

126 Chignell was originally expected to make Uiaku his base, with Wanigela the outlyer. States that Uiaku was the most unhealthy station in the district.

296 apparently it was quite swampy around the station. Chignell complains that "sometimes I have hardly been able to minister at the altar, because of the attacks on my hands and wrists, and face and neck."

comic description of the leisurely ways of the outstation at Uiaku on Sundays

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"At Uiaku, the more leisurely methods of the South Sea Islanders still//

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prevail. I very well remember the first Sunday I spent there, in the days when I was humble and patient and long suffering, and prepared to take things as I found them, and my Better Half kept that dreadful bell a-clamouring for a solid hour and twenty minutes, though he assured me afterwards that he had fallen asleep and forgotten to stop it. In spite of his apology, there is reason to believe that an hour or so of bell music, in preparation for each half-hour of public worship, is still the 'use of Uiaku,' and perhaps of other Mission Stations in New Guinea, for here is the story of what happened there three months ago.

I have not often been away from Wanigera on a Sunday; but last Christmas Day, which was a Saturday, I went down to Uiaku and spent the next day with Ambrose and Benjamin. There are no Christians yet among the Maisin, but Samuel came over from Sinapa, and I celebrated, early in the morning, with these three South Sea Islanders, and then told Ambrose to take the other services as usual. There was a class for children at nine o'clock, and half an hour later the bell began to ring for the 'village service,' with a particularly insistent ring. The bell is of fair size, and it hangs under the verandah of the house. The Maisin people are nothing if not vigorous, and the boy who had charge of things settled down to his work and was evidently prepared to go on with his solo until service time, which Ambrose told me was to be at ten o'clock. For a minute or so he would rattle that bell like a first alarm, and then, after a short pause, let off a series of quick-time triplets, and then hold his hand long enough to work you to the topmost pitch of painful expectation, and just as you were felling that you would have to shriek if something did not happen, he would ring eight or ten loud and slow and solemn strokes upon his bell, and then break once more into his imitation of a mid-night fire alarm. Everything that can be done with a

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single bell of seventy or eighty pounds weight was done by the ingenious youth that morning; and at ten minutes past ten, with my hair in disorder and my teeth chattering, and every nerve a-tingle, I went over to Ambrose, who was lying on his verandah, with a lot of men about him.

A.K.C. (with a quietness that seemed suspicious even to himself). "Well, Ambrose, what time we have service? You have service by-and-by?"

Ambrose. "Yes, service b'ime bye."

A.K.C. (anxiously). "What time you have service?"

Ambrose (promptly). "Leven o'clock."

A.K.C. (blankly). "*Eleven* o'clock! Why, you said *ten*!"

Ambrose (blandly). "Sometimes people they come early, service ten o'clock. Suppose they no come early, service 'leven o'clock."

A.K.C. (very faintly). "Oh! I see. And you have service to-day at eleven?"

Ambrose (very cheerfully). "Yes. Service 'leven to-day."

A.K.C. (hoping against hope). "And bell go on all the time?"

Ambrose (with his mind evidently made up). "Yes, he keep on all the time."

A.K.C. (giving it up). "Oh!"

And eleven o'clock it had to be, since I was too broken and feeble to attempt any compromise with Ambrose, but I vowed again, as I had often vowed before, never to spend another Sunday in Uiaku if I could help it, or until I knew enough Maisin to take charge of things myself."

First Arrival in Uiaku

16 “We landed at Uiaku late in the afternoon of the second day, and for the first time in New Guinea I saw what I had hoped and expected to see - large villages and crowds of natives, dressed beautifully in native fashion, and with nothing of the semi-civilised shabbiness that had offended me in Samarai: tropical jungle//

behind the houses, betel-nut palm and granadillas and crotons and dracænas and limes all about the station; and, as background to everything, and not so very far away, the splendour of the mountains, towering golden against the sky, and such as I had never seen before except in picture-books or dreams.”