

centre and head of the model mission station of the north-west coast, an Arcadian village of civilised Indians. It is the romance of missions.

The missionary referred to is William Duncan, missionary to the Metlakaatla Indians.

“WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?”

In a picture gallery in Dusseldorf, Count Zinzendorf had a remarkable experience, which affected his whole after career. He stood before the picture, “Ecce Homo!” Jesus wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe with the inscription in Latin, “This have I done for thee; what hast thou done for Me?” He was deeply impressed, and determined, then and there, to devote himself wholly to Christ. The answer we must give this passionate question from the Cross is the test of our love for Christ. It is not enough to voice our love in hymns of ardent devotion or in prayers, or in Missionary meetings saying that we are Christ’s for ever. The question is: What will you do for Christ? What will you sacrifice for His sake? Consecrated life is the only certain proof of full devotion to Jesus.

CHILDREN’S LETTER.

Wanigela, British New Guinea,
February 14th, 1900.

Dear Children—I see by my mail that I received this week, nine weeks by the way, since my last mail, that I am to write the first children’s letter. What about, I don’t know. I don’t feel in a letter-writing mood, and I have the wailing of the village in my ears, as I write; a mountain tribe has just come down and killed one of our women.

We heard the war horns blowing, and saw the natives scurrying past in their feathers and paint, whilst I was taking school. My children (79) wanted me to give them a holiday that they might run and sit on the beach and watch party after party of natives hurry past with spears and clubs, to take part in the fight. However, I was obdurate, although I, too, love to stand and watch them hurry past. They always (when on the war path) go through a little acting in front of my house when they see me looking, to show how fierce and strong they are. It is done to strike terror into my heart, as a matter of fact it amuses me very much. This particular mountain tribe have a very peculiar characteristic, they don’t eat their victims. At least, I know myself of at least ten natives they have killed in the last eighteen months and left them for decent burial.

Now the Editor, I expect, will cut out the opening part of this letter, as not the kind of news to give children, and yet it may be useful as it clearly shows the need of the Church’s help immediately, all along this coast.

The natives are not only heathen, but cannibals and warriors. When I was travelling across country about 30 miles inland, at Christmas time, we had a warrior carrying about 10 spears leading, and another carrying the same number at the rear of our party to prevent surprises. All day long no one, except myself, spoke above a whisper, and at nights all the scrub was cut thirty yards round the camp.

All night through, half my carriers sat up on guard, expecting every moment to see their enemies. I shall never forget the scene when we crept stealthily into another camp, one day, having already discovered that the natives were “friendlies.” They did not know that we were friends and the surprise was complete.

Now all this can be stopped by the Church. If the Australian Church will supply the money, lovely spots can be selected (I have already selected four), where our Bishop can establish Mission Stations. Then, immediately, the tribal fights will cease. Otherwise, the Government will step in and stop the fights by punishing the poor natives, who have never been taught that to kill another is wrong, even if he belongs to another tribe. I have seen a whole tribe start out at dawn to kill two poor helpless natives, who had come down the mountain side to visit a lowland friend. I am glad to say they had a long walk for nothing. The Story of Jesus, the power of the Holy Spirit, would soon stop such flagrant acts of cruelty, and it is in your hands to say whether that story is to be told in this generation, or the next, on this coast. Your pennies and your interest are mighty enough to evangelize the world, if the children of the Church would only use the power God has put in their hands. How many fathers and mothers would support the missionaries, gladly and liberally, if they knew their little ones were really interested in the work, praying daily for the workers, and themselves giving part of their pocket money to maintain the mission stations. In England, it is said, that the missionary societies of Great Britain are maintained by the weekly offerings of ten thousands of young women behind the counters of English shops; in Australia, it might be said that her Australian Missions were mainly supported by the Church’s children; if only those children would realise the power that love has given them. For love of them Jesus gave up His life. For love of them many a father and mother would become regular subscribers to mission funds, and thereby further our work. Every little child yields a greater power than the greatest preacher in the world—the power of love. Let us try to use that power for the glory of God and the increase of His Kingdom.

Just at this moment the wailing of the women is being drowned by the piercing shrieks of my chief’s little boy. On his way home from the fight, he called in to tell me the details. I have told you so much already about killing and fighting, that I won’t give them to you.

The men belonging to my evening school had a surprise the other night. I got them to give the name of every man in the villages who is not past middle age. This they thought great fun, much better than learning their tables, but when at the end of school I called the new roll I had just made out and drew up a list of the absentees, their laughter was turned into grief. They realised that, in future, it would not be wise to take a night off, after a hard day’s fishing or hunting.

I have an evening school of 79 men, so nice and well behaved. They have all discovered that it is best to behave well. I am an old schoolmaster (not so very old either) but very strict. Night school, as well as day school, is compulsory at Wanigela, and I have an average attendance of over 90 per cent., of which I am very proud. However, if I go on writing, my letter will be so long that it will never be published, so with very real love to all my little unknown well-wishers, I remain,

Yours very affectionately,

WILFRED H. ABBOT.

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assisted by Andrew (still lame) and his wife Minnie. Boiled beef, yams, bananas, paw-paws, cake and tea soon disappeared. Afterward Willie made a speech. He said that all had been so kind to him in his great sorrow, that he wanted to thank them all. He also said that he wanted to begin holding a meeting for prayer and Bible reading once a week at his own house, and that they would begin that week, and that every six months he would give them all a feast such as they had had that evening. Alick and Dick also spoke and thanked Willie. Alick, as usual, spoke earnestly and urged all to live more for Jesus.

On October 23rd, a small vessel anchored in the bay, and the captain and crew came ashore. The captain was a Malay, two of his crew were Aborigines from the Batavia River Mission "Mapoori;" they attended the evening service, and we sung hymns which they knew, and in the singing of which they joined heartily. Last month I met the Rev. A. Atkins of Herberton. He takes a great deal of interest in the Aborigines in his parish, and is anxious for me to visit his district and gather in the children there; he says that the poor blacks are in a wretched state. I am impatient to go, but it takes money to get there, and, moreover, I cannot think of leaving the Station for any length of time until the new boat reaches us. Both the ladies have been far from well lately, the weather has been exceptionally trying. We would like to thank the kind friends in Maitland for their splendid box of medicines, clothing, &c. Mr. Fox, of Oberon, has also sent us a fine assortment of seeds; the prarie grass has been planted. This week a box arrived containing gifts from Mrs. Stapleton, Sutherland; Mrs. McDonald, Bombala; Mrs. Capper, Sydney; and the Mothers' Union and Sowers' Band, Enmore. For all these gifts we thank our many kind friends.

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NEW GUINEA.

WANIGELA.—Mr. Abbot writes under date, 19th October 1899:—Those of the readers of the *Missionary Notes* who know the geography of New Guinea may have felt uneasy when they heard that Dr. Vaughan had killed several of the Kairi Kairi, as they are near neighbours to our mission station, and might have attempted acts of revenge upon the solitary white man in the district. Fortunately the Kairi Kairi are very good friends of mine, and came and poured all their woe into my ears. At the time I thought some Mambaré diggers had got into trouble with the natives and killed some of them in self-defence. But on 5th October, the Hon. M. Moreton, our district Magistrate, arrived in the Bay in his schooner; the first sail, by the way, that I have seen since July except our Mission schooner, and asked me to go up the coast with him as interpreter. His dilemma, if I had refused, will I think show your readers how little is known of Collingwood Bay. There are, I believe, about twenty or thirty natives in all New Guinea who can talk the language in our Bay. Mr. Moreton would have had to speak to his schooner captain, a Samarai boy, who would have interpreted to a Taupotan, the Taupotan would have interpreted to a Maisine, the Maisine to the Kairi Kairi native. What the result would have been, even if the interpreters had known both languages, would probably have been very surprising. What it would have been in this particular instance baffles imagination. There are, I believe, no New Guinea natives who have sojourned in our neighbourhood long enough to pick up the language, who have made any exit except the cooking-pot (two possibly being excepted, I believe they were eaten last February, I am making enquiries). The only interpreters are natives who have worked on schooners trading in the Bay (up till last year only one trader had come up so

far), and boys who have been in the government police and picked up a smattering of a few common words, whilst here on a visit for a day or so.

I was very glad of the opportunity of seeing the coast beyond my station. I have never been round the point, and gladly went. Before starting I was altogether on the side of the natives. However, later evidence clearly showed that they nearly killed Dr. Vaughan's Samarai boy, making an entirely unprovoked attack on him. I suppose I must not say anything further on the matter, as I believe the case will come before the court at Samarai. Among my many letters to your paper, I believe I once wrote an account of a night, or rather early dawn, attack on our village from the sea. However the natives finding that there were white men on shore, it was too dark to say how many, cleared off. These were the identical men we were visiting, since then we have become great friends, and I was perfectly astonished to find how many friends I had among them, men who I thought belonged to inland tribes bore down on us in their canoes, with very hearty cries of welcome.

We found that though the Kairi Kairi had attacked Dr Vaughan, the real culprits were their neighbours, the Mokeru.

Consequently Mr. Moreton, Mr. Bradshaw Smith and myself, with three policemen, went in the dingy to visit them. I had my chief to interpret for me as the Mokeru and Kairi Kairi people talk an entirely different dialect. When we were about a mile off, after a very long and very hot row, we sent the Wanigela chief and the canoe he was travelling in on ahead to quiet the people; we in the meanwhile lying on our oars. However we waited in vain. The canoe went about half a mile and waited. At last we went after them; I lectured them severely, and told them to do their duty. With a spurt they made for the shore, and waited for us again well out in the deep water. We had to land first, not a canoe or native to be seen. On shore I was undoubtedly angry with my native chief, he would not budge and was thoroughly frightened; however I managed to get him to go forward and say we had come in peace, and he disappeared with a couple of boys. The other natives in the Kairi Kairi canoe took us a very steep climb up the face of the cliff, where we met several natives, all armed, not a child or woman in sight; a very bad sign. They took us an endless walk, jabbering hard all the time. I could not catch a single word. At the end of half an hour I was convinced we were had, as my young friends would say. I felt sure they were taking us away from our boat and police for a purpose. Mr. Moreton said—"We won't go beyond that hill." Luckily, when we got to the hill, we saw the village on ahead. The natives took us a circuitous route, why I don't know, but we were very glad it was all right. In the village again there were no women or children to be seen, not even running away. They had entirely disappeared. We never saw one all the time we were on land, except the dead men's widows. This was a very bad sign, and the policeman we brought with us said to Mr. Bradshaw Smith—"It's a good job I have got this with me," meaning his rifle. The widows and son of one man who had been killed, and two men who had been shot, were brought up to be inspected, and after a long examination of all possible witnesses, we went back to our boat. I felt so strongly the importance of our Mission immediately starting work in the district that, with the help of Mr. Moreton and Mr. Bradshaw Smith, I chose a lovely site for what I hope will be my new home next month. I had arranged with the Bishop to open a new station among the Maisines. However, they are now quite a civilized crowd compared with the Kairi Kairi, and Mr. Moreton agreed

with me that it would be far better to push on into this new district. The Kairi Kairi are what schoolboys would call a rowdy lot. I know that traders on this coast keep a careful watch in the daytime, as well as at night, when passing through their district. I was lucky enough to persuade three boys to come down with me, two of them had already paid a short visit to my station six months ago. They stayed a week and left without stealing anything as far as I can discover. I expect they will be my first boarders in my new home, if the Bishop sanctions my going there. I purpose taking a Wedau boy with me, my little pupil teacher, leaving James Nogar our Kanaka in charge at Wanigela. May God give us His protection in our new work. It is very wonderful to think how little danger has ever threatened us in Collingwood Bay. We can but feel the deepest gratitude to our God for all His love and care during the months that are past. There are times of course when one feels a little homesick, but the prayers of the Church, of hundreds who only know us by name, strengthen us when faint-hearted, and encourage us to overcome our weakness and increase our faith. Everything is very quiet in our villages. We are having a very unpleasant drought. We have neither of us, my Kanaka or I had a touch of fever for two months. *Deo gratias.*

LETTER FROM THE BISHOP OF NEW GUINEA.

SYDNEY,
December 9th, 1899.

ON Monday, October 23rd, I left Dogura on my way South. I reached Samarai on 26th, and the schooner at once returned to Wedau, as it was to take up Rev. E. W. M. Hines, Mr. Foott, and five natives, to start a new Station on the Mambare. One of these five natives was baptised the day before I left as "Edgar." He has been longer with Mr. King than any boy, and is very bright and sincere. Another is "Gabriel," one of the Taupota Christians, the other three are Catechumens. In spite of the wide spread dread of the Mambarae amongst all the natives of New Guinea, they offered for the new Station, because it was "work for God." The party left amongst many prayers and many tears on Tuesday, October 31. May God be with them and succour them!

The day I left Dogura, I had the great joy of admitting Samuel to Confirmation. Ever since his baptism at Easter, 1896, he has been most consistent and true, and he now shares with Rhoda the privilege of partaking in the Holy Communion.

I was detained in Samarai for nine days waiting for a boat across to Cooktown. The time was filled in with several meetings about school matters, when everything was satisfactorily settled, and a sum of £125 subscribed in that small community.

I left by the *Ivanhoe* on November 4th, and landed in Cooktown on November 10th, catching the steamer for the South that same evening. I began my campaign at the Cathedral in Townsville on 12th, and have been pressing forward day by day ever since. I have every reason to be thankful to Almighty God for the help He has given me, and the response drawn forth from hearts He has touched. I secured two South Sea Islanders at Bundaberg, John and Timothy, for the Mission, and have had some good offers of service from white people. I have preached or addressed meetings and schools 33 times, and collected so far £350.

I find alas! that the debt was larger than I expected, quite £1,400 must be raised for this purpose. The house for the ladies, who will take charge of the new girls'

quarters, has gone up, and has caused the extra expense. Expenditure must now be kept strictly in hand, until the Mission debt is got rid of. I received a gift at Maryborough of £5, with the suggestion that 200 persons should give that sum and raise £1,000. Then the balance could be met out of Church collections and other contributions. The following initials represent offerings of £5 paid or promised:—

1. J.E.N.	10. C.K.
2. L.H.	11. G.T.
3. A.M.B.	12. Judge S.
4. Mrs. A.R.J.	13. W.I.C.S.
5. C.W.B.	14. Mrs. G.C.T.
6. R.A.H.	15. C.E.
7. Mrs. B.	16. J.L.
8. Mrs. W.B.T.	17. Mr. & Mrs. H.S.
9. Mrs. J.T. & Mrs. C.	18. A.W.M.
19-28. F.M.W. (£50).	
29-32. J.B. (£20).	
33-37. E.A.M. (£25).	
38-39. E.K. (£10 10s.)	
40. Mrs. W.F. (£7)	

Will 160 persons send me the balance (£800)? Spread over all Australia, this should without difficulty be achieved. I cannot explain how the removal of the debt would relieve my anxiety. Many will be able to take up more than one of these shares, as is the case with 19-28. Others might collect £5 among their friends.

I pray God to bless those who come forward thus to help.

Next week I leave for Melbourne, and hope to spend Christmas in Adelaide, returning to Sydney about the middle of January, and leaving for New Guinea in February.

M. J. NEW GUINEA.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We have gratefully to acknowledge the following gifts for—

NEW GUINEA.

Miss G. and A. Dover, Bombala, one parcel of flower seed.

S. George's Parish, Tasmania, one box of clothing.

S. John's, Bega, Xmas gifts for Mission children. A box containing about 130 toys from the children and teachers of St. John's Sunday School, Bega. Also one dozen pocket knives, a packet of marbles, white calico, &c., from Rev. A. J. Rolfe, Mrs. Hedges Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Hume, Mrs. Allan, Miss Otton.

BELLENDEN KER.

With very great thankfulness to God, and to the givers, we have to acknowledge the receipt of a large number of gifts for Christmastide at Bellenden Ker.

We are sure Mr. Gribble, and his fellow helpers will be encouraged by the liberal response to the appeal made, and the eyes and hearts of the Mission children will be gladdened with the contents of the boxes which have been duly forwarded.

BELLENDEN KER CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

1st Class (Boys), S. Luke's, Mosman, one bat and ball for Dick; one parcel, containing one bag of marbles, muffler, handkerchief and cards.

Mr. G. Percival, Randwick, two or three gross of copy books.