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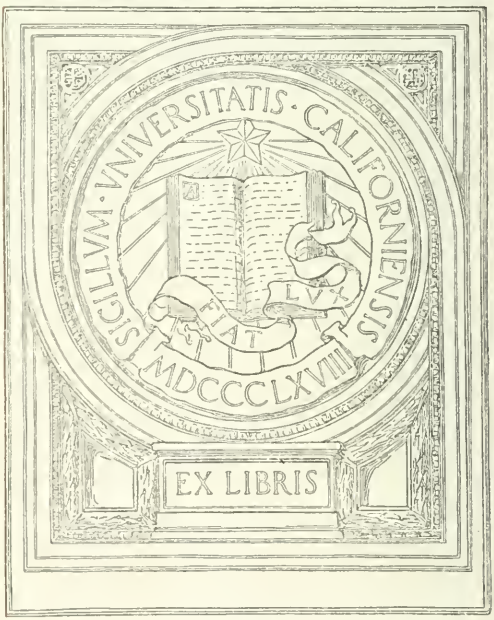
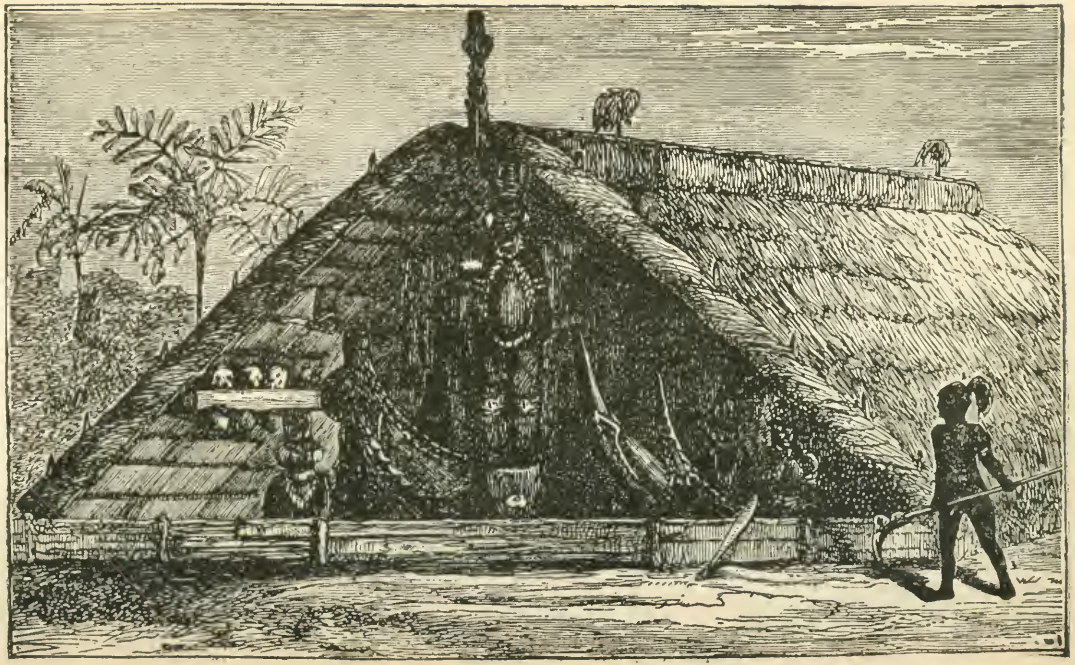
JOTTINGS FROM THE PACIFIC No. 3

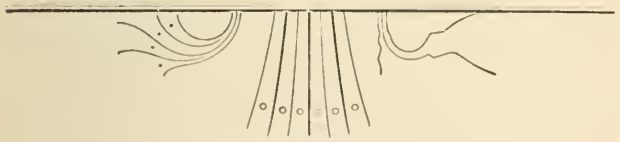
TWO CANNIBAL ARCHIPELAGOES





CANOE-HOUSE, SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

Two Cannibal Archipelagoes



Jottings from the Pacific, No. 3.

TWO CANNIBAL ARCHIPELAGOES.

NEW HEBRIDES AND SOLOMON GROUPS.

BY EMMA H. ADAMS,

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CHAPTER I.

OUR BROTHERS IN THE NEW HEBRIDES.

OME two months ago the reader and the author of this little volume were studying the wonderful stone images on Easter Island, which lies in what is known as Humboldt's Cold Current, twenty-three hundred miles west of Chile, South America. From that little pearl in the Pacific to the Solomon Archipelago, which adorns the ocean some five hundred miles east of New Guinea, is a long distance. We propose to make the trip, however, and shall again be glad of your company. But having accomplished it, we shall be farther than ever from the California coast. As you are aware, the journey will involve several changes of craft. The last change will be made at Gloa Bay, island of Kandavu, Fiji.

From Fiji to the Solomon Isles our course will

be toward the northwest. The route lies directly through the New Hebrides, a group of islands in which, for several reasons, we have been greatly interested. It best meets the object we have in view to be set down upon Tanna, the southernmost large island of the group except Aneitium. To call there will compel our captain to depart considerably from his course, but he delights to be obliging, and we may, therefore, conclude that we shall enter the New Hebrides at Tanna. Our object is not only to see these beautiful islands, but also to learn how their so recently cannibalistic inhabitants live.

A week's sailing, flying along before the brisk trade wind, will show us Tanna rising grandly out of the sea. While we are speeding on our way, we can take time to gain some general facts pertaining to the group.

Speaking not very exactly, the New Hebrides lie between five and six hundred miles west of Fiji. They form a chain of twelve large islands, with some twenty smaller ones scattered about irregularly, as if the hand which dropped them were not very particular just where the little gems might fall. The archipelago extends from southeast to northwest, a distance of over six hundred miles, and in remarkably regular order as to the larger islands. The best known of the group are Api, Efaté, Tanna, Ambrym, Santa Cruz, Aneitium, Erromanga, and Espiritu Santo.

The total area of the New Hebrides is about

thirty-five hundred square miles. Nearly three hundred years ago, De Quiros, a bold Spanish sailor, discovered Espiritu Santo, the largest, and to-day least known, of the group, and described it as a country "rich in gold, silver, and fragrant trees." In 1777, nearly two hundred years after De Quiros, came Captain Cook, who discovered Efaté or Faté, as it is usually written. Upon this beautiful island he bestowed the rasping name of Sandwich, because a man of that name was then lord of the English Board of Admiralty. Efaté is the fourth large island from the southern end of the New Hebrides. The names of other islands, as Santa Cruz, Espiritu Santo, and perhaps Whitsun (Whitsuntide), indicate that the adventurous Spaniards have visited the group since De Quiros' day.

The total population of the New Hebrides is estimated to be nearly two hundred and fifty thousand. The Spaniards represented the islands as fairly teeming with people when discovered by them. The inhabitants are reported to be now rapidly dying off. This is but a repetition of the melancholy story which we have heard throughout all Polynesia. Tribal wars, the introduction of new and fatal diseases, and the prevailing labor traffic of the Pacific, are the three causes assigned for the large death rate in the New Hebrides. The possession of modern fire-arms may be given as a fourth reason for their thinned ranks. A Snider rifle and a revolver loaded with six bullets are more effective weapons for de-

stroying people than are a single bow and a quiver of arrows.

Fifty years ago the inhabitants of the New Hebrides were all greedy cannibals, and from that time to the present they have banqueted more or less upon human flesh. However, on some of the islands missionary influence has greatly modified the horrible practice. Still, if all the tales we have heard are true, before the appetite for human flesh will cease, more than one generation of the Hebrideans must pass away.

In form of government the New Hebrides are independent, not being a colonial possession of any country. Neither are they ruled by a native king, as are the Tongan and Samoan groups. Many of the tribes are governed by their own chieftains, who are either hereditary rulers, or have acquired authority by their own prowess. For some years past France and England have been rivals in their efforts to obtain supremacy in this group. France has been anxious to annex the islands to her penal colony, New Caledonia, and, through the New Hebrides Commercial Company, has put forth great endeavors to secure a business foothold on several of them. She regards this as the most effective step toward political control. On these islands the New Hebrides Company has established large houses for the manufacture of copra, and thus has developed the only trade with the outside world which they now possess. This is confined to the

exportation of copra and arrowroot, the manufacture of which forms the chief pursuit of the people. In exchange for these articles the natives obtain the tobacco which they so much prize, and the few other simple articles they require.

England has gained her strength in the islands in quite another way. Nearly half a century ago, English missionaries from Nova Scotia began to labor in the group. Step by step they have acquired other influence than that of mere religious teachers. While probably not at all aiming at a union of Church and State, or at the exercise of both civil and religious authority, they have naturally taken a lively interest in whatever concerns the welfare of the people—simply wild children of nature—under their charge. Consequently they care much which nation gets the upper hand in the group. Fortunately for their hopes, the mission stations of the Nova Scotians are as numerous as are the copra establishments of the French. But while the latter appear to leave the teachers wholly undisturbed in their work, the missionaries extend no welcome to the Franks, lest the doing so should invite Romish priests—the Marist Fathers—to the field.

Meanwhile, vigorous annexation schemes are brewing in both countries, and each is playing for the good-will of the natives. Not long ago a test of the annexation sentiment was made on several of the principal islands, through an emissary sent

thither as a representative of an Australian newspaper. He was a man of very pleasing address, and an accomplished diplomat. We cannot here enter into the details of his mission. Let it suffice to say that he managed to have the leading chiefs called together at various points, and then explained to them the situation of affairs in the islands, with respect to France and England, and invited them to express their preferences in the case.

As he hoped, probably, almost to a man they preferred the sovereignty of "Big Lady"—Queen Victoria—to the sway of the polite "Man-a-wee-wee"—the man who says "oui, oui"—meaning the president of the French. As a matter of course, the envoy returned to Australia firmly convinced that a closer union of the New Hebrides with Her Majesty's colonial possessions in the South Pacific would be a very good thing for the former. Thus matters now stand, both nations continuing to respect the independence of the islands. Meanwhile, on several of the group, the natives improve opportunities of killing and eating their fellow-men, whether white or colored.

In structure, the New Hebrides are both volcanic and coralline. Living volcanoes exist on Api, Tanna, and perhaps other islands of the group. Lieutenant Meade, of the Royal Navy, who was at Api in 1861, claims that there are no true barrier reefs in the New Hebrides, all the labor of the busy coral insect being devoted to building narrow fring-

ing reefs. A distinguishing feature of these reefs is their extreme flatness. This indicates that, in the New Hebrides, at least, the little toilers build, not upward, as in most portions of the Pacific, but outward into the water. This course is supposed to be owing to the shallowness of the water over the foundations upon which they rear their wonderful structures. In the volume entitled "Fiji and Samoa," a chapter is devoted to the work of these curious architects, therefore it need not here be considered. We may refer to it incidentally, as we write of the separate islands.

"How does Tanna look?" is a question you have asked frequently during our long voyage. Your query may now be answered, for the land which you see a little to the southwest of us is Tanna. Mark how its mountains lift their heads. The great mass of earth, and stone, and trees seems to rest only upon water, so directly does the island rise from the surface of the ocean. The whole island, you observe, seems to be girdled with foam. That column of smoke curling upward over a single cone issues from Tanna's great volcano, Yasur. Were we approaching the island by night, the lurid light of Yasur, reflected against the sky, would, in a sense, render both chart and compass useless. The vivid glow would tell us where we are. Should this obliging breeze continue, we shall soon learn whether there is much to admire in the Tannese branch of our race.

Happily the sun is still in the east. Notice how it lights up the deep ravines and gorges, how it brings out the waving palms, how it reveals the wealth of vegetation over the hills and in the valleys. We are somewhat familiar with the forest garniture of the Pacific, yet in Melanesia we shall find some new and strange vines and trees.

It has been said that Tanna contains scarcely a mile of sandy beach which has not been stained with the blood of white men slain by its inhabitants. Many of them have been killed solely to be eaten, and a few of them because they became great favorites of the dusky natives, who could not bear to see them sail out of their sight forever. All such persons they kindly buried, and in due form mourned over them. Let us hope we shall escape the affection which can find satisfaction only in taking our lives. Our captain asserts that more white men have lost their lives on Tanna than on any other island of the South Pacific. This is a strong statement, which we have no means of verifying.

Mr. Julian Thomas, who, with every faculty wide-awake, spent some weeks upon the island in 1885, thus wrote of the savage Tannese. We give but the substance of his words: Plantations had to be given up, trading and missionary stations had to be abandoned, on account of the ferocity of the people. Captain McLeod had, at one time, a plantation near Black Heath. He well understood the ways of the natives. Being obstinate and courageous,

he was not easily frightened, yet the Tannese were too much for him. Both himself and his hands carried rifles as they went to plow, to frighten the natives. Otherwise the latter would have overpowered them by sheer force of numbers. The life finally became too perilous, and he gave it up. In those days the Tannese were divided into scores of small tribes. They were jealous, revengeful, lovers of blood, always quarreling, and had less regard for human life than any other people of the South Pacific. Each tribe gave all the others credit for being cannibals.

But here we are trying to twist into Port Resolution. It was in the good ship Resolution that Captain Cook cruised over all these seas one hundred and thirteen years ago. You now perceive how this harbor got its name. The captain brought his ship into this port—easy of entrance then—and gave the place the name of the vessel in which he made the circuit of the world.

In 1878 a great earthquake occurred in this region, which was followed by a mighty tidal wave. The shore of Tanna was then uplifted, as were also the rocks on one side of the passage leading into this harbor. These were once wholly submerged, but now they stand from forty to fifty feet out of the water. A sand bar then began to form, and every year the entrance to Port Resolution becomes more difficult. That earthquake is said to have been caused by an unusual quietness on the part of

Yasur, which is supposed to act as a vent to fires in the heart of the earth. If so, some future slumbering of the volcano may close the harbor altogether.

Port Resolution is very unlike the noble harbor of Vanua-Levu, Fiji, yet it is an attractive anchorage. It is in the form of a half-circle. The rich vegetation of the island crowds down to the very edge of the water. Beyond this rise the graceful hills. But over the entire scene spreads the smoke of Yasur, itself an object of interest to every visitor to the group. As we glide in and come to anchor, canoes dart out from the shore on each side. There are rifles in every one of them. That means that the natives know how to use fire-arms as well as oars, and will use them should occasion arise. The men are naked except a band about the loins. The paint on their faces adds to their savage aspect. Some of the canoes swept out from the little village just below the mission premises, which appear amid the green trees. "Many of the men," the captain remarks, "have worked in Fiji and Australia, and are regarded as among the best laborers of the south seas."

But why does every man come with his rifle loaded? We can think of but two reasons for the step. First, the labor-recruiting business, carried on extensively in these seas, is not always conducted strictly in accordance with the principles of the golden rule. In the estimation of some recruiting agents, the lives of these men are of no account

beyond their mere money value. For this reason it has sometimes been necessary for them to defend themselves. Formerly they had not the means to do so. But now, with a rifle in his hand, the Tanna man is protected. Second, these laborers are usually employed for a term of three years. That length of time, under the circumstances, is hardly sufficient to change their savage nature, even if it has been spent in Queensland, or in beautiful Fiji, itself now barely emerged from cannibalism. No sooner, therefore, do they return to their native shores than most of them resume their heathen customs and their tribal dislikes. Their old feuds are revived, and again their fire-arms become useful to them. A Snider rifle, therefore, is an article the Tannese laborer is sure to possess on completing his term of service. Moreover, a Tanna man is by nature a fighter. It is a pleasure to him to snuff out human lives. That has been his pastime for centuries.

But we have strayed from Port Resolution. A half dozen native villages grace the curving shore. We make our landing in the morning, meeting with no such welcome as upon some islands in the Hervey group. The men gather about, armed with rifle and cartridge-box, and gaze at us wonderingly. Even young lads have weapons in their hands. The women, who watch us silently, are modestly clad in skirts of grass, thickly woven, and reaching to the ankles. They are heavy-looking garments, and must impede walking. Those worn by the young

girls are shorter and more comfortable. Of these people a traveler has written: They impress me as persons whose chests are contracted. Even the youth and boys have a consumptive look. One very decent-looking man, a striking exception to all the others, came on board our vessel, desiring to ship to Noumea. Both he and his wife had served in Queensland. The latter was now very ill, and wished to live where better food could be obtained. After the excellent fare in the colonies, neither of them could subsist solely on yams and taro. The man was engaged by the captain, at three pounds a month, and a passage for his wife to Noumea.

The domestic animals in Tanna are the cat, dog, and pig. The natives are not only kind to these creatures, but are very fond of them. Next to human flesh, pork is the Tanna man's choice of meats. Dog flesh follows, and he has no objection to that of "pussi," the Tannese name for cat. The native women tend pigs as fondly as they do babies. Cats and dogs also are petted and nursed by them. Some time ago the trader who owns this dilapidated dwelling which we thought looked so pretty from the deck of the vessel, paid ten cocoanuts for a "pussi." Immediately there ensued a hot dispute between his four "hands" as to which should have guardianship over the little quadruped. To settle the matter "pussi" was delivered to the cook, a woman whose homeliness was fearful, but whose tenderness of heart led her to sleep every night

with the furry treasure in her arms. Afterward each of the four young men became the owner of a kitten, of the bright qualities of which they were as proud as are mothers of their babies.

None of these young men were Tannese, but were from other islands of the group. Their employer was an unusually kind master, and they were remarkably faithful laborers. They were working out their first three years in a copra-making establishment, and did their work well, willingly, and obligingly. They were never overworked, were plentifully fed on yams and taro, their native diet, and were also supplied with rice, for its strength-giving quality. Moreover, working as they did all day among the cocoanuts, hunger was out of the question, as, also, was thirst, since the thousands of cocoanuts broken by them furnished an abundance of delicious drink. It need hardly be remarked that these young men seldom drank other beverages. It occurs to us that making copra must be morally a much more wholesome occupation than brewing beer or distilling whisky.

Copra is said to be the only article exported from Tanna, except sulphur, which is shipped in limited quantities from the deposits around the volcano. An energetic laborer can prepare one ton of copra in a month. Copra manufacture is a profitable employment, if the trader be steady and enterprising. But the life a white man lives on any of these wild islands is most unenviable.

Fevers are ever on the watch to make him their victim, and the natives are on the alert to do the same thing. A deadly weapon must be his constant companion. Sometimes he does not meet a white person for months. Unless he guards himself ceaselessly, constant trading with his inferiors hardens his nature. His only compensations are the money he makes and the easy life he leads.

In the little volume on Fiji and Samoa will be found a description of copra, its manufacture, uses, and markets, and we take space here only to say that copra is simply dried cocoanut, and that from copra is manufactured a lubricating oil which is a valuable article of commerce. The drying of the cocoanut is effected in two ways. The usual mode is to remove the husk, break the nut in halves, throw out the water, and place the halves in the sun to dry. If the weather be favorable, the process is accomplished in three days, but each night the fruit must be placed under shelter. A better method is to dry the nut without breaking, stacking them in sheds erected for the purpose, and upon a staging raised slightly above the ground, to prevent their growing. In three months the milk will be evaporated and the nut will then keep forever, in any climate.

We append an abbreviated sketch, from another pen, of a young Norwegian who, not long ago, settled upon Tanna, to trade in copra. We fear that not all of his class have been blessed with so excel-

lent an early training. "The young man was twenty-five, perhaps. He had first been a sailor, and then the mate of a Norwegian ship. Four years before he came to Tanna he had been laid up for weeks in a hospital at Sydney, having been injured on board his ship. Thence he drifted to New Caledonia, where he became the mate of a vessel, and engaged in the labor traffic of the Western Pacific. Finally he settled upon Tanna.

"He was a handsome Norwegian, well-bred, and had been carefully nurtured by a Christian mother. One would hardly have expected to find a Bible and a prayer book in the home of a bachelor copra trader, yet here they were, near the cot on which he slept. He often talked of his early home in the valley near Christiania, of the merry winter evenings spent in the country homes, and of the long sleigh rides homeward. The young man was just in his dealings with the natives, and for his soul's sake I hoped he would continue to be so, and that the desire for profit would not enter his heart, tempting him to pay less for cocoanuts, and thus opening the way for fiery disputes and a bullet through his brain."

Now it is night. Every detail of the landscape on Tanna is hidden from our view. The hills, vales, and palm groves are toned down to an even, dull green. Now turn your eyes toward Yasur. Its curling column of smoke glows like fire, not steadily, but fitfully, like the variable stars in the

heavens, now blazing brilliantly, and again gleaming softly for a while. You hear a muffled explosion in its profound depths. A suppressed roar follows. Then into the air leap flames and red-hot stones. The latter usually drop back heavily into the fiery crater.

The sight is magnificent, and never to be forgotten. Were we in the direction from which the wind blows, we should perceive a strong odor of sulphur, and not unlikely should be sprinkled thickly with fine ashes. One has the feeling that here the earth has not cooled off to so great a depth as in our chillier latitude, and not very great would be our surprise should the crust open and let us drop into the fiery abyss from which come the hot stones. We are thankful that a grand safety-valve, like Yasur, exists in the New Hebrides.

CHAPTER II.

TEACHING, PREACHING, AND MARTYRDOM.

THE year 1839 witnessed the first attempt to carry the gospel to the New Hebrides. The effort was made by the Rev. John Williams, whom the missionaries of the south seas delight to call the "Apostle of Polynesia." Mr. Williams wished to locate a mission station on the island of Erromanga, the first large island north of Tanna. Its inhabitants were cannibals of the most ferocious type, and had been guilty of the greatest atrocities toward white men. Of these flagrant deeds Mr. Williams was well informed, but he believed that the truth of God had power to change the savage Tannese into men of peace. He had witnessed its effects on lovely Rarotonga. He had seen its triumphs among the gentle Samoans, and these successes had set his heart ablaze with desire to carry that truth to all Polynesia.

Mr. Williams paid a visit to England. There he published a book entitled "Missionary Enterprises in the South Seas." Great was the sensation created by the work. An immense number of copies were sold. Titled people, high ecclesiastics, and the rank and file of the church read it. During

this visit England honored Mr. Williams as a most worthy son. In time he sailed again for Polynesia, bearing the contributions, and followed by the prayers, of his many friends. Reaching his former field, he immediately planned a trip to the New Hebrides, saying, "I cannot content myself within a single coral reef."

Therefore, accompanied by twelve native teachers, he sailed for this group in 1839. As the Camden—the vessel on which they were passengers—approached the islands, Mr. Williams became very solicitous as to whether the natives would receive them kindly. The captain first touched at Fotuna, an island at the southern extremity of the New Hebrides, a mass of rock fifteen miles in circumference and towering two thousand feet above the sea. Fotuna appeared to be a healthy spot, and the inhabitants were friendly. They were the descendants of a canoeful of people, who, generations before, had drifted in a storm from distant Tonga. The island then seemed to offer no facilties for settling his teachers, but it was occupied three years later, as we shall see further on in this narrative.

It was thought that Tanna promised a better field. Therefore, the little party came on north, and soon sailed into Port Resolution. The chief, whom they met, promised protection to the Samoan teachers, and three of them were left to begin the great work of making Christ and his mission known to the man-eating Tannese. Mr. Williams

then passed on to Erromanga. On November 29, 1839, he landed at Dillon Bay, accompained by Captain Morgan, a Mr. Cunningham, and a young man named Harris, who was thinking seriously of giving his life to missionary work.

A number of natives met them at the shore, and appeared to welcome them. Unwisely, the gentlemen started to accompany them inland. They had proceeded but a little distance when, suddenly, their dusky attendants showed unmistakable signs of hostility. Instantly the strangers sought their boats. The captain and Mr. Cunningham being nearest the shore, reached theirs, but quickly Mr. Harris received a terrific blow, and fell into the little stream they were ascending, and thus gave his life to the cause of missions. Mr. Williams gained the shore, but was laid prostrate by a club before he could enter his boat. The captain and Mr. Cunningham pulled for their lives, but saw both the fallen men put to death, and their bodies hurriedly dragged out of sight. It was supposed they furnished a feast for the rapacious natives. Upon the return of the Camden to Samoa, great was the lamentation over the death of Mr. Williams. Throughout the group was heard the thrilling lamentation: "Aue Williams! aue tawa!" Alas, Williams! alas, our father!

Notwithstanding, those conducting the mission at Samoa immediately resolved to repeat the attempt to carry the gospel to the cruel Erromangans. The

Rev. Mr. Heath offered to raise the fallen standard, provided, should he too perish, another of their number would follow and hold aloft the colors. Six months after Mr. Williams was slain, Mr. Heath landed upon the island with two heroic Samoan teachers, who at once began teaching the New Testament to the fierce natives. A year afterward —1841—the English mission ship called at Erromanga on her way to Britain. On board was the wife of the lamented Williams, returning to her home. The captain found the Samoan teachers alive, indeed, but they had endured sufferings and hardships almost incredible. They were compassionately removed from the scene of their harrowing trials.

The grievous news of Mr. Williams' death having reached England, the London Missionary Society resolved to attempt to plant a mission station on the spot where he was slain. Two courageous young men, named Nisbet and Turner, with their equally heroic wives, offered to undertake the dangerous work. June, 1842, found them at Port Resolution, where both the chiefs and the common people gave them an apparently hospitable reception. Here, through seven wretched months, the little party did their utmost to conciliate the Tannese, but their perils multiplied daily. Finally, at midnight, they were forced to flee for safety to an open boat, and to put out into this bay which we now overlook. But for some reason they were compelled to return to

the shore, at the risk of their lives. Fortunately, a trading vessel came into the harbor the next day, and on it they took passage for Samoa, not having touched the shore of Erromanga. Thus, for a number of years, ceased all endeavor to erect the standard of the gospel on either Tanna or Erromanga

Annually, however, the London Missionary Society's ship sailed through the New Hebrides, watching for an opportunity to place teachers upon the islands, and silently exerting a civilizing influence upon the ferocious natives. At length, eighteen years after the shocking death of Mr. Williams and Mr. Harris, such appeared to be the effect of these repeated visits of the ship, and of the labors of the devoted Samoan teachers, that it was resolved to renew the effort made at Erromanga. This time a young minister, Rev. G. N. Gordon, and his wife, from Nova Scotia, were to become the martyrs. They arrived at Dillon Bay, Erromanga, in 1857, where, some time before, a sandal-wood agency had been established. Mr. Gordon was versed in handicrafts, and experienced in city mission work. Four years he and his wife toiled to soften the savage hearts around them. They lived amid continual fears and trials, until the 20th of May, 1861, when they were put to death by the people. There remained, however, some enduring fruit of their work. Portions of the Scriptures had been translated into the Erromangan tongue, and the hearts of a few natives had been touched by the truth

The mournful tidings of their death reaching Nova Scotia, a brother, the Rev. J. D. Gordon, volunteered to continue the work on the ground where they had fallen. He entered Dillon Bay in 1864, and labored on the island for eight years, with untiring zeal, teaching, translating the Scriptures, and founding new stations. In 1872 he was slain at Portinia Bay, Erromanga.

Such, briefly, was the melancholy beginning of Christian Missions in the New Hebrides. On no other island of the group have so many tragic scenes been enacted in connection with the missionaries as upon Erromanga. On other islands numbers of teachers have soon succumbed to disease. This is particularly true of Tanna, the home of fatal fevers. But it may be said that, on almost every island, fears, perils, distresses, discouragements, calamities, threatened death, and hasty flights, have signalized the gospel work.

Yet never has the interest in the field seemed to flag because of these adversities. The Presbyterian Church of Lower British North America has steadily kept representatives on the long unfruitful ground. Within the last forty years says Dr. Steel, of Sydney, New South Wales, the church in Nova Scotia has sent ten brethren to the New Hebrides. The Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland, "a body of only thirty congregations," has furnished some of the brightest names in the list of noble men and women who have here fought man's

greatest enemy. Some have been obliged to flee from station to station to save their lives. The Presbyterian churches of Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand have all aided in cultivating the sterile territory. As a pioneer in the discouraging work, we all know how important a part was borne by the London Missionary Society.

Fifty years have hurried by since the martyrdom of John Williams. From that day to the present, almost continual effort has been made to civilize and Christianize these, in most of the islands, still savage people. So freely has money been given that one may almost say that it has been lavished upon the field. Untold health and strength have been sacrificed in the long and determined struggle. What is the outcome?

According to a report recently rendered by Rev. Dr. Steel, there are now, in these thirty or less islands, eighteen ordained missionaries, and one hundred and twenty native teachers. Said Dr. Steel: "The islands of Emæ, Efaté, Nguna, Metaso, Aniwa, Makuru, Aneitium, and Erromanga are now almost entirely Christian" (?). "Converts"—just what Dr. Steel means by that term we are not positive—"have also been gathered from the islands of Efi, Pele, Taina Tangoa, and Fotuna. Recently, missionaries have settled upon Malo, Ambrym, Mallicollo, and Espiritu Santo. The Melanesian Mission, under Bishop Selwyn, is at work on Aoba, Maiwo, and Aragha. Thus are almost all

the New Hebrides Islands occupied. The present outlook is full of encouragement, and it is hoped that all the islands will soon be evangelized." The value of Dr. Steel's statement depends upon the meaning he attaches to the words "Christian," "converts," and "evangelized." Their proper signification is as follows: A Christian is "one who believes in Christ." A convert is "one who is turned from one opinion to practice another." An evangelized person is "one who is converted to a belief in the gospel." One does not like to doubt, but it is certainly a question if the people on any of these islands, except, possibly, one or two small ones have been improved up to the high idea expressed by any of these terms. Perhaps we can learn how that is.

Nguna and Faté, with their several small islands adjacent, lie at the center of the New Hebrides. Twenty years ago the Rev. Mr. Milne opened a mission on the former. Of the seven pretty islets lying near these two islands, he ministers to four.

For years progress in the spiritual training of the Ngunese was painfully slow. The Pacific "labor traffic," a business of exciting interest in all these islands, long kept his pastorate in great disquietude. Nevertheless, we are told by Dr. Steel that in 1889 "Mr. Milne had the whole island of Nguna under Christian instruction; that in 1888 he baptized one hundred and seventy-nine persons; that the number of communicants was over three hundred and fifty;

that in August of that year, if we are correct, he baptized, on the island of Emæ, sixty-four adults and thirteen children—infants, probably—and that his Christian converts made, during the year, five thousand pounds of arrowroot as a contribution to the mission fund." Another writer, however, states that Mr. Milne himself claimed that "only about one-third of the inhabitants of his pastorate were even nominally Christian." This was in 1885.

The island of Faté has also been highly favored with missionary services since 1864, when a noble Nova Scotian minister settled there, toiled earnestly, and died too soon. Other laborers from the same land promptly stepped in and continued his work. Last year two brethren—and their wives, we presume—were ministering on Faté and its retinue of islets. Here, then, where the light has so long been shining, we ought to find a radical change in the manners, customs, and aims of the people. But has such a change taken place? Many instances might be cited to prove the contrary to be true. We note but one or two, and those, perhaps, not the most conclusive that might be given.

An English woman residing on Faté, in 1886, and who, with her husband, had settled upon the island twelve years before, with a heart full of sympathy for the natives, claimed that she had been compelled to change her opinion of them. She had "found them indolent, untruthful, and un-

grateful. She had often felt indignant over the lack of appreciation of Mrs. Milne's labors, exhibited by the natives, for whom that lady had so faithfully cared." She also stated that not long before "a native had presented a musket at herself to frighten her, in order that he might rob the premises. But she had since been assured that now such deeds would cease, for 'there remained but seven heathen upon the island, over one hundred having been converted during the absence of the resident missionary, in Australia.'" Mr. Julian Thomas, who spent some time on the island in 1886, gives a long account of the native teacher whom the absent pastor left in charge of his flock. We epitomize his recital:—

"Near one of the clearings we met the teacher whom the missionary most trusted. He was an ordinary-looking black fellow, but partially clad, and carried at his side a basket of yams and cocoanuts. The man answered readily to the name of Dick. He was a fair reader, it was said, of his native language, and was able in expounding the Scriptures. But so disorderly had been his life during the absence of the minister that his congregation evinced their disapproval of his course by uprooting his yam garden and destroying his household goods."

Great effort is made by the missionaries throughout the group to bring the natives to a rigid observance of Sunday. Of those at the Chris-

tian village of Faté, it was remarked by a visitor, "You might be dying of thirst, and they would not pick a cocoanut for you on Sunday." A native woman was asked if she could procure a man to guide a party through the forest a little distance. "No man he go on Sunday," was the instant reply. These tokens show clearly the trend of the teaching on Faté.

The stranger who sought a guide, said: "We soon struck the beach again. A native was in the act of landing from his canoe, over which a handkerchief fluttered as a flag, at the mast-head, and the sail of which was of white calico. He was evidently a chief. He was nearly nude, but wore worked armlets and garters, and an elaborate headdress. He was armed with a carved club and a double-barreled gun. His nostrils, not being large enough to suit his idea of beauty, were distended with pebbles. He must have been a thorough heathen, or he would not have been out sailing on Sunday. He was affable and spoke kindly to the benighted stranger, gave us instructions as to the way we should take, and, finally, good-naturedly volunteered to accompany us."

There are other commandments of the decalogue —even were there a commandment for Sunday-keeping—quite as important to be instilled into the minds of the New Hebrideans. Some of them tend even more directly to good morals. We do not question that all the commandments are taught by

the missionaries, but obedience to some of them seems hardly to have been so rigidly exacted as the observance of Sunday—substituted for the Sabbath of the fourth commandment. Strict adherence to the prohibitions of some others would have saved not only the yam garden and the household goods of the native pastor, but also great injury to the feelings of his congregation.

Having noted all these indications, which show the lack of a radical change of character in the people of Faté, the writer above quoted remarks: "The reflection at once arises: Is this the result of years of missionary teaching? What real improvement is there in the habits of these people? In what respect are they materially benefited?"

With us the question is not, Have the Hebrideans been "materially benefited" by these many years of gospel teaching? but, Have they been improved to the high degree of being "almost entirely Christian," on at least eight of the islands, and of "soon becoming evangelized throughout the group"? The above and other similar statements render it doubtful. And one doubts the advantage to the cause of Christ of representing the religious condition of the people on any of these South Pacific Islands, or anywhere else in the world, as advanced one step further than it really is. Anyone who has read history knows that, with some signal exceptions, a savage people is not lifted out of centuries of barbarism and established

in Christianity within a single generation. Most of the Mission Indians of our Pacific Coast present an illustration of this fact.

A few years ago the writer, having occasion to study the subject of Indian missions in Southern California, found that, prior to the secularization of the Spanish missions by the Mexican Government, the many hundred Indians connected with the missions were considered "evangelized." They had been baptized; they faithfully attended the services of the Catholic Church; they were always present at mass and at the confessional, and were very obedient to their spiritual guides. They did not make copra and arrowroot, but they cultivated grapes, and tended flocks and herds. Notwithstanding all this walking according to the church, within fifteen or twenty years after the rich mission properties were placed in their hands, large numbers of them had returned to their wild tribes, and to their former mode of life, and the valuable mission properties were hastening to ruin.

Why?—Simply because the Indians were incapable of self-support in a civilized state. They had not been thrown upon their own resources, had not been taught to be independent. Their teachers had preferred to lead them like little children. What to do with the herds, implements, buildings, and lands committed to their management they knew not. Moreover, there still remained in many a heart a relish for the old wild life of ante-mission

days. According to Mr. Thomas, a state of things very like this exists on Faté and other islands of the New Hebrides group, even now at the semi-centennial of the introduction of Christian missions. Another reason may be, as one suggests who has given thought to the subject, that the difficulty in both California and the New Hebrides is that the *gospel* was not taught, since the gospel and nothing else has the power to evangelize men.

CHAPTER III.

A BRIEF RUN ABOUT FATE.

THE island of Faté—we discard "Sandwich," the name inflicted upon it by Captain Cook—is a land of great beauty. It is seventy miles in circumference, and, as we have already remarked, lies at about the center of the archipelago. Its fine landlocked harbor is formed by two tiny islands, which bear the names Deception and Protection, also bestowed by Captain Cook, whose memory will remain forever green in this region, through the multitude of names he gave to its lands and waters. The water close to the entrance of the fort is very deep. Indeed, a disadvantage of Havannah Harbor is its great depth of water, compelling ocean vessels to run close in shore to anchor.

A few years ago, when the labor traffic was at its maximum in the South Pacific, Havannah Harbor was the rendezvous for "buyers" from Fiji and Queensland. No other port of the New Hebrides displays so much shipping. Men-of-war always put in here when in the vicinity. Not long since it was a center of much interest to business firms in Fiji and Sydney, several prosperous trading

establishments being located on its shores. There were then on Faté cotton plantations and machinery for making *coir*—a coarse cordage made from the fiber of the cocoanut husk. Near the site of the old gin and engine-house are several acres of elevated ground commanding a view of the beautiful bay, of the small islands at its mouth, and of the lofty summits of Mono Island, lying off to the north. The situation is very charming, and,should a city ever be reared on Faté, this sightly spot would certainly be its location.

In 1849 Admiral Erskine, father of the present admiral of that name, and commander of the English ship Havannah, sailed into this pretty harbor and gave it the name of his ship. The bay is eight miles long, with an average width of two and a half miles. It is said that the world scarcely contains a more beautiful anchorage. First, a neat sandy beach encircles it. From that a wide level plain extends inland, and is covered with rich tropical foliage. Among other graceful trees, the long leaves of the banana, and the feathery crown of the cocoanut palm, wave conspicuously. One notes also the sturdy banyans, and the superb "ivi"—the splendid Mangaian chestnut. Look now toward the south. The lovely green terraces you see were not formed by the hand of man, but by volcanic agency. Each upheaval is clearly defined, and is mantled with a rich vegetation.

But just now the upper end of the bay presents

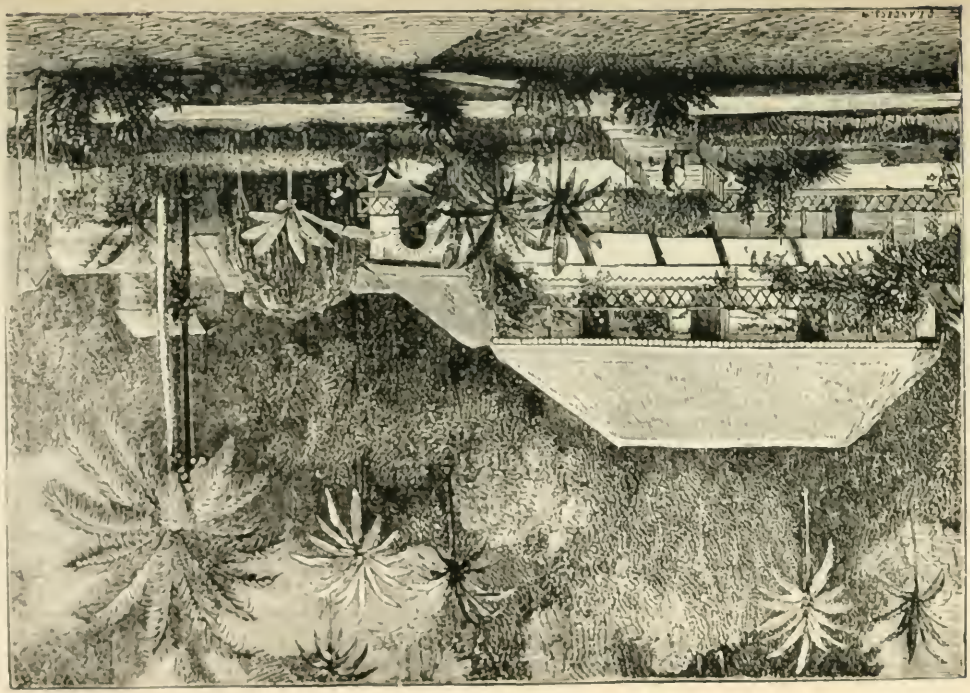
a lively spectacle. That fleet of tiny white sails reminds us of animated scenes we have witnessed on that unrivaled inlet of the Pacific, San Francisco Bay. What spirit they put into this otherwise quiet anchorage! The little crafts are all canoes, with outriggers and white calico sails, a new material for that purpose in the South Pacific. Formerly mats of pandanus propelled Efatése canoes before the wind. But down upon us now comes one of the boats, evidently intending to run the ship under. Ah, no! the occupant proposes a trade. Cocoanuts and fragrant bananas are his merchandise. But the price! there's no conscience in it, and we keep our money.

But what have we in the next boat? There is a face which startles us. It is that of a white man, aged, wonderfully tattooed upon the arms, a genuine bêche-de-mer trader. He speaks both French and English, but neither fluently. And surely, pictured over in that style, neither nation would claim him. Omitting his boyhood, and perhaps not all of that, his entire life has been trifled away in this maze of islands. At his side sits a little maiden wearing a gay robe; a kerchief the color of the heavens protects her refined-looking head; her complexion and the cast of her features carry us to far-off India; her straight hair tells us that there is no Papuan blood in her veins. The persons are father and daughter. The mother, now dead, was a native of the Line Islands, but the child herself was born in Levuka, island of Ovalau, Fiji.

Arriving at the landing, our first objective point is the mission premises. A representative of the New Hebrides Company kindly volunteers to conduct us to the place through the dense but beautiful forest. The man's name is Robert Scotch, and, judging from his height and manner, his blood also is Scotch. He came hither from Nova Scotia, and has spent fifteen years in these Melanesian groups. When we reflect that many of the missionaries in the islands are Nova Scotians, we are not surprised to find here their countrymen of other walks in life.

After a little we enter a well-defined trail, from which we catch hasty views of the bright bay gleaming beyond the thicket of shrubs and low trees. Now we come out upon the beach. But who is this man? A waistband clothes him; a sort of coronet graces his head; circlets of beads adorn his arms; in his hand are a bow and a quiver of arrows. He marches along through this noonday heat, not in the least affected by it. In this part of the world a thick skull is of some service when the sun is at meridian. Suddenly the man takes aim, lets fly a couple of arrows, wades into the water, and picks up his arrows with a fish at the point of each. That was fine marksmanship.

We continue our walk; cocoanut trees, bread-fruit and banana trees, with here and there a yam garden, grace the way. Gay butterflies sail hither and thither among the green. Scarcely can we put a foot down without stepping upon a crab-hole.



Having crossed several talkative little streams, and climbed a fence or two, we come upon the mission village. Are these structures really the habitations of men and women among whom the gospel has long been preached? Each dwelling is but a roof built up from near the ground. All are dark, low, dirty, destitute of walls or windows, and inferior to any homes we have seen in all our wanderings. In front of each house is a small space carpeted with crushed coral, where the inmates may sit and take the fresh air. Are the Hebrideans so much less capable of improvement than the Fijians, whom we found in homes comfortable and inviting? Is it because of the soft climate, or because no strong governing power exercises authority on Faté, and each man does as he pleases, that their condition improves so slowly? Our tall guide remarks, concerning the resident missionary, now absent in Victoria, "He has done all the good he can; he has the people well in hand."

Our mind reverts to the Yakima Indian Reservation, Yakima Valley, Washington. In 1880 those Indians possessed—as help in the arts of husbandry—plows, harrows, mowers, reapers, and wagons. Numbers of them lived in comfortable homes, furnished with stoves, tables, clocks, beds, mirrors, newspapers, the Bible, and much else that is useful and pleasant to see. "They were once," to quote the language of the Rev. J. H. Wilbur, who, at that time, had been for twenty years their superintendent,

friend, and adviser, "as low as Indians ever become without going to the bottomless pit." Fortunately, Mr. Wilbur believed as vigorously in the plow for its purpose as in the Bible. In his training of the Yakimas he used both with a will.

From the native quarters we pass into the missionary inclosure. The residence is of wood, with an iron roof and a veranda. There are other buildings for dining-room, for stores, for visitors, and for servants. During the minister's absence, everything receives faithful attention. His return might be sudden, and nothing would be out of order. From the garden, beautiful with flowers, to the airy boat-house, built with more care than any of the native dwellings, the keeping is perfect. Of the two well-made boats under shelter, one is for travel in the harbor, and the other for voyages to neighboring islands of the group, in summer weather. Both are nicely painted and ready for use. Had the native preacher, to whom we have referred, been as faithful as had been those who had charge of the temporal affairs of the premises, we should have been well pleased.

One could not observe the delightful location of the mission, with the pastor's ample residence perfectly kept, and reflect that he is by no means severed from the outside world; that into this harbor come people and shipping from nearly all lands, and that here every necessary of life is easily obtained, without feeling that many a pastor in more civilized

communities occupies a post far less desirable. Here, all affairs are regulated according to his own will.

Let us now turn our attention to the church. You see this roomy building, with roof of thatch, sides of bamboo, and floor of crushed coral. Take a look at the interior. Timbers laid upon short posts, at each side, form the seats for the congregation. Seated upon these, the hearers are certainly not likely to fall asleep during the services. The windows and doors are wide open. At one end are placed a chair and a small table. The structure is little better than a barn, and has an air of neglect. Possibly a more comfortable and attractive house of worship would have had its influence in uplifting this degraded people. Without doubt that has been the effect of the pretty churches on Mangaia and Rakaanga, of the Hervey group.

If, now, we extend our walk some distance, we shall arrive at a fine plantation bearing the pretty name of Rahnie. The place is a possession of the New Hebrides Company. The soil is a compound of powdered coral and decayed vegetation, and will produce almost everything lavishly. A feature of the place which first attracts us is a field planted with corn, which is expected to yield ninety bushels per acre, and two crops annually. Once the land is cleared, and the seed planted, the soil, sun, rain, dew, and air unite to produce enormous harvests.

But at Rahnie the question is not so much, What crop will the land produce most bountifully?

as, What product will bring the most money? And we find that cocoanuts pay far better than maize. Rahnie exhibits acres of the beautiful trees, and the superintendent is multiplying them rapidly. The great object in view is the manufacture of copra. In London this article is worth twenty pounds sterling ($100) per ton.

During our rambles in Fiji we learned that a cocoanut tree begins to bear seven years from the planting. The superintendent at Rahnie states that the tree will bear fine fruit for the long period of eighty years. When planted in broad fields, it attains a lower height than in the forest, but forms a heavier trunk, and yields a larger harvest of nuts. Sunlight and heat are indispensable to the perfection of the cocoanut, hence, in its natural state, the tree must overtop all others in the forest, if it bear valuable fruit. The exceeding height, graceful trunk, and beautiful feathery top of the cocoanut make it the queen of forest growths.

Rahnie is a magnificent estate. It has an outlook upon the sea of two miles and a half, and stretches from the sea far inland to the mountains. The finest banyan tree in the world is said to be growing at Rahnie. The longer we tarry upon Efaté the more charming does it become. The landscapes and waterscapes are fascinating. The peculiar evergreenness of the island is as pleasant as it is indescribable. We see some things which remind us of home. Among them are the swallows, pigeons,

and parrots, which animate the woods. True, on our coast the latter talk and laugh, cry and screech, in cages, but they are in such numbers, and show such intent to stay, that they are entitled to naturalization papers. "The swallows homeward fly" is an announcement that can never be made on Faté. They are always at home. No dearth of insects ever drives them to some blissful Gulf of Mexico to feed upon creatures that fly, hop, crawl, and wriggle. Do not think of the pigeons of Faté as being our modest, gentle gray and white species. They are green, and contribute their mite to the ceaseless emerald aspect of the island.

Faté is a birthplace for fevers. They originate in its thick jungles, where the exuberant vegetation bars out the sunlight and bars in the moisture. Were there vast herds of cattle daily browsing the crowded trees, and large flocks of sheep grazing upon the dense grass, much of the miasma would disappear. A large rural population actively engaged in agriculture would be a blessing to the country in the same direction. The island fevers attack all persons, and attack them repeatedly. Happily, they usually afflict the sufferer but a few hours, and the natives make light of them. But there are deadly diseases which lie in waiting for the stranger, for children born of white parents, and for the adult native with waning strength.

Let us now take seat in this canoe and allow these two athletic natives to propel us rapidly

northward into the picturesque strait which separates Faté from the little island of Muna, or Nguna, where Mr. Milne resides. Threading this passage, we shall, in due time, be set ashore at Rathmoy, an estate owned and cultivated by the only Englishman on Faté. An attraction which specially draws us thither is his splendid coffee plantations, embracing about one hundred acres.

This strait is nine miles broad, and just now calm and lovely. But let a strong wind suddenly dash through here, and these oarsmen will pull speedily for the shore. You remember the wonderful coral formations under the waters in the Bay of Apia, Samoa. Take a look now into these depths. Mark the varying shades of the gay coral. Notice the forms into which it is built. There are sprays, and branches, and trunks of trees. They are of every lovely tint. The tiny polypi have erected a forest in the deep. They have laid out gardens, rolled out plateaus, built arched passage-ways, done their sweet will in everything. Wonderful zoöphytes! In and out amid all the beauty glide an infinity of creatures in shell, and skin, and scale. You observe that the beach far away looks like a mere rim of white sand. Were you there, you would be reminded of pretty Mangaia and its lofty belt of dead coral, pierced with tunnels, rent into deep chasms, built up into arches, points, and pinnacles. So on that distant beach wind and wave have worked out all sorts of odd fancies.

But we are beside the little dock at Rathmoy. The residence stands three hundred and fifty feet above the sea, but the ascent is gradual, and affords views of sea and land which make us forget that we are climbing. Having but the morning for our trip, after a cordial welcome by the owner, we hasten away to the coffee gardens on the mountain slopes, three miles away. On Faté the coffee shrub thrives best in such situations. The variety growing on this plantation is a native of the New Hebrides, and is one of the finest known. See! these hundred acres are in blossom throughout. Seldom will one behold a more beautiful sight. The flowers are pure white, very fragrant, and contrast charmingly with the dark green leaves. They open in dense clusters at the axils of the leaves, but quickly wither and drop off. The shapely leaves are about six inches long by two and a half inches wide.

By following our usual mode—asking questions—we have learned that Arabia Felix is the original home of the coffee plant. It was in that land, over three hundred years ago, that an infusion of the seeds was first used as a beverage. Thence the berry made its way to the city of Constantinople, where it soon won such favor that attractive resorts, termed coffee-houses, were opened at various points in the city. These became so popular as greatly to decrease the attendance at the services in the mosques. This state of things aroused the ire of

the priests, and forthwith there began a war of extermination against the mischievous coffee-houses. Notwithstanding, coffee drinking took firm hold in Constantinople. Thence the custom traveled westward over Europe, and in due time crossed the Atlantic. In the New World it made an easy conquest, and to-day more coffee is consumed by the people of the United States than by any other nation on the globe.

The fruit of the coffee plant is a fleshy berry, which contains two seeds, each having one flat side with a tiny groove in the middle. These seeds form the coffee of commerce. The Java and Ceylon varieties are the most valuable. Of these, two hundred million pounds are produced annually. Mocha is another favorite, and is a product of India. It is said that very little true Mocha finds its way into the American ports. Brazilian coffee, however, to the amount of two hundred million pounds annually, is marketed in the United States.

On Faté, when a man proposes to become a coffee planter, he first sows the seed in a nursery. When the young shrubs have attained several inches in height, he plants them in the permanent fields, some six or eight feet apart. They are set out with great care, and no little labor is afterward expended in pruning the shrubs and keeping the ground free of weeds. In its natural state the coffee tree attains a height of eighteen or twenty feet; but on a plantation it is rarely permitted to exceed six feet,

and oftentimes is kept below that height by systematic "pruning in." This mode of treatment sends the branches out laterally and vigorously, and gives the tree a bushy appearance. The beautiful shrub begins to bear the second year. The third year the planter expects a fairly-paying crop. In the prolific soil of Faté the coffee harvest is something amazing. When the berry shrivels distinctly and takes on a deep red color, its harvest-time has come.

The term "Seaview" was not given to the ten thousand beautiful acres of which this coffee garden is a part, without good reason. The view from it in all directions is inspiring. At our feet surges the great ocean. Within the range of vision an archipelago of islands decks its surface. Right here, almost near enough to lay our hand upon them, lie Pell and lovely Muna. Thirty miles away, but clearly seen, is Mataso. Near that is the "Monument," its summit five hundred feet above the water. Everlastingly the waves break upon it in leaps, and dashes, and wreaths of foam. Looking northward, we descry thickly-wooded and mountainous Api, with the three peaks of Mai between. You see that column of smoke winding upward beyond Api. It indicates the position of Ambrym, and ascends from its great volcano. We are due in Havannah Harbor at sunset. So we bid our courteous host a hearty good-by, return hastily to the creek, and immediately sail away. On our home-

ward way over the gleaming sea this little story comes to our ears:—

One of the early missionaries on Faté was Simeona, a native of lovely Aitutaki, of the Hervey group. He was stationed at the village of Pango. The chief of the place was kind to him, supplied him with food, and suffered no one to molest him. One day the chief brought to Simeona and his wife a little girl to wait upon them. She proved to be an unusually pleasant child. Not long thereafter the chief came to call upon Simeona. In the presence of the little maiden he remarked, "When I die, this little girl will die too."

"How is that?" asked Simeona.

Said the chieftain: "In this country, when a great man dies, four or five persons must be slain to bear him company. Should no persons be strangled at my death, my people would say, 'He was no chief.' To avoid this disgrace, I purchased this child of her mother, some years ago, for a large pig. In the care of my relatives are four other children, feeding against the time of need." The good Simeona, who was a Christian, resolved that that should never be the fate of the pretty little girl. He therefore adopted her, and trained her for a useful and happy life.

During Simeona's sojourn on Faté, the chief of a neighboring village called upon him. "Do you know who I am?" he asked proudly. "No," curtly replied Simeona. "You ought to know," rejoined

the visitor, "for I made the sun; I have power to make it cease to shine." "That is false," said the missionary, at the same time baring his arm and adding: "Look at my arm and hand. Can you make anything like them?"

The conjurer was silent. Simeona then warmly invited him to attend the Christian services. He did so for a while, but wearied of them, and finally lapsed into his old ways. Afterward the maker of the sun fell ill, and, mighty as he was, could do nothing for his own relief. With his Christian belief, Simeona had acquired some knowledge of medicine, and he now prescribed for the boaster. The man recovered. In gratitude he vowed that he would forsake his fradulent practices upon the people and "become a Christian." But the profit and importance he had derived from trading in the fears of the natives were too great to be exchanged for self-denial and cross-bearing, and he soon resumed the business. But while Simeona was yet on Faté, the chief died. Calling at his home, the missionary inquired what caused his death. Pointing to a round, basaltic bit of stone placed near the body, a brother of the chief answered, "He was slain by this god." "How can that be, since your brother made the sun?" asked Simeona. The poor fellow replied, "All we know is that yon stone was his god, and slew him."

CHAPTER IV.

STILL SAILING—ANEITIUM, ANIWA, FOTUNA.

WE are to see Api and Ambrym, both north of Faté, before we leave the New Hebrides. But lying in Havannah harbor is a shaky little craft about to make the run to Aneitium. There is nothing to prevent our taking passage in her, and thus adding to our knowledge of the New Hebrides.

Aneitium is the southernmost island of the group, and was once, Dr. Steel tells us, "the home of a low, savage, and cannibal people," "but," he continues, "a great change has now taken place among the inhabitants." Let us first acquaint ourselves with the island, and afterward with the history of its evangelization. Aneitium is a volcanic body of land, and very mountainous. Its summits tower heavenward three thousand feet, and in some parts ascend from the very shore. Ridge rises above ridge, cone towers above cone. Between the elevations lie many deep ravines, heavily wooded, and sometimes very picturesque. Of land suitable for cultivation there is far less than on Faté or on Tanna. A red soil is plentiful, but it is unproductive. The vegetation is said to much resemble that of Norfolk Island. It is not luxuriantly tropical.

The population of Aneitium is sparse and decreases annually. In 1848, when the Rev. John Geddie began his career as the first resident missionary on the island, the inhabitants numbered three thousand. A census report made out to-day would show about one thousand. The visitor notes the scanty jungle growths, and hails them as an indication of a healthier climate than that of Faté or of Tanna. And we find the atmosphere really invigorating and delightful. Here one can trudge along the hot sandy beach at mid-day, and fear no prostrating effects.

Our captain kindly sets us ashore at the romantic port of Anelcahaut, the chief mission station on Aneitium, and for thirty-five years the headquarters of the New Hebrides mission work. The inviting anchorage is formed partly by the little isle of Inyung, once thickly peopled, but now deserted. Approaching the place from Port Patrick, the voyager catches beautiful views of rocky islets here and there, and of the great coral reef near the shore. At one point he sees a cocoanut grove two miles in length. The numerous small fishing grounds which are marked off by canoes drawn upon the beach denote a rather compact settlement on this part of the island.

Should we run ashore anywhere along this beautiful stretch of coast, we should find the native dwellings more comfortable than those on Faté, but we should now find most of them untenanted. It

is the yam-planting season, and the inmates are absent during the day on the plantations. In this neighborhood certainly no one goes hungry, for on every hand appear evidences of prosperity. The taro patches are well cultivated, well-fed pigs are in the sties, and fat fowls strut about.

Thieving must be a pursuit out of date on Aneitium, for the doorways of the dwellings are closed only with long mats. The pedestrian, honest or otherwise, may lift the drapery, walk in, take possession of anything he wants, and go his way. However, his purloining could do him little good unless he had a taste for such treasures as a hymn book, the New Testament, or portions of "Pilgrim's Progress," all translated into the language of Aneitium. These are about the only portable articles the abodes contain. It would seem impossible for even an accustomed thief to rob a people so confiding as are these cottagers, who put nothing under lock and key.

But come back to Anelcahaut. Can the New Hebrides anywhere furnish a lovelier scene? First, we have a charming valley pushing its way up, up, toward the mighty mountains which frame the picture. The most prominent object in the scene is the long, low house of worship, built of stone, covered with stucco, and roofed with grass. Here it has stood for nearly thirty years. A quarry close at hand furnished the stone. But the long timbers came from the distant interior. The building is so

spacious that every soul now living on Aneitium could worship within it.

Dr. Geddie was its builder. Great must have been his expectations as to congregations when he planned the structure. Usually, as we know, converts from heathenism are made slowly under Protestant teaching. The work involves a change of heart, and an utter abandoning of the old life, and such reforms seldom take place in a day. Still, on some of the South Pacific islands the inhabitants have taken rapidly and sincerely to Christian ideas. This may have been the case on Aneitium. We turn to Dr. Steel's report on missions in the New Hebrides, and read, in nearly these words:—

"The two missionaries"—Dr. Geddie and Mr. Inglis—"occupied different sides of the island, but labored with equal zeal, and in great cordiality. They preached, taught in schools, translated the Scriptures, composed and printed a class book, built premises, and exercised an influence for good over all the island. The young people were all taught to read and write. Congregations were organized, with elders and deacons. Fifty day-schools were established, and over two thousand persons were admitted by baptism into the church. The whole people were evangelized. It was a marvelous change in a degraded and cannibal people." Certainly it was. With the same rapidity were the Indian tribes of California sprinkled and admitted into the church by the Franciscan Fathers, considerably

over one hundred years ago. But of the deep significance of that relation—membership in the church of Christ—few, if any of them, it is said, had the slightest conception. We quote once more from Mr. Julian Thomas, greatly abbreviating his account, and omitting his unpolished expressions. Writing of the scene at Anelcahaut, he remarks :—

"To the right on the beach was a white house, belonging, I was told, to the Aneitium chief, Lathella. We landed near this, and were met by a smart-looking native who informed us that Lathella was at his house on the other side of the bay, where his wife and family resided. This building was a sort of government residence, a place to show to strangers. Here Outon, a young native, drew my attention to a man walking along the shore in irons. This was a strong evidence of civilization. So I tried to learn what offense he had committed. He had caused the death of a young girl, and had been sentenced to three yams—three years—at hard labor for the crime. The irons did not seem to be a great punishment to the man. He grinned and laughed, without any appearance of shame. He was stout and in good condition. His hard labor consisted merely in plaiting sinet from cocoanut fiber. This article became the property of Lathella, the chief. The jailer appeared to have nothing to do but to watch this one prisoner." This fact speaks volumes for the good behavior of the natives.

"The prison establishment at Anelcahaut was very primitive. The stockade inclosed a small space where the manufacture of sinet went on. Two whipping-posts were the chief ornaments. The jailer showed me, with glee, how offenders acted when he applied the lash. Capital punishment had apparently been abandoned, else he probably would have been the executioner also. The calaboose itself was an ordinary native house, a roof without walls, and was lined inside with strong posts. The *kennels*, which did duty as cells, were made of thick boards. Half the structure was for the accommodation of the keeper. The other half was divided into three compartments, with low doors, the bars and locks being outside. The common criminals slept in the central kennel. On each side was a solitary cell, one for this murderer; the other had lately been occupied by a woman.

"The cells were so narrow that the occupants had to creep into them. Three years in irons and a residence in such a place was not a pleasant sentence. Irons, whipping-posts, and cells! These showed an advance, indeed, on the part of the victors, from the native punishments of club, fire, and cannibal orgies. The jailer was a good-natured varlet, who laughed at the prisoner, laughed over the grave-stone of Lathella's eldest born, and laughed most when he received his gift of tobacco.

"Meeting Lathella afterwards on the beach, I

interviewed him in reference to the four prisoners said to be in the community—the one I had seen, and three others at work in the chief's yam gardens. He informed me that when offenses were committed, the culprits were brought to him by the head men of the village. Being the judge, he gave them whatever sentence he pleased. For theft and lesser offenses they were flogged. 'The man in irons was a bad man,' he said. 'How do you know,' I asked, 'what punishment to give a man? Have you any rule, so much for theft, so much for murder, etc?' Lathella answered: 'I punish as I like.'"

These and other matters we might relate show that to-day, with the population of Aneitium two-thirds less than when Dr. Geddie and Mr. Inglis were working so diligently, sinners are still to be found on the beautiful island. That great good has been accomplished in these five and thirty years of earnest Christian endeavor, there is no doubt. Every soul who has toiled, suffered, and died on the forbidden field deserves a rich reward; but it adds nothing to the real progress made, to call those "Christian" who are not so. Native life on Aneitium to-day is scarcely ideal.

Before we retrace our way northward, let us visit the attractive grounds—reservation, it is called—surrounding the residence of Mr. Armand, the principal missionary on Aneitium. Here we find the printing press on which that indefatigable

worker, Dr. Geddie, is said to have run off the first sheets of the Bible in Aneitiumese. Here, also, is the school-house, with its equipment of maps, globes, magic lantern, etc. We learn that twelve pupils attend the school. The instructor is a native of Aneitium. We turn now to the long church of which we have spoken. We find one-third of the original audience-room cut off by a partition and partly occupied by stores. This space is itself subdivided by a mat of enormous dimensions, hanging from one of the great timbers and touching the floor. We learned while in Samoa how great labor is required to make such a mat.

There still remains a spacious audience-room, however, lighted by nine glass windows, with large panes. These windows open toward magnificent views of sea and land. Matting covers the floor. There are benches around the sides, and a few seats in front of the desk. A square-cushioned pew occupies one corner. We were told that it was "for the minister's family." Back of the reading-desk is a bench cushioned in red. Just above it, fixed in the wall, is a tablet stating, in the language of Aneitium, that "Ion Getti"—John Geddie—"here labored for twenty-four years;" that "when he landed on Aneitium, in 1848, there were no Christians, and when he left, in 1872, there were no heathen."

A feature which everywhere impresses the stranger on these islands, where missions have so long

been established, is the very small number of natives who speak English. The missionaries have performed a prodigious amount of labor to translate the Bible and other works into the native dialects. Many languages are spoken in the group. Dr. Steel calls them a Babel of tongues. Into twelve of them, more or less, the word of God has been translated. The work has been accomplished with an immense outlay of labor and money. It is claimed that no other mission in the South Pacific has so many missionaries, serving in so many languages, on so limited a territory. The New Testament has been translated into Tannese, Efatése, and the language spoken on Erromanga. The entire Bible has been rendered into the tongue of Aneitium. So, also, have the shorter catechism, a hymn book, a part of "Pilgrim's Progress," and a dictionary. All works in Efatése are expected to answer for the inhabitants of Faté, Nguna, and their seven attendant islets.

Thinking over all these facts, one queries: Would it not have been easier, less expensive in time, labor, and money, and in many respects far better for the natives, particularly for the rising generation, to have taught them the English language from the beginning? One grand result of that course would have been the unification of the tribes now so hostile to one another. It would have saved hundreds of lives, which, during the past thirty-five years, have been extinguished by tribal wars. It would have

brought these people into sympathy and relations with the millions of our race who speak the English tongue. It would have been a great advantage to the thousands of Hebrideans annually employed on English plantations in Fiji, Queensland, and elsewhere in the Pacific. Their engagements, now made ignorantly, stupidly, at the will and on the terms of the labor trader, could be made intelligently, with some slight justice to themselves. Lastly, it would have saved the making of books in languages which must cease to be spoken, as the diminishing tribes become extinct, then their only value will be as curiosities, on the shelves of antiquarian book collectors.

In this series of little books we have several times alluded to the work of the Marist Fathers—French Catholic teachers—in these seas. It is said that immediately upon beginning their labors in any group, these men commence teaching the inhabitants the French language. They everywhere succeed in the task, and make Frenchmen of their converts. The children, especially, are taught French. In this respect cannot the English missionaries learn a valuable lesson of the Marist Fathers? Would not the large sums which have been spent in printing the word of God in twelve dialects of the New Hebrides have been better expended in making that word known on the islands of Mallicollo, Espiritu Santo, and others of the group, which Dr. Steel says are barely touched as

yet? Lastly, might not the vast amount of mental energy which has been spent by the missionaries in learning the native dialects, have been husbanded for a better purpose? We have been told that Rev. Mr. Armand has acquired three of the Hebridean languages.

A word now while we are in this part of the group, in reference to the interesting little islands of Aniwa and Fotuna. Aniwa is the only true coral island of the New Hebrides. It is a dainty gem, only ten miles in circuit. Most of the surface is but fifty feet above the sea. Feathery cocoanut trees make the spot beautiful and half feed the people, one hundred and fifty in number. Little Aniwa contains the best mission-house in the New Hebrides. Unlike Erromanga, the islands of Aniwa, Fotuna, and Aneitium have for many years been safe places of abode for white men.

Fotuna is a solitary, flat-topped cone rising abruptly out of the ocean. It is a trifle larger than Aniwa, having a circumference of fifteen miles, and is in the highest degree healthful. The entire population—about nine hundred—occupies eight villages. The Rev. Wyatt W. Gill says the natives are evidently of the same origin as those of Aniwa. They have a tradition that, many generations ago, there drifted from Tonga a large canoeful of men, women, and children, which fortunately reached this little islet, and found it uninhabited. Their ancestors left Tonga under the guardianship of Maisiki, the protecting divinity of Fotuna and Aniwa

The dwelling-place of Maisiki is the blue ocean, but occasionally he walks on shore, disguised as a lovely woman. "His person, during these promenades, is wrapped in multiplied folds of fine fish netting. His long hair is entwined with the scarlet flowers of the hibiscus, the white blossoms of the gardenia, the fragrant flowers of the screw-pine, with the long green leaves of the dracœna." Six other deities, according to Fotuna mythology, are subordinate to Maisiki. We rejoice to add that the last of these *compels* the evening meal to be properly cooked.

Forty-seven years ago two native Samoan teachers, with their wives and one young girl, undertook to carry the gospel to Fotuna. Every one met death at the hands of the inhabitants. Ten years later teachers from Aneitium located upon the islet. Then Ru of Aitutaki—of the Hervey group—took up the work, remained among them, conscientiously taught them the gospel, and paved the way for Rev. and Mrs. Copeland, who, in 1876, became the resident missionaries.

The natives of Fotuna and Aniwa speak a dialect of Eastern Polynesia, yet, in manners and complexion, they scarcely differ from the Papuans, who are their neighbors. The following fact would indicate that their dark color is due to their location. Ru stated that "at birth the babies born on these islands are as white as English children, but they become black by constant exposure to the sun."

Many of the men wear their hair long. In Ru's day among them, they were ruled by a majestic, fine-looking chief, whose hair actually swept the ground. He was very proud of it. Ru also tells this story:—

One Sunday morning he invited several of his neighbors to attend the gospel service. Most of them simply laughed at him. One fellow, however, raised his hatchet, and flourished it playfully over Ru's head. The latter, not quite sure of the man's intention, asked him to stop, and spoke of his folly in resisting the gospel. "Eat your gospel and your Sabbath," replied the man. "I am off to the sea with my fish-hooks, and shall get something more substantial." Away he went, and was soon rewarded with a fine fish. "Ha! this is much better than going to church," exclaimed the angler. The next effort brought a hungry shark to land. But, upon turning around for his hatchet to kill his captive, the shark, in some unaccountable manner, caught the man by the heel. Never did more lusty screams break from the throat of a fisherman. His friends came running to help. Quickly that was a shark which would never more catch men. But there was a big mouthful gone from the fisherman's ankle. He limped slowly home, leaving a trail of blood as he went. Of course Ru, and perhaps his heathen neighbors, attributed the disaster to the man's disregard for Sunday.

CHAPTER V.

API, AMBRYM, ESPIRITU SANTO.

"API is in sight." The announcement brings us to the deck. Just before us high, thickly-wooded hills stand out sharply against the blue sky. The land seems to ascend from the very sea. As we draw nearer, we find that the entire island is a succession of lofty peaks and steep ridges, with fertile valleys intervening. The highest point is fifteen hundred feet above sea level. This is Api, the scene of so many bloody tragedies among the natives, so many cruel massacres of white people. "The people are still cannibals," wrote one when sailing along Api's shores four years ago. When were they not cannibals? is a question no one can answer.

Api is but a little territory, twenty miles in length and seventy miles in circumference. North of it lie Ambrym and Mallicolo, and south of it luxuriant Efaté. It is fringed by a narrow shore platform of coral, at some points one hundred yards wide. The shore reef is remarkable, being extremely flat, with the upper surface dead. It is said that this is because the water above the reef is too shallow for the upward building of the coral.

The natives of Api are famed for their indolence

and inhumanity. They have certainly very little incentive to exertion. Their lives are the most primitive possible. A band around the loins forms the only clothing for the men, and a kilt of matting the only dress for the women. The fish in the sea, and a minimum of labor bestowed upon the soil, furnish all the food they require, and they have neither commerce nor manufactures. For their barbarity toward white people doubtless some apology might be made. The labor traffic of the past fifty years is in great degree responsible for it.

Physically the Apians are inferior to the higher class of Fijians and Samoans. Most of them are crooked, and about five feet in height. Observe these men who have come off to the ship. There is no animation in their faces or gestures as they talk, and all have a heavy, dejected look. They manifest childish affectation when they laugh, concealing their faces in their hands, like coy children; and none of them laugh aloud. If we look into the eyes of one of them for a moment, a sickly smile parts his lips. He is conscious of being looked at. Here is one slightly excited. Like ourselves under such circumstances, he has allowed his voice to mount tó a high key. He is human. Instead of saying "no" when offers of trade do not suit, all shrug their shoulders expressively. But now over the side of the ship they go. As they push off, their hands are raised—palm outward—in token of

good-by. Around the neck of every man is suspended a small triangular charm, or ornament. Around their wrists are broad, flat bracelets of tortoise shell, and in their ears are narrow rings of the same material. The bodies of all are cicatriced, in some instances on the shoulder, in others on the breast, in some cases, on both these parts. Usually the design is a human face. The arrows they carry are all tipped with bone, and are made terribly effective with poison. They prize the instruments highly, and part with them reluctantly.

Nearly every mile of Api, except the spaces cleared for yams and taro, is mantled with the densest vegetation. Among the wilderness of growths near the shore we discern the curious screw-pine, and some flourishing fig trees, but inland a few yards the tangle of vegetation becomes so compact that we recognize none of our acquaintances in the Eastern Pacific. We see ferns, however, whose texture is like lace. Api now has six white inhabitants, two of whom are the missionary and his wife, whose residence looks delightfully inviting from this distance. There are three large copra establishments on the island—the property of the New Hebrides Company—which are supervised by white men.

Weighing anchor with a good breeze in our favor, we fly away toward Ambrym, passing the islets of Paana and Lopevi on our right. The latter, with its surface five thousand feet above the

sea, is simply a volcano half asleep. At our left is Mallicolo, a charming bit of land with but two of the white race among its smoke-colored population. The shrewd prophets of trade predict that their future headquarters in the south seas will be this Mallicolo.

A cloud of smoke from its ever-restless volcano winds into the air above Ambrym. The mountain indulges in neither explosions nor eruptions, as does Yasur, on Tanna, yet it is regarded as the most powerful volcano of the group. It has two distinct craters, the largest of which is some eight miles in circuit. The mouth of this crater is thirty-five hundred feet above sea level. At night the glow from its burning interior lights sea and sky for miles around, like an enormous lamp. On one side of the vast cone stretches a broad level plateau, ten miles in length, formed entirely of lava gravel.

On the little island of Aurora, in this group, there is an active volcano, from whose crater there leaped forth, in 1871, great tongues of flame and smoke, which were soon followed by a disastrous earthquake. Should Ambrym sometime resolve upon a pyrotechnic display of that sort, the New Hebrides may be shaken to their foundations, and Ambrym itself may be blotted out of the Pacific.

A beautiful bay indents the extreme northern coast of Ambrym. We run around into it, and cast anchor. Several vessels in the port are flying

the French ensign. As at every other anchorage of the group, our ship is soon boarded by a delegation of native men in extreme undress, but with the hair done in a style which would utterly defy the skill of the civilized hair-dresser. On some heads it is arranged in a circlet of perfectly erect spikes, pointing in all directions, like the thorns on the shell of the sea urchin. Cocoanut oil and some sort of fiber have contributed freely to the effect. Every man flourishes ear-rings, but, unlike those of the Api men, they are very diverse in pattern. From the ears of one—evidently an aristocrat—depend miniature Jew's-harps. Another, bearing a club and wearing a belt of cocoanut fiber about the loins, we take to be chief. Each man carries a pipe in his hair, some matches in his whiskers, and a trifle of tobacco thrust between his arm and bracelet.

Will fifty years, we ask ourselves, suffice to civilize and Christianize these men? The Ambrym native has a reputation for honesty and general inoffensiveness, but he is a cannibal. Moreover, he is the slave of horrible superstitions. He is wedded to demon-worship. He sacrifices young boys to the shark, his maritime deity. Truly, the young Scotch missionary and his wife, now on one of the vessels lying at anchor here, who have come to dwell among this people, will need Abrahamic faith in God's promises as they labor and wait.

There is no standard of exchange in the New

Hebrides, except possibly on Faté, as we have learned by observing the trading at different ports. Demand is the criterion of value for the merchandize which the white traders bring. Thus it is not a question of cost, nor of excellence, but of "what is the fashion." On one island the taste may run entirely to red beads. There red beads will be had at any price. On Ambrym you perceive only the white circlets are tolerated.

We land amid a crowd of men and boys gathered on the beach. The fine clubs in the hands of a few evince their rank, someone remarks. We pass on a few steps to meet a company of women, who, as we drew to shore, retreated, in order to scrutinize us from a distance. There are fifteen or twenty in the group. Not one of them possesses a vestige of beauty. All are repulsive looking and prematurely old. Unmistakably, their lives have been hard. When we think what might be done to soften the expression of their faces, we wish we were missionaries. This will become the work of gentle Mrs. Murray, now awaiting the completion of her home on the shore, a little beyond us. May she have a long life in which to do it.

The hair of every woman is cut close, and the head powdered thickly with coral lime—both being sanitary measures. A fringe of pandanus leaves depending from the hips is their only garment. A light rain is falling, chilling their bare shoulders. They shrug them, shiver vigorously, and move off

toward their village of comfortless homes not far away. These are mere low huts with the roof brought almost to the ground, and are entered by crawling on the hands and knees. They are shockingly dirty. Not for a moment can we breathe the air of them. Instantly we are reminded of an apartment we once endeavored to enter, in the infirmary of a thriving county town in Ohio. It was the only *home* of a half dozen demented, friendless men. No human being in possession of his senses could have lived in it twenty-four hours.

The correspondent of an enterprising Australian journal thus writes of Mr. Murray, who is about to become the pastor of these untutored men and women: "The young divine had been recently ordained at Sydney, upon his arrival from Scotland. He looked a student, like one used to burning the midnight oil. In a civilized community I should have taken him to be a man of sufficient assurance. But on Ambrym, with his cough and frail constitution, I was afraid he would be out of place. The immaculate purity of his shirt-front, with its neat studs, would be thrown away upon the savages.

"My sympathies were enlisted for the young Scotch lady, his wife, who was burdened with a babe two months old, born at Aneitium. I did not think her husband a man who would be of much service in the house, and with only its roof over their heads, they would have a hard time. Until the return of the Dayspring—the missionary ship at anchor in

the bay—six months hence, they would be entirely alone, would see no white face except those on trading and labor vessels, and such men they had been influenced to look upon as enemies. The delicate young minister will need the spirit of an evangelist to carry him through the first twelve months."

The same writer thus refers to three brother missionaries of Mr. Murray, one each from Tongoa, Nguna, and Aneitium, who had erected Mr. Murray's residence, to the extent of getting the walls up and the roof on. We abridge generously: "The three men were hard at work, assisted by the mate of the Dayspring. They had been thus engaged for a month. One of them was roofing the veranda, in the hot sun, and had a hard time of it. In their working clothes these brethren hardly personated first-class mechanics. You would never have supposed that Mr. Milne, who was doing his best to make a lock fit, had translated the gospels of Matthew and John direct from the Greek into Ngunese, a language which, if he had not invented, he had perpetuated, for he was the only white man who understood it.

"This was a feat of learning of which a man might well be proud. But there came the question, To what good was all this waste of energy and erudition? There are only nine hundred people in his parish—the island of Nguna—who speak that language. He might far better have set himself to work to teach them English. *That* would have opened the literature of the world to them.

"I sat on a tool-box, watching them work. Several native Christians from Aneitium had been brought up to assist in the building, but they were good for nothing, except to do mere trifles. One would have thought that after so many years' training by the white race they would have learned some handicraft. But it was not so.

"The residence was fairly proportioned, with four windows, and a door in front. It was intended to have three rooms. At present there were but two. Back of the house were two other rooms, one for a dining-room, the other for stores. Near at hand was a grass hut, for a native teacher and his wife from Aneitium, who would be a protection, and of some assistance. There was also a hut for goats, twelve in number, to furnish sweet flesh and fresh milk. Cats, fowls, and turkeys were yet to be landed. The house was unfinished, and I was surprised to learn that the Dayspring was to leave that afternoon. The stores and household goods of the young people were piled up confusedly in one corner, and I could not help saying, 'This is pretty rough on the new minister and his wife.' 'He's got the roof over his head. We've been here long enough,' replied the brother from Aneitium."

There are now six missionary vessels in the South Pacific, the Dayspring, which devotes her time, at an expense of seventeen hundred pounds sterling per annum, to the Scotch and Nova Scotia missions in the New Hebrides. Her work is to call at all

the stations twice a year, to carry mails and supplies, to convey the teachers and preachers to the annual meeting of the Synod, held at Aneitium, and to return them to their homes; the Morning Star, which ministers to the wants of the American missionaries throughout the Pacific; the John Williams, which looks after the interests of the London missionary society in the south seas; the John Wesley, which aids the Wesleyans in the Fijian and Tongan groups; the Southern Cross, a screw steamer, which serves the Church of England missions in the Banks, Solomon, Santa Cruz, and Swallow groups; the Pitcairn, very recently sent into the field by the Seventh-day Adventists, to increase the efficiency of their missions on the island of Pitcairn, in Australia, and in New Zealand; and the Robert W. Logan, which acts as a tender to the Morning Star.

We pass Espiritu Santo with but a paragraph. The island was discovered, partially explored, and named by the Spaniard, De Quiros, in 1606. He described it as "a land of gold, silver, and precious stones;" as an earthly paradise, with a climate mild and lovely. He found upon it pigs, fowls, and goats, supposed to have been introduced long years before from the Malay Peninsula. One of its streams he named the River Jordan, a title it still retains. Espiritu Santo is the largest and most northern island of the New Hebrides. Its length is sixty-five miles, its width thirty-five. It is the least known land of this increasingly important group.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GREAT VOLCANO ON TANNA.

THE distinguishing feature of the New Hebrides group is its grand volcanoes. Captain Cook discovered the island of Tanna in 1777. He found the volcano of Yasur—the native name—in a state of remarkable activity. He described it as "giving out a great light and throwing up large stones at regular intervals of five or six minutes, with a noise that could be heard forty miles away." From the visit of the famous navigator to this day the huge furnace has kept up its fires. It has its seasons of comparative quiet, and its times of great violence, the latter occurring during heavy rains. The water then pours into its glowing heart, where it is rapidly converted into steam, and adds immensely to its explosive power, shaking Tanna mightily.

According to the native faith, a mighty demon, steadfastly hostile to mankind, inhabits the red-hot cavern, and utters the appalling roars which come from the crater. Someone affirms that when the mountain is in a state of repose for some time, earthquake shocks occur in New Caledonia, a large island under French domination, lying some three

hundred miles southwest of Tanna. Since earthquakes are much more destructive than eruptions from the volcano, the Tannese are very glad to witness its discharges of steam and hot stones.

Like all volcanoes, Yasur is variable in its action. A glance at its summit, now, discovers a mere haze of steam arising. An hour hence a dense cloud of smoke may be climbing toward the sky. Before night a thick black canopy may conceal its top, while a steady stream of dark dust will flow to sea with the wind. At midnight explosion may succeed explosion, attended by a magnificent display of fire-works, hot lava, and fiery stones, mounting high into the air, only to drop again into the agitated interior. It is said that the explosions appear to be most violent at high tide. This has led to the surmise that through crevices in the mountain and in caves along the shore the sea water finds its way to the crater, is quickly converted into steam, and produces a great commotion.

Indeed, Yasur is believed to extend under-ground to the sea, since hot springs exist along the shore for a long distance, and from them to the crater lines of hot steam and smoke, freighted with sulphur, escape through fissures in the scorched ground. Large deposits of this mineral are carried to the leeward of these vents by the wind. In time the overflows of lava from Yasur become extremely fertile. Yams raised upon them are the finest in the Pacific. This accounts in part for the mul-

titude of yam gardens in its neighborhood. The people are tempted to plant where the largest harvest can be reaped. It is a rash step, however, for which Yasur does not always punish lightly. The heavy showers of hot dust from its top often ruin the crops for miles around. It matters not with what care they have been cultivated, or how great is the promise of income, suddenly there is just the right change of wind, and the parching breath of Yasur kills them. Thus the result of months of labor is destroyed. The next year the planters will live on cocoanuts. The Tannese have a strong fear of the demon who dwells in the crater of Yasur.

Formerly there was some trade in the sulphur emitted by the volcano, which sold at about four dollars per ton. But the earthquake of 1878 destroyed the road leading to the mountain, rendering transportation of the mineral very difficult. The traffic was therefore abandoned. Circumstances forbidding us the pleasure of a visit to the crater, we epitomize for the benefit of the reader Mr. Thomas' extremely wordy account of his trip thither in 1886.

Our guide, Harry, walked behind. We skirted the bright bay for some time. On the east side were the boiling springs, under the rocks upheaved by the great earthquake. At high tide these were covered, but at low water they bubbled up vigorously. The water was hot enough to burn my hands, to boil yams, or to scald pigs. When the

tide simply covered them, the temperature was delightful. That was the time for the maids and matrons to assemble there to bathe and to chatter.

At the extreme end of the bay we crossed a broad stretch of sandy beach, which in Captain Cook's day formed the bottom of the harbor and held his anchor. The earthquake had converted it into a series of eligible water frontages, but with no guaranteed lease from Yasur. Once it was but a pleasant walk to the summit, which is scarcely seven hundred feet high. But now the road is the worst imaginable, even had we not prolonged the agony by losing our way. For two hours we mounted up through the thicket, along a path just wide enough for one person. The air was very hot and close. Once only after leaving the beach did we obtain a view of the sea, or inhale a breath of salt air.

The soil was light and yielding, and made our progress the more fatiguing. We passed many garden patches, but never caught a view of the natives. Where were the villages at which we had been promised escorts? Where were the green cocoanuts which were to quench my thirst? I verily believe Harry, our leprous guide, led us by out-of-the-way paths, that he himself might have all the reward. Suddenly he stopped, and confessed he had lost the way. A little rough language brought out the fact that he had never before been over the road. I wondered what would be his market value in pigs, should I take his life.

On he went, making a long *détour*, when, from a cleared space—all sulphur and steam—we discovered a few houses on the cliff above. We climbed thither by steps cut in the rocks, and I began to understand why the natives lived in homes so difficult of access. They could be easily defended in attacks by other tribes. They were the habitations of the bushmen, and, if possible, were more wretched than the dwellings of the salt-water tribes. In the three villages we passed there was not a soul at home, so we could fully inspect them. Harry explained the conundrum by saying it was the time of yam planting, and that all the men who were not fighting in the war then in progress, were with the women and children at the gardens nearer the salt water.

Just where we were nothing seemed to grow to maturity. In view of that Harry volunteered: "Bad fellow, Yasur. Make him no good yam, no good nut." A few tall, weedy cocoanuts stood near, but when my rifle brought a green nut to the ground, it smashed utterly, being very soft. We were suffering from thirst. At last Gottfrey found a nut containing a gill of water. We shared it between us.

Having gone so far astray in our reckoning, the hills on which we stood were higher than the volcano, and we had to be guided by its continuous roar. On we went, up and down. Hot steam rose under our feet from great fissures in the ground.

In sore need of a guide, Harry shouted until he was hoarse. At last came a faint reply. Coming nearer now, the voice proved to be that of "a naked little native"—a youngster, who was not particularly frightened, and who at once consented to guide us to the foot of Yasur. He was nicely behaved. I could not help thinking his manners were far superior to those of some white boys who might have been picked up in England or in the Colonies, to escort a party of foreigners of whose language he knew not a word. Yet we call him a heathen. He was a possible cannibal.

On now, through more deserted villages, the ground cracking, the steam bursting out freshly and scalding all the vegetation, we passed into a deep dell which Yasur had overlooked. High banyan trees overshadowed us. There were brilliant crotons and rare ferns in perfection. Lizards, mere streaks of shining color, darted across our path. Gorgeous butterflies circled above our heads. In a few moments it was all over. Desolation followed. All life was blighted. The bones of a dead pig bleached on a bed of sulphur. The spring of water beside the path was poisonous. All nature fought life. Nothing lived there but a tiny flower, as great a rarity in such a spot as the little idelweiss growing amid Alpine snows.

We had passed several old craters. The ground beneath our feet became hollow. There was yet a half mile of climbing. The measure of my dis-

satisfaction was full. All in all, it was an uninteresting jaunt. On we stumbled, with the roar of Yasur, more and more threatening, ringing in our ears. Ashes fell all around us. When half-way up the cone, both natives stopped and would go no further. They would not even speak. Harry said, "No good, talk here." Both glanced furtively around as if expecting to see evil spirits spring upon the slope. We left them, and they retreated to a respectful distance.

At last we were on the summit of Yasur. Before us were the two craters. Hundreds of feet below seethed the molten lava. Bright flames shed a frightful glare on the steam and smoke which filled the cavern. The roar was perpetual, and the explosions were like salvos of artillery. The ground quivered. Away to leeward was a pillar of smoke, a shower of ashes and small stones. I did not go to the edge of the crater and drop a stone in. The ground crumbling beneath our feet showed us our danger if too foolhardy. The air was fiery; we were covered with burning dust. To breathe seemed to scorch our lungs.

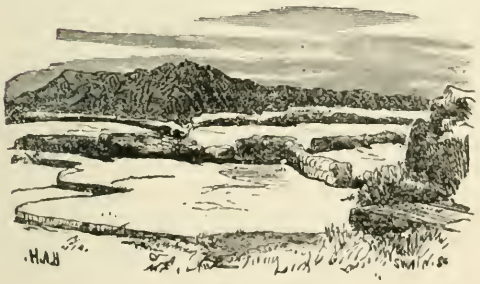
I tried to form some idea of the extent of Yasur, but it was impossible to see to the other side, and impossible to see to the bottom. To try to walk around it would have been highly dangerous. The force overshadowing every other was that of steam. Lumps of red-hot scoria were blown to leeward, but the greater proportion of rocks and stones

simply fell back into the lava, which then boiled up like molten iron in a blast furnace.

If the walk to the top of Yasur was not the most inviting, the view from its summit was lovely. The scene suggests that in a far past day the volcano was separated from the mainland. A large lake in the center of the plain below confirms the idea. In times of flood this lake is said to overflow through openings in the volcano, and then the explosions increase. The water of this lake is unfit to drink, and the superstitious natives say it is the abode of great black demons, who eat men. Undoubtedly the objects seen were enormous eels, such as frequent the lakes of New Zealand. The lake on Tanna is certainly worth a visit. Upon re-entering the path to the village which was the home of our little guide, we dismissed him with a reward, to appease his parents for his absence from the evening meal. I was very much pleased with the lad.

The homeward walk to Port Resolution will ever remain in my mind as a hideous dream. Nono put us on a track which shortened our course by a mile or two, but even that was far too long. The full moon shone after nightfall, yet the wooded paths were dark and gloomy. Sometimes its bright beams cast weird shadows across the path we stumbled along. The volcano roared and groaned louder than ever. Harry kept close to my side, as if for protection from the evil beings he supposed to be abroad at night. Indeed, in the lonely

thicket, in the strange shadows, in the loud explosions at the volcano, and in the glare which its flames threw athwart the sky, there was enough to impress the native mind. At last we reached Port Resolution, and took a long draught of pure spring water, which was like nectar to our throats, parched by the hot dust of Yasur.



A VILLAGE UNDER HEATHENISM—SUN-WORSHIP.

THE SAME VILLAGE, UNDER CHRISTIANITY.

CHAPTER VII.

AWAY TO THE SOLOMON ISLES.

THE Solomon Islands form one of the most extensive, and in some respects one of the most interesting, groups in the Southwestern Pacific. They were among the first discovered in that part of the island world. Yet, owing to a series of peculiar circumstances, they have until quite recently been the least known of the larger groups of the great ocean. For over two hundred years after their discovery all knowledge of them was lost to the world. But we shall consider that point a little later. The commander of our trim craft remarks that at the rate we are flying along before this stiff trade wind we shall touch the group to-morrow morning about sunrise.

This will bring first into view the lofty island of Guadalcanar, with tropical Malaita on our right, and beautiful St. Christoval on our left. Let us, therefore, now gather all the general information possible about the long-lost group. There is the captain trying to make out that strange sail off the coast of St. Christoval. The man has never been heard to say, "I wish passengers would not annoy me with questions," so we need not hesitate to

take seat beside him and begin our queries. The facts he gives we will arrange according to a plan of our own.

We learn that the Solomon Archipelago embraces seven large islands and a multitude of smaller ones. They form two chains, called the Eastern and Western Solomons. Like the New Hebrides, they extend from southeast to northwest, a distance of over six hundred miles. Every large island of the group extends in the same direction. They deck the ocean some four hundred miles northeast of the great island of New Guinea, and lie five hundred miles, perhaps, northwest of the New Hebrides. The islands of Malaita, Isabel, Choiseul, and Bougainville, with their rich attendants, form the eastern series, while New Georgia, Guadalcanar, and St. Christoval, with their groups of smaller islands, constitute the western chain.

The larger islands vary in length from seventy to one hundred miles, and in breadth from twenty to thirty miles. The smaller ones range from tiny coral islets to lands twenty miles in extent. All the larger bodies are mountainous, two of them, Bougainville and Guadalcanar, attaining a height of ten thousand feet. Many of the islands are largely volcanic. Others are formed chiefly of limestone. St. Christoval, over four thousand feet high, is an example of the first class, being formed of highly-crystallized volcanic rock. Several of the volcanoes have been active within recent years. Notably

that on the island of Savo, now quiescent, has been in eruption within the memory of living men. When the Peruvian Spaniards, led by Mendana, discovered the Solomons, in 1568, Savo was in a state of great excitement. To-day most of the craters, except that of Mount Bagana, in the interior of Bougainville, appear to be slumbering soundly.

A few of the islands, particularly Bougainville and New Georgia, are in part modern upheavals, but most of them are supposed to be of great antiquity. On some, especially the principal island of the Shortland cluster, in Bougainville Strait, the volcanic deposit has furnished a soft foundation upon which has been erected line after line of wonderful barrier reef. The remarkable upraised atoll of Santa Anna affords an illustration in point. There is first the submerged volcanic peak. Above that lies the soft deposit, resembling a deep-sea clay, and supposed to have been formed at a depth of fifteen hundred fathoms. Upon these rests the ring of coral limestone, about one hundred and fifty feet in depth. There are other islands whose *slopes* only are incrusted with the skillful work of the coral insect.

There are few true atolls in the great group, and these are small in size. But fringing and barrier reefs are frequent. Fronting the eastern coasts of New Georgia is a most striking line of barrier reef nearly sixty miles in length and dotted with innumerable islets. The reef lies from one to three miles

from shore. Also, off the beautiful island of Isabel are extensive reefs of the same class, with a broad, deep-water channel between them and the mainland. Likewise, a similar barrier skirts the southern coast of Choiseul. And the Shortland cluster—named in honor of Lieutenant Shortland, their discoverer—is entirely surrounded by a vast barrier reef, inside which the frailest shell of a canoe may be used with perfect safety. But outside, nearer and nearer roll the long ocean swells, lifting their crests higher and higher in the air, until, gracefully arching at the top, they fall in a mass of white foam, and break with a tremendous roar upon the pinnacled coral.

A remarkable feature of the Solomon group is the deep channels by which the larger islands are separated. St. Christoval, for instance, is cut off from its neighbors, Malaita and Guadalcanar, by a passage whose bottom a line of two hundred fathoms fails to find. According to Lieutenant Oldham, depths of four hundred fathoms are no rarity in the different straits. Of course, mighty currents sweep through some, if not all, of these profound waters, rendering their navigation extremely dangerous.

The total land area of the archipelago is estimated to be fifteen thousand square miles. The islands are covered in large part from shore to summit with tropical vegetation, dense, rank, and beautiful. Fig trees, bread-fruit trees, and cocoanut

palms grace the forests, the latter fringing the beach also, in the neighborhood of the villages. The mountains of Choiseul fall sheer into the sea. Its northeast portion presents a lofty, heavily-wooded plain. In St. Christoval the forest-clad mountains are separated by deep, fertile valleys. In the northern part, noble spurs, starting from the interior, run down to the sea, and terminate in bold headlands eight hundred or a thousand feet high, while in the south they form and shelter the deep-water bays.

On the small but elevated island of Florida—in Indispensable Strait—there are broad, undulating acres of grass land, beautified with fine groves of trees. Patches of cultivated land surround the villages, and the ample hill-side plantations proclaim the wealth of the soil. South of picturesque Choiseul lies the minute, cliff-encircled islet of Simba—the Eddystone of Lieutenant Shortland—containing a crater twelve hundred feet above the sea. On its side are two remarkable boiling springs, one of the many wonders of the group. The little gem is inhabited, and has a safe harbor for shipping.

The most interesting things about any country are its people, history, and form of government. In this chapter we shall merely mention the inhabitants of the Solomon Isles, leaving to subsequent pages an account of their characteristics and modes of life, while we here notice their mode of government, and trace their history from the discovery of the archipelago, three hundred and twenty years ago.

Omitting the natives on Bellona and Rennel Islands, in the southern part of the group, and those of the cluster called Ontong-Java, in the northeast, who are said to be pure Polynesians, the Solomon islanders are a small, sturdy, well-proportioned branch of the Melanesian race. The men average over five feet in height, the women less than five feet. Their dark eyes are hidden away under projecting brows. Their noses are short, either straight or arched, and always low at the root. The lips are thick; the chin recedes. Upon the whole, the general expression of the face is pleasant. Their skin varies from a copper hue to a brownish black, with the darker shades predominating. The hair is naturally dark, yet it is often dyed a red or a fawn color. Inclining to be woolly, it usually hangs in a mop of ringlets, or is dressed in a full bushy circlet, which imparts to the wearer a very striking appearance. This seems to be a favorite style for both men and women. On the islands in Bougainville Strait, however, are found tribes having a very dark skin, with black hair, almost straight. The coast tribes are deemed to be especially intelligent. They are of a quick, nervous temperament, but are crafty, thievish, and revengeful, and yet are very appreciative of kindness. As in the New Hebrides, there resides in the mountainous interiors a less gifted race, against which the maritime tribes wage unrelenting warfare.

In most of the Solomons the system of govern-

ment is a hereditary chieftainship, such as prevails in most other archipelagoes of the Pacific. Some of the larger lands are divided among many chiefs, each claiming to be independent of the others. There may be as many rulers, indeed, as there are villages. This is true, also, of some small islands, as Ugi and Santa Anna. Yet occasionally there lives a chief who, in consequence of his wealth, or the number of his warriors, assumes a degree of authority over the less-favored chiefs near him. The present sovereign of the Shortland Isles is an example in point. The map shows this cluster, lying at the southeast entrance of Bougainville Strait. His dominion embraces not only the islets of this large channel, but also the adjacent coasts of Bougainville and Choiseul Islands, and includes also the island of Bouka, over one hundred miles distant.

In some instances a small island has become the capital of a large surrounding district. The cliff-bound island of Simba, with some other territory, is under the sway of a powerful chieftain, who, together with "most of his fighting men," dwells on an islet off its southeast coast. He is said to be a man of enterprising character, of remarkably robust physique, and one of the most tyrannical lords of the archipelago.

On the 19th of November, 1567, Alvaro de Mendana, commanding a fleet of two ships—the Almiranta and the Capitana—sailed out of the port of Callao, Peru, "on a voyage of discovery among the

archipelagoes of the Pacific." Mendana's company, including the officers, servants, soldiers, crew, and four Franciscan friars, numbered one hundred souls. He sailed westerly for eighty-two days, encountering severe rains and heavy fogs. On the 9th of February, 1568, he discovered a large island of the Eastern Solomons, to which he gave the name of Santa Isabel. Camba was the name given to it by the natives.

Referring to their cautious approach to the harbor, on account of the dangerous coral reefs, Gallego, the chief pilot of the fleet, and the graphic historian of the voyage, wrote: "Committing ourselves to God, I sent a man aloft to the foretop and placed another on the bowsprit, admonishing them to notice where the shoals were white. The sounding lead was kept in hand, and, in the event of our having to come about to anchor, we stood by the sheets and bowlines and had the anchor cleared. Juan Enriguez, whom I had sent out to find a harbor, had not yet reached the shore. As the Capitana proceeded, I sounded and got twelve fathoms, with a clear bottom. Still further on it was deeper and clear of rocks.

"Although it was midday, a star now appeared to us over the entrance of the reef. Taking it as a guide and a good omen, we were cheered, and became more hopeful. As we proceeded, the water deepened little by little, and I informed the general that we were clear of the reefs. I then

signaled the Almiranta to follow us. As we neared the harbor, which the boat had now entered, Enriguez signaled us that he had found a good anchorage. Presently we entered, with the star over our bow, and anchored, the Almiranta entering shortly afterward. We named the harbor Port Santa Isabel del Estrella—Saint Isabel of the Star."

Most happy and grateful were these men, after their long and anxious voyage, to find themselves in a capacious port, where they could land and obtain food and water. We append Gallego's description of the inhabitants of Isabel Island, written three hundred years ago, but just as applicable to its inhabitants to-day:—

"These people are tawny, and have crisp hair. They go naked, wearing only short aprons of palm leaves. They have as food plenty of fish and some maizes, or roots, which they call benaus. They are, in my opinion, a clean race, and I am certain they eat human flesh."

The following paragraphs contain the chief pilot's reason for thinking that they ate human flesh:—

The Spaniards appear to have taken possession of the shore on which they landed, and of the woods adjacent, for the purpose of building a small vessel in which to cruise among the islands, without so much as saying to the natives, "With your permission." Yet the latter seem to have taken this incursion very amicably, for on the 15th of March, while the Spaniards were celebrating mass

on shore, there arrived at the spot where the brigantine was building, a fleet of fourteen canoes, commanded by the chief of the district.

Immediately he sent to Mendana, as a present, "a quarter of a boy, including the arm and hand," together with some edible roots, politely requesting him to accept them. In order to impress them with the fact that the Spaniards did not eat human flesh, the officer in command ordered the fragment of the boy to be buried in their presence. Thereupon the chief and his people looked confused, hung their heads, and departed to an islet at the entrance of the harbor. The chief, whose name was Meta, resided some fifteen leagues from the port.

The brigantine completed, the strangers voyaged to and fro among the Solomons, landing upon and taking formal possession of nearly every important island of the group, except Bougainville, from Isabel eastward, giving names to them, and to a multitude of smaller ones. They killed at least one hundred natives, in conflicts which the Spaniards themselves sometimes provoked, and aroused on all the islands such a degree of enmity and excitement that the natives effectually concealed their provisions, compelling their cruel visitors to begin the return voyage to Peru—August 11, 1568—with insufficient supplies of food and water.

The strangers spent six months industriously exploring the group, and reached home the last week of June, 1569. Their voyage proved to be one of

such danger, privation, and suffering as often to appall the bravest souls among them. They lived through storms such as even the intrepid Gallego had never witnessed in his nearly half a century of nautical experience.

For two hundred years after the Spaniards withdrew from Santa Isabel, all certain knowledge of their rich discovery was hidden from the world. It was even doubted if such a group as the "Isles of Solomon" existed. It is said that Mendana gave this name to the group in the hope that his countrymen, "supposing them to be the islands from which King Solomon obtained his gold for adorning the temple at Jerusalem, might be induced to colonize them."

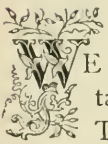
In July, 1767, just two centuries after Mendana's visit, the Solomon Islands were rediscovered by the English navigator Carteret, who was, however, ignorant of the fact. He appears to have simply descried several members of the group, without landing upon any one of them. A year later the French voyager Bougainville entered this then mysterious portion of the Pacific, made the west coast of lovely Choiseul Island, sailed through the fine strait which now bears his name, coasted the east shore of Bougainville Island, and passed away from the Solomons at the island of Bouka, apparently not dreaming that he had found the long-lost archipelago of Mendana.

About this time the old stories concerning the

extent, wealth, and beauty of the famous isles began to revive with vigor, luring into that quarter of the Pacific navigators sailing under the ensigns of France, Spain, and England. All of them contributed to the rediscovery of the group, but none of them were aware of the fact. Finally, near the close of the last century, certain French geographers, studying the subject in their libraries, fully identified the discoveries of Bougainville, M. de Surville, Maurelle, and Shortland, with the celebrated Isles of Solomon. And to-day, ships from every land visit the archipelago in the interest of trade, travel, scientific exploration, or missionary enterprises.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ISLAND OF GUADALCANAR.



E are up with the dawn, searching the distance for the massive front of Guadalcanar. The whole eastern sky is radiant with yellow light. Myriads of wavelets on the sea are tipped with gold. Occasionally a swift bird flits through the space before us. Otherwise there is a deep quiet on the great sea. The breeze is soft and rather humid, but very invigorating. One feels as if he could live a hundred years. Forgotten is the discomfort of our pent-up berth and of our narrow home on the sea.

"There!" suddenly exclaims the keen-eyed captain. We know what he means, and turn our glass toward the west. Look now! Is there a finer coast scene in all the Pacific than those bold headlands of Guadalcanar? Huge mountain masses rise directly out of the sea to a height of five and eight thousand feet. Mount Tammas, named by Lieutenant Shortland, is the highest point. Most of the lofty peaks are hidden by clouds ready to pour down the rain. Now and then a sharp cone is seen above the mist. "The heaviest rainfall in the Solomon group takes place on the eastern and

southern steeps of Guadalcanar." The march of the vapor-laden trade wind meets with little obstruction as it drives across the northern end of St. Christoval, and, arriving from over a vast extent of sea, beats square against these cyclopean walls, and day after day pours upon them a deluge of water. Along all that massive face of sea wall, it is said, there is not a rift in the rock, not a narrow ravine, nor an open valley which serves as a door of escape for the rushing wet air. Terrific, therefore, is the downpour on Guadalcanar's precipitous sides. The amount is three or four times that deposited on the less-elevated shores.

It is Gallego who wrote: "The island of Guadalcanar is very large. I cannot estimate its size, because it is a great land, and half a year is needed to sail along its shores." Those Spaniards saw many things in their "Isles of Solomon" through spectacles which magnified immensely. Guadalcanar is about eighty miles in length and thirty in width. It is in the southern portion particularly that nature has worked on a gigantic plan; not only are the cliffs and cones steep and lofty, but the sea, which dashes against the rocky mass, is of great depth close to the shore. In this part of the island there are no good anchorages. The northern coast, on the contrary, slopes more gradually to the sea, several small islands near by protecting it from the powerful swells of the ocean. There are numerous safe roadsteads, to which the entrance is both free and picturesque.

About midway of the northern coast a rich alluvial territory from five to ten miles wide borders the sea for a distance of thirty miles. It is composed of *débris* from the mountains, brought down by the rivers in times of flood. Also, scattered here and there, are park-like areas, mantled only with a tall, coarse grass. These form a pleasant contrast to the luxuriant forests clothing the remainder of the island.

As one would expect from the great rainfall, the streams of Guadalcanar, though short, are numerous, and in the wet season are powerful torrents. Mr. Charles Woodford gives us this little glimpse of one of them in the dry term: "At my feet winds the Aola River, in alternate phases a clear, calm pool and a brawling rapid. But it soon becomes lost among the trees, and I try in vain to trace its course among the forest-clad valleys."

The run up Indispensable Strait gave us much pleasure, and very soon after entering the port we were temporarily housed at the native village of Aola, with all our faculties awake to the sights, sounds, and people around us. Some author we have picked up, perhaps it is Mr. Woodford, tells us that the longer he lived among the natives of Guadalcanar the more he became conscious of possessing merely a superficial knowledge of them and of their customs. If that be so, we shall probalearn very little about them during our short sojourn. Mr. Woodford spent nine months at this

attractive spot, but his time and interest were absorbed in the plants, birds, lizards, and snakes of the island.

But notice the three natives—some of earth's smoke-colored children—who are approaching. The faces of all are tattooed. The skin being very dark, coloring matter is rarely used to develop the designs, as upon the lighter-hued peoples of the Eastern Pacific. The raised scars produced by the incisions reveal the pattern. The process of tattooing, as practiced on Guadalcanar, is not only painful but expensive. Like all artists, the professional tattooer appreciates his acquirements, and does not work simply for yams and taro. This strange sort of embroidering is usually done in childhood, while the skin is delicate, and not every little one's parents or friends can provide the requisite fee for the adornment. Hence we shall not find all the Guadalcanar people so elaborately cicatriced. The work is a sort of gauge of the family fortune.

As his instrument in tattooing, the artist uses the sharp claw of the flying fox. One of his merciful conditions before beginning the work is that the child shall not be permitted to sleep for two or three nights prior to his taking him in hand. The child being then prostrated from weariness, the operator begins his task, and ends it at one sitting. The little innocent is now in a state of high nervous excitement. His face is terribly inflamed and swollen. If his home be near the sea, a little cavity is made

for him in the sand, close to the water's edge. Here he lies on his chest and occasionally dips his face into the cooling water. After three or four days of such soothing he finds himself quite restored.

Observe that this man wears a mop-like wig, powdered thickly with lime, a sanitary measure, we presume. All carry a small bag over the shoulder, the contents of which are: One or two sticks of tobacco, a clay pipe giving out an intolerable odor, a box of matches, several areca nuts for chewing, a small package of betel-pepper leaves, a pretty bamboo box filled with lime used in chewing the betel, a pair of cockle shells employed as tweezers, a scraper of pearl shell for scraping cocoanuts, and a cocoanut spoon for eating a paste or soup compounded of scraped yam, cocoanut, and several other vegetables. With these possessions on the person, a Guadalcanar man or woman is ready for any fortune, in storm or calm, in the forest, in the yam gardens, anywhere.

The man's only attire is the bandage about the waist. The women are clad in a deep fringe of fiber resembling hemp, and look suitably dressed for the climate.

You observed that about eight o'clock this morning, after their light breakfast of baked yams, both the men and the women of the village left for the yam gardens, situated in the forest, some four miles from Aola. About three in the afternoon we shall

find the women returning. They will come in, some staggering under the weight of large baskets of yams, and others under that of huge bundles of fire-wood. During the day the men have probably taken a variety of game—birds, opossums, flying foxes, etc. These will not be brought home, but, having arrived at some suitable place, the captors will build a fire, and there cook and eat them. The weary women, meanwhile, will wend their way homeward to prepare their evening meal.

The evening repast is taken about six o'clock. It consists of yam, boiled or baked, of taro or sauce, some variety of plantain served in wooden bowls, and a compound of scraped yam, cocoanut, and other ingredients simmered together by means of hot stones. Animal food seems to be plentiful, since game is abundant, and edible fish crowd the sea. The pig is domesticated on the island, but is eaten only on occasions of great ceremony. In America these animals are slain by bleeding them to death. But the Guadalcanar butcher beats them until life is extinct. He adopts this mode in order to retain all the blood. When skinned, if there is a company to be served, the body is simply heated through over a brisk fire, and is then cut up and distributed to those present. Each person then completes the cooking according to his taste. The pig of the Solomon Isles is a flat-sided, round-backed species, rarely exceeding three feet in length. They are found in various colors—black, light gray, and red

spotted with black. The young pigs are striped. Mendana found the animal in these isles, therefore it was not introduced by the Spaniards, as so many writers have affirmed.

The subject of land tenure on the island of Guadalcanar should claim our attention for a moment. The system—if system it may be called—is very peculiar, and very unlike that which prevails in Fiji, to which we called attention in the first volume of this series. Every man seems to have a kind of proprietorship in the whole island, and no man holds land as an individual possession. Hence, to the land, as such, he attaches no value. Any man may select for his limited farming operations sufficient territory in the forest, and proceed to clear and fence it. This done, he may plant his yams, taro, or bananas. But when the crops have matured and have been removed, the land immediately lapses to forest. The next season any other man may cultivate the spot.

But if the first cultivator has planted cocoanut trees, the result is different. The trees become his property, apart from any consideration of ownership in the soil. At the same time, he would not at all object to another man's occupying the ground with some other crop, so long as it should in nowise damage or impede the growth of his beautiful trees. The trees are his possession so long as he lives, and at his death must be transmitted to his heirs, if he have any. We have not been able to learn if these customs pertain to the entire group.

It is Mr. Woodford's opinion that cannibalism is not practiced on Guadalcanar, since, during his residence at Aola, where he mingled freely with the natives, he neither saw nor heard of an instance of the barbarism. Nevertheless, it is of frequent occurrence on all the islands around, on Malaita, St. Christoval, New Georgia, and others.

A native village on Guadalcanar may contain ten or a dozen houses, each probably thirty feet long by fifteen feet wide, and all constructed of sago thatch. The roof will slope to very near the ground on both sides. All may be built side by side, forming a row fronting the sea. On the space between the dwellings and the water will stand a larger structure, in which are stored the great war-canoe of the village and numerous smaller boats. Entering the village at midday, we should find most of the dwellings tenantless and carefully barricaded. Nearly all the people would be absentat the yam gardens, on the verge of the forest. The open sandy area, or plaza, in front of the line of houses, is daily swept and weeded.

Aola River flows but a little distance from where we now stand. If we continue our walk through the forest in that direction, we shall soon emerge upon its brink. Crossing it and proceeding a little way, we shall enter a path leading to the crest of a deep wrinkle in the face of Guadalcanar, covered with luxuriant trees and undergrowth. Here someone's hand has cleared a space of several rods. For

this we are heartily grateful, for it affords us an extensive outlook upon the distant interior. Now survey the scene. Had we not oftentimes grown enthusiastic over such pictures in these seas, we should call this marvelously beautiful. We hastily sketch the view for our readers:—

Here is a foreground of everlasting green, vivid to intensity. But a little distance away ridge follows ridge, valley succeeds valley, until the green fades into delicate blue at the mountain-tops in the southwest. The distance is thirty miles in a direct line. Lofty Mount Lammas, with its precipitous sides, helps to form the noble background of the picture. In the south, ten miles away, Vatupusan looms up to half the height of Lammas, with top as round as a ball. So clear is the atmosphere that we can distinguish the trees on its summit, outlined against the cloudless sky. Quickly a rain-laden cloud, driven by the trade wind, appears to halt for a moment on its top. Soon it moves on, and again the sunlight illumines everything.

But what is that spot of bright vermilion which contrasts so strikingly with the miles of green? Ah! we saw the same thing in the Hervey Isles. It is the curious coral tree in full bloom. A cut and description of the tree appears in the volume entitled "The Tonga Islands and Other Groups." Were we beside it, we should no doubt find it alive with lories, come to secure the honey in the blossoms. Wherever the natives find a coral tree in bloom,

they spread light nets among the branches to entrap these pretty parrots. Often the little creatures arrive in companies of five or six. They become entangled in the meshes of the net, and frequently break their necks in their efforts to escape.

We now portray another scene which may be witnessed on Guadalcanar. The time is about sunset. Walk with me down to the sea-shore at Aola. In the view over the waters not an object is moving. A sense of the immensity of the ocean oppresses us, and we are thankful for the screech of that ungainly parrot, hastening home for the night. Now there is a soft fluttering of wings. The swifts are abroad for their supper of flies. As it grows darker, multitudes of dainty insects are on the wing. Now an army of dragon-flies arrives to banquet upon them. Suddenly a bat comes upon the scene, and as suddenly then the swifts disappear. The daylight wanes rapidly. The darkness is here. Hither and thither now dart horrid bats without number.

With the exception of these birds and insects, all nature is very still. The trade wind quieted down at five o'clock, and the land breeze is tardy in rising. This is the hour for the luminous beetles. Notice how they appear and vanish, "mere points of fire among the trees." Soon the tree frogs will pipe up on every side, and occasionally you will hear the lonely cry of later night birds. After we have retired, if you are attentive, you will hear a great rustling of wings among these

mango trees. The ado will be made by the foxes out on a foraging expedition. And, listening about midnight, you will hear a light scratching all over the floor. Simply conclude, then, that a battalion of hermit crabs are banqueting upon the crumbs scattered by the birds and opossums in their cages, and go to sleep.

CHAPTER IX.

ISLAND OF NEW GEORGIA—THE RUBIANA LAGOON.

A HUNDRED miles or so to the northwest of Guadalcanar lies a large and interesting island, discovered by the Spaniards in 1568, and visited by Lieutenant Shortland in 1788. This island is sometimes called New Georgia. Another and prettier name for it is Rubiana. To this land we shall now pay a flying visit instead of sailing eastward to Malaita, as we had purposed.

New Georgia is an island about sixty miles long and about half as wide. It extends from southeast to northwest. The entire island is clothed with noble forests. Its mountains stand up from three to four thousand feet. As in the case of Guadalcanar, it is the southern portion which rises to a lofty height. The northern part slopes gently from the center to the sea.

The most remarkable feature of New Georgia is its beautiful lagoon. An extensive coral reef, parallel with the shore and distant from it some three miles, incloses this lovely lake and its cluster of pretty islets. Upon the latter and upon the shore of the mainland stand the villages of the people. A thick border of cocoanut palms fringes the coast

of both the mainland and islets. In the extended reef which forms the lagoon is an opening some nine hundred feet wide, in which the water averages less than two fathoms in depth. Through this channel vessels must cautiously feel their way, and always with a man at the mast-head, on the look-out for erect coral points under the water. Once within the entrance, we run along three miles, and anchor a half mile out from the village of Sisieta. From the deck we have a fine view of the situation, and we discern several villages among the palm trees. From the shore in front of each village extends a neat jetty, compactly built of coral limestone, and coated with grass. The conspicuous canoe-house comes first into view, and then the huts of the natives. In both directions stretch lines of palms. Back of them flourishes the dense forest.

On the largest islet stands the village of Rubiana, whence the lagoon takes its name. The great harvest of cocoanuts gathered on the islets and the mainland renders the place an important point commercially. Upon three of the islands in the lagoon white traders reside, each having his establishment for storing copra. Altogether the lagoon presents as lovely an inland water scene as we have witnessed since leaving the Hervey group. We will now go ashore, landing upon the nearest jetty.

Proceeding to the land end of the pier, followed by a company of natives, our curiosity is awakened by a repulsive statue or image, set up near the

shore. No woman is suffered to approach the hideous object, so we hurry by, lest our presence shall afflict the thing. The place is evidently a shrine. A bit of roof shelters the image. Around it lie some sacred emblems and a mound of dry skulls. All the people appear to regard it with great veneration. Every village about the lagoon boasts a similar figure-head, protecting deity, or whatever it may be called. We glance around. An air of sweet peacefulness pervades the place. The people seem to be an indolent, free-and-easy class, without a thought of cruelty. But we soon learn that their appearance deceives. Had we occupied our present seat but a few days ago, we should have witnessed the horrible scenes we now describe: —

Ingava, the chief of these people, was ill—an attack of sullenness, most likely. His medicine-man told him he had been bewitched; that some-one had buried or hidden something of which he had eaten, and unless the article was produced he would waste away and die. A woman was suspected of doing the dreadful deed. To assert her innocence was useless. The wise man declared her to be the cause of Ingava's suffering. Therefore, amid the blows and cries of women who had been her associates, she was hurried to that large tree in the center of the village, where she was drawn up into the air, and left suspended by one arm. At midday she was lowered to the ground, the rope

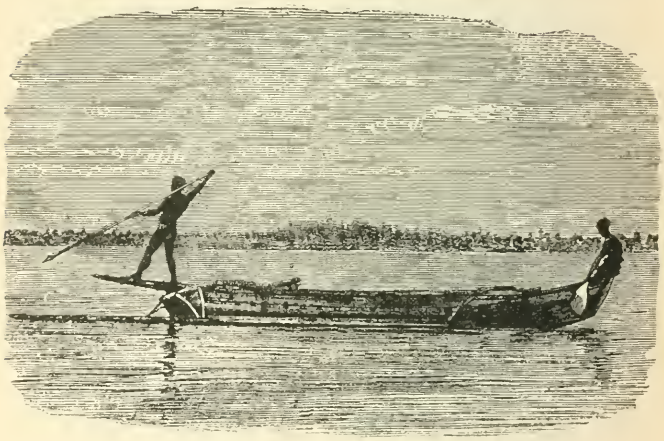
was placed about the other arm, and she was again drawn up for the remainder of the day.

At length the woman was released and ordered to produce the concealed article. The poor creature staggered to her feet, and, with her almost useless hands—both wrists were nearly dislocated—brought forth from the thatch of her hut two sticks of tobacco! undoubtedly her own rightful possession. These were evidence sufficient. A herald ran with the good news to the house where lay the bewitched chief, apparently about to die. Instantly he arose and walked forth, a man perfectly restored! Great credit was of course awarded to the wise man for so successfully discovering the sorceress and effecting the great cure.

Had the unhappy woman suffered sufficiently for her crime?—By no means. The next morning she was again suspended from the tree for some time, and, when taken down, was a sad wreck, being no longer valuable as a laborer. She was therefore sold to the natives of a neighboring island, a great canoeful of whom had just arrived, with a cargo of cocoanuts for sale. The price paid for this human being was three ornaments for the neck, wrought out of the shell of the mammoth clam. Her purchasers bore her away. A small island lay in their route. There they landed, cooked, and ate her. About the Rubiana lagoon every prospect pleases, only man is vile.

We have alluded to the canoe-houses of these

villages. Let us enter the one but a few rods from us. It is a spacious structure, seventy feet long and thirty feet wide. The ridge is thirty feet from



the ground, and the steep roof is constructed entirely of sago thatch. The ends of the building are made of screens manufactured from sago leaves, and it stands with one end to the lagoon. In this end, you observe, are two peculiar, long openings. They are made to allow these two large head-hunting canoes, with their high-pointed ends, to be easily carried in and out. In racks below the roof are stowed away all sorts of gear. Fishing-nets with stone sinkers and light wood floats, fashioned to imitate ducks, are suspended from the roof on great wooden hooks.

Along the rafters of one side depend fish-bones,

the heads of turtles, and the jaw-bones of pigs. From the other side eight human heads look down upon us. From the grinning teeth and deep eye sockets of some of them the partially-dried flesh is shrinking away. Evidently the canoe-house has sheltered them for a long time. Each head has its tragic history. Two of them are but recent additions to the horrible array. The hair of these is straight, and the head is differently shaped from the others. One of them is the head of a woman, and down each side of the face hangs the straight coal-black hair, eighteen inches long. They are the heads of two of an Eastern Pacific race. How came they here? This is their sad story:—

A year or two ago a large canoe containing sixteen persons drifted in a high wind from Ontong-Java, an isolated group of many small islands two hundred miles to the northeast of the Solomons. The wanderers finally made Isabel Island, the nearest point of which is distant from Rubiana over one hundred miles. To that island the head hunters from this lagoon frequently sail, with their great canoes, in search of human heads. Of these hapless voyagers several were killed by the head hunters. To two of the slain belonged these peculiar heads above us. One or two of the survivors were kindly conveyed to their homes by a trader. One is said to be still hiding in the forest on Isabel.

Now that we have chanced upon the ghastly

subject of head hunting, and find ourselves among a people by whom it is practiced, let us for a moment glance at the barbarous custom. It prevails over a large part of this princely group, and the chiefs of New Georgia seem to hold the preeminence in the atrocious pursuit. From this lagoon they extend their raids to the islands of Isabel, Florida, and Guadalcanar, often making voyages over a hundred miles in length. The heaps of skulls in these villages testify to the success of their expeditions. Indeed, the employment has become a mania with the Rubiana people. It is a frequent occurrence for several great canoes, each carrying from thirty to forty men, with their spears and rifles piled amidships, to start out on these excursions. The men delight to surprise a village at daylight, on Isabel or on Guadalcanar, with a man stationed, tomahawk in hand, at the door of each house, ready to slay the inmates as they attempt to flee for their lives.

They sometimes also resort to skillful feints and pretenses in making their captures, spending a day or two in friendly trading with the inhabitants of a village, and then, all suspicions being allayed, turn upon them, at a concerted signal, and capture as many as they desire, an entire village perhaps. It is Mr. Woodford who says: "When visiting the north coast of Isabel, near the close of 1888, I found village after village uninhabited, the natives having been killed by head hunters from the Rubiana

lagoon." Speaking of head-hunting raids, the Rev. Dr. Codrington remarks: "The inhabitants of Southern Isabel have suffered greatly from attacks made annually by natives from their own distant coast, their object being to obtain heads to honor either a dead or a living chief, or for the inauguration of new canoes. A new war canoe is not invested with due supernatural power until those sailing in it have killed some man, and any lone voyager coming within their ken is forthwith hunted down for the purpose. The completion of any important work demands the sacrifice of a head, and the village canoe-house becomes its depository.

Frequently these head-hunting forays have no connection with cannibalism, their object being the mere possession of skulls. Nor yet are they always undertaken simply to bring back heads, but to secure slaves also. These are either bought or captured. Usually they are very kindly treated, and live in as much freedom as their captors, and even on terms of equality and intimacy with them. But, upon the completion of a large canoe, or any other important work, a head will be required in celebrating the event. One of these free slaves will then suddenly be called upon to furnish it. Happily, the chosen victim will have no intimation of his doom until the blow falls upon him from behind him.

One native characteristic that impresses the stranger wherever he wanders among these charming

islands is the bargain-making talent the natives possess. The tricks of trade which they do not understand are not worth knowing. A voyager among them has written: "The native knows how many cocoanuts make ten. Usually it is seven and a half, and I have known it to be as few as six." Aptness for trade is a quality which the father faithfully transmits to the son. A mere lad in years is a veteran in commercial transactions, as the following incident shows (we abridge the account):—

"While anchored off a little village in one of our trips, a mere child paddled alongside, in a frail mite of a canoe, apparently capable of supporting his weight only. The waters dashed into the craft at every stroke of the oar. At intervals the little navigator deftly kicked the element overboard with his foot—a novel mode of baling, certainly. Rolling about in the bottom of the canoe were several moldy yams in full sight. The unsuspecting stranger, interested in the infant trader's movements, feels sympathy for his tender years and his apparent anxiety to dispose of his goods, and buys his rusty yams at probably four times their ordinary value. Eagerly the urchin grasps the coveted stick of tobacco, and thrusts it for safety through a hole in his ear, where, certainly, it is in no danger of getting wet. To the stranger's amazement, the midget then whisks aside a dirty piece of matting, which seems to have been accidentally kicked into one end of the canoe, and discloses more yams, slightly im-

proved in quality. Consistently, one could not offer less for them than for the others. So another stick of tobacco is transferred to the youngster's ear.

"Surely now his stock must be exhausted. A mite of a canoe like that could hide nothing more. A dexterous jerk, which nearly upsets the craft, produces a single perfect yam. The chap had been sitting upon it. How it escaped the stranger's notice was a puzzle. For this prize the sharp bargainer wants nothing less than a pipe. And he is evidently a judge of pipes, for he refuses the first and second kinds shown him. A *piala tinoni*—a pipe with a man's head on it—he must have, or he keeps his yam. More than that, the article must have a knob at the bottom, or the stranger makes no trade with *him*."

In the Solomon Isles the fashion in pipes changes as frequently as does the style of bonnets in America. Sometimes the taste runs to very simple ones. Then perfectly plain pipes must be had. But when the trader makes his next trip, there is probably a craze for ornament, and his pipes must show a ship under full sail, or some other attractive object stamped upon them. Now the pipes must be white. On the next occasion, only the red article will suit. The same mutation marks the trade in knives. The handles must be bone, wood, or metal, as the mode dictates. So with calico, turkey red, navy blue, and a pretty gray take their turn for favor.

CHAPTER X.

BOUGAINVILLE, THE SHORTLANDS, AND TREASURY ISLAND.

BOUGAINVILLE ISLAND, the largest, most northern, and western of the Solomon group, presents its picture of forest, valleys, and mountain heights, a little over one hundred miles northwest of New Georgia. In 1788 it was discovered by the French navigator Bougainville, on his way northward after finding the Louisiade Archipelago, which lies southeast of New Guinea. He first touched the west coast of Choiseul Island, the second of the Solomons as one sails southeastward, and gave it its present name. For some distance he found the coast inaccessible. But, reaching the harbor now known as Choiseul Bay, he made an attempt to enter. Before his fleet could make the anchorage, night drew on, when the number of the shoals and the irregularity of the currents deterred proceeding.

While in the bay he was attacked by a multitude of natives in canoes, who issued from a stream emptying into the harbor, which the Frenchman very properly named Warrior River. A second discharge of fire-arms dispersed the party, and Bougainville withdrew from Choiseul, passing through

the noble strait which now bears his name. After coasting the eastern shore of Bougainville Island, he left the group, unaware that he had visited the Solomon Isles, as we have previously remarked.

The inhabitants of Bougainville Island are all taller, blacker, and more robust than the people of Isabel and St. Christoval. Those who dwell around the active volcano of Bagana are said to be inveterate cannibals. There is little doubt that the interior tribes of the island also are very fond of human flesh. Yet these same bushmen refuse to eat fish. Tattooing is practiced by the coast tribes. The work is done on the face, in shallow grooved lines, which begin at the nose, curve over the cheek-bones, and end just above the eyebrows.

Bougainville Island is a land almost entirely unknown as yet to both travelers and traders, except, perhaps, the immediate coast bordering Bougainville Strait. So far as we can learn, no effort has been made by any of the great missionary societies toward evangelizing its inhabitants. It is a land of beauty and fertility, and capable of great advancement commercially. On the contrary, the island groups of Bougainville Strait seem to have long been a center of attraction. The Shortland group, particularly, has received no little attention from English scientists. Indeed, to this class of travelers—always studying and always writing of what they see—we are indebted for most of our knowledge of the two great Melanesian groups lying east and southeast

of New Guinea. Let us now spend a few days in the Shortland Islands, getting an idea of the life and character of the people and of their modern history before making the trip to St. Christoval.

Over one hundred years ago—July, 1788—Lieutenant Shortland, while convoying a fleet of transports from Port Jackson, Australia, touched the Solomon group, on the south coast of St. Christoval. He skirted the southern shores of the different islands, until he arrived at Bougainville Strait, to which he gave his own name, ignorant of the fact that it already bore the name of Bougainville. Shortland's name has been attached to the important group of small islands lying at the western entrance of Bougainville Strait. Whether he discovered the cluster we cannot learn. Its principal island is Alu. The group is ruled by a powerful chief, whose influence extends far beyond his own dominion. We are glad to say that for many years he has been the trusted friend of the white man.

Gorai is a man past middle life, of engaging address, and slightly shorter than the average native, who is about five feet seven inches in height. His countenance wears an honest, good-humored expression, which at once wins favor. He takes pleasure in claiming to be "all the same as white man." He laments the inferior position of his race, and expresses his feeling by saying: "White man, he knows too much. Poor black man, he knows

nothing." A number of years ago Gorai ruled over Treasury Island, a lovely gem lying southwest of the Shortlands. But his subjects were hostile to the white man, against whom the chief would not lift a hand. He therefore left Treasury and assumed sway over the Shortlands. Two elderly statesmen now form the cabinet of this distinguished friend of the white man.

Gorai is the unfortunate possessor of a hundred wives. The queen among them in 1889 was Kaika, a sister of Mule, the present lord of Treasury Island. Mule, in turn, married Bita, a sister of the Shortland magnate.

The people of Choiseul, Treasury Island, Faro Island, and the Shortland group, all speak the same language, intermarry, send presents to and fro, maintain commercial relations, exchange visits of condolence in times of bereavement, and form a most powerful alliance, all the chiefs being connected either by marriage or by ties of blood.

Some of the above inter-relations were made very apparent in July, 1883, when death removed Kaika from her home on Alu. We greatly abbreviate an account of the circumstances, given by Dr. H. B. Guppy, surgeon of H. M. S. Lark, then on a surveying expedition among the Solomons. At her death Kaika was about twenty-eight, and a prepossessing woman. Her features were regular, her figure slight but well-proportioned, and her carriage graceful. Her clean skin and bushy hair,

dyed a magenta hue by means of red earth, added to the general *pleasing* effect of her person (!).

In substance Dr. Guppy says: I first made the acquaintance of Kaika in July, Gorai having asked me to visit her, as she was suffering from some indisposition. While sitting beside Gorai and the queen, as he was pleased to call her, the latter showed me her little boy, who was nearly blind. I was much impressed with the tenderness displayed by both parents toward their little son. Seated on his mother's lap, he placed his hand in that of his father, when requested to raise his eyes to the light for my inspection.

Soon after this the work of the ship took us away from Alu for some time. Upon our return we were told Kaika was dying. Landing the next day, to be of service if possible, I was informed she was dead. As I stepped out of my Rob Roy, I received a request from the chief to visit him. I found him seated on the ground in front of his residence, looking very dismal. Near by were nine or ten of his wives, all past the prime of life, withered and haggish, their heads shaved and faces plastered with lime in token of mourning. They were droning a dismal chant, and reminded me of a group of witches.

Accompanying Gorai into the house, I found a large gathering of his wives, all with faces coated with lime. Their dead white features peering at us through the gloom of the building, gave to the

whole scene an uncanny look. Gorai appeared to feel deeply the loss of his wife, and more than once broke down while talking of her. He said the end came as we dropped anchor in the bay the day before. He excused himself for not coming off to the ship in the midst of his grief. "Too much cry," he remarked of himself. At my leave-taking he requested me, upon the arrival of the ship at Treasury Island, to inform Mule, the Treasury chief, of the death of his sister, and also to ask Bita, his own sister, to come to him. On the way to my canoe I passed several of Gorai's chieftains with their foreheads and a part of their cheeks coated with lime, an observance, I noticed, which neither the chief nor his sons honored.

Next morning several men of the village were on the reef procuring fish for the great funeral feast to be held in the afternoon. In the latter part of the day Lieutenant Leeper and myself landed at the grounds, and found ourselves in the midst of a hundred men assembled because of the queen's demise, and all bearing tomahawks. Upon entering Gorai's grounds, which are tabooed to all the men of the village except those on his staff, we came upon about eighty women performing a funeral dance. Some of them were the wives of the chief, others were the notable women of the adjoining villages. They formed a large circle, in the center of which four posts were erected, each about ten feet high, two painted white, two painted red, all charred on

one side and rudely carved in imitation of the human head.

Inclosed in the ring were six women bearing in their hands the little personal possessions of Kaika, such as her basket, cushion, etc. To the slow and measured time of a drum, in the form of a hollow log, beaten by a man outside the circle, the women adapted their movements, which consisted simply in raising the feet by turns and stamping gently upon the ground. Meanwhile the inside group of women danced around the posts, partly hopping, partly skipping, each one regulating her steps to the stroke upon the log, and holding up before her the treasured article she bore. As the central actors skipped most actively, the foremost at each bound sprinkled handfuls of lime over the dancers in the ring.

The weather being rainy, many of the women—all of whom wore a *sulu* reaching from the waist to the knees—had covered their shoulders with mats made of pandanus leaves. This ceremony was repeated on the following day, but with fewer dancers. I was anxious to ascertain what disposition had been made of Kaika's body, but beyond the fact that it had been interred in the ground some distance away, I could learn nothing. It is very probable that it was first burned between the charred posts around which the dance was performed. Upon making inquiries as to the obsequies observed at Kaika's death, I was much impressed with the

reluctance of the natives to refer to the event. They mentioned her name in a low, subdued tone, as if it were wrong to utter it. This mysterious dread of mentioning the name of the dead exists among many races. The Australian native, who *refuses* to utter them, is an extreme instance of the feeling.

We may add that three days after the death of Kaika all the men of Alu, except the chief and his sons, cut their hair close to the scalp as a sign of mourning for the little woman. The news of her death being conveyed to the other islands of Bougainville Strait, visits of condolence were soon paid to Gorai by the two chiefs of Faro Island, and by parties of the women of Faro who journeyed in person to manifest their sympathy for the afflicted chief of the Shortlands.

Shortly after the English ship came to anchor in Blanche harbor, Treasury Island, Mule stepped on deck. Dr. Guppy immediately informed him of his sister's demise, and of Gorai's wish that Bita should visit him at Alu. The ruler of Treasury received the sad news with but slight indications of sorrow. But himself, his sons, and several men of the island, manifested their regard for her by neatly trimming their bushy heads, but not by shaving the hair closely, as did the men of Alu. The wives of Mule, however, promptly put the layer of lime upon their faces. A number of weeks elapsed before Bita could attempt the long canoe voyage to

her brother's island, it being practicable for such craft only in fair weather.

The mourning ceremonies and burial customs vary not a little on the different islands of the Solomon group, and they are as interesting as they are unlike. We are sure our readers will receive with pleasure a few additional facts with reference to them.

Generally, among the islands of Bougainville Strait, the deep sea is chosen for the last resting-place of all the natives below the rank of chief. One day while a party of Englishmen were making soundings at the entrance to the Alu anchorage, there passed out to sea two large canoes, in one of which lay the remains of a woman who had died the night preceeding. Her relatives were of the company, and were wailing and bemoaning their loss, but bore no part in navigating the canoe. The rowing was very peculiar. Each man paused after every stroke, and partially arrested the progress of the boat by a backward movement of his oar.

On Simba Island the bodies of the dead are frequently deposited among large masses of rock, tumbled together at the base of Middle Hill, west coast of the island. Also, human bones have been noticed on the reef rising off the anchorage. From the large eastern islands the dead are often buried at sea. On the islands of Ugi and Florida the skulls of the dead are sometimes preserved in a cairn

built on the edge of a dizzy sea cliff, upon some lofty point, or on some lonely islet.

The place of interment for common men, at the village of Sapuna—island of Santa Anna—is an oblong inclosure, twenty-four by eighteen feet, surrounded by a low wall of broken coral stone. The grave is dug to a depth of five or six feet. Long after the burial the skull is exhumed and placed inside a wooden figure some three feet long, made in the form of a shark, which is deposited in the taboo-house. But when a chief dies, his entire body is immediately inclosed in a shark of ample size, and conveyed to the taboo-house, without the humiliation of being consigned to mother earth.

Let us return for a moment, before we dismiss this subject, to the home of the Shortland chief, island of Alu. In its vicinity may be seen three small inclosures, two of them parallelograms, one of them circular, all fenced by a wood paling. On the ground within each are placed clay pipes, strings of trade beads, betel nuts, long since thoroughly dried, and palm-leaf dishes, used by the natives in serving food. A few months ago a woman and a little girl, members of Gorai's household, departed this life. Their bodies were burned between four posts, but their ashes were buried within one of the oblong inclosures. The persons had borne, so it was said, the sweet-sounding names of Evnu and Siali. Should one inquire why these articles —with portions of food—were placed on the graves,

his informant would answer by simply pointing toward the sky. On the spot where the body of the lamented Kaika was probably burned, there had been placed a wooden box containing a quantity of beads and calico. Thus in every respect had the proper honors been paid to the queen.

I think it is Doctor Guppy who says that the natives of Treasury Island and of the Shortlands believe in a good spirit who dwells in a pleasant land, whither, after death, go all men who have lived right lives, and that all evil men are conveyed to the crater of Bagana, on Bougainville Island, where the evil spirit reigns with his attendants. After all, how far removed are the most enlightened of us from some of these beliefs and customs? Not long after Kaika's death a great feast was made on Treasury Island, to appease the wrath of the "devilo," or evil spirit, to whom her taking off was attributed. Had we passed through the village just after the hour for the feast, we should have found all the viands untouched, and yet should have been assured that his majesty, the "devilo," had already partaken of the banquet. Notwithstanding, next day a rudely-carved taboo post was set up on the beach, to be used as a target, at which the villagers discharged their arrows and muskets to *intimidate* the prince of evil, should he not have been *propitiated* by the feast.

We have referred to the pretty names borne by the two women whose ashes rest in Gorai's small

cemetery. A native man could not be induced to utter those names, except in a very subdued tone. Indeed, the native men are very reluctant to pronounce the names of women, and whenever they do, it is in a low voice, as if it were not the proper thing to mention a woman's name in the presence of others. This hesitancy is especially noticeable when a man of the humbler class is asked the name of a chief's wife. On several occasions a gentleman sojourning temporarily in Bougainville Strait referred to a chief's wife by name. Each time the look of surprise warned him that he had—though most unwittingly—been guilty of a breach of etiquette.

CHAPTER XI.

IN BOUGAINVILLE STRAIT.

THE inhabitants of Bougainville Strait far excel those of the Southern Solomons in skillful agriculture. There are reasons for this fact. The three powerful chiefs of the strait wield a strong influence. They live and rule on terms of friendship. Consequently their people enjoy greater tranquillity than those of other islands, and have more time for careful husbandry. Besides, the fierce head hunters of the Rubiana Lagoon rarely if ever make raids in Bougainville Strait in quest of heads. There is greater strength, also, in the social unity of the people.

Treasury Island exhibits acres upon acres of taro and banana gardens. The depth of soil covering the wide level margin of the island contributes to this result. There are also extensive hill slopes on Treasury, finely cultivated. Fire and the ax are daily busy enlarging the present clearing. Equal advancement is exhibited on the Shortlands. On the island of Norgusaia one may traverse vast tracts of taro and banana plantations with groves of sago and betel-nut palms intervening. Occasionally a bread-fruit tree towers over all. In the

planting season the natives of the strait spend weeks on their distant plantations in the interior of the islands. Many of the people of Taro Island possess extensive gardens on the small islands adjacent, where they labor in companies, at the proper seasons.

In Bougainville Strait the yam is not so great a favorite as in the eastern south seas, the taro, banana and sweet-potato being the welcome vegetables. But we find here the valuable sago palm in great numbers. The tree furnishes the natives three important products, the vegetable-ivory nut, the sago, so much used in their diet, and the thatch for the roofs and sides of their houses. The sago palm of Fiji is a different variety, grows in low, swampy lands, and attains a height of only thirty or forty feet before maturity. But the sago of the Solomons is a regal product, running up to sixty and seventy feet. It craves the hill-sides, and usually shuns moist situations. Its handsome crown waves on the very summit of Treasury Island, one thousand feet above the sea. On Faro it has been found two hundred feet higher. This variety thrives also in the mountainous center of St. Christoval. The sago is the king of all the palm trees.

Here is a company of natives engaged in the preparation of sago. Let us watch the proceedings for a short time. One of the noble trees has just been felled to the ground, and the trunk split to

obtain the pith, which the men are now shredding. Notice the long, spathe-like base of the branches. Of this spathe a trough is extemporized, and the pith is laid therein. The trough is kept filled with water and elevated at one end, allowing the fluid to flow away at the other—through a kind of strainer made of the strong, fine membrane which binds the leaves of the cocoanut tree to the trunk —into a second trough of the same material. Thus the fiber of the pith is retained, while the sago passes out into the second trough. When this trough is about full of the material, the water is carefully drained off and the remaining moisture is expelled by heat.

The product then becomes a cylindrical mass from one and a half to two feet in length. It is now nicely wrapped in leaves of the sago tree, and is ready for use. Sago washing is usually conducted on the bank of some stream, for the water facilities it affords. Most unwisely, on account of the sanitary effects, the refuse is allowed to decay on the banks, contaminating the water for a long time, and tainting the atmosphere with the disagreeable acid odor.

In addition to yams, taro, cocoanuts, plantains, the sweet-potato, sugar-cane and bread-fruit—two varieties, one ripening in August, the other in November—the people of the strait grow a large pumpkin, two varieties of tomato, and a vegetable which forms a very good substitute for our cucum-

ber. The chief of the Shortlands cultivates, besides, in his vast plantations a species of lime, a variety of mango, and the pawpaw.

In the strait most of the labor on the plantations and gardens is performed by women. Toward evening they may often be seen returning in their canoes from remote "patches" along the shore, or from the small cultivated islands, bringing home a generous supply of taro, bananas, and other vegetables. Generally a man sits in the stern steering with a paddle, while the party of eight or ten women, seated in couples, propel the boat briskly with the light oars. The powerful chiefs of the strait possess a large number of wives, who find employment and subsistence in cultivating the estates of their lords. Their youth and beauty being treasures of the past, these women are no longer attractions of the household.

Gorai, the Shortland chief, objects to the settling of missionaries on his islands, on the ground that he would be required to dismiss nearly all his wives, thereby losing the labor by which his lands are tilled and his household is supplied with food. He has been heard to remark: "A great chief requires a large staff of workers to cultivate his extensive plantations and to bring home the produce." Each woman has a space of ground assigned her, which she farms, and from which she obtains subsistence.

The voyager in Bougainville Strait is often im-

pressed with the timidity of the women, as compared with those of St. Christoval and of other isles at the southern extremity of the archipelago. The young unmarried women are seldom seen by strangers. A writer relates that one day, while traversing the forest of Faro alone, he came suddenly upon a woman seated on a log beside the path, with a little boy three or four years of age on her lap. The woman instantly fled into the wood, leaving her charge lying directly in the path. Boy-like, the urchin broke into a howl that made the forest ring. But the immediate gift of a shining necklace soon subdued his cries. The stranger passed on, and presently had the pleasure of seeing the mother return to her child. No restraint appears to be placed upon the movements of women in the islands of Santa Anna, Santa Catalina, and St. Christoval.

The women of the strait are the mat makers and the pottery workers for their tribes. They manufacture the shapely cooking pots and the antique-looking water bottles which we see in engravings illustrating the islands of this archipelago. Suppose we repair to the residence of Mule, on Treasury Island, and observe how the cooking jars so much in vogue hereabouts are manufactured, a number of his wives being skilled in the art. A dozen lively women will welcome us, well pleased to display their talent. For the purpose, a quantity of dark red clay has been brought from the interior of the island. With their hands the women work

a small amount of the clay into a plastic lump. A flat, smooth pebble, three or four inches across the face, is then taken in the left hand, and the clay is fashioned upon it into a rude kind of saucer for the bottom of the pot, by a small wooden trowel held in the right hand.

While one woman is thus occupied, two of her companions are busy flattening strips of the clay an inch in width and varying in length as the vessel increases in size. One of these strips is now laid around the upper edge of the saucer, and the potter welds it in place with her little implement, the pebble being retained inside. Thus the vessel is deftly built up, strip by strip. To secure symmetry to the upper portions of the pot, a fillet of grass is tied around it for a guide. An even edge is given to the rim by a fiber of cocoanut husk drawn across it. This done, the neck and interior are finished off by the fingers, dipped frequently in water. While making, the vessel rests upon a flat cushion of palm leaves. Such a pot, of the ordinary size, is manufactured in about forty minutes. When finished it is placed in the shade for three or four days to stiffen, and afterwards is hardened by fire. The exterior is decorated with quaint designs in relief, but no glaze is used. The figures are made with the trowel, on one side of which the patterns are incised. It remains to be said that in finish and elegance of design the Treasury Island ware does not compare with the glazed pottery of Fiji.

The Fijian women employ the same implements—a flat trowel, a small flat round stone, and a ring-like cushion of palm leaves—but do not cut the clay into strips.

Throughout the Solomon Isles we have observed two very pernicious customs. These are tobacco smoking and betel-nut chewing. They are practiced by both sexes, and at all ages. Even infants seem to have an instatiable desire for smoking. It is Mr. Woodford who writes, in effect:—

In the villages the traveler will sometimes be followed by a knot of little urchins five or six years of age, who have slipped down from the backs of their mothers to ask him for tobacco. And I have seen a child in the arms of its mother take the pipe from her lips and puff away in evident enjoyment. Should there be a scarcity of tobacco in any village when the trader arrives with his supply, he may drive fine bargains with the article, and the curiosity seeker may purchase anything he likes with the weed. For a bit of tobacco the size of a penny he may secure articles which have cost the natives days of tedious labor. A few tobacco plants may often be seen growing in the waste ground of the villages. This is particularly true of the towns in Bougainville Strait. And always the home-grown article is preferred to the imported.

But we come to betel chewing, a species of intemperance scarcely less baneful than that of drinking intoxicating liquors. Several marked and dis-

agreeable effects result from the practice. A physician temporarily sojourning in the Solomons resolved to test upon himself the effects of betel chewing. He relates his experience somewhat as follows: I was once tempted to chew and to swallow a betel-nut in order to realize its full effect. Very shortly afterward my head began to feel heavy. I had an inclination to lie down, and my eye-sight became sensibly dimmed. In about twenty minutes all these effects passed away. On another occasion I tried the effect upon my circulation of merely chewing a single betel-nut. Five minutes afterward I found my pulse increased in force, and from sixty-two to ninety-two beats per minute in frequency. There was a sensation of fullness in the head and temples, but no perceptible effect on the vision. The pulse retained its frequency about ten minutes, but did not resume its normal rate until over a half hour from the beginning of the experiment. Subsequently, I tried the effect of chewing two betel-nuts. The first increased the pulse twenty beats per minute, producing restlessness and fullness of the head. The second nut simply sustained the rapidity of the pulse, but my sight was sensibly dimmed. No effect was produced on my power of locomotion. Upon retiring for the night soon after chewing them, I experienced, during the first hour, vivid dreams, with rapid change of the scenes and persons appearing in them.

At my request, several of the crew of the ship tried the effect of chewing a single nut. It affected them much as would a glass of spirit. The betel-nut, I find, possesses far greater stimulating effect than I had suspected. A single nut had much the same effect upon me as would a glass of sherry. I am convinced that the extent of the intoxicating quality of the nut is not generally known.

Lime and betel-pepper are everywhere accessories to betel chewing. "Betel-pepper imparts to betel-juice the 'bite' of a glass of spirit and water." The natives claim that the pepper sweetens the breath. The piper-betel—betel-pepper—of Bougainville Strait is grown on the plantations by being trailed around the trunks of trees and the stems of bananas. The nuts of several other trees growing in the Solomons furnish a very good substitute for the betel-nut, the effects of chewing them being very similar. One of these, the poamdu, is a special favorite with the women. The juice of the betel-nut dyes the saliva and the mouth a bright red. The same color may be produced by mixing lime with the nut in rain water.

For carrying the lime used in betel-nut chewing, the natives employ a tiny gourd, the stoppers of which are very ingeniously made of narrow bands of sago palm leaf. They are wound in the form of a disc, and are held firmly flat by fine strips of the strong tissue of the sinimi fern. Little implements similar to the Chinese chop-stick are

used to convey the lime to the mouth. Frequently, also, the fingers are employed for the purpose, and the betel-nut itself sometimes does that work. On St. Christoval and its neighboring islets the lime is carried in pretty bamboo boxes, with decorations incised upon the outside.

CHAPTER XII.

ST. CHRISTOVAL AND THE TABOO-HOUSES OF THE SOLOMON ARCHIPELAGO.

E have the northwest wind in our favor, and, the reader kindly accompanying us, we will pay a brief visit to St. Christoval, lying several hundred miles to the southeast, and the southernmost large island of the archipelago. Here we shall be interested in the taboo-houses, of which we have heard so much. St. Christoval was one of the discoveries of Gallego, the chief pilot of Mendana's fleet. Of course he took "formal possession of the country in the name of his majesty the king of Spain," without the consent of the original owners of the soil, and without presenting them an equivalent for their possessions; but in those days that was the Spanish way of doing things.

Gallego describes St. Christoval as one hundred and twenty miles long, twenty-one miles wide, three hundred miles in circuit, partly mountainous and well-peopled. He called the inhabitants Indians, and said, "They go naked and eat human flesh." The people of St. Christoval have changed but little since Gallego's day. The native name of

the island is Paubro; but the Spaniards called it after one of their numerous saints. The beautiful island is divided among many tribes, each having its own chief. For centuries grievous feuds have prevailed among them. A wide difference exists between the people of the coast and of the interior. As in Guadalcanar, the "bush tribes" build their homes on the crests of the hills and of the mountain ridges. This is done for greater ease in defending them. The village of Lawa, for instance, near the north coast, has an airy outlook fourteen hundred feet above the sea. Treachery and cunning are the indispensable weapons of warfare on St. Christoval, especially in the hands of the chiefs. No hamlet or tribe is sure of its existence for any length of time. The inmates of any home may at any time furnish material for a cannibal feast before night.

As in Bougainville Strait, there are chiefs who have acquired considerable supremacy, and their names have become synonyms for fear and dread. Taki, chief at the village of Wano in 1887, was one of this class. He gloried in the reputation of being both a friend to the white man and the most accomplished head hunter on St. Christoval. Wano, with a population of five hundred, has for some years been the seat of a Melanesian Mission station, supervised by Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand. In 1887, the resident teacher at Wano was a son of the chief, Taki, and was trained for the position at a school established—if we mistake not—by Bishop

Selwyn for normal training on Norfolk Island. The influence of the young man is said to have been not altogether in favor of Christianity. Taki, not a Christian, and, through his iniquities, an absolute hindrance to the mission, was yet very proud of his connection therewith. It must be added that he was always pleased to show civilities to white men.

Taki has been known to sail leisurely along the coast in his war canoe, patiently waiting in some covered spot until an unwary and hungry man from the hill-tops should come down to the reefs to fish. Then quickly he would become Taki's captive, and, dead or alive, would be borne in triumph to Wano, perhaps to become a slave, perhaps to furnish a head for the taboo-house.

The inhabitants of St. Christoval are shorter and less vigorous than are those of Bougainville Strait. Yet the people of Santa Catalina, off the southern coast of the island, are said to excel all other races of the archipelago in stature, lightness of color, and general fineness of physique. They never intermarry with the tribes around them, but appear to have a friendly alliance with a certain community on the coast of Malaita, the great island north of them.

In the taboo-houses—sacred buildings—of St. Christoval we find structures upon which has been lavished the mechanical skill of the natives. Women are forbidden to enter them. At the vil-

lage of Sapuna, island of Santa Anna, the sacred house overlooks the shore. Women are never permitted to cross the beach in front of it. In all the coast villages the chief purpose of these structures is to shelter the great war canoes. The oblong taboo-house at Sapuna, however, as we have mentioned in a previous chapter, serves as a mausoleum for the preservation of the skulls of ordinary men who have died, and of the entire bodies of deceased chiefs, while within a smaller edifice beside it repose the wooden sharks containing the skulls of departed women.

The inland sacred houses serve manifold purposes. For the Solomon islander generally, the front of the taboo-house in his native village is a common place of resort, particularly toward the close of day. There he hears and tells the news of his island world, discusses the last head-hunting raid, and cultivates his social tastes. It is to this building that all native strangers direct their steps upon entering any village. Here they state their errand, and receive whatever attention is proper. Even white men traversing the islands may avail themselves of this privilege, and never meet with a repulse. All men are free to seek shelter for the night in any of these buildings, being sure of hospitable treatment. It is an Englishman who tells us: "On one occasion, when passing a night in an inland town of St. Christoval, I slept in the taboo-house—the only white man among a dozen natives.

Bloodshed, I believe, rarely occurs in these buildings. For that reason they are viewed somewhat in the light of a sanctuary."

In all the coast villages of the eastern Solomons the sacred edifices are very similar in size and style. The fact that the structures must be long enough to admit the war canoes accounts for this harmony in their relative proportions. The taboo-house at Wano—north coast of St. Christoval—will serve as a type for all. In length it is about sixty feet, in breadth about twenty-five. The very sloping gable roof is supported by five lines of posts, four in each, the central pillars being some fifteen feet in height, while the outer side supports are perhaps four feet high. The three central rows bear the chief burden of upholding the roof.

The central columns, particularly, are grotesquely carved, and not by the hand of an amateur. The lower part represents the body of a shark, head upward and mouth open; the upper part is a rude imitation of the human body. In one instance, however, a man is seated on the nose of a shark, with his legs dangling in the creature's mouth. The artist placed a hat on the man's head, and presumed to let the crown help to support the ridge-pole. In another instance, the poor mortal is turned head downward, with his *feet* braced against the ridge-pole, while his head and breast rest submissively in the mouth of the shark.

Mutation is written on everything vegetable in

these islands, as elsewhere, and it sometimes happens that a taboo-house passes out of existence. But long after it has disappeared, these grim carvings abide in their places, forming a grotesque adornment to the village landscape. Taboo-houses generally, in this part of the Solomons, are open at both ends, with a staging at the front, elevated some four feet from the ground. The "village lounge" would not be an inappropriate term for this platform.

The little island of Santa Catalina—Orika—as the natives call it, contains one of the most remarkable sacred buildings in the Solomon group. Its dimensions are the same as those already given, but at each end large posts are so driven into the ground as to form a circle several feet in diameter. Into this circular space a variety of food is thrown daily, to satiate the hunger of the "devil-god" who presides over the place. On the ridge-pole, and on most of the supports of the roof, are painted—instead of carved—extravagant representations in outline, of sharks, war canoes, fishing parties, natives in full fighting costume, and the "devil-god" himself, with a body long, lank, and ending in a tail. The central row of columns is much defaced by chipping, which was done in token of mourning for a chief of Santa Catalina, who was recently removed by death. But the most remarkable feature of the building is that several of the posts are carved into the figures of women. Probably no other taboo-

house of the archipelago furnishes a similar innovation.

The principal sacred house in the village of Ete-Ete, island of Ugi, is also distinguished for its decorations. Sharks, with mouth agape, and human figures holding up the ridge-pole, are abundant. Here red and black bands, straight, wavy, and chevron-shaped, ornament the front of the building. The shark seems to inspire dread in the heart of every native of the Solomon isles. Perhaps this fact has led to its extensive deification in the group. Before undertaking a long canoe journey, offerings of food are always placed on the rocks, to propitiate these fish. There have been instances when a man whom the creature has attempted to capture has happily made his escape. But, in these cases, so great has been the fear of displeasing this divinity of the sea, that the man's friends have immediately thrown him back into the waters, to be devoured.

The islet of Santa Catalina was described by the Spaniards over three hundred years ago as "a place of many palms, many coral reefs, and well peopled." The appearance of the island has not changed since that day. It is a tiny bit of land, only six miles in circumference. Upon their arrival the Spaniards discharged their fire-arms, at the sound of which the natives fled from their village. The strangers then landed, and visited the settlement, where they

"found some hogs and a quantity of almonds and plantains."

Santa Anna is a little pearl, lying at the south-eastern extremity of the Solomons. It is two and a half miles long, and contains two villages, separated by the breadth of the island. The occupants of the villages intermarry freely, notwithstanding they are often at war with each other. Santa Anna lies in the pathway of the heaviest rainfall, and, during the prevalence of the trade winds, has an average of fifteen rainy days per month. One of the attractions of Santa Anna is a fresh-water lake, called Wailava. Crocodiles have pre-empted its banks, and promptly resent any invasion of their rights by man. The natives believe that any man who attempts to fish in the lake does so at his peril. It follows that the savage creatures are not regarded with much complacency by the would-be fishers.

In 1882 Mr. Sproul, an American, who was visiting the island, shot one of the monsters. Thereupon, great was the rejoicing among the people. A present of five yams was sent Mr. Sproul, in acknowledgment of his prowess. Some years previously an aged native had an encounter with a crocodile at Wailava, and narrowly escaped with his life, having one leg broken in the struggle. He was confident that Mr. Sproul had killed that identical reptile, and was greatly delighted over the

event. The American skinned his captive, and presented the body to the villagers for a feast. Bones and all were eaten by them with great relish and satisfaction.

The small island of Ugi, six miles from Santa Anna, and eighteen miles in circumference, completes the number of tiny attendants upon St. Christoval. It is a pleasure to write that on Ugi cannibalism, once very prevalent, is reported to be dying out. Yet there remain many harmful superstitions, which only the gospel of Christ can uproot. And this remark is true of every island of the Solomon group. There is not a field in all the south seas in greater need of its cleansing and elevating work.

The Ugians believe that the souls of the departed pass into the flashing fire-flies which flit in and out among the trees at evening. And should one of these insects enter a dwelling, which is never lighted at night, the inmates would instantly pass out. Ill-wishing also is a prevalent and harrowing superstition of the Ugians. Most of them live in constant fear of illness, and of dreaded calamities, with which they may be visited, simply because some enemy has wished that it might be so. Those who practice incantations among them are a sinister set, and are by no means scrupulous as to the means they employ to excite terror in the person they have resolved to annoy.

Yam planting and yam harvest in Ugi are regu-

lated by the appearance of that beautiful star cluster, the Pleiades, in the constellation Taurus. Indeed, the Pleiades exert great influence throughout the group. On Treasury Island their return at the end of October is always hailed by a joyous feast. The Pleiades and Orion are the only star groups to which names have been given by the people of the Solomon Isles. Would that the flashing galaxies of the skies might lead the minds of these islanders from the beauties and glories of nature to the deeper, better, greater beauty and glory to be found in nature's God and the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ.

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