

five tribes, including 297 villages. These are scattered about a great extent of wild and difficult country, almost entirely devoid of civilisation, and extremely hard to travel over. Forty-three missionaries, assisted by thirty-four nuns and a few catechists, carry on the work of the mission in the twelve principal stations, and the twenty-three secondary stations, which are provided with twenty-nine churches, thirty-four schools, and seven orphanages.

The visible results of the mission are modest enough, since we have only 6010 living baptised converts. It might be said that the work of God advances slowly. It does; but it advances steadily, and—more important still—prudently.

It is the number of Christians, not the number of Baptisms, that really matters. Christians are what we want; people who will be a permanent source of Christianity, and who will establish the Church in New Guinea. If, in order to be a Catholic, it were enough for the native to possess a summary sort of faith, a kind of morality very liberal as to conjugal laws, to keep Sunday after a fashion, to have a shirt on his back and a Bible under his arm, we might have three times our actual number of converts to-morrow. But the Catholic Church asks from the black, as well as from the white, a strong, clear, living faith, a morality that keeps body and soul alike controlled, a Christian conscience. She demands the practice of virtue, the frequenting of the Sacraments, confession made with faith, contrition, and honesty. For black as for white, the Christian life is, in its essence, a matter of energy and will.

Now, it is just in this quality of will that the inferiority of the New Guinea native is most clearly shown.

Though physically superior to many colored races, though less savage, and perhaps less dangerous, than he is supposed to be, the Papuan stands very low on the ladder of humanity, by reason of his want of virility and character. He remains a child, a lazy and indifferent child, all his life. That will serve to explain, perhaps, the unavoidable slowness of mission work, the prudence and patience that are necessary in order to escape the ever-present danger of too hasty and too numerous Baptisms. The natives have to commence with a long period of trial as catechumens. A good number pass through satisfactorily. Many, especially among the old and the middle-aged, fail to do so. These we weed out; but we get them nearly all back again in the hour of death, when, very often and very clearly, we see the grace of God at work upon these poor creatures, helping them and holding them.

Among the younger our work is much more gratifying, its fruits more visible. We have now, in many places, groups of neophytes who are truly Christian in heart and life. As to the great mass of others—just like their white brothers—their life does not always carry out the faith that they hold. Baptism has given faith to our natives; it has ennobled their souls and improved their moral condition; but it has not, all at once, destroyed the savagery of their nature, or wiped out the revolts of pagan atavism. Many have a tepid kind of faith, like numbers of their civilised brothers, but apostasy is an evil that we hardly know. And if their morals are weak, and their falls frequent, they know at least how to rise when fallen, and the sincerity of their confessions is a splendid proof of the divine benediction that rests upon our work.

But it is over the schools above all that the missionary can feel his heart swell with pride. It is there that he does his hardest work, and from thence that his brightest hopes arise. All the stations, principal and secondary, have their schools, and the results obtained are good, although somewhat lessened and hampered by the bad influences of the village and heathen family life.

Everywhere possible, the missionaries keep a parish school in their own place of residence, where they bring up, at their own expense, and under their sole control, any young children whom they can save from their heathen surroundings. There is no trouble, no sacrifice that the Fathers do not willingly take upon them-

selves in the interests of these parish schools, for the results have shown that they are the best possible nurseries of future Christians, and possibly of catechists. Divine grace acts freely here, and works wonders. Taking only the most important of these schools, two of them, at Yule Island, shelter ninety-one children, mostly of pure native race. All the teaching is given in English, by Australian Sisters, and native languages as well as 'pigeon-English' are strictly forbidden. Thanks to this rule, the little Papuans soon speak English fluently and correctly. This was one of the surprises that awaited the Federal Government party of travelling members on the occasion of their visit to our schools in 1911.

When the course of primary instruction is completed, the scholars are sent to the coadjutor-Brothers, to learn whatever trade they wish, and when they know it, they are free to go and practise it in the white settlements of the territory, or else, if they wish, in the mission itself. In the latter case, they are employed at their own free will, and paid as ordinary workmen.

Again, it is the Christian foundation that makes these schools so valuable. If you could watch these little souls day by day, as it is the privilege of their priests to do, if you could read their secrets and see what fineness, what grace, what moral courage are poured into them by a sound Christian education, by constant use of the Sacraments, by the daily visit of our Lord, you might indeed understand our indomitable faith in New Guinea's future Christianity, and also the grand, deep joy that binds for ever the missionary to this country. This confidence and these joys are the supreme comfort of his life; they are also a splendid anticipation of the final recompense for the hardship of his lot.

* A. DE BOISMENU,

Vic. Apost. of British New Guinea.

Yule Island, February 11, 1913.

(To be continued.)

BELIEVE

Believe! Have faith enough to trust
A God of Love;
But wait! Impatience cannot sway
The King above;
He, Who has heard the anguish'd cries
Of His Own Son to heav'n rise,
Shall yet hear ours!

Not once—nor twice—a thousand times
Perchance we pray'd;
And yet an unrelenting God
Our boon delay'd;
He, Who had plenty turn'd away—
He left us hurt, in doubt, dismay—
Uncomforted.

Repulsed! Ah, no; for now we see
God's wondrous way;
But heard! For God does hear each one
That comes to pray.
Thro' the grey mist the light will gleam,
And help will come just when 'twould seem
That all were lost!

Believe! Have faith enough to know
God will reply.
Believe! The God Who gave His Son
Naught can deny;
But knock and ask; then knock again—
Turn not with doubting heart of pain—
But knock, and ask!

ANGELA HASTINGS.

Dunedin.

Few people know that an onion cut up into four parts, and put in a sick room where there is any infectious disease, takes in all the infection.

H. LOUIS GALLIEN

(Late W. KINDER), CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST.
"NORTHERN PHARMACY,"
Phone 1028. NORTH-EAST VALLEY, DUNEDIN.