of the Church in England and in Australia, went forth, in the name of God, to plant the banner of the Cross on the north-east coast of British New Guinea. Six months later came the tidings of what proved to be a fatal attack of fever, of a last message (on Christmas Day) to his mother, "Don't be anxious, I am in His hands, I shall be better soon," of a brief voyage, the lonely death at sea, and a hasty burial in Cooktown cemetery.

Death and apparent disaster have often been the first steps to the triumphs of the Cross, and the story of this life and death is no new one in the history of the Church. It deserves none the less a place among the annals of her pioneers. His life has borne fruit in the inspiration which it has afforded to many other lives.

Albert Alexander Maclaren, the founder of the New Guinea Mission, was of Scottish descent.

The Maclarens were an old family of Musselburgh, who had suffered reverses. Albert Maclaren's great-grandfather had been a captain in the army, his father, Charles Stewart Maclaren, earned his living as a stone-mason. He is remembered by his children as a grave, quiet Presbyterian who told them often that he himself had been very strictly brought up and intended to bring them up in the same way. But it was from a saintly grandmother that Albert Maclaren probably inherited his deeply religious character.

A short time before the birth of his son, Charles Stewart Maclaren was appointed to a post under Government in the Falkland Islands, and sailed from England with his wife and eldest daughter in the brigantine *Eliza*, but the ship struck upon the Goodwin Sands, and, after floating off again, narrowly escaped total wreck on the Needles off the Isle of Wight, and was forced to put into Cowes for repairs. After this second escape, Mrs. Maclaren refused to continue the voyage, and thereby saved her own life and that of the future missionary, for shortly afterwards, on the 14th February, 1853, her son was born at Queen's Terrace, West Cowes. In the meantime the *Eliza* had resumed her voyage only to founder at sea. The child was baptised "Albert Alexander" by a Presbyterian minister, and brought up in his very early years under the teaching of the Scottish Kirk.

A story is told that while he was still in long clothes his mother was asked to show her baby to a native

THE REV. A. A. MACLAREN.

missionary, who took the child in his arms, kissed him, and gave him back, saying, "There, your son has been kissed by a black missionary, if he lives he will become a great missionary himself some day".

We may see in these simple words God's vocation for the future pioneer of the New Guinea Mission. Albert Maclaren was ever at heart a missionary—the poor, the suffering, the outcast, the ignorant were sought out and cared for by him, from his early days, when, as a little boy, he carried the flowers he loved to the sick and suffering in his village home, until the summer morning when he laid down his life for the people of far-off New Guinea.

From Cowes, Charles Maclaren moved with his family to Newport and thence to Portsmouth. When his son Albert was eight years old, and three other children (two girls and a boy) had been born, he moved to Drayton, a little hamlet near Cosham, in Hampshire. We only get glimpses of Albert Maclaren's early childhood, but enough to indicate the contradictions at all times characteristic of him. Roaming over Portsmouth Down, carrying home primroses, the spoils of country walks, to his youngest sister, working in the cottage garden—always his special care—carrying his beloved flowers and reading to one old woman dying on Portsmouth Down, halving his fourpence a week pocket-money regularly with another in the village, gathering the children together on Sunday evenings, preaching to them, and making them practise psalms and hymns over and over until they had them right, loving and beloved by his brothers and sisters, though

always a great tease and certainly far from being a prig—such are some of the memories of those early days. In ordinary boyish sports he seems to have taken but little interest. He went to school first at Portsmouth and then to the village school at Cosham, and he is described as being, until the age of twelve, "a troublesome pickle". He was never very studious and he stood somewhat in awe of his stern father. In after years he told the following story in illustration of the discipline to which he was subjected, contrasting it with the indulgence granted by the parents of the present time. One day, out of school hours, a certain schoolmaster in Australia saw a boy in the act of nailing a duck down to the pavement by its webbed feet. Then and there he thrashed him for his cruelty. The boy's father was indignant, prosecuted the schoolmaster and succeeded in having him fined. "It was very different when I was a boy," he said; "one day when I came home from school my father suspected, and rightly, that I had had a thrashing and asked me what it was for. I told him. 'You deserved it too,' he said, 'and I will give you another.' And he did give me another," added Maclaren.

On the 12th of March, 1865, when twelve years of age, he was confirmed by Bishop Gilbert of Chichester, and two years later he left school and went to work at a temporary office in connection with the building of Purbrook Fort.

At the age of seventeen he left home for the first time and was employed with the Ordnance Survey, first at Oxford, and afterwards at Amberley and Newbury. During his stay at Oxford in the winter of

1871-72 he attended a night-school held in the parish of S. Ebbs, and there made the acquaintance of one of the clergy—the Rev. Willoughby Bryan Brown—who afterwards befriended him at East Shefford.

In 1875 the Rev. John Adams, Vicar of Stock Cross, near Newbury, discovered that young Maclaren (who sung in the choir at Stock Cross) was interested in missionary work, and, as he seemed to have a vocation, it was eventually decided that he should study with a view to work in the mission field.

About this time a ruridecanal missionary association was formed to support a student at S. Augustine's Missionary Training College, Canterbury, and on the recommendation of Mr. Adams and other clergy of the rural deanery of Newbury, Albert Maclaren was nominated as the first student to be supported throughout his course by the new association with the help of a few friends. After spending a year at Wrexham Grammar School, he entered S. Augustine's College on 28th November, 1874, being then in his twenty-second year.

At college the young student in no way distinguished himself in his studies, but showed a true vocation for mission work among the poor. During the latter part of their course the students at S. Augustine's were attached to certain parishes in Canterbury to teach in Sunday-schools and visit in different districts. The poor district of Knott's Lane, in the parish of North Gate, became Albert Maclaren's sphere of work. He threw himself into it as if the parish were his own. As the vicar was ninety years of age, more work than usual devolved on the enthusiastic young man.

I remember looking in at a school treat one Saint's

Day and the comical effect he presented, holding a hymn-book with one hand, and in the other a chair to be placed for me in a post of honour, singing all the time at the top of his voice.

He was an excellent visitor, full of fun, and rather fond of mimicry. The persuasive begging powers for the needs of the Church, which he possessed in a remarkable degree all his life, are illustrated by the following story of those days. He hired a room over a stable and set himself to collect the money needed to furnish it suitably for his mission work. His fellow students dared him to approach the landlord, a Unitarian, for a subscription. Off went Maclaren, but, as was to be expected, met with no success. After trying his powers of persuasion for some time, he left his landlord as he said "to think it over" and he would "call again to-morrow". He was warned that it would be useless, but on the morrow, nothing daunted, he tried again, only to be again refused. He told the man he was afraid he had not left him time enough to think it over and he would call again. The following day he returned triumphantly with five pounds.

"I can still see his earnest face as he addressed his little congregation of costers and their wives and children in the old house in the court of Knott's Lane," says one of his fellow Augustinians (the Rev. H. C. H. Johnson); "nothing ever seemed too much for him to do for the poor people down there, and some years after, when I returned to Canterbury, the people still retained affectionate memories of him."

Twenty years after he had left S. Augustine's

another student at the college writes of him: "He is still remembered by the older inhabitants of Knott's Lane with affection. Nearly all the people of this district were very poor and many of the children came barefooted to school. These dearly loved Maclaren, and he might frequently be seen walking down the street with some of them clinging to his gown. As their poverty was great, so, too, was their ignorance. One of Maclaren's fellow-workers took a party of Sunday-school boys to the cathedral on one occasion. They had never been in it before though they lived within a stone's-throw of it. One of the boys, when asked what he thought of it, said, 'It would be a good place to dodge a bobby in'. A lady who accompanied Maclaren in 1888 on a visit to his old haunts says: 'All was still and all the inhabitants seemed asleep, but some one saw and recognised "Muster Maclaren". The news of his arrival spread like wildfire, heads in every variety of covering or disarray were thrust out of windows and he was quickly surrounded and warmly greeted.'"

While at S. Augustine's his vacations were spent in mission work, sometimes at S. Peter's, London Docks, where he had the privilege of working under Father Lowder, sometimes at Gravesend, where, through his connection with S. Andrew's Waterside Mission, he first became acquainted with Canon Scarth, to whom he was deeply attached, and with whose family he found, afterwards at Bearsted, in Kent, what he loved to call "his second home".

CHAPTER II

WORK AT MACKAY (QUEENSLAND)

ALBERT MACLAREN lost his father in June, 1877, and in the same year completed his course at S. Augustine's. He was anxious to devote himself immediately to the work of the Universities Mission in Central Africa, but the doctors, in consequence of his delicate constitution, refused to certify to his physical fitness. He then offered himself to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and after satisfying the Board of Examiners, on 28th June, 1877, he was accepted by the Committee of the Society for general mission work.

About this time Bishop Hale was appealing for men to work in the Diocese of Brisbane and Maclaren offered himself.

He left England in November, 1877, and took the longer voyage by sailing vessel for the benefit of his health. Early in 1878 he reached Australia, and on 17th March was made deacon by Bishop Hale of Brisbane at Christ Church, Milton. He was sent to take charge of Mackay, a rising township about 750 miles north of Brisbane, and the centre of Queensland's sugar industry. On 19th June, 1878, he was ordained priest

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, MACKAY, NORTH QUEENSLAND.

which did duty for a rectory. The new Church of the Holy Trinity, adorned by many gifts which expressed at once the influence and the reverence of the rector, was opened in December, 1879, and consecrated the following February by Dr. Stanton, the Bishop of North Queensland, to which diocese the Parish of Mackay had been transferred.

The church being built and paid for, Maclaren next set to work to raise funds for a schoolroom, and in four months a substantial building was completed. His next step was to purchase a piece of land on the north side of Mackay, on which he erected another small church for the benefit of parishioners living in the neighbourhood, some of them at a distance of five or six miles from the parish church. By his exertions, too, a rectory was built close to Holy Trinity Church, and many sick parishioners from the country, needing change of air, and unable to pay hotel expenses, were welcomed and cared for there.

The following extracts supply some details concerning his work:—

"In my parish there are 4,000 white people, and 2,000 South-Sea Islanders who work on the sugar plantations. The parish is 120 miles long and 80 miles broad. The church is in the centre of the town. It is a large wooden building, capable of holding 500 persons. It cost £1,600, of which £1,400 has been collected in the parish during the past year. Four times in the year I visit another township 70 miles from here and have services. The people attend church regularly and give willingly. On Easter Day there were 133 communi-

cants and the offertories amounted last year to £370. At Walkerston we have a very old school-house, eaten through with white ants, to worship in. I am trying to raise funds sufficient to build a small church. The Bishop has promised £100, and my Easter offering of £30 I have given to the same object, but it is impossible to erect a building under £500. The townspeople refuse to give, and the sugar planters have all given their donations to the church in Mackay. It is important that we should build a church at Walkerston, as it is the centre of the sugar plantations where the South-Sea Islanders reside, and they would be easily made to attend a service near their homes. It seems a great pity that something is not done for these poor fellows when they come to our country; but it seems impossible to make our rich planters understand that it is their duty to do something towards teaching them Christianity. They are a kind, faithful race of people. While I am writing, two of them have just come from the Bush, one of whom is an old pupil of mine. He has handed me a £1 note, saying, 'Missionary, you give this to the new church'. A short time ago this same black boy's brother died of consumption. He had been preparing for baptism for some time, and when taken sick sent for me and asked to be baptised. He knew the Creed and the Lord's Prayer perfectly both in the letter and in the spirit. Before he died I gave him Communion, and now his body rests in our churchyard. In his will he left £1 for 'Missionary'. It is on behalf of these South-Sea Islanders that I ask you to do all you can to help me in building the church at

Walkerston. The white people are against my doing anything in the way of teaching them, their argument being, that they pay me, not to look after the souls of blacks but of white people."

Hopeful as he was, the weariness and difficulties of life sometimes pressed heavily upon him.

"I feel very dull and lonely here and long for some one to whom I could confide my serious difficulties," he writes to Canon Scarth in July, 1880. "Since I have been here I have seen but one clergyman, and the Bishop twice." The same letter shows he had not forgotten S. Andrew's Waterside Mission and Canon Scarth's interest in it. "There is a coastguard station about two miles from Mackay," the letter goes on to say, "which I take great interest in. The men are so earnest and attend church regularly. The pilot was accidentally drowned a few months ago, and left a widow and a large family. The people here were very kind and gave me £220 for them. Most of the ships which come here are South-Sea Island labour vessels bringing 'boys' from the islands to work on the sugar plantations."

Many letters belonging to this period are written to his mother. There are frequent references to the unsatisfactory state of his health, and to the trying conditions of the climate. In 1881 he speaks of the pleasure a visit to Brisbane had afforded him—"Such a treat," he says, "to see nice shops and pretty things".

Under all the contradictions of his character ran a deep undercurrent of spirituality, magnetic in its influence over all classes of men. No one who knew

him would be surprised to hear that when his watch (a valuable one, presented to him in England) had been stolen with other things from a boarding-house where he was staying, the culprit repented immediately on discovering to whom it belonged, and Maclaren found it a week later on his own verandah, together with a note expressing deep repentance and regret that the other articles had already been disposed of and could not be restored. The following story illustrates his influence in a different way. One day he went from Mackay to hold service at Mount Britten, when the "rush" was made to that place, and as there were about 150 of the roughest people gathered there, many were curious to see how the preacher would fare. He opened the campaign by organising a free and easy "sing-song" on a Saturday night. This proved an immense success, and one of the most popular numbers on the programme was Maclaren's own solo, the "Midshipmite". At the close of the proceedings he said: "Oh, by the way, I am going to hold service to-morrow night on the flat and I shall be glad if you chaps will come down and hear what I have got to say". Come down they did, and from the moment he stood up beside the log-fire, which did service for lamps, all doubt as to his reception had vanished. As a brawny New Zealand digger said, he was "a right sort of parson".

That he interpreted literally the words "Give to him that asketh of thee" is well known. The consequence of this promiscuous charity was, as generally happens, that he was often duped, and often he had

not a penny in his pocket. Bishop Hale used to tell the story of a beggar who, on approaching Maclaren, when the latter's finances were unusually low, received the answer, "All I have is in the sugar basin, I am as poor as you are. If there is anything in the sugar basin I will share it with you." His generosity at times had unpleasant consequences for his friends. Once at Mackay he was driving to visit a distant parishioner, a squatter, when he was overtaken by a thunderstorm, and suffered a thorough drenching. His friend had just got a new suit of clothes from his tailor, and insisted that Maclaren should wear them until his own clothes were dry. On returning home Maclaren put the suit away in a drawer and forgot all about it, until one day a beggar came to the door. "I fear I have none but clerical clothes and they would be no good to you," he said, "but I will go and see what I can do for you." Going to the drawer he came upon the borrowed suit. "I quite forgot these," he said, "they must be some that I had when I was a layman," and he gave them to the beggar. When the owner called for them he was told, "I quite forgot that they were yours; it is too late now, I have given them away and the man was much worse off than you are"!

Among the various classes of people to whom he ministered the despised aboriginals were not altogether neglected. One, who as a little girl used to be sent by her parents to show Maclaren the road in one of the distant parts of his parish, relates how, on one occasion finding that a tribe of aboriginals were encamped in the neighbourhood, he insisted upon going to see them.

His black coat and clergyman's hat were strange sights to them and they fled from the "debil debil," but his guide, who was already known to them, called them back and tried to explain that he was a clergyman. The words was quite beyond their comprehension, so Maclaren himself began to explain that he was "all the same teacher" and showed them some writing on a slate. Then he brought out a Testament and asked them if they knew Jesus Christ. No, they shook their heads. So he knelt in their midst, with hat off and hands upraised, and prayed aloud for them. They thereupon called him "cranky man" and danced about, imitating him, but they never forgot him and for a long time afterwards used to mimic "cranky man". He afterwards persuaded some of them to attend for a while a Sunday-school which was conducted by a lady in the neighbourhood.

The story of Maclaren's life would be incomplete without some reference to his horses and his dogs, of which he made great pets. His horse Peter seemed to borrow his master's moods. Maclaren would sometimes be lost in dreams, and Peter would trudge along at the rate of not more than a mile an hour. When his master roused himself, Peter was called upon to make up for lost time. At such a pace used he to drive occasionally, that only a whirling cloud of dust, out of the midst of which might be heard the strains of "O Paradise, O Paradise," proclaimed the approach of the rector of the parish. But it is time to draw the record of his ministry at Mackay to a close. He always said that he would never stay in a parish more

than three years. "The first year people worship me, the second year they don't know quite what to make of me, the third year they are tired of me and then it's time I left." So having been nearly five years at Mackay, he resigned. His endless efforts in the cause of the distressed, his carelessness regarding his own bodily comfort and the changeful climate had told upon him. To these reasons we must add the fact that he felt deeply the cases of ill-treatment of the Kanakas by the planters, which came under his notice, and which he was powerless to prevent. He resigned amid the protests of his parishioners, and declined to take any other living in the diocese. His parishioners had collected the sum of £250, which they intended to present to him as a mark of their appreciation of his work amongst them and as a parting gift, but with his usual disregard of money he refused to accept it.

He left Mackay in January, 1883.

Those who knew Maclaren at Mackay have ever borne him in affectionate remembrance. One of his old parishioners afterwards provided him with means to take his degree at Durham, and in 1891, when he was on his way to New Guinea, a number of his old friends went out to meet him at sea, though it meant for them a whole night's tossing about in a little steamer. After his death a beautiful set of altar plate and brass altar rails were presented to the church which he had built, in grateful memory of him.

CHAPTER III

AT WEST MAITLAND (NEW SOUTH WALES)

A FEW months after leaving Mackay, Maclaren went to take temporary charge of S. Paul's, West Maitland.

Though he had undertaken this work he had not abandoned his hope of joining the Universities Mission to Central Africa, and in November, 1883, he announced that he had been accepted and was proceeding thither. A memorial was then addressed to him by the non-churchgoing young men of West Maitland, for whom he had instituted a special service in the Masonic Hall, and this induced him first to think the matter over, and finally to change his mind. Never before in New South Wales, it was said, had such a document been presented to a clergyman who had laboured in a place so short a time as Maclaren had laboured in West Maitland. "You contemplate joining a mission to the heathen in Central Africa," they wrote. "That mission is conducted in circumstances of great danger from the climate and from savage men. Any reference to peril to be encountered, will not, we know, avail to turn you from the path of duty. But we venture to ask you to consider that here in West Maitland is a field of labour of which you have barely turned one furrow. There

are many amongst us who feel that you may become our best friend, and who are already disposed to love and follow you. Will you not stay with us and pursue the work which you have begun? Must we lose you, we ask ourselves, just when we are coming to know your value? Sir, we entreat you to consider us and our needs. For our sakes relinquish your design of leaving Australia. Apply your zeal and capacity for teaching to those in whom you have already awakened some concern. You are our friend, we know." Signed for 282 non-churchgoers.

In the course of his reply he told them (this was on 1st January, 1884) that he was going to take a holiday by the bishop's advice, and that he would return to West Maitland. He kept his promise, and on the Feast of the Conversion of S. Paul, 25th January, 1884, he was inducted to his charge by Bishop Pearson, greatly to the regret of his old parishioners at Mackay, who had entertained hopes that he would return to them. It is unnecessary to give a consecutive account of the following three years at West Maitland. The daily parish work of an Australian country town does not lend itself to continuous narrative.

At West Maitland, as at Mackay, Maclaren influenced all classes of society. In West Maitland he is chiefly remembered for his work amongst young men and children, amongst the prisoners in the East Maitland gaol, and amongst the poorest of his parishioners. On one occasion a band of "larrikins" had united under the name of the "Skeleton Army" to harass and interfere with the Salvation Army. Some of these lads

were arrested and brought before a judge who imposed a severe sentence upon them for their misbehaviour. Maclaren promptly interviewed the authorities, and succeeded in getting the sentence reduced, and from this little incident he received the name of the "Larrikins' Parson". But he succeeded in disbanding the "Skeleton Army," the captain of which became a regular communicant.

With the young he was a great favourite, and to those now grown up who were children in his day, the mention of his name revives the happiest memories.

As a catechiser he had the power of drawing out the children and bringing home to them lessons of the highest importance. One says she remembers how when she was a child he seemed to read their characters. "'Stand up,' he would say, 'the little girl who let her tired mother wash up last night.' Or, 'Stand up, the little girl who did not say her prayers this morning'. We used to look at each other and crawl guiltily to our feet, for we never dared to tell him a lie. In fact I have said my prayers many a time only for fear that he would ask me." Nor was the happy and social side of their life unnoticed. Very often at a children's service he would suggest to the children that if they brought a penny each to the schoolroom on a certain day during the week, they would have a tea (the day was generally Wednesday and it became well known in West Maitland that the greatest punishment a child could receive was to be "kept in" on Wednesday afternoon). On the day appointed, long before the hour mentioned, the school grounds were besieged by merry

children, full of anticipation, not so much at the tea but what was to come afterwards, for as a rule Maclaren was the sole entertainer. Full of fun and humour himself, and a great mimic, he kept the children in a roar of laughter for at least an hour. Sometimes his dog Rex would help his master to entertain his guests. To the accompaniment of an organette, Rex was made to perform certain tricks to the delight of the children.

"My three boys, who are now grown up, all loved him," writes one of his parishioners. "I remember when he was leaving Maitland for England, he called in for a last good-bye. My boys were all in their cots and he went round in the dark, put his hands on them and blessed them. Such little actions endeared him to us very much. . . . I never met a man who so entered into the fun of everyday life and yet who influenced so many for good. His children's services I shall never forget. He knew each child by name and walked up and down the aisle, speaking first to one and then to another. He tried to make his services so bright that they loved them. He was very fond of quoting from a book called *Led by a Little Child* which he gave to me one Christmas."

His services for children were a special feature of the missions he preached in several parishes in Sydney while he was Incumbent of S. Paul's, West Maitland.

The parochial missions referred to deserve more than passing notice. As a missioner he was particularly successful. Many of his friends thought it a pity that

he did not devote his life to mission work in some of the large slum parishes in England, so remarkable were his gifts for dealing with the poor and outcast.

Of the mission which he conducted at Christ Church, Sydney, the Rev. F. J. Albery, the present rector, writes :—"The mission which Mr. Maclaren took here when I was a lad I remember well. Indeed I could never forget it. It was a wonderful movement for good and influenced many outside the ordinary congregation and from many parts in and around Sydney. Night after night the church was filled by a congregation which included not a few who, from that time, could look back to a change in their spiritual life of a lasting character. His preaching at that time was at its best. I think I never heard any one so earnestly searching and sympathetic in the pulpit, and since then I have been privileged to hear most of the great English preachers in recent times."

The other missions Maclaren conducted were at Christ Church, North Sydney; All Saints, Petersham; and All Saints, Parramatta. "His faith was strongly in evidence, and his convictions were clear beyond doubt," writes one—a layman. "There was nothing of the wobbling, apologetic type of parson about Albert Maclaren, one felt that he believed with all his heart and that he could give good reason for the hope that was in him. I remember on one occasion that we sat talking until the small hours of the morning, and that our conversation led to a discussion on the mysteries of the spiritual world, and life's many anomalies. How helpful that long night's talk was, and how even yet

the memory of that meeting lingers as a red-letter epoch in one's life."

The proximity of the East Maitland gaol afforded him scope for exercising among the prisoners his remarkable power of influence. It is said that he particularly disliked visiting the gaol and therefore made a point of doing so on Friday. He frequently preached in the gaol chapel, and at such times his passionate appeals and earnest exhortations were remarkable. One Good Friday especially, when he preached on the "Three Crosses," he made a deep impression, and a few days later he received a card with three crosses and the texts which had appealed most to his hearers. This card was the work of one of the prisoners and was highly valued by Maclaren.

As illustrations of the way in which he cared personally for the more unfortunate and degraded of his parishioners, we may instance how on one occasion as the church bell was ringing, and he was ready to enter the church to begin the service, word was brought to him of a drunken man who was dying and for whom no one thought it worth while to fetch a doctor. He went off at once in his cassock and left his congregation waiting till he had himself found the doctor and had done everything possible for the dying man. On another occasion he went to the Chinese quarter of the town to find an unfortunate woman suffering from typhoid fever. He took her in a cab to the hospital, supporting her himself all the way.

He had often been on the verge of resigning, for he could not brook opposition to his wishes, and when

some parishioner had vexed him he would go post-haste over to the bishop to resign his cure, and tell him that he intended to leave at once for the Central African Mission. A few words from the bishop would soothe him and he would return once more to his work and the aggrieved parishioner.

He certainly liked his own way, and generally got it, and this gained for him in West Maitland from friends who loved him the nickname of the "Pope".

"We have had many a laugh over the quiet way he had of compelling people to do what he wanted them to do in spite of themselves," writes one of his lady parishioners.

Maclaren never seems to have really settled down at West Maitland. He was, as has been said already, often on the point of resigning the living and finally did so in January, 1887.

The *Maitland Mercury* of 25th January, 1887, thus sums up his work in the district:—

"The Rev. A. A. Maclaren has been for three years a resident of Maitland, and will bear away with him the love and esteem of all with whom he has come in contact. In the pulpit, a fearless preacher of what he deemed to be the truth, as a parish clergyman he has been diligent, earnest in the performance of duty, the sympathetic counsellor and friend of the suffering and sorrowful, the almoner of the destitute, the comforter of the widow and orphan. The dwelling-places of the poor have known him better than the habitations of the rich, and he has commanded the respect of all classes and all creeds for devotion to his fellow-men. His

purse was open to all, and he habitually denied himself that he might have to give to those in want. The place he gained in the hearts of the community was best shown by the demonstrations of genuine respect which greeted him on all sides as he passed along the street. In these free and easy days the clergyman to whom well-nigh every boy and lad touches the hat must be a clergyman in whom they recognise a special worthiness. It is not our province to deliver any opinion on Church practices about which there has been party controversy. But we may say that the services at S. Paul's have been distinguished during the last three years by brightness and heartiness, and that the congregations have been increasingly large. . . ."

West Maitland proved its love for its old pastor by the stained glass window in S. Paul's Church erected to his memory after his death, and by the staunch support it has given to the work of the New Guinea Mission for which his life was laid down.

CHAPTER IV

IN ENGLAND

WHEN Maclaren wrote "Laus Deo" after his final entry in the service book at S. Paul's, West Maitland, on S. Paul's Day, 1887, he little thought that his work as a parish priest was finished. At the time of his resignation of West Maitland arrangements were being made for him to take temporary charge of the Cathedral in Brisbane, when the serious illness of Bishop Pearson of Newcastle led to his changing his plans again and devoting himself entirely to his bishop, "because the latter had always been so kind to him". The little party, consisting of the bishop and Mrs. Pearson, the bishop's nephew and Maclaren, went from Morpth to Armidale, and later went on a short visit to Tenterfield. "He undertook the duty of the parish for the short time we stayed there. The railway to the Queensland border was being made at the time and numerous tents along the line were occupied by the navvies and their families. He quickly got to know them and would dodge into this tent or that and have a talk with the mother about the children, and if the father was at home, would soon get on a friendly footing with him. By the time he left the town the little church was full to overflowing and the congregation presented

him with a small Communion Service as a parting gift."

At the same place he had to take a pauper's funeral and expressed his righteous indignation when he was told that it was not necessary to read the whole of the Burial Service. He then, no one being present but the undertaker, read the service right through.

As Bishop Pearson's health did not improve, the doctors advised a voyage to England, and Maclaren sailed with him and his party in May, 1887.

The next few months were occupied in Maclaren's constant and affectionate care for Bishop Pearson, and in occasional deputation work for the S.P.G. In December he writes to his friend Miss Arnold telling her that one of his old Mackay parishioners had kindly come forward and offered to pay all expenses to enable him to take his degree at Durham University. Never a great student, he complained of the "hard grind" and rejoiced that he had successfully passed the entrance examination. It is characteristic of him that his mind at this time was much more occupied with arrangements for providing a Christmas dinner for the poor children of S. Peter's, London Docks, than with his University work. "I have promised to collect £10," he writes, "and as I have not a penny towards it, I want you to help me to collect it from Australians in England. I must pay it all myself unless I can get friends to help me. . . ." The money was collected, and on 6th January, 1888, he writes: "The first dinner to the poor children was given on Holy Innocents' Day at S. Peter's, London Docks. They had service in the

church, at which I preached, afterwards they marched to the school, where a good dinner awaited them. They were so hungry that the food soon disappeared. Then an orange with a Christmas card was given to each, after which about 150 shoeless, half-naked little ones came in and were fed in the same way. Such hearty cheers were given for the Australians who gave them such good fare. Poor things, it was very sad! On Tuesday last another dinner was given in the poorest part of the East-end; 500 poor little ones crowded into the Sisters of the Church Restaurant, Dock Street, E., where they had the same fare as at S. Peter's. It would have done you good to have seen them and I wished that I could have had S. Paul's (West Maitland) children over. On 26th January is the commemoration of the foundation of New South Wales, and I want to get New South Wales people in England to celebrate it by giving a dinner to more of the hungry ones. Altogether I got £24—for Christmas, a Presbyterian gave me £13. 'What a beggar Mr. Maclaren is!' you will say, but it is for a good cause. . . . I had no idea that I was such a staunch Australian till I came home, but I am not sorry. I shall go back with many new ideas but with the firm conviction that extremes will not be good for our new country, so beware of too much ritual lest you become dissatisfied with your own church in Australia."

About this time, when on a visit to Oxford with a friend, he remarked that though the beautiful ornaments and fittings of a certain church gave him great pleasure, he would far rather hear of the work that they were doing. He went up to Durham in January, 1888, and

had rooms in University College. Writing in the following month he says, "It is Greek, Latin, Latin, Greek, perpetually". His vacation was spent at Bearsted with his friend Canon Scarth, "reading hard as well as working in the parish".

On 10th December he writes to another:—

"I have delayed writing till I knew the result of an examination which I am glad to say I have passed successfully. It was always my intention, if possible, to go to Durham University and get my degree. Last week I went up and matriculated and passed the first part of the final examination, so that if all goes well, and I can manage it, I shall go into residence in January, and remain there till December, 1888. The reason why the course is so short is, that the authorities take into consideration the three years at S. Augustine's College. It seems a long time to have to wait, but I think an English University degree is worth having, and the reading and quiet time there will do me much good. I am already longing for the warmth and brightness of Australia. I feel the cold much, and I don't think that I shall ever leave Australia again. Here for the last three weeks we have had nothing else but snow, rain, fog, frost, and the sun seems to spend all his energy in smiling on Australia."

In a letter written on 12th October he says: "It is satisfactory to feel the future is somewhat settled and I am glad to go to New Guinea, although all my friends are somewhat disappointed. I hope I have done that which is right in His sight. Time alone will tell." This is the first reference in his letters to the work with which his name will always be associated. No written

record is to be found as to how he came to offer himself for it. It is said that he was one day in the old S.P.G. office in Delahay Street, wondering vaguely what he should do next. It was remarked to him that a leader was sought for the proposed mission to New Guinea, why should he not offer to go? With his usual impetuosity he went off at once to see the Primate of Australia, Bishop Barry, and also Bishop Stanton, his old bishop in North Queensland, who both happened to be in England at the time. "It was in October, 1888," writes Miss Scarth, "that my sister and I had been up to look at the Gordon statue, which was then new, in Trafalgar Square, and as we were coming away we met Mr. Maclaren. He seemed rather excited and at once said, 'Will you tell your father I've just been to the S.P.G. and offered to go to New Guinea?' I am afraid we both received the news very indifferently, having little idea where New Guinea was, but we undertook to deliver the message. I have often thought since how damping our reception of the news must have been when he had just taken the tremendous step and his heart was so full, but we did not mean it."

"I remember his enthusiasm for the work for which he had volunteered in New Guinea," writes the Rev. F.J. Albery, "and how he walked with me in Christ Church meadows, and up and down the Broad Walk, discussing his hopes and sketching his plans for the future like a great schoolboy, and yet behind it all there was an evident realisation of the arduous character of the undertaking which lay before him. We little knew how soon he was to be called away from the scene of his last earthly labours."

CHAPTER V

THE NEW GUINEA MISSION

IF Australia is a continent, New Guinea, or Papua, is the largest island in the world. Its total length from east to west is about 1,400 miles, and at the broadest part it measures 490 miles. The first European to record its existence was D'Abreu who sighted it in 1511. Other explorers of different nationalities visited it from time to time, and in 1770 Captain Cook visited the south-west coast. Little, however, was added to the knowledge of the country until 1845 when Captain Blackwood of H.M.S. *Fly* discovered the large river which afterwards received the name of his ship.

Lieutenant Yule, in 1846, took observations on the south coast as far east as the island which now bears his name, and in 1848 Captain Owen Stanley of H.M.S. *Rattlesnake* made a rough survey of the south-east coast, but the first really important survey was that of Captain Moresby in command of H.M.S. *Basilisk*. In 1873 and again in 1874 he conducted a series of exact observations which resulted in the mapping out of the greater part of the south-east coast line, and the discovery of the harbour of Port Moresby and of the

VILLAGE SCENE, GOODENOUGH BAY.

China Straits. Of the people little was known until the settlement of the London Missionary Society's agents. The first settlement by Europeans took place in Dutch New Guinea in the eighteenth century.

On 1st July, 1871, Dr. Samuel Macfarlene and Mr. D. W. Murray, of the London Missionary Society, accompanied by eight Polynesian teachers, landed on Darnley Island in Torres Straits, and placed teachers on it and on neighbouring islands, and in 1872 Mr. Murray was joined by the Rev. Wyatt Gill and thirteen additional Polynesian teachers. Somerset Island (Cape York) in that year became the headquarters of the London Missionary Society's New Guinea Mission, and in the same year the first station on the mainland was established in Redscar Bay.

In 1874 the Rev. W. G. Lawes with his wife and child settled at Port Moresby. In October, Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers joined the Mission.

The south-eastern portion of New Guinea was formally taken under the protection of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria on 6th November, 1884, and a Protectorate was proclaimed by Commodore Erskine at Port Moresby. The proclamation recognised that the establishment of a Protectorate had "become essential for the lives and properties of the native inhabitants of New Guinea, and for the purpose of preventing the occupation of portions of that country by persons whose proceedings, unsanctioned by any lawful authority, might [illegible] strife and bloodshed, and who, und[illegible]nate trade and intercourse, mi[illegible]

The Board of Missions, through its executive council, under the influence of Bishop Barry, proceeded to collect information and to seek for money and for men to undertake the work. In 1887 the S.P.G. set aside £1,000 and opened a special fund to assist the Australian Church in planting a mission in New Guinea, and the S.P.C.K promised £500. The C.M.S. wished a hearty "Godspeed," but regretted its inability to give any help. The response in Australia itself was not at first very warm. Again and again during the next two years bishops and leaders appealed for men and means, and complained of the want of sympathy and support.

In February, 1888 (the centenary of the founding of the colony of New South Wales), the Primate (Bishop Barry) made the following appeal on behalf of the proposed mission:—

"The New Guinea Mission ought to be the chief missionary achievement of this centennial year of the Church of England. Among the objects of the Centennial Fund is rightly included the advance of missionary agency. The call to the New Guinea Mission comes opportunely to awaken us at once to a larger conception of our duty for Christ, and to a greater boldness of evangelistic enterprise. The opportunity is a great one. The vast island of New Guinea is the last conquest of our extending civilisation. The assumption

" a British Protectorate over the southern portion of it
n great measure forced by the pressure of Australian
on upon the authorities at home, who were reluct-
to add to the enormous responsibilities of British
ire. In the natural course of events, British pro-

tectorate is developing into British sovereignty. It is found that only by some unequivocal and direct authority can the arduous duty there undertaken be satisfactorily performed. At no distant time we may expect to see this part of New Guinea as thoroughly a part of British territory as is Fiji. Now by this apparently irresistible tendency of events, the duty of the Church of Christ in Australia is pressed upon us with increasing urgency. For good, and (I fear I must add) for evil also, we have brought this vast territory with its large population—how large, we as yet do not know—within the area of English power and civilisation. If we believe that our Christianity is the true soul of that power, and the salt of that civilisation, we must strain every nerve to carry it with us in that intercourse with the native races on which we have insisted. In the contact between a stronger and weaker race, if all is left to that selfish assertion of strength, which is the survival in man of the great 'struggle for existence,' in organic life, the effect must be, as unhappily it has too often been, the slavery, the degradation, and finally the extinction of the inferior race. If this lower principle is to be tempered and subdued by the higher spirit of self-sacrifice in the strong for the protection and exaltation of the weak, which we rightly call humanity, the experience of ages has shown that this spirit can only be quickened to a victorious power by the faith in Christian brotherhood. The martyrdom of Bishop Patteson is a monument at once of the cruelty of civilised selfishness, and of the love, willing to spend and to be spent, for the helpless, which is the glory, almost the

possess themselves of the lands of such native inhabitants".

In the year 1887 it became evident that a mere Protectorate was not sufficient. Sir James Garrick, Agent-General for Queensland, speaking at the Royal Colonial Institute, said: "It is clear that matters cannot remain as they are. There is at present no security in British New Guinea for either life or property. There is no jurisdiction under which the natives can be punished for the most cruel offences, and no control whatever over the subjects of foreign States. Such a condition of things must lead to reprisals, which will have a disastrous effect upon our future relations with the natives. The remedy for this is to proclaim sovereignty, and to organise our administration, which, while safeguarding the interests of the islanders, will adequately represent the Imperial and Colonial interests."

These counsels prevailed with the British Government, and on 4th September, 1888, Dr. (afterwards Sir William) MacGregor made a proclamation at Port Moresby, definitely annexing British New Guinea to the dominions of Queen Victoria, thereby raising its status from a mere Protectorate to that of a Crown Colony. Sir William MacGregor, as administrator of the colony, laid the foundations of British rule in New Guinea.

Such in outline is the history of New Guinea up to the time when Maclaren volunteered to lead the Anglican Mission to the newly annexed colony.

In 1850, when, at the suggestion of Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand, a Board of Missions was established

for the six Australasian dioceses, New Guinea was among the "dark islands contiguous to Australia" which it was to be the object of that board one day to evangelise, and when the General Synod of the Dioceses in Australia and Tasmania was constituted in 1872, it was decided that the synod should have power to make determinations for the promoting of home and foreign missions in the church. A determination thereupon was passed by which "the Bishops forming the House of Bishops in the General Synod" were constituted "The Board of Missions of the Church in the Dioceses in Australia and Tasmania," and the work of the Board of Missions formed in 1850 was transferred to the new board. An executive council was elected by the General Synod and each diocese was invited to form a diocesan corresponding committee under the presidency of its bishop.

The first definite step towards establishing the Anglican Mission to New Guinea may be said to have been taken, when, at the meeting of the General Synod of Australia and Tasmania at Sydney in October, 1886, a resolution was carried on the motion of the Bishop of North Queensland (Dr. Stanton), "That the recent annexation of a portion of New Guinea imposes direct obligation upon the Church to provide for the spiritual welfare, both of the natives and the settlers. That, as the mission should be conducted on an adequate scale and provision made for considerable outlay, its expenses should be shared by all dioceses in Australia. T
that the Board of Missions be requested to cc
formation with a view to immediate action."

The Board of Missions, through its executive council, under the influence of Bishop Barry, proceeded to collect information and to seek for money and for men to undertake the work. In 1887 the S.P.G. set aside £1,000 and opened a special fund to assist the Australian Church in planting a mission in New Guinea, and the S.P.C.K promised £500. The C.M.S. wished a hearty "Godspeed," but regretted its inability to give any help. The response in Australia itself was not at first very warm. Again and again during the next two years bishops and leaders appealed for men and means, and complained of the want of sympathy and support.

In February, 1888 (the centenary of the founding of the colony of New South Wales), the Primate (Bishop Barry) made the following appeal on behalf of the proposed mission:—

"The New Guinea Mission ought to be the chief missionary achievement of this centennial year of the Church of England. Among the objects of the Centennial Fund is rightly included the advance of missionary agency. The call to the New Guinea Mission comes opportunely to awaken us at once to a larger conception of our duty for Christ, and to a greater boldness of evangelistic enterprise. The opportunity is a great one. The vast island of New Guinea is the last conquest of our extending civilisation. The assumption of a British Protectorate over the southern portion of it was in great measure forced by the pressure of Australian opinion upon the authorities at home, who were reluctant to add to the enormous responsibilities of British Empire. In the natural course of events, British pro-

tectorate is developing into British sovereignty. It is found that only by some unequivocal and direct authority can the arduous duty there undertaken be satisfactorily performed. At no distant time we may expect to see this part of New Guinea as thoroughly a part of British territory as is Fiji. Now by this apparently irresistible tendency of events, the duty of the Church of Christ in Australia is pressed upon us with increasing urgency. For good, and (I fear I must add) for evil also, we have brought this vast territory with its large population—how large, we as yet do not know—within the area of English power and civilisation. If we believe that our Christianity is the true soul of that power, and the salt of that civilisation, we must strain every nerve to carry it with us in that intercourse with the native races on which we have insisted. In the contact between a stronger and weaker race, if all is left to that selfish assertion of strength, which is the survival in man of the great 'struggle for existence,' in organic life, the effect must be, as unhappily it has too often been, the slavery, the degradation, and finally the extinction of the inferior race. If this lower principle is to be tempered and subdued by the higher spirit of self-sacrifice in the strong for the protection and exaltation of the weak, which we rightly call humanity, the experience of ages has shown that this spirit can only be quickened to a victorious power by the faith in Christian brotherhood. The martyrdom of Bishop Patteson is a monument at once of the cruelty of civilised selfishness, and of the love, willing to spend and to be spent, for the helpless, which is the glory, almost the

new creation, of Christianity. In this glorious enterprise of the Christianisation of New Guinea, much has been done already—on the one hand, by the splendid work of such men as Chalmers and Lawes under the direction of the London Missionary Society, on the other, by labours less known—probably as yet less effective—of a Roman Catholic Mission. With their work who would wish, or dare, to interfere? But they are able as yet to touch but a few points on that great coast line of more than a thousand miles. Those who are already at work gladly invite the influx of fresh labourers, as I myself know from communication with the Rev. W. G. Lawes. As there is room, so there is a call for other missions, and that call has come to us in this land. The Hon. John Douglas, Her Majesty's High Commissioner, himself pointed out a vacant sphere for missionary work which we might rightly fill, and offered a hearty welcome to the enterprise. The invitation, brought before our General Synod, was at once thankfully acknowledged and accepted, and committed to the Board of Missions, which with its executive council and its diocesan committees is the appointed missionary organisation of our Church. In England, help is provided by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, to which our own Australian Church owes an incalculable debt of gratitude for lavish aid of men and money in days gone by. But the main burden of the work ought to be borne by us here. Some £2,000 a year (say for five years) is needed to plant a small missionary community on the coast, with some means of transit by sea. It is for this that appeal is now

being made to the Church in the various dioceses. If there is reasonable promise of assistance, it will be possible for me on my approaching visit to England, in conference with the Bishop of North Queensland, who is willing to undertake some general oversight of the mission, to organise in this year, 1888, a start in this most important work. I earnestly trust that the opportunity will not be lost; and that one lesson of our centennial year will be the rising above the spiritual selfishness which keeps all our resources to ourselves. Of churches, as of individuals, it is true that 'Whoso is willing to lose his life shall find it unto the life eternal'."

The invitation by Mr. Douglas to found a Church of England Mission in New Guinea, referred to by Bishop Barry, was embodied in a paper read by Her Majesty's High Commissioner at the Church Congress held in Sydney in May of the following year (1889). As this paper deals in detail with the difficulties which would face Maclaren, several extracts from it are here given:—

"First, let me tell you what I think of the present position and prospects of missionary enterprise on the coast of British New Guinea. Without doubt a great work of pacification has been effected by the London Missionary Society. The early years of this enterprise were full of noble self-sacrifice, of courageous effort in the face of great dangers and difficulties. Wherever mission stations were established along the whole coast from Teste Island to Motu Motu good work has been done, and influences have been established to mitigate the gross barbarism, superstition and ignorance of the

native inhabitants. Old New Guinea, with its picturesque savagery, has now passed away within the area of missionary influence. But there is not much evidence as yet of growth in any direction. From a religious point of view it is difficult for a mere outside observer, as I have been, to recognise any palpable extension of the Kingdom of Heaven, though there is a seemly attention to outward observances in some places. In morals, in sanitation, in industrial art, there is some slight improvement. Too much, however, must not be expected all at once. It is not more than sixteen years ago since the mission station was first formed at Port Moresby, and the habits of a people deeply rooted in primeval times cannot be changed in a single generation. It would be unreasonable to expect it, or even to wish it, for any sudden change would probably be fatal to the race. The history of the London Missionary Society's work in Torres Straits, and in Western New Guinea, has been different to that of the eastern portion of the possession. The islanders of the Straits proved themselves to be most receptive and gladly welcomed their instructors. The intelligent and really apostolic enterprise of the first missionaries, aided as they were by a band of South Sea Island teachers, produced excellent results. Houses and churches were built, and schools were established, though no attempt has been made to teach English, which I think is a great mistake. . . . The natives of Torres Straits have had the Gospel preached to them, and they have not been unworthy hearers of it; but it is time that the preachers went farther afield.

"The future of these people will now depend chiefly on their industrial development, and in that the missionaries do not take any great interest. The islanders are taking more heartily to pearl-shelling, bêche-de-mer fishing, and to the curing of copra. They find that they can make money in that way, and they like to buy clothes for themselves, smart bonnets and dresses for their wives, and bright things for their children. They do not seem to have any special craving for drink.

"On the whole then I think I can give a good account of the Torres Straits islanders. Mission work, however, is at a standstill and is nearly defunct. Now let me say a few words about the French Catholic Mission station at Yule Island. Commenced in 1886 it has got a fair footing, and promises to have an influential career. They have made themselves partially acquainted with the natives at the foot of Mount Yule, and have thus entered upon a wide field in a populous district previously unexplored. One great advantage which this mission has, is, that it has the assistance of lay members both male and female. At this place, Thursday Island, where they commenced their mission, they have, by means of their lay brethren, built a church and dwelling-houses, while at Yule Island they are doing the same thing, so that they both work and pray, and they aim at providing industrial training for the natives.

"They suffered at first from fever, but now they are pretty well free from it and may be said to have got over the first difficulties of settlement. . . .

"Having thus briefly glanced at the actual position in the past, let me now pass on to the present. Along the coast of the Possession, as British New Guinea is now called, there are still wide spaces of what may be called unappropriated territory, *i.e.*, unappropriated by missionary enterprise. There is the whole north-east cost line from East Cape to Mitre Rock. Scarcely anything is known of it, and yet it is now fairly accessible from China Straits where there is a trading station and a Government establishment. Lastly there is the whole of the Eastern Archipelago of Islands, including the Louisiade group. It is in this portion of the Possession that, as I understand, it is the intention of the Anglo-Australian Church to plant a mission. At present it is quite unappropriated, for, with the exception of a South-Sea Island teacher resident at Teste Island, nothing has been done to give any instruction. Still we really know these islanders better, and they know us better, than is the case in most parts of the Possession. The recruiting in these islands for the Queensland plantations was not an unmixed evil. Abominable as were some of the acts of the men who recruited the islanders, the system was not without its advantages. They learnt something of us, of our ways, and of our English language while they were in Queensland, and the result has been a friendly feeling towards the white man, which may be regarded as a hopeful commencement for future intercourse with them. By nature and habit they are cruel and treacherous, but they have vastly improved in these respects of late years, and I have known among them some

NATIVE CANOES.

estimable and intelligent men. Many of them are fine sailors. Gold also has been found on most of these islands, and it is probable, therefore, that there will be a good deal of intercourse between the natives and the diggers. Hitherto the relations between them have been of a perfectly friendly character.

"Of course, in establishing a Mission, everything will depend upon the men who undertake it. Money in these matters is never the essential difficulty. If the right man can be found, everything else follows. There must be the 'afflatus,' the spiritual dedication to an unselfish work, and if, besides this, there are the mental and physical qualifications of perfect manhood, then the work of those who go with the Divine Message of goodwill is full of interest, and I can fancy also, of an enjoyment which it would be difficult to find in the beaten paths of our civilised communities. The men indeed are to be envied, who in the full vigour of unsullied manhood can enter with some justifiable confidence on such a splendid vocation as that of instructors to such interesting children of nature as these natives are.

"Let me note here, by way of suggestion, a few matters which may be worthy of consideration by those upon whom the practical work of this mission will devolve.

"(1) It must be assumed that a Mission schooner will be bought. It ought not to be less than 50 tons burden, and not much more. Our typical missionaries should be sailors, capable (if necessary) of sailing their own craft. I don't mean to say that at the outset we can expect them to be sailors, but they must shape

for that, and must learn to steer and navigate their vessel.

"They must certainly not be land lubbers; and above all things they ought to have a thoroughly human interest in the natives, in their habits, their superstitions, and even in their old barbarous ways. I have seen excellent men, missionaries, who have not had a vestige in themselves of the savage, not a particle of the picturesque Adam, in all his originality, and who were therefore hopelessly out of touch with the primitive man as he is.

"(2) Let me plead for lay missioners, carpenters, artisans of any kind, boat-builders, blacksmiths, tent- or sail-makers, as Paul of Tarsus was, agriculturists, horticulturists, handy men of any kind, men with the fear of God and the love of men in their hearts.

"Surely in the ranks of labour there are some men who might be found to devote their lives to such a service. I plead then for unordained working-men who will devote their lives to this sort of work, volunteers in a service full of incident, full of adventure, and more attractive in many ways than the dull monotonous grind of our great cities. They must necessarily be subject to discipline, but above all things they ought to be good workers, patient and forbearing, and if so I will back them to make a speedy impression among those with whom they live, or whom they undertake to teach. One such white man would be worth half a dozen teachers of the South-Sea Island pattern, such as I now see around me in this neighbourhood.

"(3) As to the head station of the Mission. That I

think should not be decided on until the head of the Mission has had a good look round. The strategic base of the Mission should be Cooktown, if the sphere of work is to be in the eastern portion of New Guinea. Ultimately I assume that a school or training college for young natives will have to be established. Cooktown, I think, would be the best place for such an institution, but it will probably be some time before anything of that kind can be attempted. . . .

"I do hope that good men will be found for the work. They ought to be tough men, in the prime of life, with lots of go, and some of them ought to be lay workmen who will work for the love of it. The climate at certain seasons is trying, but I don't believe that it is a seriously unhealthy one, if proper precautions are taken."

Soon after the publication of his appeal to the Australian Church, Bishop Barry returned to England, and "most willingly accepted" Maclaren's offer to the proposed Mission, though he, in common with many others, considered him more fitted for evangelistic than for the ordinary routine of pastoral work.

Maclaren's attention was now turned to preparation for his new sphere of labour, but he had yet to take his degree at Durham.

From Newbury he writes to Mrs. Scarth that he is trying to read ten hours a day for his examination in June, "but at the end of eight, I find my head becomes somewhat like a boiled turnip—rather soft—and yet I fear I shall fail".

He passed his final examination at Durham, early in October, 1889.

On 25th October, he received his benediction at S. Augustine's College, Canterbury. "It was very quiet, but so solemn," he writes. "The Warden gave a very earnest address. I am so glad I was able to go."

On his last Sunday in England, 27th October, he celebrated the Holy Communion in the beautiful little village church at Wymering, where he had sung in the choir as a boy. He also preached at Matins. In the evening he preached at S. Mary's, Portsea, and stayed the night with Canon Jacob (now Bishop of S. Albans) who had a warm regard for him.

On 31st October there was an early celebration of the Holy Communion at Bearsted and immediately afterwards Maclaren (accompanied by Canon Scarth) left for the Royal Albert Docks to join the *Valetta*. As it steamed down the river, the bells of S. Andrew's Waterside Mission Church, Gravesend, with which church Maclaren had at one time been connected, rang a parting peal.

"I am going forth," he had written a short time before, "to tell the poor people of New Guinea of the wondrous love of the Good Shepherd, who came Himself to seek and save them, and to offer them Him who alone can satisfy the longings of the human heart of the poor savage as well as the desires of those who have been brought out of darkness into light. I ask your earnest prayers for myself and my companions.

"The first command of Christ was 'Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men,' and the last was 'Go and teach all nations,' and at His command we are going forth. . . . Remember then in your prayers and

in your freewill offerings the New Guinea Mission, that men may come forward who will be ready to sacrifice much for the extension of our Lord's Kingdom in that distant part of the world, and that money may be forthcoming to supply all that they need, so that we may help to bring to pass the words of our Lord, 'I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me'."

CHAPTER VI

FIRST VISIT TO NEW GUINEA

A FELLOW-PASSENGER on the *Valetta* writes:—

"On 31st October, 1889, I was standing on the deck of the P. & O. SS. *Valetta* and the moorings were just being cast off when I noticed the rather grave face of a clergyman standing near me. I remarked to him, 'We shall not be on English soil again just yet'. He answered, 'Ah; but it is good-bye for me'. I said, 'Oh, I hope not'. He shook his head and replied, 'Yes—New Guinea'. We saw little more of each other then, but later in the voyage I often remarked his kind and considerate manner to all on board, both in the first and second saloon. He was always trying to add to the comfort of the passengers by bringing those together to whom he thought the companionship would be a pleasure, and constantly trying to help those who were unable to resist the temptation of the bar. After the first Sunday (spent in the Bay) he always conducted the services. His sermons and his manner of conducting the service were much liked. During the latter part of the voyage a general wish was expressed to give him some proof of the estimation in which he was held, and this resolved itself into a subscription to a fund to be handed to him to use in any

way he wished for the purposes of the New Guinea Mission. It amounted to nearly £25, and was presented to him by a leading subscriber, with an address expressing the thanks and good wishes of all, and I must say that (whether rightly or wrongly) there was a feeling of regret that a man with such a power of influencing others should be leaving England for a country where the climate is so deadly and the natives often dangerously hostile. I well remember that in his answer to the address, he stated that he had left England, not because he had no work there, but because he felt that the mission was a call from God, and he had obeyed it. He went forth, knowing its dangers, but feeling sure that, should he fall, others would rise up and be ready and able to take his place, and that missionary work would still go on."

In a letter from Brindisi he wrote: "The ship's doctor is continually trying to persuade me to return to England, as he thinks I am not rough enough for New Guinea, but I tell him it is not a question of what a man likes, but submission to the Great Will of God. . . . He is a good man though, and I think means well."

Later on he wrote: "The sea is the place to observe people under very different aspects from the land, and the number of different opinions on religion is very striking. I try not to argue, but when I do I think I hold my own. There is a little baby here which has taken a most violent fancy for me, and consequently I have to nurse it at intervals during the day. It is a strange feeling going away from all that is most dear to me, but I know that I am going to a good work and that many are interested and help me in their prayers.

I am glad to say I have never yet regretted the step I have taken, and I feel that our Lord is leading me on to that which is best.

"I meet with much kindness everywhere and only hope the natives will like me and then all will be well. I have made one or two good friends on board who will, I trust, take an interest in New Guinea in years to come. We have a vice-president of the Church Association with us, and he told me to-day, if all High Churchmen were not more so than I am, he would be one to-morrow. He went round and collected the £20 for New Guinea. How often one's opponents look worse at a distance."

They reached Sydney on the 20th of December, and Christmas Eve found Maclaren once more at his old parish of S. Paul's, West Maitland.

In January, 1890, he returned to Sydney and for a short time resided at S. Paul's College.

On 29th January he writes: "I am in the midst of taking a Retreat for clergy (only eight altogether) away in the Bush 200 miles from Sydney. Some of the clergy have ridden eighty miles to come. We had Holy Communion at 7 A.M. with an address on 'Union with Christ, the Basis of the Spiritual Life'. At 9 A.M. Matins with an address on 'Come ye yourselves apart'. At 12 A.M. Litany with an address on 'God Attracting on the Cross and from His Throne'. At 3 P.M. another address, and meditation later, and at 7.30 P.M. a missionary sermon for New Guinea. I am taking lectures at the hospital in Sydney, so you see I am fully occupied, but it is the happiest life. I have been reading a lot of books on missionary work. . . . I hope you

will do all you can to help me to get a beautiful sanctuary for our first church in New Guinea. Dr. Livingstone said we ought always to build the church first. Since I wrote the last we have finished our Quiet Day. I have heard some of the hard and difficult work of the Bush clergy. How they need encouragement."

In February, 1890, it was thought advisable that Maclaren should proceed at once to New Guinea on a preliminary visit. The account of this short visit and of the voyage to New Guinea *viâ* Thursday Island can be given in his own words:—

"I left Sydney on Friday evening and travelled overland to Brisbane, arriving on Sunday morning at 6.30. I preached three times, and on Monday held a meeting, and on Tuesday a farewell service in the pro-Cathedral. Nearly £40 was given to New Guinea. On Tuesday I left Brisbane in the *Warrego* for Thursday Island, where I hope to catch the Governor's yacht, and steam thence to New Guinea. I am going at a bad time as it is the wet season, but it is necessary that some one should go at once. I have just been reading the last report of the Governor. He speaks gloomily of the fever, which every one seems to have. With me on board is Sir William MacGregor's private secretary who has only been in New Guinea for six months; he is almost a wreck, the result of several fever attacks, but I shall know more about it before I write again, and shall be able to speak more clearly about the place and its dangers. I know you will all remember me in your prayers while I go on my way—nay, not on mine, but His. The future will be dif-

ferent to me from all that has gone before, and I feel so utterly ignorant of how I ought to act, but He will guide me aright. I expect to be in New Guinea about two months and then return to Sydney.

"Ask the village folk to remember me in their prayers, and especially at the Good Friday service. Everything is so different now, though I know I am going to raise the standard of our King and His Church among those who know Him not. Still one is but human. . . ."

Again, writing to Bearsted on 15th February, 1890, from Bishop's Lodge, Townsville, he says: "I spent the night at Bishop's Lodge, the residence of the Bishop of North Queensland, and as he was away from home I had the honour of sleeping on an episcopal bed which was by no means as grand as the plainest one at Bearsted Vicarage. Apostolic simplicity is marked on everything here."

The following letter to one of his Bearsted friends gives an account of his short visit to the islands off the south-west coast—Cornwallis Island and Sabai—and tells of his first meeting with Mr. Chalmers, the great missionary of the London Missionary Society.

"SS. *Merrie England*,
"OFF NEW GUINEA,
"*26th February*, 1890.

". . . I have just paid my first visit to New Guinea. We left Australian Waters on Saturday morning and arrived off the coast of New Guinea late on the same day. On Sunday morning we had a short service on board and later in the day the Governor, Sir William MacGregor, arrived. I went on to a small island—Cornwallis or Douan. It is rather pretty. . . .

There are about 100 Papuans living there, and they have a black missionary teacher settled among them. The church is primitive and the only furniture is a simple pulpit with a heart in front of it. The singing was good, but as it was in the native language I couldn't understand it at all. The captain bought some fowls from them and paid for them in tobacco, this being their only money, five sticks of tobacco were given for one fowl. It was late in the evening on Saturday when we visited them, and the captain asked them to bring some more fowls off to the SS. *Merrie England* next day. They replied, 'To-morrow Sunday, no sell 'em that day'. So you see the teaching has not been ineffectual. It was strange to see them, and when they were told that I was a 'missionary come along Queen Victoria land,' they all came and shook hands, men, women and children. In the church, the men sit on one side, the women on the other, and the precentor always sings the first half of the line by himself, like we do, in Gregorian tones. On Monday we visited another island—Sabai—where we saw 250 people, and the captain had scrambles of bits of tobacco on the beach for the children, and then for the old men.

"Some boys climbed trees and plucked coco-nuts and gave us the milk to drink. We went to the little church and the only furniture was a pulpit and a pew, in which the native king, the police and the missionary's black wife sat. They sang two hymns for us—very heartily—all sitting on the floor in the little church. Poor things, how little they know, and yet possibly they make more use of it than we do. The black missionary teacher has such a peaceful countenance, and

submissive devotion to his Master has left its beautiful mark upon his otherwise ordinary features. We left in the evening thoroughly pleased with our visit. On board the SS. *Merrie England* I met Chalmers the great L.M.S. missionary and I liked him much. He has been with us since Sunday and only left this morning, so that I had long talks with him.

"My object in coming over to New Guinea is to see Sir William MacGregor with reference to our mission, and I am sorry to find that the Wesleyans have taken possession of our centre of work, so that we shall have to seek a new field. I think I told you that we had decided to take up the Louisiade group of islands at the east end of New Guinea. Now we shall have to go to the mainland. If you have a chart of New Guinea look on the north-east coast, and you will see in latitude 8, Mitre Rock. It is the border between British and German New Guinea. From Mitre Rock to East Cape is now our proposed sphere of work, and Chads Bay will be our first station. I am now returning to Australia to see the bishops, and I come back here in about a month's time to go with Sir William MacGregor to inspect our new quarters. I have had a bad time of it at sea. I expect to spend Easter at Port Moresby, New Guinea. I am reading *Lux Mundi*, Gore's new book. He would be astonished to hear that it has already reached New Guinea. You will, I am sure, help me in your new parish and will plead with Him we are both trying to follow and to love, that our work may be blessed and strengthened by His perpetual presence."

This flying visit to New Guinea only lasted four or

five days, for 28th February finds Maclaren writing again from Thursday Island pleading for spiritual help to be sent to that island, and giving an interesting account of a visit to the leper station on Dayman Island. "I am staying," he writes, "with the Hon. John Douglas, C.M.G., the Government Resident here. His brother was Bishop of Bombay. I stay here over Sunday. Thursday Island is a small, but important place; it contains about 400 white people and many natives. The only place of worship is the Roman Catholic Chapel. The priest is a very pleasant man, and has given me much information in regard to his mission in New Guinea. Their clergy receive £40 a year, the lay brothers £20 and the sisters the same. My reason for staying over Sunday is to have services in the Court House for our people, of whom there are a good many, and to try and get a Sunday-school established. It is a great pity that so many places like this are not worked better. I have just been talking to Mr. Douglas about it and have learnt from him that there is a maritime floating population of 1,500 people here, and that a great many ships stop here from all parts of the world. The leper station is only eighteen miles away. I visited it yesterday on board the SS. *Albatross* and saw five poor lepers. I was not allowed to go within ten yards of them, but I had a long talk with them. Two are Chinamen, one a Malay, and the other two are natives. I asked them if they were Christians, and they all said 'No'. I asked them if they could read, and one said 'Yes,' but that they had nothing to read. I promised to send them a New Testament and a Prayer and Hymn Book.

Cannot you send an illustrated paper to them? the other papers would not be of interest. Please don't forget, because I promised to see to this and would not for worlds disappoint them. They are all happy and are well cared for by the Queensland Government. We took them a sheep, some vegetables, rice, flour, fruit, fish, etc. Each has his own little iron house. . . . None of the poor men seem to suffer much, but one was dreadfully disfigured and another had his face twice the ordinary size. They seemed pleased to see the 'Padré' —that is the name by which I was introduced to them. The Chinamen asked for China onions, China cabbage, etc., and offered money, but we could not touch it as the law forbids all contact with them.

"This is a lovely place and the sunrise and sunset are beyond description. Islands are all round us and little iron houses dotted about along the beach, but the mosquitoes are terrible. Staying with us is a L.M.S. missionary and his wife and little child. They are reading their mail, the first they have received for nearly four months. They live at Murray Island, and are going to Sydney for a short holiday. I liked Mr. Chalmers much and we became friends at once. He makes one laugh with his weird stories about New Guinea. They call him 'Tamate,' the nearest approach they can make to pronouncing 'Chalmers'. I am going to pay him a visit at his station in Motu Motu soon.

"On Wednesday I am going to Townsville to see Bishop Stanton, then I return to Cooktown and go again to New Guinea till the end of June. How tired I am of moving about, and how glad I shall be to get settled."

CHAPTER VII

THE WRECK OF THE SS. *QUETTA*

WHILE Maclaren was waiting to get away from Thursday Island, news arrived which was to strike consternation and sorrow into every heart in Australia.

The British India royal mail steamer *Quetta*, bound from Brisbane to England with 291 souls on board, struck on an uncharted rock near Adolphus Island (Albany Pass) on the night of 28th February, 1890, and sank in less than three minutes. It was a beautiful and calm night, and many of the ladies were singing in the music saloon, practising for a concert, others were writing letters in the saloon. Some of the survivors said that the noise caused by the vessel in striking sounded like a tank going overboard, then there was a grating sound, and then a swell of water from the engine-room. The ship did not seem to sink, the water merely seemed to rise round her. Then the stern rose high out of the water, and the propeller and a large part of the keel became visible. She hung in that position for about half a minute, then listed to port and suddenly disappeared. The captain had ordered the boats to be lowered directly she struck, and called out, "All who

want to be saved, come aft". Some of the shipwrecked passengers and crew reached Mount Adolphus Island clinging to the boats, and next morning one of the boats went to Somerset to wire to Thursday Island for assistance. Orders were given by the Government Resident, the Hon. John Douglas, to Captain Reid of the little steamer *Albatross*, to proceed immediately to the scene of the wreck, and Captain Hennessey of the *Merrie England* offered to go as well in the New Guinea Government yacht, so in less than an hour she weighed anchor and was on her way. On board the *Albatross* were Dr. Salter of Thursday Island, Captain Wilkie and Maclaren. It was Maclaren who supplied to the Queensland press all details concerning the search for the survivors. The following account is in his own words:—

"About three hours after leaving Thursday Island the *Albatross* came alongside the SS. *Victoria* and took on board Captain Sanders (R.M.S. *Quetta*), the pilot (Captain Keating) and some lascars, and at once proceeded on her way to Mount Adolphus Island, where nearly a hundred shipwrecked people anxiously awaited her arrival, among them being the second and fourth officers and the quartermaster of the *Quetta*. Many of us were touched when we saw the attachment of a Javanese to a little white child about three years of age. He had rescued her from the deep and had tended her with the greatest care. The poor little child was calling for 'mamma,' and he told us she had been crying out all day for her. We gave her milk and wrapped her in some pyjamas till other clothing arrived by the

steamer *Merrie England.* Shortly after we had attended to the wants of the shipwrecked people the *Merrie England* arrived, commanded by Captain Hennessey, bringing with her articles of wearing apparel which the kind-hearted people of Thursday Island had collected and sent on board. They had accepted the services of Miss Brown, who volunteered to act as stewardess in case there might be some ladies rescued from the wreck. . . . Soon after the arrival of the *Merrie England* the shipwrecked people were transhipped to her, and both ships anchored till the dawn of day, when, having prearranged different routes in which to search for other survivors who might be cast adrift, they set off on their work. As I was on board the SS. *Albatross*, I can only give a detailed account of our own movements. Captain Reid steamed at once for Mount Adolphus Island, where four men were seen on the rock waving something white, and walking up and down. A boat was sent off, and they were brought on board and taken care of. Then we steamed along the island and sent a boat off at the other end to search for men, which the *Albatross* called for later on in the day, and took on board one man whom those in the boat had found. Then we steamed towards the Three Brothers Island, when Captain Reid, who never left the bridge for an instant, but with glass in hand scanned the sea in every direction, suddenly saw something not much larger than a coco-nut floating out to sea. He steamed towards it, and as we drew nearer saw that it was a person swimming. A boat was sent out and a young lady was lifted in. One of the sailors

took off his flannel shirt and wrapped her in it, but she had in the meantime fainted. I recognised her as Miss May Lacy, of S. Helen's Station, Mackay. She was much exhausted, but thanks to the care of Dr. Salter is fast recovering, though she is very weak and burnt by exposure to the sun. Her story is that she was writing a letter to her mother when the sad event happened and she rushed to get her younger sister, who had gone to bed, and brought her on deck. Both went over together and she was afterwards dragged into a boat or raft, where she was kindly treated by the purser. She remained on the raft till the afternoon of Saturday, when, the purser tells me, she determined to swim to the shore, so that she must have been swimming about till she was seen by Captain Reid at 8.10 this morning. Her rescue is almost miraculous, as she was drifting out to sea away from Mount Adolphus Island, and could not have held out much longer.

"We passed over the scene of the terrible wreck, and, at the request of Captain Reid, I read the service of the Church of England, in the presence of the captain, Mr. Corser, Pilot Keating, Dr. Salter and the crew."

It was Tuesday night, 4th March, when the *Albatross* returned to Thursday Island, having been out on her work of rescue since Saturday afternoon. The kindness and self-sacrifice so generally shown were the one bright spot on a very dark picture of suffering and death. Maclaren earned public thanks for what he had done, and his memory will long be gratefully enshrined in sorrowing hearts for his love and care for their dear ones in those terrible days.

ALL SOULS' CATHEDRAL ("*QUETTA*" MEMORIAL), THURSDAY ISLAND.

It was at Maclaren's suggestion that what is now known as the "Quetta Memorial Church" was erected in 1890 on Thursday Island, as a thankoffering on behalf of those who had been saved, as well as a memorial to those whose lives had been lost.

He wrote to the Queensland press on 26th April, 1890:—

"Will you permit me, through the columns of your paper, to solicit the interest of my fellow-churchmen in Queensland in a matter which has suggested itself to me during the last few days—the erection of a small church on Thursday Island as a memorial to those who lost their lives in the sad *Quetta* disaster? We all know that among those who are sleeping peacefully beneath the placid waters of Torres Straits are some who took a very earnest interest in all that concerns the welfare of the Anglican Church in this vast colony, and I know of no more suitable way of recognising their services and perpetuating their memory than by the erection of a small church on Thursday Island. For it is the nearest spot to the sad scene of the *Quetta* wreck, and a church there is much needed; and in the second place (though the Thursday Island residents would be the last to wish their generous unselfishness to be noticed), all classes and creeds were assiduous in their anxiety to do what they could to aid the needy and the sufferers. I therefore venture to make the suggestion and trust to the liberality of English churchmen throughout the colony to make a united effort to carry it through.

"The time has come when there should be an Anglican

church erected on the island, and a resident clergyman appointed to minister to the Europeans who are not members of the Roman obedience, and also to take some interest in the aboriginals and other coloured nationalities on it and the islands adjacent."

On 25th July, 1890, Maclaren's suggestion took practical shape in a meeting held at the Court House, Thursday Island, and presided over by the Bishop of North Queensland—Dr. Stanton. At the meeting the following resolution was adopted: "That in the opinion of this meeting it is desirable that a church and parsonage be erected on Thursday Island; the church to be a memorial of those who were lost in the wreck of the *Quetta* on the night of 28th February last and that the present Church committee take the necessary steps for carrying this into effect".

Prior to this date the Anglican Church in Thursday Island had no resident clergyman and no church building. The first requirements were to provide for a resident clergyman, and to provide a suitable house for him. During 1890-91 a parsonage was built and the Rev. W. Maitland Woods, M.A., was duly installed as the first rector by the bishop of the diocese.

We can imagine what satisfaction this appointment gave to Maclaren, whose keen interest in the cosmopolitan little island and earnest desire that something should be done for the spiritual welfare of the shifting, seafaring population we have already seen.

The appeal for funds to build a church resulted in the sum of £2,000 being raised, and the chancel and four bays were built in concrete, the aisles being added later

with temporary walls of wood. The chancel was consecrated by Bishop Barlow on 12th November, 1893. The memorial church, though not even yet completed, has become the home of some who have no home without it, and is the centre of a widespread missionary influence. During 1907 thirty Javanese have been baptised and received into communion with the Church. The services held in the church are attended by numbers of South-Sea Islanders, many of whom are communicants.

In 1900 the Quetta Memorial Church became the cathedral church of the new See of Carpentaria.

CHAPTER VIII

SECOND VISIT TO NEW GUINEA

IN March and April, 1890, Maclaren travelled in North Queensland. He visited his old parish of Mackay, and Townsville and Cooktown, whilst waiting rather anxiously to cross again to New Guinea. "I am feeling lonely and dull, and anxious to get to work in New Guinea," he writes. "How one's patience is tried when one longs for work and can't get it. Here (at Cooktown) I am waiting for the ship to come to take me over. I am tired of waiting, and the delay gives one time to think over the past and long for England again. It is difficult, too, to write letters in this terribly relaxing climate! We need your prayers and sympathy more than you can tell."

At last on Friday, 1st May, after a celebration of the Holy Communion at Christ Church, Cooktown, he started for New Guinea on the SS. *Merrie England.* He notes in his diary: "We arrived at Port Moresby on Sunday, 3rd May, at 10.30 A.M. Soon after, I went ashore and was introduced to Mr. Musgrave, the Government Secretary. We returned to the SS. *Merrie England,* and after lunch went off to the London Missionary Society's Mission. On our way we met the

bearer of a letter from Mr. Lawes, welcoming me to the mission. When we got near the shore as the tide was low we were carried to land on the backs of some natives. Captain Hennessey, in trying to get his carriers to land him before mine could land me, was tumbled off into the water, and had to appear in missionary attire at the service. We were welcomed by Mr. Lawes and his assistant Mr. Dauncey, who met us on the shore.

"At 3 P.M. we wended our way to the church, a large substantial building with a cross at each end, but perfectly plain inside. As the bell was ringing, it was interesting to watch the Papuans assembling for the service. Some wore their native dress, while others wore, in addition, hats of brilliant designs, red and yellow being the prevailing colours. The men had on white singlets and a Turkey-red garment down to the knees, not unlike the dress of an acolyte at S. Peter's, London Docks. Inside the church we found the congregation seated on the floor, which was beautifully clean. The men and women were divided and the Christians were also separated from those who had not professed their faith in Christ. I had a seat given me by the side of Mr. Lawes. The service was of a simple but impressive character. A hymn was given out by Mr. Dauncey, which was heartily sung in Motu by the whole congregation sitting, and without any musical instrument to assist them, and very well it sounded. After this a prayer was offered by one of the native teachers, then another hymn, then a lesson, and the sermon by Mr. Dauncey, then another hymn, and a

short baptismal service, when some sixteen adults were solemnly admitted into the Church. Then the communion followed, the whole of the congregation remaining. Instead of wine the milk of the coco-nut was used. Altogether it was a most interesting service, and one could not but feel deeply thankful that such a noble work has been accomplished by the agents of the L.M.S. among the Papuans of New Guinea. The congregation was most reverent and attentive, though they sat on the floor during the whole of the singing, reading and praying—their heads were bent low when prayer was offered to God.

"After the service I had a long conversation with Mr. Lawes about his work in New Guinea and the translation of the New Testament into Motu which he is just finishing. He gave me a copy of his Motu grammar. He thinks that Motu should be made the basis of the whole British New Guinea languages and in this he is supported by Sir William MacGregor.

"The people at the Mission welcomed me most warmly and made me feel quite at home. They have been here twenty years. They say that I am liberal-minded, and that the last English clergyman they had here would not go to the service nor take part in their family prayer. I do all. Am I not right? Surely in a heathen country we don't want to shock the poor natives with our unhappy divisions. God listens to us all. . . . I trust I am none the less a Catholic in its deepest meaning."

Dr. Lawes, referring to this visit of Maclaren after hearing of his death, said: "One afternoon in May,

1890, I had the pleasure of welcoming our brother to Port Moresby. It was the Communion Sabbath and he went with us to the native church and with evident pleasure joined with us in that service. We sat side by side and united with native communicants in that solemn commemorative feast which makes one all the families of men. It was at the table of our Lord that we first met in Christian brotherhood, and all I afterwards saw and knew of our brother deepened the impressions then received of him as a large-hearted, liberal-minded Christian, full of simple faith and love to Christ. Before the Sabbath closed he was on the footing of an old friend; and by his unaffected, genuine character had established himself in our home as a beloved brother. During that first visit to New Guinea he was a frequent visitor and an honoured guest in our house. He was very observant and of a receptive mind. Preconceived plans and schemes were readily abandoned when once he saw their inadvisability or weakness. After that visit of inspection he left New Guinea with clearer views and more practical ideas of his work and its requirements than he had before. He discussed plans for the future with all the earnestness and common sense with which he was so largely endowed. In our council, concerning the districts to be occupied by the different missionary societies and arrangements to prevent any future discord or clashing, he was liberal-minded and catholic. He won the esteem and affection of all the missionary brethren he met in New Guinea, while his power of human sympathy secured him the trust and confidence of the natives everywhere."

Returning to Maclaren's diary we read—still under date of 4th May: "A small church is nearly completed at Port Moresby for the use of all denominations, but as the money for its erection was raised by Mr. Lawes I certainly think it would save squabbling in the future if it were vested in the L.M.S. At the present time the Church of England service is read every Sunday morning at Mr. Goldie's residence by Mr. Lawes, but when the little church is finished the service will be held in it. In the evening I dined with Mr. Musgrave and Judge Winter, and later on I paid a second visit to the mission house and met the Rev. A. Pearce and his wife who had just come from their mission station sixty miles east at Kerepuna.

"*Monday, 5th May.*—I had a long talk with Mr. Lawes concerning native teachers from the South-Sea Islands. He spoke warmly of their assistance, but advised me to do my utmost to train the native Papuan boys for missionary work among their own fellow-countrymen. The natives who rowed us off to the mission station were interested in my coloured glasses, and each had a look through them. Their noses being flat they could not make them stick on as I could.

"I visited the three villages of Port Moresby. The women were busily engaged making pottery for trading purposes farther West. They exchange it for sago, etc. Everywhere we were constantly asked for tobacco. Some of the women were very old and the children had terrible skin diseases. Their houses are clean. Their food consists of fish, sago, bananas and yams. Some of the women had their heads shaved as a sign

that their husbands were away. They are all kind to their children and fond of them. Their dress is simple, but they are fond of gay clothes.

"*Wednesday, 7th May.*—We left Port Moresby at 7.30 A.M. for Yule Island, and after a delay of about forty minutes on the way, owing to a severe storm, we reached the anchorage at 4.10 in the afternoon. The next morning Captain Hennessey took me to call on the Roman Catholic missionaries. We found the bishop absent with Sir William MacGregor up the S. Joseph's River, but two of the fathers received us and introduced us to the rev. mother and five other sisters. They were pleasant and told us about their work. The houses in which they live are primitive native buildings, and yet they were all happy and contented though they had suffered terribly from fever.

"The fathers and brothers were engaged in erecting new houses nearer the landing-place, the new buildings being made of iron and wood—the wood of the island, cut, sawn and prepared by themselves. There is a large house for the Presbytery, a Chapel and Sisters' House. Their work among the natives I did not see, as it was some distance off.

"We left the *Merrie England* in a boat for a village named Lala or Naale, about twelve miles away. A murder had been committed in this village about a fortnight ago, a poor woman having been set upon by two boys at the instigation of an older man, but though the Governor had been to arrest them, they had eluded him. Our journey was taken for the purpose of capturing them. We left the SS. *Merrie England* at

3 P.M. on Thursday afternoon and reached a small village on the coast about 5 P.M. and at once started for Lala. We believed it to be not more than four miles away, whereas it turned out to be at least eight. The first mile and a half was along the coast just inside the mangrove. The next four through a thick scrub and the remainder through deep grass. Before we had got more than a mile into the scrub it got so dark that we were in danger of being bushed for the night as there was only a small and scarcely visible foot-track. Had it not been for the native boy it would have been impossible to have continued our journey, as it was, it was most unpleasant. However, we reached Lala about 9.30, after more than four hours' tramp. Unfortunately we had not brought any food and could only get some indifferent bananas. The village is situated in a small valley surrounded with hills. The population consists of about thirty men, forty women and some children. The native teacher's house is very good and his garden well cared for. On our arrival we rested under the teacher's house for ten minutes and then proceeded to the dwelling of the murderer. It was a weird scene. On our nearing the village we heard the natives laughing and talking and the dogs howling, and they had no idea that we were there. As soon as we came within thirty yards of the house a rush was made and the party surrounded it. In a moment there was dead silence while the man inside rushed on to the verandah (of his house) and tried to get away. Captain Hennessey caught him, and, as he tried to escape, he fired a rifle over his head, at

the sound of which all the natives rushed out of their houses and made for the Bush. The murderer was handcuffed and led back to the native teacher's house, where we camped for the night. The prisoner was fastened to the door of the room in which I slept.

"Early the next morning we left for the SS. *Merrie England*, after having had some sweet potatoes and a drink of hot water. On our journey homeward we passed through a small village in which we found the people making native pottery. They gave us some water-melons and coco-nuts in return for some tobacco, which is the money most valued by the Papuans. We arrived on board the SS. *Merrie England* at 12 noon, thoroughly tired.

"At 6 P.M. the Governor, Sir William MacGregor, arrived from his trip up the S. Joseph's River with Bishop Verjus. British New Guinea is to be envied in having such a man as Sir William MacGregor as its Administrator. His whole life is spent in studying the natives and endeavouring to understand their peculiarities. Already he has gained a marvellous influence over them and they recognise him as the 'Big Chief of New Guinea'. He is also deeply interested in missionary work, and I feel sure that we shall have in him one who will do all in his power to help us. We had a long conversation yesterday relating to our proposed Mission, and he thinks the north-east coast will be a splendid field for our future work. Up to the present little is known about it.

"*Sunday, 11th May.*—Sir William MacGregor left at 9 A.M. for Maiva and the SS. *Merrie England*

steamed to Motu to visit Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers. On our arrival at 2 P.M. we found Mrs. Chalmers alone. After taking a walk through the native village we returned to the church, where we had service in the native tongue, conducted by the teacher. We left again at 4 P.M. and returned to Yule Island. At 11 A.M. we had morning service, at which all the crew and officers attended.

"On Monday at nine I went ashore, and having visited Maiva I accompanied Sir William to a village five miles west, but owing to a severe attack of fever and ague, Sir William was unable to proceed farther than within one and a half miles of the village. Ava, a native, and I went up to Kevori through a swamp, up to our loins in mud and water, and brought the chief and about a hundred natives down to Sir William, who compelled them to make peace with the people of Maiva. The scene was an interesting one. Beneath the palm-trees the Governor was lying, very ill with fever, attended by the native teachers' wives, who did all they could to minister to his needs, while the chief of Kevori and his men stood round and listened to the Governor's speech through the native teacher. Tobacco and betel-nuts were freely distributed, and each man who made a speech received a stick of tobacco.

"Great was the astonishment when about sixteen white men came up from the S.S. *Merrie England* with guns and flags. This was done to impress the natives with the power and authority of English rule.

"About four we left and returned to Maiva, where we up our quarters at the native teacher's house for

the night. Some of the natives are very interesting—one named Himurra-murra became much attached to me and said he would like to go to sea as a sailor. I gave him some tobacco and promised to send him a shirt by 'Tamate' (Mr. Chalmers) from Port Moresby. I gave Ava a piece of Turkey red cloth, which he gave to his wife and it was worn by her at evening prayers. During the evening some six or seven natives went on to the beach with me and I tried to teach them the music of a hymn—169—'The Mill Wheel,' which they quickly sang after me. I also sang some hymns to them, which they listened to very attentively. My glasses amused them, also my umbrella. I sat down on a tree on the beach to put on my boots and stuck my umbrella into the sand, when a big wave came up suddenly and carried it out to sea. The native teacher gave me a bird of paradise and some very curious charms.

"*Tuesday, 13th May.*—At eight we returned to the SS. *Merrie England* and sailed for Port Moresby, which we reached at 6.30 P.M.

"*Wednesday, 14th May.*—I went ashore and met Messrs. Chalmers, Lawes and Pearce of Kerepuna, and it was resolved that the Anglican Mission should extend from Cape Ducie to Mitre Rock on the north-east coast, while the Wesleyans were to take the islands."

This agreement is described in the following letter to the Australian Board of Missions :—

"At a conference held at Port Moresby on 17th June, 1890, at which were present the Rev. W. G. Lawes, F. W. Walker and H. Dauncey, of the London Missionary Society, the Rev. G. Brown, Secretary of the

Wesleyan Missionary Society, and the Rev. A. A. Maclaren of the Anglo-Australian Board of Missions, the following statements and recommendations were adopted as expressing the views and opinions of those present:—

"We regret the misunderstanding that has arisen with respect to the fields of labour to be occupied by the respective societies, owing to the fact that the Louisiade and the adjacent islands were suggested to the Anglo-Australian Board of Missions by the late Protectorate Government as a suitable field in which to commence missionary work, and that they had been preparing to occupy them, whilst in ignorance of this, the same field, together with the north-east coast of New Guinea from Mitre Rock to East Cape, had also been suggested in a memorandum of the Government Secretary to the Wesleyan Missionary Society of Australasia and accepted by them as their field of labour, whilst the directors and missionaries of the L.M.S. still desired to retain the north-east coast as part of their existing mission.

"In order to prevent further complications *re* missionary boundaries, we express the opinion that as the missionaries of the L.M.S. have agreed to make the boundary of their mission at Cape Ducie on the north-east coast, the Anglican Mission should occupy the coast from Cape Ducie to Mitre Rock on the north-east coast of New Guinea, and that the Wesleyan Missionary Society should occupy the whole of the outlying islands, with the exception of those islands lying west of Rocky Pass on the south-east coast of New Guinea."

"I am delighted," he writes, "that this matter is so far settled. The L.M.S. are most kind and we shall have every encouragement from their agents here. What we need now is money—you must get that. Our people must help us. Rouse them up. It will take at least £4,000 to start with. The Wesleyans have more than this in hand. The north-east coast is a splendid field for us in every way, better even than the islands could have been.

"*Saturday, 17th May.*—Went and called on Sir William in the afternoon, agreed to do Richards' work while he went south. Attended a native prayer-meeting at 7.30.

"*Sunday, 18th May.*—Native service at nine. Chalmers took it. At 4 P.M. a small Protestant church opened. I read prayers. Mr. Lawes spoke and offered dedicatory prayer and Mr. Chalmers preached. Captain Hennessey played. The native women and teacher carried their white dresses and put them on outside the church. At the end of the service the natives sang some hymns. Port Moresby looked lovely as the sun was setting.

"*Monday, 19th May.*—Left the Mission house and stayed with the Governor to learn Private Secretary's duties.

"*Thursday.*—Left at 7 A.M. for Hall Sound.

"The Roman Catholic Mission, from what I have seen and heard, does not appear to be worthy of imitation. As they have been at Yule Island for nearly five years one would have expected considerable results, instead of which, as far as I have seen and heard, in spite of a

staff of twenty Europeans, they have done little more than make themselves known among a portion of the natives of their district. They half starve themselves so that they soon fall victims to fever, they work, too, at manual labour in the heat of the day and don't take care of their bodies. The system pursued by the L.M.S. is more practical and worthy of imitation. They place native teachers from the South-Sea Islands who give the first simple teaching to the Papuans in Christianity. Their belief, too, is less complicated. They teach the great doctrine of God's revelation to man, and, as far as I have seen, it will take some time to get beyond this in New Guinea. Already the inconsistency of some of the converts is apparent. They pray and speak freely on religion, but they don't realise that a Christian is one who has constantly to fight against sin. However we must not expect too much. After nearly twenty years' work many in England would be disappointed with the visible results of the L.M.S., and yet they have accomplished a noble work. Lawes and Chalmers, two men entirely different, have, each in his own way, done much and are held in high estimation by the natives. Our Mission must learn experience by their example. A little more ritual would help them. It must do so. The natives are much impressed by outward surroundings. I hope to get South-Sea Islanders from Mackay, and to give them six months' training before they go on to New Guinea; a great thing is that they speak English and will be able to act as interpreters.

"On Friday we steamed to Maiva. In the evening a peculiar ghostlike figure walked through the village

and inspected the coco-nut trees. It was interesting to watch the faces of the children. He is supposed to be a spirit, and it is not supposed to be known who he is. It appears that some time before the village feast and dance all the coco-nuts are 'tabooed' (forbidden to be eaten). He goes round and is supposed to know all the nuts, and if any are missing he scolds them. He came up and stood in front of the Governor and then went on his way. He certainly walked very gracefully. The mosquitoes are awful. During the night my room was alive with rats and lizards. Still I slept fairly well.

"Early on Saturday, 24th May, we started for Aipiana, a village twelve miles from Maiva. Some thirty-six natives were engaged as carriers. Our party consisted of eighteen, all told. We had three creeks or swamps to cross. The Governor and I were carried over, it was anything but pleasant. I found out afterwards that one of the men who carried me over had leprosy. The amount of skin disease here is very sad—the children are fearfully bad. I was glad to reach Aipiana, which we did about 3 o'clock. On the road we had some coco-nut milk and sugar cane. Great was the surprise when we reached Aipiana. We went at once to the Strangers' House, a large building of bamboo and palm leaves, about sixty feet long and twenty broad. There is an upper platform eight feet from the ground, on which we all camped. As soon as we arrived the place was swarming with natives, talking and shouting. The chief greeted Sir William as he was well known to him, and I was introduced. His name is Maino, and you could see at once that he is head and shoulders above

his fellows. Tall and slight, refined in features and dignified in carriage, he impressed us all with his superiority. Other chiefs appeared on the scene and all had presents of 'kuku' (tobacco) given to them. Many brought coco-nuts or taro, and received 'kuku' in return. After dinner, for which we were all ready, I took a stroll through the village. It is a long straggling street of some hundred houses, divided in the middle by a fence. Most of the children ran away when they saw us, as did the women. The men were indifferent. Later on we returned and had a service with the native carriers. Ava led it. They sang a hymn and he made a short speech and prayed. About 150 natives of Aipiana came and listened attentively. It was probably the first time the Gospel had been preached here, for it is in the Roman Catholic district and they have not made a start yet. After prayers we had some singing, while the natives stood round in crowds and listened. The mosquitoes were very bad. Later on we went to bed, but not to sleep, as the natives kept up an incessant talking until about twelve, when the Governor told them to go away. Our beds were hammocks hung up, mine was under Sir William MacGregor's and was very comfortable. Both food and bed are relished here, though both are somewhat rough. At present I don't like the native food, but I am trying to do so. Some of our Governors are missionaries in the truest sense—at any rate Sir William MacGregor is.

"*25th May.*—On Sunday we got up at six and were getting ready to start, when the Governor suddenly changed his mind, remembering that it was Sunday,

and remained at Aipiana. The natives had service at which we were present. About ten o'clock the chief arrived with two pigs as a present for Sir William. In return he gave him two large knives, a looking-glass and two lots of tobacco. Though it was Sunday the pigs were killed, as our provisions had been left behind at Maiva. A leg was given to a chief who had come from Maiva district to share with the others. He departed with the leg and did not turn up again till 4 P.M., not having given any to the other chiefs. But when he was questioned he said it was against native custom to take any part of what they had once given, and that he had shared it with some other Kivori men who had arrived during the day. During the night a death had taken place, and the burial-place was just in front of the house. Inside some twenty women sat round making lamentations; we stayed and watched them and gave them tobacco. Soon after we left we heard them all in fits of laughter. It appeared strange that they should change so soon, but I suppose the women were engaged to sing death lamentations.

"During the day great quantities of coco-nuts and native vegetables were brought in exchange for 'kuku'.

"Aipiana is a very pretty village, surrounded by a thick band of coco-nut trees. The houses are built of bamboo and thatched. The roofs are like the ordinary thatched roofs in England. They are made of the leaves of the coco-nut and beautifully finished inside. Soon after sunset we had our evening service, said in English first, and then the native Christians had theirs. The natives of Aipiana stood round and listened. It

was a weird scene—the Governor of New Guinea sitting on a bag of rice, on the floor of the Strangers' House with a candle stuck in a coco-nut shell, a few Europeans and a crowd of New Guinea people gathered round him, listening to a very simple service, heard for the first time perhaps in Aipiana—such was our Whitsunday service, so different from my last in England. As far as one can see New Guinea is not at all anxious to receive the Gospel. The people are happy and free from care here because they have plenty of food. It is not so elsewhere, where food is not so plentiful. The country through which we travelled from Maiva is rich beyond description. Most of it is under cultivation. What one has to fear is an influx of Europeans, who will teach European failings without European morals. Hence the need of practical missionaries. As far as I am able to judge, Christianity must bring temporal benefits with it, if ever it is to be lasting in its effects in New Guinea. Late in the evening I went through the village with Sir William and visited the house of mourning. The mourners were sitting round the grave, having lighted fires at each end. Some time after two officers of the *Merrie England* and I sang some hymns to them in the village, and a crowd gathered round and said 'Namo' ('Good, good'). We turned in about nine and but for the continual chattering I should have slept well.

"I am afraid the Papuans will not be celebrated for their kindness to animals for some time to come. One of their decorations is a butterfly of the most brilliant colour, fastened round the waist by a bit of coco-nut

fibre and attached to the hair. It flies round and round to a distance of eight or ten inches till it dies. Pigs are carried on a bit of bamboo, their legs tied across, they hang back downward and are carried for miles.

"*26th May.*—The Governor had intended to have started for his next stage, but as the chief he expected had not turned up he delayed his journey till Tuesday. The chief Baula turned up about ten and then the noise began. Baula is tall, thin and a very ugly man. He was clothed in a flannel shirt given to him on a previous occasion, and as soon as he arrived he began to declaim in a most unpleasant manner. In the meantime the Strangers' House was crowded with natives. They were ordered off, but they soon came back. In ordering them off again I unfortunately ordered one of the chiefs off. He became angry and would not be appeased till I had given him some 'kuku'. Then he came and shook hands with me and we were friends again. In the evening the sailors of our party sang some songs with choruses, which were much appreciated by the large native audience.

"*Tuesday, 27th May.*—We started for Amoamo, a village about twelve miles farther inland. Soon after we left Aipiana we passed through Vapa, of which Baula is chief. It was amusing to see the different chiefs meet and rub noses. About half-way in crossing one of the rivers, I unfortunately slipped and fell into the water, the result being that I got a thorough wetting. Then we passed into a fearful swamp of about three miles in length, with mud and water above our knees. It was not pleasant, but we got through it and soon

after reached Amoamo. The inhabitants of this village had recently killed two other people, and as the chief was frightened to meet the Governor, he cleared out as soon as it was known that we were coming. The result was the Governor had to wait till Friday before he could see him. The village is small and poor, but the people were very friendly. In the evening we had some games with the children, and taught them 'Blind-man's Buff' and 'Tug the Rope'. In the latter the 'Maiva' (our carrying boys) tugged against 'Amoamo' and caused much fun. Their own games are very interesting.

"Early on Thursday, 29th, we started for Aipiana. In the evening we had some games with the children which they thoroughly enjoyed.

"Next day we started for Ngauauni, sixteen miles distant, and passed through Roari, Baula's village.

"Baula was at home and came on with us. He is a wonderful old man, with a natural dignity, though he is a savage. He and I became very good friends. Of course I have to give him a little 'kuku' from time to time. We arrived at Ngauauni about five and I was fairly tired. The people were timid and did not come near at first, but gradually they came round us, and as usual began to talk at the top of their voices. Baula soon after arrived on the scene and began to declaim. These people were at enmity with the surrounding villages, and both this and Baula's village were barricaded with bamboo, and all the spears were kept in readiness. Here all the women and children leave the village at night on account of the warlike attitude of

the neighbouring tribes. We slept in the Strangers' House, a very good one. About 7.30 the Governor arrived. The view from S. Joseph's River, which runs just under the village of Yule, is lovely.

"Early on Saturday morning six of the party started off to a bamboo clump to make a raft, while most of the others went out shooting or collecting. About mid-day the Governor started for the bamboo clump, where the rest of us were to overtake him on Sunday. On Saturday afternoon I did some washing in the river, as most of my things were dirty. Food being scarce we had but little to eat.

"*1st June.*—Early on Sunday morning, after I had said prayers, we started for the raft, about eight miles on the way to Aipiana, which we reached about ten, and found all hard at work completing the raft. After a meal of biscuits and tea, we made a start on the raft down the river for Aipiana, which we reached about four. After us came some twenty Papuans on rafts of their own, and as they chanted some of their native songs it was very pleasing. I cannot but express my regret that such work has to be done on a Sunday, as it quite undoes the good missionaries are trying to do, though on this particular Sunday some excuse can be made for it, on the ground of short provisions. The raft was made of six or seven layers of bamboo, fifty or sixty feet long, and it was large enough to take our party of twenty-four, as well as one or two chiefs. Then there was all our baggage. On reaching Aipiana we went at once to the Strangers' House, and stayed there the night. In the evening some of us sang

a lot of hymns to the natives to which they said 'namo' ('Good').

"*2nd June.*—Early on Monday we started again on our raft for a village six miles farther down the river. Before starting we parted with three Maiva boys who had been with us the whole time and were loyal and helpful—Jora, Oa and Tom. I was quite sorry to part with them, and I gave Oa a shirt for his personal attendance on myself. At Ngauauni we found a cat, a great pet of Baula's. He called her 'Putty' and was delighted when I told him we also called her 'Pussy'. They can't pronounce the 'S' very distinctly. The raft came into contact more than once with snags and logs floating down or stuck in the river. The views of Mount Yule, towering 10,000 feet above us, about fifteen miles away were lovely. We reached our next stopping-place about twelve o'clock, and went at once to the village about two miles inland. Here we experienced great difficulty in getting carriers to bring our luggage up from the raft to the village, and it was only by good management, 'kuku,' and by going back with them myself that they consented to move.

"These people are more savage and warlike than any I have seen before. On our arrival in the village the war drum was sounded and they went at once for their spears and stood ready to attack. As there was no Strangers' House we had to camp in the open air under canvas. In the evening they had a native war-dance when the men wore their head-dress and beat their drums. It was interesting and very clever. They first walked sideways in two long lines about six feet apart

facing each other, and then they fell in six deep and marched very slowly, backward and forward, up and down the village. Of course they wanted 'kuku'. The scene was striking, the clear moonlight night, the beautiful palm-trees all round the village, and bending over it, the natives practising their war-dance, made a sight I shall not soon forget.

"Here, as usual, the women do most of the work while the men talk, smoke and sleep. The mosquitoes seem to trouble them a good deal. Just as I was going off to sleep, a native peered in at me through my net, and gave me a great shock as he had a spear in his hand, but a worse fright was in store for me. About twelve I felt something under my hammock touching me, which awoke me and I called out. When I heard a grunt, and found it to be a very large pig, I was greatly relieved, though it took me some time to go to sleep again. Pigs are plentiful, but as the young ones are fed from the breasts of the women, I was not anxious to taste them, though the rest of our party seemed to enjoy the fresh meat and preferred it to tinned meat.

"*3rd June.*—We made a very early start the next morning, Tuesday, or rather tried to do so. Our party was divided, half going overland to the sea, *viâ* another inland village, which the Governor wished to visit, and the other half going down the river on the raft.

"The Governor's party left soon after six, while we did not get away till nearly nine, as the people refused to carry our goods. Neither 'kuku' nor persuasion would make them, so we had to go to the next village, three-quarters of a mile off, to try and get some carriers,

but these, though they were ready to carry our stuff, were soon influenced by the others. At last we got one or two to start, then others came, though one old fellow did all he could to stop the rest. He shouted to them at the top of his voice, sitting down about twenty yards from where our stuff was. If it had not been so important to us to get an early start, it would have been amusing. At last I could stand it no longer, so I shouted louder than he did and silenced him. Strength of voice is a power in New Guinea. As soon as we had been successful in getting a goodly number to start, I went over to him and gave him a bit of 'kuku,' and patted him on the back and gained his powerful aid. Then plenty of carriers came, and last of all he came himself, and we gave him the heaviest load! Unfortunately there is no chief in this village, or there would not have been so much difficulty in getting carriers. When everything was on the raft, we cut the ropes and made a start, but before we had got very far we were in the midst of snags, and constant delays were experienced. Travelling on a raft down the S. Joseph River was very interesting. The scenery is lovely and Mount Yule in the distance adds to its grandeur. The current runs at the rate of about three miles an hour. On our way down we passed a good many natives in canoes, from whom we purchased poles for the raft, and fruit. Fortunately we had a bag of sand on the raft, so we were able to make a fire and have tea for dinner. The sailors sang some choruses, and to add to the interest of the journey one or two of them managed to tumble overboard. The river

swarms with alligators, some of which are very large. As the sun was setting we saw six. Just as it was getting dark, the tide coming into the river stopped the current, so that we were unable to proceed on our journey down to the sea. Here we should have had to make fast for the night, with no hope of sleep, as the mosquitoes would have prevented it. But after a stoppage of some two hours we heard the steaming of the small launch of the *Merrie England*, and soon after a rocket went off and we knew that all was well. In less than an hour and a half we were safely on board the SS. *Merrie England* after an eventful journey of nearly a fortnight. How pleasant it was to sit down to a clean meal!

"*4th June.*—On Wednesday I paid a visit to Bishop Verjus on Yule Island, and found him ill in bed with fever. I went into the little chapel and said my prayers, and felt refreshed by the sight of a place of worship. How small all our divisions appear in the presence of savage heathenism! No doubt some Protestant would tell me that I could have said my prayers in the open air far better. I am so constituted that I found it a pleasure to be alone with God in that humble chapel, though it was not one of our own, and therefore I used it and was glad of the chance. On my return to the bishop he gave me his photo, and asked me to remember him in my prayers, and wished me success in my work at the other end of New Guinea. He is a kind and good man and thoroughly earnest in his work.

"*5th June.*—We remained at Redscar Bay all day. The Governor had gone to arrest some murderers but

was unsuccessful, so he arrested the chief as a hostage. The parting between the chief and his wife was touching. She cried bitterly and followed him a distance of seven miles to the seashore. Another chief took her back and was kind to her. The chief was happy on board the S.S. *Merrie England*, and said to me on Saturday morning "Namo, namo," pointing to his stomach, meaning that the food was good. On Friday morning Captain Hennessey and I went off to get some oysters, and while we were on the rocks with his boy and the dog, we suddenly saw an alligator making straight for us. We moved off as quickly as possible and left him in the water. The dog was the attraction, as alligators are supposed to be fond of dogs.

"We reached Port Moresby about 10 A.M. on 7th June. Next day, Sunday, the Governor and I went to the little church recently opened. We had the Litany, three hymns, a lesson and a short sermon. There were fourteen Europeans present. In the evening I went up to the Mission house and was present at the native evening prayer.

"A young Papuan was discovered by Nauo stealing potatoes at the Government House store-room. He was marched into my office, and I fastened him with a strap round his ankle to the leg of the table. He looked very sad and no doubt regretted having been caught. Later in the day he was released and went at once to his village. Passing through it myself about an hour after I found a large crowd round him, talking in loud voices, and scolding him for being taken in the

act. They don't care about the crime. The sin is in being found out.

"*11th June.*—The Governor spent the whole day inspecting the school of the L.M.S. at Port Moresby and was fairly well pleased with the result. He tells me that the school was packed with some 250 children, though the average attendance is not more than 40 or 50. The reason why so many were present was that last year the Governor gave them a feast and they came expecting another this year. They were not disappointed, though certain conditions were laid down, *viz.*, that all children under seven should say the alphabet, and all over seven should say the ten commandments. These children don't like school any more than Europeans, and when the bell rings they may be seen running away into the Bush, and when the teacher goes after them, they run into the sea, as they know that he cannot catch them there without getting wet.

"*12th June.*—To-day the Governor gave a tea to the head teacher and his wife, a student and his wife, and a daughter of the late chief of Port Moresby. The Governor brought back with him a young orphan from Kevori who had followed us on our journey last time. He is installed at Government House and is already beginning to get a little flesh on his bones. Ruatoka's wife had known him when his father and mother were alive, and it was touching to see the meeting of the orphan and the Christianised South-Sea Islander. Tears trickled down their cheeks as they spoke of olden times when his parents lived. These people's

affections are very real. The Governor and I had tea with them and at the same time waited on them. As they left each man and woman had an orange and a stick of tobacco. All the women as well as the men smoke here.

"*20th June.*—A picnic was given by the Governor to all children over seven who could say the ten commandments, and under seven who could say the alphabet. One hundred and fifty came; the picnic was held on the beach about a mile away. They had three pigs, and lots of rice and water, races for knives, looking-glasses, straps, Turkey red and tobacco. The children sat in sevens, and each had a native pot of rice and a piece of pig, which they divided among themselves. They said grace. They had a lot of native and other games—'Pull the Rope' between boys and girls, men and women, black and white—a very pretty game 'The Storm'. Some boys stood close together, a number 50 or 100 yards off, carrying branches of green saturated with water, gradually came nearer, and when they got quite close rushed at those closely packed and sprinkled them, singing and humming like a storm. Then they all danced round in a thick mass. A good time was spent in the water. It was a very pleasant feast, no quarrelling, no drink, no swearing.

"*Sunday, 22nd June.*—Very poorly. Couldn't go to church.

"Maone (the orphan boy) departed, as it had been arranged that he should go on the *Hygeia* for two months. He went off in great spirits with his little parcel of clothes, consisting of one pair of trousers, a shirt, a sing-

let, and a sulu, in a little cardboard box. I gave him some tobacco and an apple. He was much pleased, I said 'Oi namo,' and he said 'Lasi' ('No, missionary, you are good, I am bad'). Poor boy, God bless him!

"We left at 6 A.M. for Kerepuna and arrived at 3.30. Very rough and very sick! Schools examined by the Governor, they sang beautifully. It is only two years since Mr. Pearce arrived. He has done wonders in so short a time. They said the commandments and the Lord's Prayer, all intoned and very well. Some of them were painted black being in mourning. The houses, which are built on very high piles, are very picturesque. We slept on shore. We left at 6.45 A.M., but shortly after the ship steamed on to a bank, and we were delayed. At nine the Governor and I came off to Hula, where he examined the school. They all sat on the floor and sang and recited together the commandments, etc."

After other similar accounts of visits paid to different places on the coast, the diary goes on:—

"On 30th June at 7 A.M. we left Samarai for Mita, Milne Bay, and arrived about 10.30. . . . On our way we called at Killerton Island and saw the teacher. Samarai is an old L.M.S. station and the teacher's house is now used as a bonded store, under which is the prison. There is an old disused cemetery not far off, through which the Government road has been made. Over one grave is a simple wooden cross with the name written in native language. The nati prison is not all that could be wished. I visited t prison on my return on Tuesday, and found fc

prisoners inside and four working outside. Those inside were sitting on the floor. One was chained as he was dangerous and sometimes attacked the others. The native portion is a large room some thirty feet by twenty. On the floor in the middle is a chain to which the prisoners are fastened at night. Two of those inside were natives, but the other two were a Manila man and a Fijian. The former had been sentenced to ten years for the supposed murder of a New Guinea native. The other was serving six months for setting fire to some native houses.

"*2nd July*.—On Wednesday we left Samarai about twelve o'clock for Mita, Milne Bay, and arrived about three. Soon after we went ashore to a feast. An immense quantity of vegetables and fruit, as well as pigs, was collected, and all through the village, small heaps of vegetables and fruit were piled up. Soon after our arrival a sort of town-crier went round with the chief and named the different heaps. One was for 'Missionare'. The Governor had two pigs and a quantity of vegetables and fruit as his share. Then they began to eat. The people came from all quarters, by sea, and over the hills from Bentley and Milne Bays.

"On getting under way the following morning we went on to a coral reef and were stuck till next morning, 4th July. The view of coral was exquisite, and there were fish of every conceivable tint, striped, spotted and irregular. About 3 A.M. we started in a steam-launch for a tour round the Bay, and called at two villages, one on the same side as Mita about ten miles away, and Waga Waga on the opposite side,

"We left on Saturday, 5th July, for S. Aignan's, which we reached at 2.30 and went ashore. Some savage-looking natives came off at about five alongside the *Merrie England* in a canoe with a skull on a pole. Being ordered to take it off, the natives made for the shore, and tried to prevent our boarding the canoe from the SS. *Merrie England.* When we did so two natives jumped into the water and swam away to shore, and threw the skull into the water. When we left there was great threatening and talking.

"14*th July*.—Went ashore at Woodlarks, where we got some betel-nut sticks. The natives were friendly; they spit over us to keep our devil off. There was a murder here of two white men in October, 1889, and the murderers are in the Bush. They seem to have eaten the body of one of their victims. The Roman Catholics have tried missionary work three times and have been driven away or eaten.

"15*th July*.—The Governor and party went off to try and catch prisoners, and returned about 3 P.M. with three. They had some difficulty in catching them and they were at once put in irons. Two are very vicious-looking and older than the other. Tobacco is forbidden, which is a great hardship to them. It appears that white men had engaged the younger, and, having finished with him, threw him overboard out at sea. He swam for the shore and on his way was bitten by a shark. He then told his tale to his friends and urged them to murder the two white men, so that there seems to have been provocation.

"16*th July*.—The Governor was off again. No more

prisoners were caught, though there were still two at large. I stayed on board not wishing to be mixed up with the taking of prisoners.

"On 17th July we visited Lachlan's. Here the people shave with a shark's tooth. . . . Later in the evening we went off to see a native dance, a very tame affair, and not nearly so good as in the S. Joseph's district. Women went round and round the ring in single file, while men and boys beat the drums. Then men put on women's dress and went round in like manner.

"*23rd July.*—We arrived at Chad's Bay about 4.15. The Governor went ashore alone; nineteen months before two men were hanged here and that has made the people shy. I went later on, and saw for the first time some of my future people. They are friendly and interesting. When the Governor told them who I was, they all sat down, expecting that I should begin to preach. After dinner the Southern Cross shone brightly over the site of our new Mission, a good omen. On my landing I at once said prayers to God for His blessing on it—and to be kept from sin.

"On Thursday the 24th I landed at Awaiama at about seven o'clock with the Governor, Winter and party. Tents were erected and soon a number of natives came round us. We found Commoda from Bentley Bay awaiting us. He embraced me. He is a short man clothed in dirty canvas trousers, cotton shirt and helmet hat covered with a mosquito net. We also met Tirrerewei, the chief of Awaiama. He is about thirty and good-looking, tall and well made. Soon after our arrival native food was cooked, consisting of taro, yams, bana-

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nas and sweet potatoes. It was brought by the women in earthenware pots, and for each pot one stick of tobacco was given, and was laid by the side of the food. About ten we started inland to visit the villages. A number of natives went with us. We saw few houses and not many natives. Those with us did not seem desirous of showing us the place in which the people lived. The Governor thinks that there are a number of small villages, but I think that the people are scattered over the whole country. We walked till about 1.30. We were then about one and a half miles from the village in Annie inlet. We came back by a different round, mostly along the beach. There are a number of small villages along the coast and about 2,000 natives. Cape Ducie is seven miles from Awaiama. Between Cape Ducie and Excellent Point there is a deep bay, and here there are a good many villages. The natives were all friendly though the women fled to the houses. We saw the place where the two men mentioned before had been hanged nineteen months ago. The house close by had been razed to the ground. The ends of the cutter of Captain Ansell (the man murdered) are still to be seen just above the water. We got back about 6.30. It was very dark and we had a rough walk back. The natives appear to be kindly disposed, and some of them are quick and attentive to one's needs. Ata carried my waterproof and walked in it, much to the satisfaction of himself and the admiration of his friends.

"The people have splendid gardens and plenty of food, and are inveterate smokers and chew the

betel-nut. There is much skin disease among them; not many very old people are to be seen, and no pigs or fowls. They catch fish with spears and nets. They use the sling in fighting as well as spears. Their head-dress of feathers is very picturesque and they paint their faces. Human hair rope is abundant. They eat lice. They appear to have large feeding sites where they all eat together. They wear pandanus leaf.

"*25th July*.—Early on Friday, S. James's Day, we started off in the boat along the north-east coast to visit a tribe about six miles off named Taupota. They live along the coast, and as far as could be seen number five or six hundred. Their houses are scattered. They are friendly, and brought us food and coco-nuts in abundance. There are plenty of gardens. They live on friendly terms with the Awaiama tribe, and Tirrerewei came with us. On our way we passed Galilulu, a beautiful rise, about midway between Awaiama and Taupota. Here we intend to build. The natives will soon learn to sing. I tried to teach them one or two tunes, and they soon joined in. I beat a native drum to the tune. Their houses are built on piles and they have a native ladder to get up by, which is a trunk of a tree notched. On our return journey we called at Galilulu and had a splendid view from the top of it. It is 150 or 200 feet above the sea, and the highest part is formed of coral and is very rough. The second point Sir William suggested as the best site, but another a little lower down is equally good and is covered with rich soil of a dark colour. Only grass

grows on the top now. Between the two hillocks there is a splendid little valley where a garden could be made.

"It is a suitable place for the headquarters of the Mission, not too close to the natives, but within reach of two or three thousand. Just above and overhanging are hills three or four thousand feet high, with waterfalls. It is close to the sea, a walk uphill of about a quarter of a mile or more, and a road could soon be made. Sir William thinks it the best site he has seen in New Guinea for the headquarters of our Mission station. We want a good house, large tanks, a small church, and later on natives will build houses round us and live near, but at first it is better that they should be a little distance away. We shall also want a good tent while the house is being built. Sand-flies are very bad at our camp. Galilulu is free both from sand-flies and mosquitoes; it ought to be cool and to get the wind from every quarter. We shall want a large bell to sound at least three miles. There is a splendid place for bathing, under the rocks, free from sharks. There are plenty of fish, pigeons, birds of Paradise, good shooting, also kangaroos, etc. We got back about 5.30 and found twenty bowls of food awaiting us. This seems to be the wet season, there is heavy rain every night.

"*Saturday, 26th July.*—I left with Tirrerewei and eight boys to visit inland behind Galilulu, and on our way we passed a small village on the coast. The people offered us food which we bought. A nice boy, named Warramuia, came some distance with us, and then

went back. About three miles away we came upon some 300 people carrying tomahawks, knives, etc. Tirrerewei spoke to them and they were friendly. The chief's name is Namanamara; he is an old man. I gave him tobacco, and wanted him to come back to the Governor and get a shirt, but he wouldn't.

"I went on to a small rise behind the village and saw Galilulu about one and a half miles away, a little to the left looking towards the sea, so that we shall be in the midst of three different tribes who appear to speak the same language. The country from the rise is very pretty, and a brook twenty feet wide ran just under us. We passed through large and well-kept gardens. An old woman was most friendly and put her arms round my neck when she saw my white arms. They all admire size and white skins. We returned about 1 P.M., and in the afternoon I went in the boat in the opposite direction towards Cape Ducie, and called at two or three villages. In Ahego there is a well-kept ground in the centre of the village where they bury their dead. It is twenty-seven feet long by eighteen wide, shingled, and has a low wall round it. There is one peculiar headstone with ugly things carved on it, about three feet high and four feet long.

"We saw very few natives, but those we met were friendly and brought us food. We returned about 4.30. The *Merrie England* was sighted about 5 P.M.

"We slept on shore, and early on Sunday, 27th July, started for Cape Vogel, which we reached about twelve o'clock. Off the coast is a small island, called on the map Ipotete. The chief's name is Ipotete. Soon after

our arrival we went ashore and visited five of the ten villages in the bay. They are small and the houses are poor—having no curios or pigs. The natives are fierce-looking and were shy at first, but soon became more friendly, and a shirt was given to Noe, the chief. He is an elderly man and pleasant. My name is 'Alaberta,' as they cannot pronounce Maclaren either here or in Chad's Bay. Their houses are built on piles about three feet or more from the ground and on the beach. The beach is of sharp coral formation. On my landing from the boat, the native boy Pita tried to carry me on his back to the shore, with the result that I was 'landed' into the water, much to the amusement of some, and to the disgust of other, natives. The scenery is lovely. Goodenough Island towering up about 8,000 feet some ten miles away, and the mainland ranges fifteen or twenty miles inland. There are plenty of coco-nuts and large gardens. Some of the people are good-looking, and their hair is worn in matted ringlets behind. There seems to be a thousand or fifteen hundred people on the cape. The women kept in their houses. The best site for a Mission station would be on a hill further north. It should be in the centre of population.

"On Monday at 6.30 we left for Ipotete Island in a small boat. The island is very small, not more than 400 yards long and less across. It has no land fit for cultivation. The thirty houses on it are built on rocks fifteen feet above the sandy ground. We climbed up native ladders to get to them. They appear to be used as places of defence when the Maisini people come down the north-east coast to attack them. Their

occupants pull up the ladders and throw spears down on their enemies.

"*28th July*.—About 10.30 we saw from the *Merrie England* a burning mountain ten miles inland. White smoke went up from it to a great height. The scenery is very pretty; there are low woody hills a short distance from the coast, and high hills twenty miles or more inland.

"*29th July*.—We went to visit in Collingwood Bay. We saw natives on canoes in a small harbour, but they fled at our appearance. We left a bit of Turkey red and came away, and went round the bay to a large village five miles farther on. On our arrival the chief came and smashed a dog to death on the ground as a token of friendship. We made friends with him. The people also had coco-nuts ready for us to drink. We saw eighty or a hundred men but no women. They were very timid at first, but they admired my arms and white skin, looking-glass and spectacles. After staying twenty minutes and purchasing curios with Turkey red and beads, we came away, promising by signs to return the following morning. They pinch the nose and belly as a sign of goodwill.

"Next morning we left at 7 A.M. in a boat drawn by the steam-launch and made visits to six villages. All received us well, especially the fifth. At the first we got some good curios. At the second they were very friendly, as some people from the first village ran along the beach to tell them about us. Here they play the flute with the nose. The next village was also friendly. The fourth was our old one of the night before, where

we were warmly greeted, though they did not care for us to go far into the village. At the fifth we were well received; its people are very poor but kind. At the sixth all ran away, and as we were caught in a storm we made for the first house. Three or four people bundled out of it very quickly, one carrying a baby. We managed to give them two pieces of Turkey red as they went, but they wouldn't remain. When they had gone we looked into the room built on piles, and saw six or seven dogs and a dead pig. We cleared the dogs out and boiled some water on the fire, which was made on the floor. To our surprise a little child was hidden under some palm leaves in the corner of the room. As it thought that we could not see it, we did not disturb it. At last we coaxed a few natives back and made friends. One ran two miles along the beach to the next village to announce our coming, hence we were warmly welcomed by an immense crowd. It is a very large village, with graves in the centre planted with crotons. There must be at least 500 people. It is not more than ten or fifteen miles from the people on Hardy Point. As it is built on a swamp the houses are on high piles, and the village has a fence for protection; we went through a hole to get into it. Here, as we left, a dog was brought to be killed, but the Governor refused it. All along I tried to explain, by putting head to head, and sitting down and pointing out to sea, that I was coming to live with them, and they all seemed pleased. In one village they kissed my hand, and at another I had my nose pulled some twenty times. This is an important bay, and the

people are big and strong though poor. They have plenty of stone axes and clubs. The latter they refused to part with. At night we camped on the beach near a mangrove swamp; the mosquitoes and sand-flies were very bad. The views from this bay are lovely, Mount Suckling 11,000 feet high is a magnificent range, but it is seldom free from clouds. Between Mount Suckling and Mount Victory an immense tract of pure white woolly cloud floated over the land so that it could not be seen, and gave it the appearance of being snow-clad. Mount Victory is lofty and seems to have been disturbed recently. It is volcanic, and smoke and steam were clearly seen rising out of it some distance from the top. It is covered with fir-trees in parts, and in other places is bare and of a dark brown tint. A large plain covered with grass slopes down from the bottom of the mountain to the sea. It looks as if it had been made by water rushing down from the mountain on to it. Mount Trafalgar is separated from Mount Victory by a slight valley. It is about the same height as Mount Victory, but longer, and not so abrupt in its rise. Between us and the mountain there must be a considerable population, as we saw people issuing from several places, and we distinctly heard the beat of the drums, whether for war, or not, we know not.

"31*st July*.—Our camp was fairly comfortable, but our clothes were damp. We landed at nine on a small sand-bank to await the SS. *Merrie England*. When a match was struck here the sudden clearance of all the natives was very funny, not one remained. Then we got them

REV. A. A. MACLAREN, WITH NATIVE CHILD, CAPE VOGEL.

back and they were gradually convinced that matches were useful, and wanted some. Others, who had never seen a white man before, pointed to the skies and thought we must have come down therefrom.

"We got on board the SS. *Merrie England* at 12.15 and steamed for Hardy Point. We reached a small bay near Nelson Point about four. The coast from Hardy Point up to Nelson Point is a succession of lovely harbours, about the middle of which a splendid mission station was selected. It is to be called after me. Soon after we anchored we set off in the boat to make friends with the natives, but in vain. We saw some canoes with natives on board, but they fled for their lives into the bush. We hauled alongside a canoe and put some Turkey red, beads and a bit of hoop iron on board. Then we went round into the adjoining bay, and I saw one native running through his garden. We landed and put the same as above in his hut. Later in the evening we saw some natives on the hill above us and hailed them, but they refused to come. Next morning (Friday, 1st August) we started about 7 A.M. and steamed along the coast from Cape Nelson towards Hardy Point. Soon after we saw a canoe and steered for it, but the natives made for the scrub and cleared. We went after the canoe and put presents in it as before. On our way towards Hardy Point we saw several canoes, but could not get them to stop. At last in the bay in which the Mission site is chosen we managed to get one or two to wait for us and gave them some Turkey red. Then I jumped out of the boat and waded in water up to my waist over coral, and was soon surrounded by

forty or fifty who admired my white hands and neck, and motioned me to show my legs and arms which I did. They stroked them, and were pleased and shouted. We made purchases, and just before leaving the old chief came up. I gave him a plane iron, and in return he took off his necklace and gave it to me. He was an old man. Most of the natives wore nothing. Their hair was arranged differently from what I had seen before, like a bonnet overhanging in front made of feathers. They are fine-looking and not wanting in self-confidence. I liked them. There were a few young boys who were very shy. After we had gone we saw some more canoes, but they wouldn't come near. We stopped for lunch on a sandy beach. Soon after ten or more came up and made friends. We gave them braid, beads and two jam and meat tins; our food they would not touch for a long time. At last one helped himself out of my plate to a little of what I was eating, and smacked his lips and said something I couldn't make out. They brought us ten sugar canes and water. We left soon after for the *Merrie England* and arrived at 4.30. The day was fearfully hot and I was badly burnt. It is a fine place for a Mission station. There must be 2,000 natives here, but they live on the hills a short distance inland. With a good American whaleboat Collingwood Bay could easily be worked from here and could be joined to the mission at Cape Vogel. It is necessary to take up prominent points at once. I must go to England and get men to work here.

"*Note.*—I had heard so much of the wild savage state of the people here that I was surprised to find quite the

reverse to be the case. Possibly the *Merrie England* impressed them. Still we went off in a small boat and I was unarmed. A steam yacht is a necessity, as there is often no wind and dead calms.

"*Saturday, 2nd August.*—Left Hennessey Harbour at 7.30. Passing along the coast near Nelson Point and Spear Island we saw immense clumps of coco-nuts. There must be a large native population. There are splendid grassy slopes stretching five or six miles inland. The view of Mount Trafalgar and Mount Victory is magnificent; the latter is covered with steam which oozes out from it.

"We steamed along the coast of Dyke Acland Bay, but saw no village till we came to Lena Bay. Here we arrived about 4.15 and rowed to the village in the bay. Some months ago a Señor Loria, an Italian traveller, came and entered the village, his small ship being anchored in the bay. The natives cleared out, and he proceeded to take all the curios, fishing-nets, clubs and spears from their houses, and left in exchange beads and Turkey red. He also attempted to dig up a corpse, but did not succeed. When Sir William heard of it he claimed the curios, and to-day we landed them and took them to a house, tied Turkey red and a plane iron to the posts and came away. Not a soul was visible. All had cleared into the scrub; we saw them running away as we approached in the boat, supposing, we presume, that our advent was of the same character as that of Loria. How pleased they will be to get their goods again! As we rowed away we saw them turning, and in the adjoining village we heard sho-

later in the evening. I kept calling out 'Habino, Habino, Oi,' but got no response. Another boy called out 'Wailu' from the other boat. Charles landed at the other village and purchased some curios. The houses are very poor. There is a splendid plantation of coco-nuts and palms, and immense groves of the latter along the beach. The bay is perfect and the scenery lovely. We can see Mount Suckling, Mount Victory and Mount Trafalgar as well as the Hydrographers' Range. There are some lovely crotons in the village and a well-trained hibiscus tree. The graves are well cared for. It is about fifty miles from Mitre Rock, and Cape Nelson is easily seen from it. There must be a population of three or four thousand people here.

"*Sunday, 3rd August.*—Left SS. *Merrie England* for the village on the coast at 6 A.M. I found it difficult to get near. At last some one came when I held out a piece of Turkey red. A poor woman came up crying bitterly and beckoning me away to the ship, and pointing to the village from which the curios were taken. That affair has done endless harm. The Governor was surrounded in a village farther on with people who had spears and clubs ready to attack him. I had to break the Sabbath, and purchase, in order to make friends with them, as they could not understand giving for nothing in return. Two little boys came up and were more friendly than the men. They were pleased when they saw us depart. The language is not easy to make out. I told them that my name was 'Alaberta' and made signs that I was coming to live

among them, which they received more kindly than I anticipated. They are very poor, and most of their coco-nut trees are tabooed. Their heads are in some cases painted white, and their houses are poor and built on piles. There is a large population here and a good site for a mission station. A sort of 'satisfaction' station ought to be established at once. One man brought me a coco-nut to drink. To the poor woman I gave some beads and Turkey red; she was pacified and came close and examined my arms. She wore a native cloth round her loins. We left again at 7.40 for Mitre Rock. Along the whole coast till within eight miles of the rock there are large clumps of coco-nut trees, and there were seen a considerable number of villages and an immense population both on the coast and inland.

"*4th August.*—Left for Mitre Rock in a boat at six. The rock is in form of a mitre some quarter or half-mile off. About half-way up it is covered with scrub trees and creepers; the lower part is rocky. The rocks round are covered with splendid oysters and there is a hole big enough to get through. It is thirty feet through and forty feet high, and a quarter to half a mile from the mainland. After an interval of three-quarters of an hour spent by the Governor in taking angles and by us in getting oysters, shells and some splendid fish of all shades and shapes, we went to the mainland opposite, to Craig's Pillar. It is fifteen or twenty feet high and only separated from the main-land by ten or fifteen feet. The coast from Mitre Rock for sixteen miles lower down is thickly wooded,

and there are perfect little bays along the coast. The one nearest and quite close to Mitre Rock is called after Mr. Douglas, the second engineer.

"After steaming an hour or more we saw a clump of coco-nuts on the beach and landed, but there was no sign of house or native. Soon after we saw natives farther down waving to us and we landed. We found fifty to seventy waiting for us. They are a very wild set and not at all to be trusted. One of them persisted in following me to get a bit of Turkey red though he had nothing to sell. At last he got quite irritated and got hold of my chin and gave me a fearful tug. I put my coats on the ground and my spectacles on top, but soon after the spectacles disappeared and the coats were only just saved. They are fearful thieves. The things we bought were taken and resold to us. They all had spears in the background.

"We soon left and went on our way, and three or four miles farther down and not far from Caution Point were hailed by other natives. These, strange to say, wore false whiskers made of dyed grass, knotted on to twine. They also had jackets made of Job's Tears, a small grey seed which grows on a low shrub. The people were pleasant and I told them my name, and explained to them that I was coming later on to live with them. I pointed to the sea and waved my hand to show that I was leaving them and coming back, then put hand on head, then ate, then sat down. They seemed surprised, and, I thought, pleased. They helped us to get fresh water. The women and children were quite friendly. I showed them my arms and legs. I had

to jump out of the boat and get to shore as it was too rough to land the boat, and we got three or four big waves into the boat, drenching us all and spoiling compass, glasses, etc., besides soaking all our camp gear.

"These people had scarcely anything on, though all along the coast they wear a peculiar headgear made of hair, grass or leaves of twenty or thirty layers, completely covering the hair and making them look fierce and weird. Many of them are naked, though all the women wear native cloth round their waist. They are poor and had little to sell. Their houses are poor and rickety. Their dead are cared for and buried in the village, and fenced in with a sort of bamboo lattice-work and crotons round it. I went up to one grave about seven feet square and made signs as to what it was, and they signed back what I wanted to know. Some of the people have had ulcerous sores, one of which I was asked to look at. It was on the foot of a youth of sixteen. His foot was fastened to the front of the leg, pressed inward and covered with an immense cancerous-looking wound. I stroked his leg and gave him a bit of Turkey red. As a result, six more who had sores were brought to me. They, too, wanted Turkey red, but I hadn't enough to give to all, so I gave a bit to a little child and left them. I suppose we are the first white men they have ever seen or talked to. No women appeared, they were too timid and astonished. They paint themselves with light mud here and plaster their heads over with it. A looking-glass pleased them immensely—iron they did not care for, but the Governor left them some and ex-

plained the use of it to them. As soon as we got to the water we left them and they waved to us from the beach. Here the sea was very rough. A station must be established here later on.

"Our next place of call was sixteen or eighteen miles from Robinson Bay, or twenty-four from Mitre Rock, on a long sandy beach three or four miles long lined with fir-trees. We had difficulty in landing, owing to the surf, and had to back the boat in. The sea was rough and choppy. We landed at 6.15, just as it was getting dark, and had to find a suitable camp by the aid of a lamp. I gathered sticks for the fire, and the Governor held the lamp for the men while they chopped down and cleared away trees for the camp. The boat was dragged a short distance up the beach and left there. One native passed us and ran for his life, though we thought there could not possibly be any one near, as there were no signs of life as far as we could judge. As soon as we had something to eat we turned in. One man was told off to watch and the firearms were kept ready. About 11.30 the cry was raised that the natives were coming towards us, and in a moment we were all on the alert. It appears that Tom got up to see that the boat was all right, and on his way from the camp to the beach he saw five natives, two sitting and three standing, looking towards our camp; it was bright moonlight. He came back to get his rifle and told Belford, and he foolishly raised the cry. I called out 'Welu Welu,' but they cleared. It startled us not a little. What I thought of was that the Ono people might be friendly with these people, who lived

forty miles apart, and having told them what the white man had done in taking away their things, they might make a night attack on us, but fortunately they did not mistrust us. About 1.30 A.M. everybody cleared out of the camp on to the beach, except the Governor and myself, and as I heard talking I concluded that the natives had gathered there near the boat. I called the Governor, but he was asleep, so I kept watch for half an hour, expecting some one to turn up from the beach, but as no one came I thought it imprudent to leave the camp without some one in charge. I woke the Governor and told him that I was going to the beach as the others had left us alone, and he only had a revolver and I nothing. I soon got to the beach, and found the boat forty or fifty yards from the beach filled with water, while all hands were trying to bale her out. The seats and bottoms were brought back to the shore, having floated out of the boat. I went back and told the Governor, and he kept watch while I returned to the beach to give any little help I could. About 2.45 A.M. we turned in again, having anchored the boat a short distance out. It appears that the boat had not been dragged high enough up, and the big rolling surf waves had taken her out to sea and nearly swamped her. It was a miracle that she was saved. Nothing further disturbed our night's rest but very heavy rain, and as only the Governor's fly had been erected, our tent was crowded by seven or nine people.

"Early next morning, 5th August, we got up, and on going to the beach we saw three or four hundred

they know, too, that I am coming back. When is this to be? The sooner the better. The Governor has throughout been most helpful and interested in the welfare of our mission. There must be at least 1,200 people in this district and it is a good place for a station.

"They paint with whitish-grey mud, and the heads of some of them are one-eighth of an inch thick with it.

"On 7th August we arrived at Cape Vogel. We went to the village where Paisa is chief, and we rubbed noses and I was embraced. His wife and children were brought to me. The Governor remained on board. Very soon a large number of people congregated, and I made presents of beads, Turkey red, etc. I made them understand that I was coming back and they all seemed pleased. Last time we landed we had not a very hearty welcome. To-day all is different. They wanted to see my arms, legs and breast, which I showed them. They then brought us coco-nuts and followed us back to the boat, and the chief, two men and a dear little boy came off with us to the SS. *Merrie England* and had some 'kai kai' (food) on board. I gave the little boy one of my white singlets and the men something else. The chief is a dear, kind-looking old man. As he was leaving the ship he made signs that he was coming off in the morning with coco-nuts, and as we were steaming away we saw his canoe but hadn't time to wait, as we had to get to Samarai, a distance of 100 miles or more.

"*11th August.*—Arrived at Port Moresby at 10.20. All well. Away just seven weeks."

CHAPTER IX

PREPARATION FOR THE MISSION IN AUSTRALIA

AUGUST, 1890—JULY, 1891

THE diary of Maclaren's journeyings with Sir William MacGregor stops with the return to Port Moresby on 11th August. They had afforded him facilities for learning much of the country in a short time. He had now to find men to carry out the work which he had undertaken to inaugurate. The time was unfortunate, for the country was suffering from severe financial depression. September found him pleading his cause in the Diocese of Brisbane. He received about £150. On 9th October, 1890, the day of the enthronement of Bishop Barry's successor, Dr. Saumarez Smith, as Bishop of Sydney and Primate of Australia, a public meeting was held in Sydney in support of the Mission, when the newly enthroned Primate took the chair, the Bishops of Melbourne, Brisbane and Riverina spoke, and Maclaren related some of his experiences and pleaded his cause. The collection amounted to £103, and the meeting was described as "most sympathetic and full of encouragement to the zealous missionary".

November found him back at his old parish of S. Paul's, West Maitland, taking the services all day on

Sunday, 2nd November, and holding a meeting for his Mission on the 4th. He writes on the 3rd: "We kept All Saints' yesterday. The church was lovely and they gave me £17 for my Mission. I have got a cheque for £250 for the Quetta Church. As the result of my appeals to Australians I have received a cheque for £1,000 and another for £500, and I am expecting a similar amount, *viz.* £500, in a few days. The people are taking up the Mission very warmly and are doing all they can to help us."

On 21st November he writes from Armidale to a lady (Mrs. Baber) who had been ill: "I am glad to hear that your painful illness is coming to an end. I am a very poor hand at bearing pain and I pray God that I may never have to endure overmuch, though I know that when it comes He also gives one strength to endure it. I like being ill now and then, because sickness helps to deepen my faith, and gives the peace which success and health never seem to bring one. I suppose it is that sickness throws me back more on Him who is the source of all peace and hope. I am feeling better since I came here (he had been ill with fever). The New Guinea Mission is being better cared for than I had anticipated, but it is a pity that party spirit is allowed to run so high among one section of the community. Alas, they little know the harm that they are doing and how terribly they are rending the seamless robe of our Lord. I try to be free from party spirit, and in my better moments I am, but then these men with their bitter narrow spirit and words rouse all my latent energy on the other side, but it must not be.

When He giveth quietness who then can make trouble? God bless and keep you."

In the following letter is the first reference to the Rev. Copland King, for whom he asks special prayers on the Day of Intercession.

"Ask Mr. Baber to remember on the Day of Intercession to pray that one, a young clergyman, may be led to offer himself for the New Guinea Mission. He is a good earnest fellow, and though his views are somewhat different to my own, yet we both love our Lord and His poor scattered sheep for whom He died. His name is Copland King. I travelled with him a few days ago and he is interested in missionary work, especially in New Guinea. He is a son of Archdeacon King of Sydney."

The story of that eventful meeting in a train is best told by the Rev. Copland King himself.

"The first time I met Mr. Maclaren was in November, 1890, in a railway train on the northern line. I was going up to Tamworth for a fortnight's holiday. At Singleton the train was shortened, and all the first-class passengers put into one carriage. The rest of the party seemed all to know each other, and a brisk conversation was carried on on the political situation and some speeches recently made in Sydney. When it died away, and papers and books made their appearance, I introduced myself to Mr. Maclaren, and told him that I was interested in the Mission. My Sunday-school collected for it, and I had heard him speak at the great missionary meeting in Sydney, and should like to know more about the work which he was starting. He explained

the position of affairs to me and we had a long conversation. He told me about some people whom he was hoping to enlist, and then he asked me if I would come with him. I had no idea of such a thing previously, but I could not refuse straight off, and we went as fully as possible into the subject. We got out at Quirindi, and walked up and down the dusty streets of that town till late at night. We went on by an early train the next morning, without further opportunity for conversation. Indeed I think we both felt that we had thrashed the subject out, and during the week following I made my offer and the matter was arranged."

From Armidale, Maclaren went to Tenterfield, preaching on the Sunday evening, 22nd November, for New Guinea. Three days later he was again in Brisbane.

He writes from there on 19th December: "Collecting money and men and raising missionary interest is weary work, and I shall be glad to get back to New Guinea. We have got altogether some £5,000 or £6,000 with which to start the Mission, and I have secured a splendid young fellow—a clergyman—M.A. of Sydney University, a born Australian, and a son of Archdeacon King of Sydney. I think that two others will offer shortly, so that we have made a start. I am going to spend Christmas with the prisoners, and Sunday, the 21st, with the old people (500) at the Benevolent Home. It will be a queer Christmas, but peace comes from God in prison as well as in church if we prepare for its due reception. We hope to get a steam yacht soon for £3,000, and our house is also to be built. The ladies of five parishes in Australia are furnishing a room each.

Forty Sunday-schools are giving £10 a year to keep a child, so that we expect to get over £3,000 a year without asking England for much. All the same it is uphill work, and one needs much patience and much rejection of self."

On 28th December, Holy Innocents' Day, he preached at Christ Church, Milton, on S. James iv. 14. It was on this day twelve months later that he was laid to rest in the Cooktown Cemetery.

On New Year's Day, 1891, he celebrated the Holy Communion at Christ Church, Milton, on the site of the old church in which he had been ordained. It was an appropriate beginning to the year which was to witness the foundation of the Church of England Mission in New Guinea, and in its closing days the passing of the founder into the Unveiled Presence of his Lord.

Early in January he went to Melbourne, and as chaplain to the Bishop of Brisbane, Dr. Webber, was present on S. Paul's Day at the consecration of S. Paul's Cathedral. "It is a nice building," he says, "but not equal to the cathedrals of England. It should mean new life to Melbourne and it wants it. There were nine bishops present at the dedication." His main object in Victoria was to raise £1,500 for a Mission house and station. "And I shall get it," he writes, "for I am an energetic beggar. It must be done, and I think it is a great thing to get the Mission supported entirely by Australians."

The following letter sets forth why Australia should support the proposed New Guinea Mission :—

"I came to Melbourne a few weeks ago in order to

try to obtain some practical help from the Church people of Victoria. Already Queensland and New South Wales have given generously to our new work, and among other donations to our funds I have received £1,000 from Miss Edith Walker of Concord, Sydney, £500 anonymous and £200 from Messrs. White Bros. of Armidale, New England, as well as many other smaller sums. These large sums were given to the yacht fund, as it is understood that New South Wales gives us the mission ship, towards the purchase of which some £2,000 has been already subscribed by the Church people of that colony. My special appeal to the people of Victoria is for £1,500 for Mission premises for our first head station, towards which, after some four weeks' incessant begging, preaching and speaking, I have received less than £150. I am therefore writing to ask you to be good enough to try to enlist the sympathy of your friends in my need.

"The question might be asked why Australia should be solicited for means to carry on the New Guinea Mission, and in order that there may be no misunderstanding about our strong claims on the generosity of the people of Victoria, I append a few reasons why I feel I can justly make my appeal.

"1. British New Guinea having been annexed at the request of the colonies of Australia, and as it was not considered advisable to have any other European Power on land closely adjacent to one of the keys of Australian defence, *viz.*, Thursday Island, which is less than sixty miles from the mainland of New Guinea, it is fitting that the Australian people should do 'the

duty that lies nearest' to their hand in missionary enterprise. Large sums are being raised in Australia for missions to India, China and Africa, while our heathen savage fellow-subjects are neglected by those who call themselves Christians.

"2. The Mission will necessarily be a powerful agency in conveying the benefits of civilisation to our fellow-subjects, the Papuans, in New Guinea. In a letter I received from the Hon. A. Musgrave, Government Secretary of British New Guinea, in welcoming the Anglican Mission to the Papuans, he says: 'After more than five years' intimate official connection with B.N. Guinea, I can appreciate the immediate and powerful effect produced by the settlement of earnest and honest whites among our natives and the restraint it places on their worst propensities. I can therefore view the introduction of another active and civilising influence amongst our aboriginal wards with cordial admiration and sympathy. Your efforts will commence amidst tribes in the purest state of savagery, where for many months to come your life and health will be in exceptional danger, while your tastes will be set on edge and your disgust excited by their unrestrained manners and unspeakable customs.'

"It is our intention to work the Mission on thoroughly practical lines, and we hope to number among our missionary staff more than one artisan who will help to develop the latent powers of the natives.

"I feel that if only our Mission were known to some of the wealthy and generous folk of Melbourne, and its objects understood, the necessary funds for the building

of our house, etc., *viz.*, £1,500, would soon be forthcoming. We are making our Mission a work of the Australian Church. It is to depend entirely on this country both for men and money, because we feel that the time has come when the Church of England in Australia should have one Mission specially her own.

"We have taken New Guinea, and seeing that to a great extent it is open to the trader and others to go where they like among the natives, and bearing in mind how frequently unprincipled men have in the past done harm to similar tribes, I think that it rests with us to do all we can to civilise and Christianise and to put before them the best features of our civilisation. It is a grand opportunity for Australia to show to the world how she means to govern and to educate the native races that have been committed to her care. I need scarcely add that Sir William MacGregor, M.D., K.C.M.G., the present Administrator of British New Guinea, warmly welcomes our Mission, and has already done us invaluable service in helping to choose five sites for our stations on the north-east coast of Papua."

For the greater part of March, Maclaren was, as he expressed it, "pegging away" in Victoria. "I am getting on surely but very slowly; I don't think that I have got £200, but I am pegging away and my work will last. I have promise of six schools at £10 a year, as well as parishes like Brighton and Malvern which are going to support New Guinea as their special work."

A few days later the £200 had become £500 a year. He writes again: "I am feeling very tired and almost

done up, but my efforts will tell, and I think we shall get at least £500 a year from this part of the world, from schools, colleges and churches. I have hopes of getting a good round sum towards the Mission house. I got over £50 in Ballarat."

The parishes promising support included, as he wrote to the Primate, "all shades of opinion". He rushed up to Sydney for a meeting of the Council of the Board of Missions in the middle of March, returning to Melbourne, to preach on Palm Sunday in the cathedral and to take other services in Holy Week.

In April he writes from Melbourne to recommend Mr. C. E. Kennedy, and Mr. (now the Rev.) Samuel Tomlinson and Mrs. Tomlinson, to the Primate as suitable additions to the Mission staff, and adds: "You will be glad to learn that I have received the offer of £120 a year from a Churchman of Victoria in order that I may take with me some one from Victoria to New Guinea, and I shall be glad if your Lordship will kindly accept the offer of service of either Mr. Kennedy or the married couple in order that I may make the person or persons known to the donor of this gift. I shall be glad when final arrangements are made for our departure, though I feel it is better that everything should be satisfactorily settled prior to our leaving rather than that the Mission should suffer from hasty or ill-advised action. All parties—High, Low and Broad—have extended to the Mission the right hand of fellowship, and have been most kind in giving me every assistance in their power."

He had hoped to start for New Guinea in April, but

there were constant delays, difficulties over the plans for the house and over shipping arrangements which worried him greatly. In all the preliminary arrangements regarding the necessaries for the new station, house furniture, etc., he owed much to the advice and experience of Dr. and Mrs. Lawes and Mr. Chalmers. A letter written on Ascension Day, 1891, to Mr. Chalmers about house plans, and the pros and cons of sail or steam for the proposed Mission vessel, concludes: "I am sorry not to see you again, but let us hope that we shall not be long ere we speak face to face once more. My kind regards to Mrs. Chalmers and my love to yourself. You shall have my prayers in your perilous journeys, and I shall ever think kindly of you for all your kindness to me. God bless you, Tamate, and keep you under His Almighty protection in your going out and coming in."

The following extracts are from a letter to Mr. King:—

"DIOCESAN REGISTRY,
"MELBOURNE, *Ascension Day*, 1891.

"I have been constantly on the move in the interests of the Mission, at Sandhurst, Ballarat and other places. *Re* the gun, by all means take one suitable for alligators. You'll need some sport and I think you will get it. How glad I shall be to get settled. I am so tired, yet for the future of the Mission we must have a strong system of organisation (look at Melanesia), and in Victoria we have succeeded in founding one which will in time spread through all the colonies. I am just off to Tasmania to see the bishop

and urge our claims there. I have to thank you for much already, and I feel certain that we shall be one in all essentials relating to the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of our great work. May our Lord grant it."

He paid a brief visit to Tasmania in May, preaching sermons and holding meetings in Hobart and Launceston. He asked specially for £70 for a whale-boat, and received £74 during a "visit which was felt to be all too short by those who were fortunate enough to have been brought into contact with him".

On 2nd June, 1891, he writes to the Bishop of Brisbane, Dr. Webber, from Sydney: "I am now to leave Sydney for New Guinea in about a fortnight's time. During my visit to Melbourne I obtained £1,300 and many annual promises, chiefly small ones, though I got one of £120 a year for three years, and since my advent to Sydney a few days ago I have received £115 a year for three years. The house of which you saw the plans is being built and will be ready shortly. We are chartering a boat for three months. King and a young layman are going with me, a married carpenter with his wife are to follow."

At the end of June he left Melbourne for the last time, and spent a fortnight in Sydney. He conducted a short mission at Christ Church, S. Lawrence, in which he was particularly happy and impressive. "I have been so long engaged," he said to Mrs. Lawes, "in getting money and making business arrangements that I feel I want a little spiritual work before I go to my work in New Guinea."

On Sunday, 28th June, being the Fifth Sunday after Trinity, he preached in the morning at Holy Trinity, Sydney, and in the evening at Christ Church, Lavender Bay. His sermon in the morning was on S. Matthew xxviii. verses 19, 20, and he closed with the words of Knox Little's he so often quoted :—

My Lord, shall not I love Thee
Who gave Thy Life for me?
The world may tower above Thee,
But Thou art all to me.
As in Thy bitter Passion
I read my hopes above,
I'll pay Thee in like fashion,
And give Thee Love for Love.

The following Wednesday evening there was a special farewell service at S. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney, when the Primate preached the sermon, and gave his blessing to the two departing missionaries as they knelt at the altar rails. Early on the morning of 2nd July there was a celebration of the Holy Communion at Holy Trinity, Sydney, and in the evening the Revs. A. A. Maclaren and C. King left Sydney by train for Brisbane, arriving there on Saturday, 4th July. Early in the morning of 7th July there was a farewell celebration of the Holy Communion in the private chapel at Bishopsbourne, and in the afternoon Maclaren and Copland King sailed for Cooktown *en route* for New Guinea.

The collier schooner *Grace Lynn*, which was bringing by sea from Sydney the materials for their house and the carpenters to erect it, was to pick up the two missionaries at Cooktown and convey them across to Samarai,

but the *Grace Lynn* was delayed, and finding that he had some days to spare, Maclaren went on to Thursday Island in the hope of persuading the Rev. W. Maitland Woods to accompany him to New Guinea. He found him, however, doing such good work in the island that he thought it only right to leave him where he was. The following letter to Canon Scarth describes his visit:—

"I came here for a two days' visit *en route* to New Guinea, and I am much gratified to find how much good Mr. Woods has done since he came here, and I am more than pleased to know that the work is connected with S. Andrew's Waterside Church Mission. A useful room has just been finished and is used for services and meetings, and when the Memorial Church is ready the room will be used as the parsonage. Many things are needed, and I think a lending library would be most useful. The pearl-fishers are men earning good wages and could pay for books, but I doubt very much whether they are able to find books to purchase here. Mr. Woods is just the man for the post he occupies. I should have liked him to have been with me in New Guinea, but that is out of the question, as he is sorely needed where he is, and I trust that he will long remain here and build up the Church. I am just off to New Guinea, and I hope to make a good start. My visit to Australia has done good, and I have helped to rouse enthusiasm for missions generally.

"Have you heard anything more of a boat for us? Woods sadly needs a good whale-boat. It would cost at least £40 here, and if you could help him in this it

would do much towards extending his work. He cannot get about without one. We have chartered a vessel of 100 tons for four months and I am going over in her. Keep in touch with Thursday Island. It is such an important place."

To the Primate at the end of a letter on financial matters he writes: "I am afraid we shall have a bad time in going across to Samarai, as our ship the *Grace Lynn* is a very poor sailer. If we get a fair wind it will be all right. The weather has been terrible and more than one ship is overdue. I am sorry to say that we have a very drunken mate on board. Our carpenters are decent fellows, though they have been grumbling at the amount of work they have had to do on their way north. I am afraid that the ship is undermanned. Mr. King is in very good spirits, and he has made friends with many of the Cooktown people."

He writes to his mother: "Just a few lines to say I am starting for New Guinea in a few minutes. I am so glad to be making a start in the work. The next two or three years will soon pass and I shall be back to see you again in dear old England. After all it is the best country."

His fears about the crossing were realised, for it was not till 6th August that they reached Samarai. "At last we got on board," writes Copland King, "hauled away from the wharf and made fast to a buoy, ready to catch the first breeze in the morning. The cabin did not suit our ideas of comfort or airiness, but we had just dropped off to sleep when we heard the noise of a passing boat, and a voice called out, 'Is Mr.

Maclaren on board?' Maclaren was up on deck in a moment and answered, 'Is that you, Tamate?' It was Mr. Chalmers of the L.M.S., whose Mission steamer the *Harrier* had been wrecked on the Great Barrier Reef. He and his party had been rescued by the Government boat. We got our captain up, lowered a boat, and followed the Government steamer into port, and as soon as the doctor had passed the passengers we brought Mr. Chalmers on board the *Grace Lynn* to spend the night, and had a good talk about the situation in New Guinea before we dropped off to sleep. We had a weary trip across to Samarai. Mr. Maclaren got over the sea-sickness before I did. My most vivid recollection of the trip is his continual singing of the hymn 'There is a blessed Home'."

CHAPTER X

IN NEW GUINEA. THE LAST FIVE MONTHS

MACLAREN announced their safe arrival to the Primate in the following letter:—

"The *Grace Lynn* reached this port at 11.15 to-day (6th August) after a long passage from Cooktown, and I do not think she would have arrived here for the next two or three days had not the SS. *Merrie England* come to our assistance and towed her in. We left Cooktown two days prior to the *Hygeia*, the Governor's sailing-ship, but the *Hygeia* reached this place thirty-six hours before us. I mention this in order that the Board of Missions may know what a very unsuitable boat the *Grace Lynn* is for the work and the waters for which she was chartered, her draught is only seven feet, and though splendidly suited for Southern seas she is unable to beat against tides and winds such as are prevalent in these parts. We do not expect to arrive at Chad's Bay for the next three or four days, but in order to facilitate matters it is probable that Mr. King and I will sail our own Tasmanian boat across. The Governor has been most helpful to us."

He also writes to the Bishop of Brisbane: "The shipping arrangements should have been done through

marine officers. The clergy may be fishers of men, but they are not often good judges of ships suitable for tropical waters where currents and winds have to be carefully considered! . . . We have had a terrible passage over. The sea was very rough, and the L.M.S. *Harrier* was wrecked in the storm. Chalmers stayed a night on board with us after the wreck. Our cabin accommodation is wretched. Every time it rained I had to lie in a pool of water. We leave Samarai in our large whale-boat for Chad's Bay, seventy miles away, and expect to be there to-morrow evening. We start at 6 A.M. The chief is going with us. There is no danger unless it be on the sea and we get capsized. We shall camp on board the boat at night, and we expect the *Grace Lynn* on Tuesday the 11th. The natives will be friendly, but they are never to be trusted. Sir William MacGregor was here, but he left to-day. He has been most kind. He comes South in October. I hope you will see him. I wish that the General Synod would pass a vote of thanks to him, he is so helpful. He has promised to come up in December and take us up the coast to Mitre Rock, and I want him to spend Christmas with us."

The account of the trip to Chad's Bay is given in another letter:—

"Owing to another unavoidable delay at Samarai on the part of the *Grace Lynn*, Mr. King and I determined to start for Chad's Bay and Bartle Bay in the splendid whale-boat *Tasmania*, the money to purchase which I obtained from the people of Hobart and Launceston, Tasmania. We made an early start on Saturday morn-

ing, 8th August, and reached Galilulu at 5 P.M. after a splendid trip, the distance from Samarai to Chad's Bay being a little under seventy miles. Our party consisted of the Rev. Copland King, the mate of the *Grace Lynn*, Sam our boy, Abrahama, the chief of Taupota, seven Taupota natives and myself, making twelve in all. Abrahama proved most useful, as he is able to speak a little English. On our arrival at Galilulu, Mr. King and I went to the top of the hill where it was intended to have erected the Mission house, and for which some thirty-five acres of land had been recently purchased from the natives by Mr. Hely, the Resident Magistrate at Samarai. On our return to the beach we found a number of natives who gave us some bananas, in return for which we gave them tobacco. They also made a fire and boiled our billy for us. Later on Abrahama and his men took their departure for Taupota, a large village about two and a half miles farther along the coast. Before leaving he promised to return early the following morning, but we waited till 10 A.M., and as neither he nor any of his men put in an appearance we rigged our boat and put out to sea for Bartle Bay, some twenty-five miles along the north-east coast.

"The coast between Chad's Bay and Bartle Bay is striking and beautiful. Steep hills from 2,000 to 3,000 feet high come down to within a short distance of the beach, while in some places they reach right to the water's edge. The land is not heavily timbered, but what timber there is, is very picturesque, and a good many waterfalls are to be seen half-way up the hills, running down between the over-hanging foliage of the trees.

REV. A. A. MACLAREN AND NATIVES OF GOODENOUGH BAY.

"Our passage from Galilulu to Baunia was not so successful as that from Samarai to Galilulu. The wind was against us and we were more than once becalmed. As our party now consisted only of Mr. King, the mate, Sam and myself, we were unable to do much in the way of pulling. However, we reached Baunia about 6 A.M. and dropped anchor a short distance from the beach, as the rollers were too heavy to enable us to take the boat on to the beach in safety, besides which we were not certain how the natives might receive us, and we felt it would not do to lead them into temptation. Soon after our arrival I called out 'Kaihon' and 'Kausara,' words meaning that we were friendly, and then two or three natives swam out through the heavy sea to our boat, bringing coco-nuts and asking for tobacco, but they refused to come on board. We then arranged our boat for the night and had something to eat. The mate kindly undertook to keep watch all night. It was our first Sunday in New Guinea, and it was an unusual one. Don't blame us for putting out to sea on our Lord's Own Day. I felt that I was doing God's work in that way far more than if we had remained tossing about on the sea at Galilulu doing nothing. It was to us what walking or driving to church is to you, the only difference being that we had no church to go to when we arrived at Baunia, consequently we had service on board the boat.

"Early on Monday morning we had a cup of cocoa and a biscuit, and prepared to land, but as the rollers were still heavy I hailed a canoe which came alongside

and into which I attempted to get, but alas, just as I thought I was safely on board, over it went, and I found myself some distance below the surface. I made for the canoe, and called out for a rope from our boat and was dragged on board again. The natives did not attempt to help me, but made straight for the shore, leaving me to save myself as best I could. We landed about twenty minutes later on, and were kindly received by forty natives who had congregated on the beach awaiting our arrival. I tried to find out the chief in order to make him a present of some tobacco, and thinking that I had found him I gave him some tobacco for himself and some to give to the others, but he did his best to stick to the lot, and it was with difficulty that he could be persuaded to give a portion of it to the rest.

"Mr. King and I shortly after started off with some twenty natives to inspect the ground strongly recommended by Sir William MacGregor as a site for our Mission house in preference to the one selected at Galilulu. It appeared to be about one and a half miles from our place of landing, and on our way we had to cross a small river, over which the natives carried us. We also passed through the village, Wedau, which contains some thirty or forty houses and a large number of natives. The village is a pretty one. The houses are chiefly built on the ground, but some of them are on piles about four feet high. The dead are buried in the village, and the tops of the graves are covered with stones. The inhabitants have two or three slightly raised spots in the centre of the village, where they

meet and sit and talk, stones about eighteen inches high project from the ground all round, against which they lean their backs. They appear to have some good gardens, plenty of coco-nuts, and a fair number of pigs. I ought to have told you that we shipped a cart-horse at Cooktown, and that while we were at Samarai we had quite a succession of canoes laden with natives to see 'Horsa,' and great was their surprise when they beheld him. After a brief stay in the village we made our way up the hill already referred to. It took us about a quarter of an hour to get to it from the village, and when we reached the top we found a level spot of about two acres 150 feet above the sea-level and in every way suitable for our head Mission station, though at first we shall experience some difficulty in going to and fro till the road is made, as the rise is very steep.

"The view from the site is grand. There are hills and sea and islands, as well as a pretty running rivulet just under the hill about 400 yards away. Fortunately I was able to persuade the Council in Sydney to purchase the blocks for the house in Australia, and experience has proved that my recommendation was a wise one, as neither at Galilulu nor here should we have been able to obtain them, for the site is perfectly clear of timber, and we should have had to go a long way before we could have found what we needed, *viz.*, 120 piles eleven feet long.

"On our return to the village we found a large number of men awaiting our arrival. They were friendly, and boiled our billy for us. We stayed ashore

till 10.30, and then, after having made some presents to the chief man of the village, we left again for Galilulu, where we had arranged that the *Grace Lynn* should meet us.

"As regards the choice of sites both Mr. King and I were of opinion that the one just inspected is much more suitable than Galilulu, consequently we determined to make Bartle Bay our future home. The place is healthy and on a good rise. There is plenty of water, fair anchorage, a large population round the bay within three miles of us, and it is more central, being about half-way between Cape Ducie and Cape Vogel, so that we hope to work the whole of the coast between these two capes from Bartle Bay. There is also a large area of land suitable for cultivation either for coco-nuts or other tropical products. Cultivation is a matter we must keep in view for the future support of the mission. Sir William MacGregor impressed that point upon me before I said good-bye to him at Samarai, and he only reiterated what I used to say frequently in Australia, that we should make manual labour part of our Christian teaching in the training of the natives.

"After leaving the village we were becalmed, and at 4.30 had to take to the oars and pull for the shore till 7.30. It was the hardest bit of work Mr. King and I had done for some time, for it was no easy work for four men to pull a boat as large as the *Tasmania* is. We made for a small bay at the head of Cape Frere, and, after making some soundings, found an anchorage in about seventeen fathoms, and there stayed for the

night. Next day we called at a small village six miles from Galilulu. As it was getting dark one of the Taupota boys, who had been with us in the boat on the first day from Samarai to Chad's Bay, came and gave us a hearty welcome, and engaged seven others with himself to row us to Galilulu. You can imagine our feelings of gratitude, for if he had not come we should have had to do it ourselves. We gave them a good feed before leaving, and promised each of them four sticks of tobacco and some 'kai kai' (food). You would have laughed if you had seen the vain attempt they made to row with European oars. Fortunately, some of them were apt pupils, and it was not long before we were able to take a little well-earned rest. We reached Chad's Bay at about 12.15 A.M., and the natives went ashore and boiled our billy, and we had some tea at 1 A.M. and turned in a little before 2 o'clock. Our bed was a hard one on the bottom of the boat, but our sleep was sound.

"Our native crew made a fire on the beach, and smoked and sang songs through the night and were up long before us in the morning. We had some cocoa at 5.30 and rowed farther round the bay, hoping to find the *Grace Lynn*, but she had not arrived. We were shortly afterwards hailed by the chief of Awaiama, and made our way to the shore opposite his village, and got the natives to pull our boat on to the beach to await the arrival of the *Grace Lynn*. Not long after our landing a large number of natives assembled, among them being many of my old friends, who gave us all a hearty welcome in genuine New Guinea fashion, and ex-

pected some tobacco in return. The native women set to work and cooked us native food and brought it to us. The chief's wife, or one of them, the mother of a young boy, eyed me with much concern because of the friendly terms existing between her son and myself. At last she came and made me promise not to take the boy away with me in the boat. I promised her not to do so, and she went away somewhat contented though she still kept a close watch on me. All the same it is my intention to make an effort, later on, to get her to lend us the boy, to be trained in our schools, as he is a very intelligent fellow and his quickness in picking up English words is marvellous. About three o'clock in the afternoon we sighted the *Grace Lynn* and pulled out to meet her. We took with us the chief of Awaiama and a native crew to show them the wonderful horse, or as they called it the 'enormous pig'. Great was their surprise at seeing him, and it was with difficulty that they could be made to go near him. I took them ashore close to Galilulu and said farewell, and had got about a quarter of a mile from the shore, when our boat was hailed by Abrahama, and I returned and pressed him to accompany us to Bartle Bay. After some persuasion and promises of reward in the shape of tobacco, Turkey red and beads, he consented to take a trip with us to Bartle Bay. The simple way in which these men travel is striking. They have no luggage, no clothes, and no anxiety as to the whereabouts of their personal effects. Abrahama with his three friends came on board, and as far as I could learn gave no messages to be sent to his wife as to the length

of time he would be away, but I suppose she is accustomed to her husband's frequent journeys by land and sea, as he often takes a trip to visit his friends long distances away from Taupota, and never takes his wife with him.

"We arrived in Bartle Bay at four o'clock on 13th August, and as soon as the anchor was dropped I went ashore, accompanied by Mr. King and the three carpenters, Abrahama acting as our interpreter and guide. Before reaching the shore he called out to the natives of the village not to be afraid, that we were missionaries and were coming to be their friends and wanted to dwell with them, but in spite of all he said some of them ran away into the bush, and only returned some time after we had landed. Abrahama introduced us to the chief, and I gave him some tobacco and fastened a sulu of Turkey red round his waist. We were conducted to the meeting-place on the beach, and soon some 120 men and boys and one woman came round us. Abrahama then made a long speech to them, in which we gathered that he told them what our object in coming was, and that we asked to build a large house and make gardens. Then he made them sing and say 'Dewa Dewa' (very good). After going in and out among them, I asked Abrahama to explain to the chief that we wished to purchase land from them on which to build our house, and that we should like him to go with us and inspect it. This he consented to do, and accompanied by about eighty natives, we made our way through the village, and up the hill, to the site we wished to buy from him. When we had pointed out

to him what we wanted, he was asked, through Abrahama, what he would part with it for, and we arranged with him that, in return for ten tomahawks, ten big knives, ten small knives, twenty-five pipes, thirty pounds of tobacco, five shirts, a piece of Turkey red and some beads, he should give us the land. He seemed pleased with the bargain, and we were more than satisfied to have settled the matter so quickly, and on terms that suited all parties concerned. Before leaving the site, we made arrangements with the chief to build us a native house, not far from where the big house was to be. This he agreed to do in return for three tomahawks, and to have it finished in three days. When we reached the village he showed us his own house, and we asked him to build us one on the hill like it, and he promised to do so. Abrahama suggested to him that he should come off to the schooner with us, and after a good deal of discussion about the risks to be incurred, he came, and we showed him the 'big pig,' *i.e.*, the horse, at which he wondered greatly. He kept a safe distance from him. We got him to sit down with us to tea, but he wouldn't take anything except a small piece of biscuit and a drink of tea. Half an hour later we heard a great shouting on the beach, the natives asking if their chief Gairaku was safe. He called out to them to send us a pig for a present, in return for which we had to give a tomahawk. Shortly after the chief returned to the village, laden with tobacco, pipes, matches and biscuits. Abrahama accompanied him and slept on shore. Later in the evening we heard a number of natives singing on the beach opposite

our ship, led by Abrahama. It sounded sweet as the music floated over the water, and the Southern Cross resting right over the village seemed to us a happy omen on the first night of our anchorage in the bay, where we hope before long to raise the Standard of the Cross, and claim for its soldiers those whose voices we could hear as we gazed upon the cross formed of stars floating over them.

"Early in the morning of 13th August the carpenters made a start with the raft on which the cargo is to be floated from the ship to the shore, a distance of a quarter of a mile. The natives watched them at work with great interest, and were astonished at the number of their tools and the use made of them, especially of the auger. The horse was taken ashore later on in the day, and on his being landed many of the natives ran away into the bush, but they soon returned, and some of them brought him grass to eat, though they wouldn't venture near him. I cannot speak too highly of the manner in which Abrahama has helped us. He is rather a short man with a pleasant face, a merry disposition, but at the same time is dignified when addressing his fellow-countrymen. It was interesting to watch him as he stood and spoke to the natives on our first arrival. He took my umbrella and held it over his head, and made use of it when he said anything important. I like him very much, and I think that he will be of great use to us in the mission from Cape Ducie to Cape Vogel, as he knows the coast well and is well known by most of the natives. Yesterday morning, as he watched me shaving myself, he requested me to shave him, and

for the first time in my life I acted in the capacity of shaving man, and gave satisfaction to Abrahama, as he testified when he saw himself in the glass after I had finished with him.

"*19th August.*—All the natives of this and the adjoining villages are busily engaged erecting a native house for us on the top of the hill. It is a large one, forty-five feet by twenty-three, and we shall live in it and use it for many purposes during the building of the Mission house. Their ideas of straight lines and measurements are primitive, and I am afraid that most of the posts of the house are crooked, and none of the measurements are correct. The house is built of wood, palm leaves and grass, and it will be very cool. It is an interesting sight to see 160 of the natives going up the hill in single file carrying the material for the native house on their backs, and during the building the amount of arguing which goes on is very great. They work very hard for a short time and then rest. Some of the posts for the Mission house are twelve feet long and very heavy, and it is with difficulty that we are getting them taken up the hill. I give five sticks of tobacco for every post taken to the top, and we have twenty up already, but it is slow work. We have had such a lot of rain, and everything has been soaking wet, our beds in the cabin included, as the *Grace Lynn* has no proper awning. We are roughing it in earnest now and shall have to do so till nearly Christmas. Our Sunday was strictly observed as a day of rest from manual labour. I told the chief on Saturday night not to do anything to the house as we all wanted to rest,

MAGAIA OF WAMIRA.

sent by Sir William MacGregor to assist us, in case the natives should not be friendly disposed towards us. With them was the chief of Awaiama and another from Milne Bay. I arranged with the chief of Wedau that he should lend them one of his houses (he has five) in return for some tobacco. Fortunately the natives had received us kindly, so that we did not need outside aid."

To the Primate on 23rd August he writes an account of the beginning of his work, and adds: "We are looking forward with pleasure to meeting the people from Victoria and hope they will be as pleased with Bartle Bay as we are. Thank God, we have escaped the fever thus far and we are taking every precaution against it. I hope you will kindly assure Mr. King's friends that he is in no danger here from natives. The only thing I am sorry for is, that he has to rough it so much. To me it is a matter of indifference, as I am strong, but to him I fear it is not so, but in less than a month it will be different."

He writes on the same date to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson: "You will find Samarai or Dinner Island very hot, much more so than this. Here it is comparatively cool and very pleasant at night. You must be prepared to rough it for a short time, though I trust not for long. I pray God that you may be happy and useful here. You will find the natives kind and friendly. We must all try to keep well and strong, and then we shall be able to do all that God wishes us to do."

In another letter to Melbourne friends on the same day, he describes himself sitting under a tree on a bucket with another for a table, and with lots of natives

REV. A. A. MACLAREN'S HOUSE, DOGURA.

round him on the ground, singing their native songs. "I am almost black with sunburn and I am glad of it," he writes. "Our letters are to be entrusted to native boys, who will take them over 100 miles to Samarai to be sent on by the first boat to Cooktown. That is our nearest post-office."

A letter to England, dated 23rd August, describes the new site suggested by Sir William MacGregor: "We could see it from ten miles out at sea, a beautiful grass-covered plateau, 200 feet above the level of the sea and half a mile inland. Underneath it, and nearer the sea, is the pretty native village of Wedau, of which Gairaku is the chief. We had to pass through this village on our way to the hill which the natives call Dogura. The houses are not of the best and the village is untidily kept. There are lovely shade trees both in the village and on the beach, under which the natives pass the greater part of the day."

The following is an extract of a letter to Mrs. d'Arlot dated 30th August: "The weather has been against us. To-day and yesterday it has been raining continually, but we are fortunate in having had a native house erected which is waterproof. To-day, Sunday, we had a short service in the village, but it is difficult to understand the natives as the language is not easy to acquire. We are teaching them to sing tunes and some very simple words. Four scrap-books are a great delight to them. I gave them to the chiefs when they have helped me with my work. One of the chiefs is sleeping in my room. It is now 10 P.M. He is lying close to me and came of his own accord. His

home is two miles from here. His name is Magaia. He wears a long matted pigtail of human hair about two feet down his back. The dolls, which the people of Melbourne gave us, have caused endless amusement, and many natives, both old and young, have come long distances to see them. We have been washing our clothes all day, but after all our boiling they look anything but white, but we had no soda, blue, starch or scrubbing brushes! Cooking is most unpleasant, and our variety of food is small. Vegetables and fresh meat we have said good-bye to for some time."

Trying difficulties and delays arose over the building of the house, which was not finished nearly as soon as they hoped. The *Grace Lynn* returned to Samarai on 10th September, and Mr. King went down in her to make some arrangements about cargo to be shipped by her, and also to meet Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson and Mr. Kennedy in the *Myrtle.*

In a somewhat disheartened letter under the same date we read: "Don't think I wish to complain, but after all I am only human, and I am fond of pleasant people and social life. Here, then, I shall be for three years, and then, if God spares me, a change, perhaps for good, as by that time the mission will need another head than mine to manage affairs. I hope that you remember me in your prayers, for I am sure that I need them. Pray that we may be kept free from fever and other troubles in New Guinea."

In another letter he says: "Last night we had three inches of rain under our beds, the water having soaked in all round".

Their first mail reached Dogura on 17th September, and was a source of delight to the lonely missionary, as was also the visit of H.M.S. *Royalist*. He wrote on the 18th: "It was such a treat to get news. We have just had a great pig feast, at which over 1,000 natives were present. Fifteen pigs were carried in procession and then killed. I went to the feast. The dancing was very strange. The big ship awes them a good deal, and it was with difficulty that I got them to keep their women and children in the village, as they wanted to send them off to the bush. The electric light and fireworks on the ship were a great surprise to them. I am most thankful for this visit, as it will impress the natives and have a restraining influence upon them for good."

On 9th November he writes as follows to Canon Godby: "We have tried to make our little native chapel worthy of His Sacred Presence. The Holy Table, with its hangings, cross, etc., helps us to realise that, humble as it is, it is our special meeting-place with our Heavenly Father.

"We have had King ill for the last four weeks, and quite unable to do anything. He is returning to Sydney for a change and on business for the Mission. Peter, our boatman, has also been very ill, but he is mending, and will be ready to-morrow to go over 100 miles in the open boat to meet the mail at Samarai. So you see that we are getting our share of trouble already. (Here follow details concerning short shipment of necessary parts of the house, etc., necessitating the cessation of the work and the return of the carpen-

ters to Sydney.) It is a source of much irritation to me, and I am, I fear, very irritable at times. I need the graces of meekness and patience more than ever. The trouble over the house is interfering much with the mission work, and I have scarcely had a minute to spare, as I have been working as an artisan for the last two months, helping to get the timber up and stacked, and holes dug, and Peter and I have laid almost all the floor that is down. But next week I am going to begin in earnest. Last week I went to Samarai, the headquarters of the Government here, 100 miles across the sea, in our Tasmanian boat, and we had a terrible time of it. In addition to a big boil, I was terribly sick, and we had wet and squally weather the whole way. Once I began to prepare for the end as I thought it was coming when we were crossing Milne Bay, which is thirty miles wide, in the midst of a terrible squall. We got back at 2 A.M. on Sunday, in time to keep the feast of All Saints', and right glad I was to be on land again. Tomlinson will be a most useful man, and his wife, too, if only she can keep her health, will be of great service to the mission. The best thing we have done for the natives is to teach them to work. They always come to us in sickness, and in death send for me to comfort the mourners. Poor things, they are only grown-up children and need much patience. We are hoping that the Governor will be with us in a month, and then I shall go with him for a trip along the coast and visit my flock. I also hope to visit in our boat as far as Cape Vogel. I am told the natives are dangerous farther up, and our chief is still in a

state of excitement because he heard that a powerful tribe is likely to come down and attack us and his village, and burn our house, and kill and eat us. I laughed at the idea, but he became still more serious, so that I am anxious to visit them and to make them presents in order to pacify them. Cannibalism still exists here though we haven't seen anything of it. Some months ago, a number of our natives went to Taupota, a large village near where we had intended to have built our house, and on returning, whilst passing Agonai, another village, they were set upon and three of them were killed and eaten, so that after all we are in a land of heathen darkness, though to the outward eye they all seem to live morally and peacefully together. They certainly are a social, kind-hearted, contented lot of folk and affectionate to their children, while the children are also devoted to their parents. Since I last wrote to you we have had two more native houses erected, in one of which King and Kennedy sleep. The kitchen is used as our study and sitting-room, while underneath it we have made a temporary dining-room and use a small place outside for cooking in. My bedroom is the small storeroom, while the Tomlinsons occupy the room built for them. I am glad to hear of the Office and Litany for the N.G.M. Society; that will help us more than anything else. May our Lord give you every blessing through His Holy Nativity at Christmas."

On 10th November, 1891, he writes to the Primate: "I am sorry to say that Mr. King has been very ill and has caused us no little anxiety. He went to

Samarai in the *Grace Lynn* on 10th September and returned three weeks later in good health, but a week later he was taken ill, and has been laid up ever since. It is on my strong recommendation that he is leaving for Sydney at once, and I trust you will prevail upon him to consult the best physician in the city. There is no doubt but that this is a trying climate and we all feel the effects of it. Mr. King was loath to leave as he is devoted to his work and happy here and the natives like him very much. I prevailed on him to leave on the ground of his presence being needed in view of business matters in Sydney, so that he comes prepared to represent the mission in regard to the difficulties that have arisen concerning the house. He ought not to return till his health is thoroughly restored and he is quite strong again. Kindly impress this upon him. Fever has not touched any one yet except myself, and that is only the remains of bygone days. Our land has been confirmed to us by the Government, *i.e.*, about 160 acres. We purchased more on the visit of the magistrate; this will explain our need of more tobacco.

"Our household arrangements are in a terrible state and we are roughing it in real earnest. I have been acting as carpenter and labourer for the last six weeks, and to-morrow we are going to begin to dig the drains. We hope in the course of a few days to settle down to a definite study of the language. We are making friends with the natives for a long distance, and a constant succession of them come to visit us from distant parts. I am expecting the Governor here next month, when I hope to take a trip along the north-east coast with

THE ALTAR IN THE FIRST CHAPEL, DOGURA, BARTLE BAY.

him. I deeply regret the amount of trouble that has arisen over the house and shipping, but I trust that it will all come right in time. We are longing for news from the outside world. It seems long to have to wait, but our work keeps the mind occupied. We have a very simple native chapel in which we hold services daily—Morning Prayer at 6.30; Evensong at 8; Holy Communion on Sundays and Saints' Days at 7.30—and we all appreciate these times of refreshment. I cannot write a longer letter this time, but as I have been writing since seven this morning, I know you will kindly excuse this brief account of my doings. Mr. King will tell you more."

"The early days at Dogura," says Mr. King, "were very trying. No one without perseverance as well as an excess of energy could have worked as Maclaren did. Urging natives to work, keeping them in good temper the while, learning their language, looking for the promised visitors from Samarai, superintending the landing of the goods from the schooner, taking one day at washing clothes and another day finding out more natives to come and work—it was trying. Moreover, Maclaren did not care to cook, I could not, and our Rotuman cook was too sick to do anything. Maclaren got feverish occasionally, and had to take it easy in his hammock. But we kept going somehow. We were even able to see the humorous side of things.

"Maclaren found time to make a fair start with the [redacted] language, and wrote down a few hundred native words. [redacted] he would take [redacted] recreation and stroll [redacted] on [redacted] ly on off-days he

would go down to the village, visiting the natives and trying to talk with them. He made good use of a naturally playful humour in such intercourse. He would amuse them with imitations of the cries of ducks, frogs, and other sounds of nature, and would romp with them. But sometimes what looked like pure fun was really something more, an exercise of strength in the game would show that he was not to be tackled too easily if ever they thought of attempting anything more serious.

"When the natives were working for him he looked after them strictly and would allow no loitering. When he found them pilfering, or committing any other petty offence, he soon taught them to fear his anger. But generally he was good friends all round, and delighted in showing them looking-glasses, black dolls and pictures, and other odds and ends which excited their amazement. He realised that they were as children and were to be treated accordingly.

"On Sundays he would go down to the villages, and first in Wedau, and then at Wamira, would gather the people together; tell them the names of Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, and about the Father above the clouds who made us, and His Son, Jesus Christ. He composed two hymns. They were simple enough, and we found them afterwards to be entirely incorrect, but they served to give some glimmering of his meaning to the natives. By degrees things got a little more ship-shape, and we had regular meals and more comfortable quarters. On 11th November I came away as I could not get back my strength. With me came the two carpen-

ters, as they were unable to do more to the house for lack of some special material, and Sam the cook, who had never done any cooking. Before we started we went into the chapel and Maclaren conducted a short prayer-meeting. It was our farewell though we did not know it. I remember yet the prayers he said and the emotion he showed. Then he came with us to the beach and I saw him no more."

He who had written of himself as being so well and strong was in six short weeks to be called away from his earthly labours, while the colleague whom he was sending away with prayerful anxiety to recover his lost health was to be spared for many years to carry on the work which they had entered upon together.

As soon as the work at Dogura was well in hand, Maclaren began to look farther afield. It was no part of his scheme that the Mission should be confined to one spot. He determined first to visit the villages of Boianai and Radava, sixteen miles along the coast, the people of which kept sending down threatening messages that they would come down and kill the little band of missionaries, and the people of Wedau for receiving them. He started once in the whale-boat, but had to return for want of wind. Then on Thursday, 26th November, he started again for Goodenough Bay. An account of this expedition is given in the following letter to the Primate dated 14th December, 1891:—

"Since writing to you on 10th November matters in the building line have been at a standstill at Dogura, though we have finished the drainage, which was a big order for natives. It took seventy men five days to

accomplish it, but it has been well done. We paid them in tobacco and matches, thirty-five pounds of tobacco and 350 boxes of matches. We have also had a good deal of clearing done by the women and have planted 250 coco-nuts, while we are at present building a large native chapel to serve the double purpose of school and church. We have sufficient ground cleared for another 250 coco-nuts twenty-five feet apart. This part of the work I am anxious about, in order to secure a permanent income for the Mission eight or ten years hence, besides providing food for the natives. I have at present four native orphans living at Dogura, and I hope before long to have a good many more. These will form our first pupils. Some weeks ago the natives of Boianai, a large tribe about fourteen miles farther in the bay, threatened to come and kill us as well as the people of Wedau, and as the threat continued to be made, I determined to visit them. Neither the chief of Wedau nor of Wamira would go with us. Three men came with us, but the women on the beach did all they could to stop them. We could only get seven miles on the way, and had to return owing to contrary winds. On our return journey we met two large canoes from Wedau coming to see that all was right. They told us that the women were crying and saying that we should all be killed. Next morning we started at 5.30, after an early Communion. We were accompanied by the chiefs of Awaiama, Wedau and Wamira, as well as by two native canoes laden with men. We arrived at Boianai at 2 P.M., and I landed alone, and went straight into

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE MISSION, DOGURA, BARTLE BAY.

the village and made friends. I showed them that I had nothing with me and they were friendly. I then sent for the chiefs that had come with us, and I made them pull noses with the chiefs of Boianai and Radava. I gave to each of the chiefs a red shirt, a number of which the friends of the mission in Melbourne supply me with. They were pleased, and gave me some fruit and vegetables in return. Later on each of them gave me a pig, in return for which I gave them a tomahawk. These villages are close together, only a small stream dividing them. There must be a very large population within a few miles of Boianai as there are numerous villages along the coast and inland on the slopes of the hills. About two miles from Boianai, is a village called Dogura, so that for the future it will be better to call this place Victoria Dogura to distinguish it from its more important namesake.

"We left Boianai at five in the evening and reached home soon after twelve midnight.

"A few days later we had a visit from one of the chiefs of the places we had visited, bringing us fruit and vegetables.

"Their custom is to pinch one's nose and stomach as a symbol of friendship. I offered him, among other things, a small black doll, but he was afraid and refused to accept it.

"On Sunday, 29th November, just after midnight, I left in the boat for an extended trip round Goodenough Bay. Mr. Kennedy and the chiefs of Wedau and Wamira as well as a few natives accompanied me. We sailed across the bay to Kapi Kapi, a large village on

Cape Vogel, where our boat anchored until Wednesday morning. I found my old friends had not forgotten me and they received me kindly. They brought us coco-nuts. I visited all the villages, thirteen in number, and made friends with the chiefs, giving them presents and purchasing food from them. We pulled round to a village about four miles distant in Collingwood Bay and stayed there for the night. The inhabitants complained bitterly of the Maisini tribe in Collingwood Bay who had come down and killed some of them and stole their pigs. I told them that the Governor would come by-and-by and punish their enemies. During my stay at Cape Vogel I obtained 500 words of the language, which is distinct from that of Wedau. On our return we visited nearly every village in Good-enough Bay, and were kindly received in most places, though in more than six villages the inhabitants had never seen a white man. In two or three villages skulls were hanging from the trees with masses of human hair above them. These I got them to bury. Our chiefs tell me that they are all cannibals and always eat their victims in time of war. In two places I was in some danger, and in one place they went for their spears, but their deadly weapon is the sling and stone. With it they never miss. I always landed alone, as I did not wish to run the risk of more than one being attacked.

"Great care will have to be taken in approaching the villages at the head of the bay, and I fear that it will be some time before they learn to trust us in the way the people do among whom we are living. We

also visited a large group of villages in and around Boianai and had a pig given to us. Altogether it was a very interesting voyage and I think it will do good. I cannot speak too highly of Peter the boatman and his care in taking the boat in and out among the coral reefs and rocks along the coast. To send him away at the end of six months would be the greatest mistake, and for the best interests of the Mission I cannot agree to the suggestion of the Hon. Secretary to dismiss him at the end of his agreement. Whether he is willing to remain longer is another matter. We arrived back at Dogura on Friday just before midnight, and we were glad to get a good night's rest on a softer bed than the planks of our boat.

"Early on Sunday morning news was brought that the people of Radava had killed the chief of Boianai, and after the early Communion I started in one of the native canoes for Boianai, being accompanied by the chiefs of Wedau and Wamira, and forty natives of the two villages in other canoes. We reached our destination at 4 P.M., and went at once to mourn at the grave of the chief. It was a sad sight, the whole village was in mourning. Many of them had cut their hair off, while more had painted their faces black. His poor widow and children were in a terrible state. He was killed early on Saturday morning, just as he was about to start for Dogura on a visit to us. The origin of the fight I cannot ascertain. The Radava people attacked with stones and slings, and many of the men have terrible wounds on their heads and bodies. I did all I could to comfort them, and gave them presen[t]

of beads. The next thing was to find out the name of the new chief. It is Gidabona. He is a fine-looking man, and promises to make a good chief. I asked all the people if he were the new chief, and when they replied that he was, I gave him a new red shirt and pulled noses, and drank some coco-nut milk. Soon after he brought me a pig as a present, in return for which I made him a present. They were anxious that I should remain the night, and when I consented their pleasure was great. I was quite alone, and it pleased them to see that I trusted them. I slept in a large native house set apart for the men of the village, and around me were over fifty natives, who know far better than white men how to snore! My bed was the shingle off the beach, and neither it nor the feeling that I was in the midst of a people of impulse made me sleep soundly. Some time after my arrival the people of Radava (the chief was away in his gardens ten miles off) sent me a pig, which I told the Wedau and Wamira natives to return as I could not accept it from them, lest they should think I accepted it as a peace-offering for the slain chief. I found out the name of the murderer and some of the leaders of the attack. I got a promise from the Boianai people that they would not themselves avenge the death of their chief, but wait for the arrival of the Governor, and this I am glad to say they promised; this will prevent further bloodshed.

"Early next morning we made a start for home, but alas, when we had got about three miles on our journey I heard the squeaking of a pig on the canoe on which

I was travelling (the present of Gidabona was on the other canoe). I asked where the pig came from, and they replied 'Radava'. I told them that I had refused to accept it. It appears that, instead of taking it back, they kept it, and intended to keep it a secret from me. I at once ordered them to make for the land and carry it back to Radava. They murmured at first, but I insisted and the thing was done. It would never have done to have accepted it, and I was anxious to show them how strongly I disapproved of the murder of the chief. Later on they returned and told me that the Radava people would kill me when next I visited their village. I laughed. On Saturday last Wagavara, chief of Radava, visited these parts, and I met him in one of the villages, Boaunia, fives miles from here. He told me that he strongly disapproved of the murder and had wept at the grave of the slain chief. He also promised to deliver up Tamarusa, the murderer, to the Governor on his arrival. Yesterday, Sunday, he paid me a visit and had some food with us, and we parted the best of friends. I am very sorry that the murder has happened, though it has ended less terribly than it might have done. It must needs be that sooner or later one man shall be severely punished in this bay for murder, as it will act as a check on others, though we have nothing to do with that. My duty ends in reporting the affair to the Governor.

"Later on I am hoping to get all the chiefs of the bay to meet me at Boianai and get them to promise to refrain from attacking each other. I would have the meeting at Dogura, but I think that they would more

readily come to a place where I could meet them alone. I am known all through the mission as 'Amau Alaberta' (Father Albert). I hope that the title will not shock the ears of my brethren. It was suggested to me by the *Protestant Standard* (name of a paper in Sydney). Poor things, they need a father to guide them, for they are only like children, and need to be dealt with as such.

"Every Sunday we hold service at Wedau and Wamira, as well as at Dogura. I have made two simple hymns, and I tell them the story of the Father's Love, and they like to listen to the story of Adam and Eve, and Cain and Abel. The serpent and the stealing and the murder is not strange to them. Many of them know the names of the four first persons and tell the story to others, but in an exaggerated form.

"Our work is rough and discouraging, so that a little encouragement from Sydney, in addition to the frequent admonitions against extravagance and impatience, will help us to go on trying to make God's Way known upon earth, His Saving Health among the poor people of this portion of New Guinea.

"On Wednesday and Thursday I visited from Bartle Bay to Cape Frere and had to sleep out, and since my return I have been laid up, but as I have already detained the boat a day I must make a move to-night to Samarai, calling at Taupota, Awaiama and other places on the way, as I am anxious to visit all the villages on the coast between here and Cape Ducie before Christmas."

This letter was discovered after his death, between

S. MATTHEW'S CHURCH, WAMIRA.

the pages of his diary. The diary was in his bag, which was forwarded after his death to the Bishop of Brisbane. With the letter were four different vocabularies which he had been working at.

On the Wednesday and Thursday after his return from Boianai he went to visit the villages round Cape Frere, and slept out for the night. The following Sunday he was not well enough to take the morning service, but recovered sufficiently to go to the villages in the afternoon, and in the evening he preached a sermon, one of the Advent series on death and the uncertainty of life. On Monday evening, 14th December, he started in the whale-boat *Tasmania* for Samarai, having with him Mr. C. E. Kennedy and Peter the boatman. They encountered bad weather, and being in an open boat got very wet. Maclaren as usual was very sea-sick. Just before reaching Samarai on 16th December he had a shivering fit and thought that an attack of fever was coming on. He took some quinine and lay down. On arriving at the wharf, however, he went ashore and slept at the Government Residency on the hill. The next morning he complained of bad headache, and said that he had had no sleep. During the day he was attacked by violent sickness, which recurred continually during the next six days. On 23rd December he was better and able to get up and sit in the verandah, but the next day he was worse again, and was delirious at night and had to take sleeping draughts.

On Christmas Day he wrote to his mother: "I am very sorry that I have not been able to write to you

before. I was away and ill, and could not catch the mail. This one goes to-morrow. This is Christmas Day. I suppose that you will be at church and make your Communion. I thought of you to-day. I feel a little better. Don't be anxious. He will look after me. I will write again soon."

While he was lying ill the *Merrie England* arrived at Samarai with the Governor on board, and Maclaren witnessed some judicial transactions and expressed to Judge Winter his interest in what he saw. The Governor gave him some medicine and asked him if he would go back to Dogura in the *Merrie England*, but he was afraid of sea-sickness, as he knew that the steam yacht always rolled very much. Mr. Kennedy then left him, to go back to Dogura for Christmas, and the Governor with his party went to Dobu, the Wesleyan Mission Station, then to Dogura and back to Samarai. The Governor had, however, stopped at Normanby Island, and the *Merrie England* was on her way to Cooktown with Sir Samuel Griffith, the Queensland Premier, Judge Winter and Mr. Hely, the Samarai magistrate, who were going on three months' leave. When they got back to Samarai the second time they came to the conclusion that Maclaren was so ill that he should be taken to see the doctor at Cooktown. He, on the contrary, was now very anxious to go "home" as soon as possible to Dogura. He grew worse, however, and was almost unconscious and delirious when they carried him on board the *Merrie England* about 11 A.M. on Saturday (26th December) and started for Cooktown. Although they thought him very

ill, they did not anticipate his death. They suspected that there must be more than fever the matter with him, perhaps a weak heart, and thought that he seemed to give in to the fever, and made no effort to struggle against it. They did their best to keep up his strength with champagne during the day, but in the evening his temperature rose to 106. Later, as the result of a dose of antifebrin, he broke into a gentle perspiration and went off to sleep. He seemed to sleep well all night, and a little before six o'clock next morning (27th December, S. John's Day) Mr. Hely saw him sleeping on his side. The steward went into his cabin a few minutes afterwards and asked him if he could do anything for him. He replied, "No thank you, I want nothing". He was then sensible and seemed better. A quarter of an hour later he was found "fallen asleep" with a serene smile upon his face. The body was sewn up in a hammock, and on the arrival of the *Merrie England* at Cooktown on the following day—Holy Innocents' Day—was laid to rest in Cooktown Cemetery.

The expressions of regret, the letters of sympathy that poured in on the mourning Church, the memorial services throughout the length and breadth of Australia when the sad tidings of this pathetic death became known, testify to the widespread love and affection felt for him. It was best expressed by the friend who loved him so well, the late Bishop of Brisbane, at the memorial service held in old S. John's Cathedral on Wednesday, 30th December. The bishop said: "We have assembled not to listen to an address, but to join in

sympathetic imagination with that small band who, two days ago, in our northern town over against that great island which has been the scene of his labours, stood around the grave and saw committed to its last resting-place all that is mortal of him whom we knew and loved so well, who has given his life in the service of his Lord and Master in the missionary field. We are met to thank God for having given us the example of a true and faithful servant. We are thankful to God for the sterling reality, the genuineness, the simplicity of character, the childlike faith which marked his whole bearing and inspired his whole work. We felt the reality and true manhood of his character, and all who came into contact with him were freshened, enlivened, and quickened in their own faith. Almost the closing sentence of his last letter was expressive of that single-hearted devotion which animated his whole life. In reference to his hopes of acquiring soon the language of those to whom he had gone to minister, 'Poor things,' he wrote, 'how one longs for the time to come when one will be able to tell them of our Lord and of His Love'. Does not this, I say, exactly express the whole secret of his life and work, his simple, strong, earnest attachment to his Saviour, and by consequence his intense sympathy with all human life?"

It was not till 6th January that the little band at Dogura knew that they had lost their chief. "The news stunned us all," is the entry in the diary of one of the party. The natives heard it with every sign of grief. The two chiefs of Wedau and Wamira, with all the men and women out of the villages, went up to

the Mission, wailing and crying pitiably. The Taupota people, from some twenty miles away, did the same. The chief of Wamira, Magaia, in particular, was evidently deeply affected by the news. He went so far as to blacken his face, an expression of grief only used in New Guinea when a near relation dies.

The Governor of British New Guinea, Sir William MacGregor, wrote to the Bishop of Brisbane: "His value as a public servant I have recorded in my despatches. . . . To me the loss is a double one. I have lost in Mr. Maclaren a very highly esteemed friend, who was sincere and enthusiastic in the work he was undertaking, and sympathetic towards the endeavours of the Government. I have lost also a faithful and efficient colleague. I have seen with great pleasure the appreciative notice taken of Mr. Maclaren's death in Australia. But believe me, my dear Bishop, that what would be most in harmony with the feelings of Mr. Maclaren when alive would be that his memory were honoured by the speedy and vigorous prosecution of the work he spent his life in initiating in this country. That your Church will be of this opinion I do not for a moment doubt.

"Yours faithfully,

"WM. MACGREGOR."

There were of course many ready enough to talk of "failure" and "a valuable life thrown away," but though the leader had fallen at his post, another was found to take his place, though God had buried His workman, another was found to carry on the work.

Copland King, with unswerving loyalty, returned to hold aloft the Banner of Christ on the newly founded mission station, and with brave and patient endurance carried on the work till (though not until the first-fruits had been already gathered in) the Church in Australia awoke at last to her responsibility, and sent a bishop to the rescue of the native infant Church, struggling for life under overwhelming difficulties.

Montagu John Stone-Wigg was consecrated bishop on the Feast of the Conversion of S. Paul, 1898, and under him that native Church, with her bands of Papuan catechumens and Christians, her teachers and evangelists, and even her first candidates for a native ministry, has bravely battled on where the banner first was planted. It was for this that Albert Maclaren laid down his bright, heroic life, and yet a faithless world dares to talk of "thrown away".

Other European labourers have followed their pioneer "within the veil," and Papua has her first-fruits in Paradise, and so the Church lives and grows. Truly as of old "God buries His workmen but carries on His work".

BISHOP OF NEW GUINEA, WITH PETER AND GREGORY. SYDNEY, SEPT., 1905.

APPENDIX I

A REMINISCENCE

A CLERGYMAN, the late Rev. E. H. H. Brodhurst, who served five years in Queensland, says: "I first heard of Mr. Maclaren about the year 1889 or 1890. He had been to my home to preach and speak on behalf of the New Guinea Mission, and I was very much struck, on making a visit there shortly afterwards, with the impression he had made. The parish in question was a large overgrown village, close to the Nottinghamshire coalfield, and including large stocking mills, a place not easy to interest in foreign missions. But Mr. Maclaren, from what I learnt then, and from personal knowledge of him obtained later on, appeared to me to be peculiarly possessed with the power of interesting others. One or two instances, given with as close verbal accuracy as possible, will serve to illustrate this. On Sunday at luncheon Mr. Maclaren inquired of the vicar's wife who it was that had occupied a certain seat at the morning service. The name was given, it being that of a leading lady in the place. 'Well,' he said, 'you will see that she will be at church again to-night.' 'Oh, no,' said the vicar's wife, 'Mrs. So-and-so is not going out in the evening at present. So it is out of

the question.' 'Oh, indeed,' he said, 'you will see that she will be there.' And when the evening came, there she was, and also at the meeting on Monday night, making one of a crowded attendance.

"I remember on the other hand one very devoted Sunday-school teacher of many years' standing classing him with a well-known mission preacher as the two men who, at least to her, had seemed to have the most marked spiritual power she could recall in her experience. A year or two later I was an inmate of the bishop's house in Brisbane (Queensland) prior to starting clerical work in that diocese. Mr. Maclaren arrived very late on Friday night or very early on a Saturday morning, and almost at once started off with the bishop and one or two other clergy for the dedication of a new bush church some forty miles away. On that day and on others that followed (he left Brisbane for the last time in the following week, his death occurring six months later) I can recall most his infectious good spirits and his abounding vitality. I think some words of Bishop Phillips Brooks fitly hit off this last characteristic: 'Do we not know (says the bishop) that there are certain persons in this world whose recognisable purpose and office it is to increase the amount of this vitality of life in the regions where they have been set? In every circle or community where you have ever lived has there not been some man whom you knew as a life-giver? He may or may not have been a learned man who gave definite instruction in the increased vitality. He caused men to do their best. He quickened languid natures. He made the streams run

full. He called the dead to life.' Something of this was Mr. Maclaren. Something of this was he that Saturday afternoon after the dedication of the church at the luncheon given by the church supporters in the bush house or tent erected for the occasion. Most of his speech has fled from my recollection, but I remember his sitting next to me and telling the story, in vindication of free seats in church, of (I think) an old lady, who objected to the intrusion of a stranger into her pew, and I think I can still see him putting his head nearly under the plank-made table in imitation of the intruder in the pew, who was supposed, on hearing the old lady's irate tones, to have pretended there was a dog underneath the seat, and to have stooped down as if searching for this canine object of the pew-owner's vituperation. Once more I recall him that same evening at the end of the long, narrow Queensland railway carriage, elucidating points of High Church teaching and ceremonial for the edification of a stalwart Brisbane layman, who was, if I mistake not, the superintendent of the most extreme evangelical Sunday-school of the city. There again memory fails me as to details, but however repugnant the sentiment might be to his listener, he was always on good terms with him. All was merged in the sense of Mr. Maclaren's abounding good humour, which was itself, I cannot doubt, the expression of a wholehearted love."

Just under six feet in height, slight and well-built, clear-cut features, a remarkably sympathetic mouth, beautiful, kindly grey eyes with a far-away look in them when preaching. His sweet expression was his chief

charm, "the spiritual ascetic expression of a mediæval saint". His face was often compared to pictures of S. John and S. Augustine. His voice was very clear and musical, and he knew how to use it (perhaps unconsciously) to move his hearers. The tunes of some hymns and Litanies are for this reason for ever associated by some of his friends with his memory.

As tender as a woman and as gentle as a child, he could be firm to obstinacy and angry on occasion—then the soft eyes would flash defiantly and his words would sting. Men who could not tolerate his Churchmanship have been known to say that his personality conquered them.

APPENDIX II

NOTE BY THE BISHOP OF NEW GUINEA

THE New Guinea Mission at the beginning of 1908 had dealt with the 300 miles of coast-line between Cape Ducie and the British-German boundary as follows:—

1. *Goodenough Bay*—from Cape Ducie to Cape Vogel. This district is almost completely occupied by the Mission. Over 7,000 people are in close touch with the staff, and 16 places have resident teachers with schools, churches and boarders. At 63 additional places services are held. Nine hundred children attend the day schools. There are 400 catechumens, 420 communicants, and over 1,000 have been baptised. The whole Old Testament Lectionary has been translated, the greater part of the New Testament, the Prayer-book, 110 hymns, and four reading-books. Scripture, prayers and hymns have been issued in two dialects. The Secondary School at Dogura with 50 selected boys, the Training College with 2 students, and the Half-caste Orphanage with 32 children are the most prominent institutions. Two native catechists from the Training College are in charge of villages in Goodenough Bay. The industrial settlement at Hioge, the hospital at Dogura, the herd of cattle in Wedau, and the lighthouse on Cape Vogel represent the social

side, supplementing the educational and evangelistic work of the Mission.

2. *Collingwood Bay*—from Cape Vogel to Cape Nelson. The main population, 3,700, is dealt with in two stations at the head of the bay. One other place has a resident teacher, and the harbours of the Cape Nelson promontory are evangelised. Services are held at 8 centres, and 336 children attend the schools. The first large baptism takes place this year (1908). Translations have been issued in two dialects.

3. *Beyond Cape Nelson.*—A gap of nearly 80 miles is at present unoccupied by the Mission, then three stations have been established within 25 miles of the boundary. By these 1,500 people are reached, and 150 children attend school. Translation work has been issued in a dialect that may prove to be the most important one on the coast.

In addition to native work, Samarai has a resident clergyman and a school for the children of white settlers. The work here is among Europeans, though the native prisoners in the gaol and the many native employees are reached and influenced. Over £140 was raised here for church and school purposes last year.

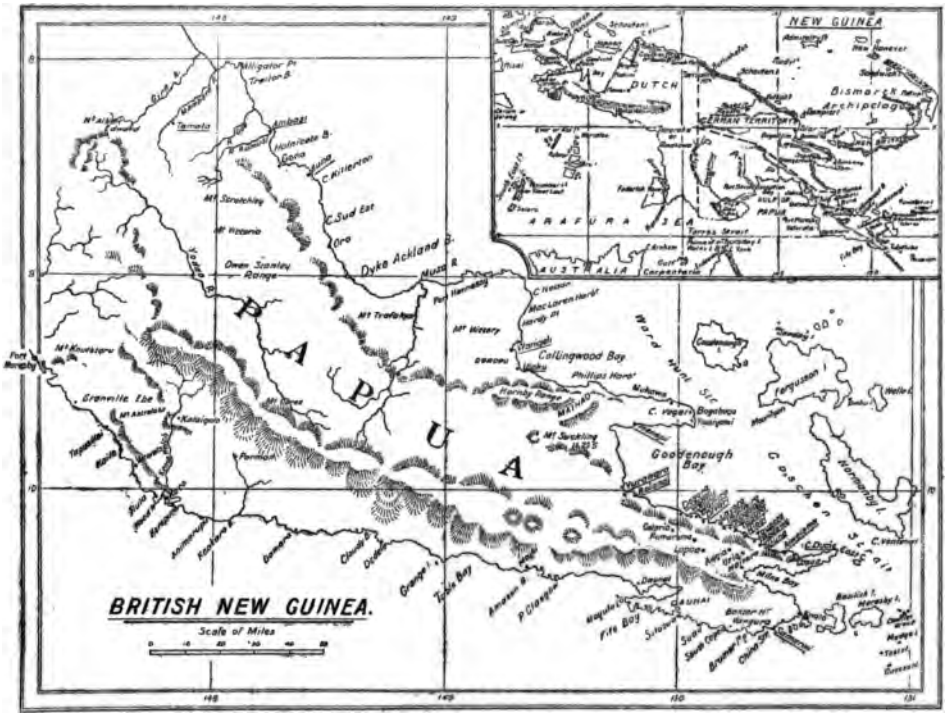
The progress of the Mission in the last decade may be summed up in the following table:—

	1898	1908
Mission staff	14	77
School children	200	1,400
Baptised	17	1,000
Confirmed	—	581
Communicants	—	450
Contributions to	£1,000	£6,000
Contributions from	£18	£265

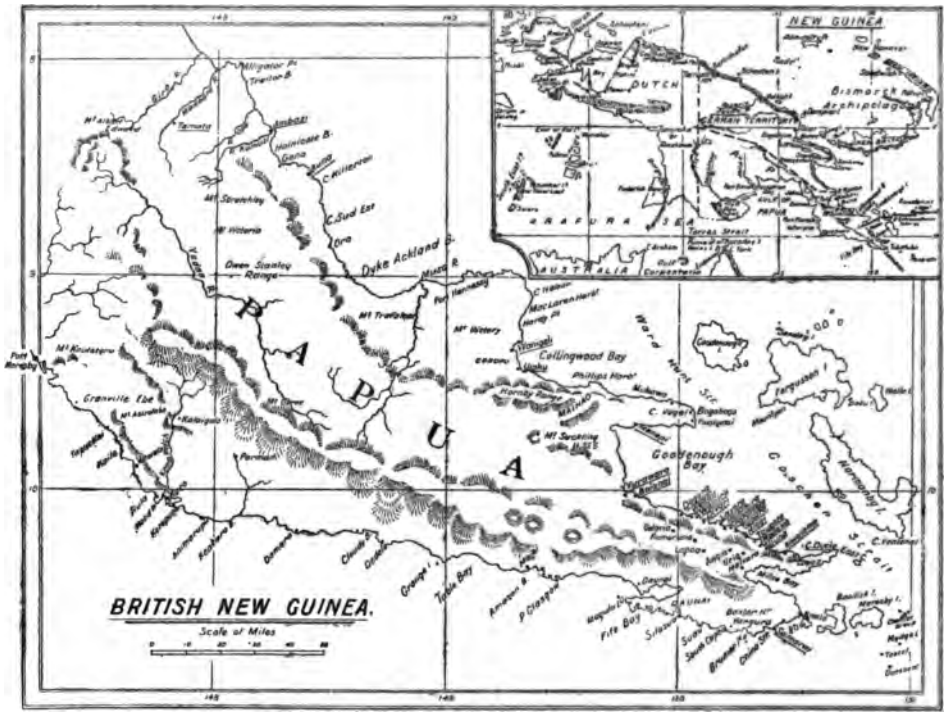
THE MISSION LAUNCH, "*ABIEL ABBOT LOW*".

Six of the white staff have laid down their lives in the service of the Mission, and seven South-Sea Island teachers have made their graves in New Guinea. One hundred baptised Papuans have passed within the veil.

On the 24th of June, 1908, the Bishop presented the sum of £100, free and unappropriated, in S. Paul's Cathedral, as the thank-offering of the Church in Papua for blessings vouchsafed to it.



ANGLICAN MISSION STATIONS ARE UNDERLINED; THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY WORKS ON THE SOUTH COAST AND THE METHODIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN THE ISLANDS ON THE SOUTH-EAST.



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