

see them all again soon, when some may be induced to join us.

It would be the work of days to tell you all our adventures: how at Malanta I picked two lads out of a party of thirty-six in a grand war canoe going on a fighting expedition—and very good fellows they are; how we filled up our water-casks at Aurora, standing up to our necks in the clear cool stream rushing down from a cataract above, with the natives assisting us in the most friendly manner:—how at Santa Maria, which till this year we never visited without being shot at. I walked for four or five hours far inland wherever I pleased, meeting great crowds of men all armed and suspicious of each other—indeed actually fighting with each other—but all friendly to me:—how at Spirito Santo, when I had just thrown off my coat and tightened my belt to swim ashore through something of a surf, a canoe was launched, and without more ado a nice lad got into our boat and came away with us, without giving me the trouble of taking a swim at all:—how at Florida Island, never before reached by us, one out of some eighty men, young and old, standing all round me on the reef, to my astonishment returned with me to the boat, and without any opposition from the people quietly seated himself by my side, and came away to the schooner:—how at Pentecost Island, Tarionda, a lad (whom the Primate in old days had picked up in his canoe paddling against a strong head wind, and kept him on board all night and sent him home with presents in the morning) now came away with me, but not without his bow and poisoned arrows, of which I have taken safe possession:—how Misial felt sea-sick and home-sick for a day or two, but, upon being specially patronized by the cook, soon declared that no place could compare with the galley of a Mission vessel, to the truth of which declaration the necessity of enlarging his scanty garments soon bore satisfactory testimony; how at Ysabel the young chief came on board with a white cockatoo instead of a hawk on his wrist, which he presented to me with all the grace in the world, and with an inquiry after his good friend, Captain Hume of H. M. S. Cordelia, who had kindly taken me to this island in the winter of 1861. I think I could manage to entertain a party of young children, and possibly some of their parents too, for a few hours with the history of our last voyage, more full than usual of interesting scenes and incidents; but you will more care to know—what is to be the end of all this? Is it our business to sail among Melanesian Islands, land as often as we can, bring away as many scholars as are disposed to come away with us—and nothing more?

These are the very questions I want to have an opportunity of answering; and the best answer perhaps is given by telling you the history of our connection with the island of Mota in the Banks' cluster of islands. There

we have already begun to carry out the system which will I trust before long be at work on many islands, and of which these introductory visits to the islands are the first stage.

Five years ago we thought it better not to land there; we remained sitting in the boat, and exchanged presents only with men swimming about us.

The next year two lads came away with us, just as many have this year for the first time joined us from *their* islands. When we went back again, after spending the summer in New Zealand, I slept ashore, and queer stories they tell us now of what they thought of that wonderful stranger, the opinion at length prevailing that I was one Poriris, who had died at Mota, but who had now returned in another form to his own land. It was evident, they said, that it must be so, for this unknown person went to the house which Poriris had occupied, and slept there, and it was consequently no less clear that every man when he died went to New Zealand, the country from which Poriris had returned, and there passed through certain changes till he reappeared in his own land. They have other ideas, thank God, on these matters now.

When we were making up our part in that year for New Zealand, many Mota scholars came with us. Then it was that we reduced the language to writing, printed elementary books, &c. The next winter I passed with Mr. Dudley in the island. No man as yet stirred about without his bows and arrows; no man from one village, except under certain circumstances, felt sure of being able to trust himself in any other. A strange religious ceremony, in which some hundreds of people were more or less concerned, went on for two months in the very village in which our little hut was placed. We could not obtain any boys from any other village of the island to come and live with us; we had only a kind of desultory school daily at the village where we lived, and we went daily to different parts of the island gathering small parties of people to what by courtesy was called school. After three or four months we went back to New Zealand, and our next winter upon the island, which I spent there with Mr. Pritt and Mr. Kerr, was very different. The manner of the people was everywhere most friendly; and lads were given up to us from many villages of the island, while some others from the other islands of the Banks Group, and some of our scholars from the Solomon Islands were also living with us. And now when we returned again to New Zealand, our summer school began to assume a different appearance; many lads indeed were there brought for the first time from their homes, but there was also a goodly band of old scholars, able to read and write, and willing to make themselves useful in many ways, besides the best way of all, viz:—setting a good example to the new-comers. The last winter