

Here we speak Ubir, so many of the boys have to do their lessons in what to them is an entirely strange language. I speak and write as much English as I can in school, as the Government are anxious the people should know it.

Two of the teachers are away with fever just now, so I had to put on a schoolboy to help the pupil-teacher in the lower school, where we have sixty-five babies, or, rather, little children. I went over once or twice when I could snatch a moment, and found my two "Gayam-babadas" preserving excellent discipline. They were each armed with long wands of peeled rushes, and marched up and down the sand floor instructing their classes like a pair of Grammar-school masters! They really managed far better than I could have done. I am tall, and the children sit on the sand so far below me that I could only see the tips of their heads, and feel I am talking to small brown mushrooms. I am longing to get some table games soon for the boys to play with in the evenings. They always stray over to us, and sometimes their hot little brown bodies make us nearly melt; but they are dear boys, and we love to have them.

We had nothing to give the mission boys last Christmas, there were no steamers at Samarai, because of the strike. I think I liked Christmas without presents—it made the time so quiet and holy; so when we received some things later, we kept them till the Bishop came in January, and he distributed them. He spoke to the boys first, telling them why Christmas meant gifts and happiness—that it all came from the Love of God. Then he gave them each a little bag, in which we had put a few sweets, a few beads, and a little card.

One is never alone here; ill or well, one is surrounded by children or grown-ups. But they are very lovable, and after all we came here to help them, every day to spend and be spent for them. Our motto is, "Iesu Ekesim"—Jesus, Thou only—and what helps us most is your prayers. Pray that we may all, Christians and heathens, have the guidance of the Holy Spirit in all things, otherwise the work will be in vain.

## The Anniversary.

The following letter from the Bishop appeared in "The Herald" for November, 1917—a children's magazine published in Sydney by the Australian Board of Missions.—

Samarai, Papua,

August 28, 1917.

"My dear Heralds,—Our first missionaries landed on August 10, 1891, so every year we have our Anniversary, and we choose for it the week in which August the 10th comes. Our New Guinea deacons and teachers and some communicants (one for every hundred Christians, chosen by the Christians) meet together for a week, and we have beautiful services and hymn-singing and processions; and also meetings, when we talk about all sorts of things connected with the work of the

Mission. This year we went to Wanigela for it, about 130 of us, in all kinds of boats. It seems to be nicer and nicer every year, and I think this year's Anniversary was the best we have ever had; and when on the Sunday morning I gave the Holy Communion to two hundred and sixty at 7 o'clock in the morning, I felt very happy indeed, and so I think we all did. On the Friday we had a Quiet Day, when there were many services, and the people kept so quiet all day.

Another great thing that happened, was that ninety people were confirmed. The Christians of the villages near Wanigela helped us very much by being so friendly, and by bringing so much food for us to eat. For, you know, if you had to give food to 130 people every day for a week, you would find it very difficult, but they managed it. And when the week was over, many of the old and middle-aged Wanigela people who are still heathens came to their priest and asked to be prepared for baptism. And some of the young men are talking about going to teach Christianity to some people who live on the mountains about two days' walk inland. These people are called the Doriri tribe, and they used to be very unfriendly, and to come down and fight with the Wanigela people. Won't it be splendid if the Wanigela people pay it back by going up to the Doriri tribe and teaching them the Christian religion? Of course I went to the Christian cemetery to see Miss Robson's grave. She had died at Wanigela just a month before the Anniversary began. They have put a big handsome wooden cross over the grave, and, besides carving on it her name and the date of her death, they have carved these two little sentences, "Iesu Ekesim" (which means "Jesus, Thou only") and "Iesu Kaber" (which means "Jesus, mercy"). It is a very happy life, working amongst the people of New Guinea. I wonder if some of you will come some day? I hope you will.— Your sincere friend,

THE BISHOP OF NEW GUINEA.

## Christopher, Winter, and Marcus.

This is a story of three boys who have been boarders at Wanigela for nearly two years. Soon after I came here I went down to a big village called Ujaku, where the people of the Maisin tribe live. These people are very big people, and used to be very wild. I said I wanted them to give me some of their boys, so that they could be taught in the school, and perhaps some day come forward to teach others. Two big boys said they would come, and then four others got into the whale-boat with me. Three days afterwards, six little boys came into the mission station and said they wanted to be mission boys. They had walked from Ujaku, ten miles along the beach, and this is their story: Two nights after I left them, they were all diving in the sea. One dived down, and when he came up he said he had seen the face of the missionary in the water, and each dived in turn, and all said that they had seen the same. They decided they would come to Wanigela, and planned, to get up very early the next morning and come on here, so next morning they got up before their fathers or mothers were awake

## New Guinea Mail.

(1) **Rev. John Hunt.** (Dogura, June 19.)

and started off. They got here very hungry and tired, having run nearly all the way, for fear their parents should wake up and miss them, and follow them and take them back. I said, "All right; you may stay for the present." Soon afterwards their fathers came along and tried to be very cross, but the little boys were determined to stay, and would not go back with their fathers, so I gave them each a present of tobacco and they left the boys with me.

Three of these boys' names were Kitore, Daguna, and Sawai. Kitore is a bright little boy with a sunny smile. He puts his head on one side and looks at you in such a way, that if you are angry with him you soon forget that he has been naughty and forgive him. He is quite a little man, and once or twice, when they have been opposed to the boys of another tribe in play, it has been Kitore who has shown the most spirit. On one occasion he had a spear, and stood like an old warrior, shaking it and tossing his head, and uttering the weird war-cry of the Maisin people. I had to creep up quietly and snatch away his spear, for fear he should forget it was only a game.

Daguna is a quieter boy, but a very nice boy too. The mission boys attend school in the morning, and work in the afternoon, and Daguna is one who always works very hard, and his brave smile, as he takes on a job that many a big white boy would say "he couldn't do," makes one happy to have such a boy to care for. He has very bright eyes and fine large white teeth, and his face lights up when he is spoken to. One night, just before 9 o'clock, the Maisin boys were making a big noise at their house, so I went over quietly to see what it was all about. It was just some argument they were having; but 9 o'clock is bed-time, and the lamp is taken away when the bell rings. On his bed, kneeling straight up, with his eyes closed and hands together, was Daguna, saying his prayers quietly, whilst all the others were arguing. He was not then a Christian, but he had learnt to pray.

Sawai is a boy with a what we call "very cheeky face." He is not cheeky at all, though; he is very witty, and quite the life of all the mission boys. He is always in mischief, but never once have I had to punish him for doing anything he should not do. He is quick and clever, and never comes home at the end of a day's holiday without a string of fish which he has speared, or a number of crabs that he has taken by getting between them and the sea, and being too smart in his movements for them to escape him. And then, sitting round the cook-house fire, he will watch his fish roasting, or his crabs cooking, and then share them with his friends, keeping only a little piece for himself.

Kitore, Daguna, and Sawai were baptized a short time ago. Kitore is now "Christopher," Daguna "Winter," and Sawai "Marcus." It is for us to pray that they will grow up to be good Christians, and devote their gifts of ability, cheerfulness, and industry to the service of God our Father.

J. E. J. FISHER.

(2) **Mrs. Tomlinson.** (Mukawa, June 25.)

"I think all the old people that were baptized here have been found faithful. They have all been confirmed, and most of them are very regular communicants. . . . Fanny was confirmed also. . . . Mr. Tomlinson spent nearly three weeks at Uarakauta preparing a number of candidates for Baptism, and on his next visit there a few days later he married two of the newly-baptized. They had never seen a Christian marriage, and the bride was very shy at repeating the bridegroom's name. Mr. Tomlinson had to repeat it many times over, and she simply looked at him, as much as to say, 'How can I say his name?' But at last she found courage and repeated it, and all was well, and the happy couple went away beaming. They were all dressed in native costume—the bride in her dress of pandanus-leaf and many armlets and ear-rings, long matted hair reeking with oil, the bridesmaid the same, but the bridegroom and best man had their hair just a nice length—of

*Winter adopted Franklin.*  
*He went to Borneo and was the 1st Maisin named*  
*as a carpenter.*