

women, and children were assembled on the shore to receive us. I followed the chief to his house in the centre of the village, but there was nothing attractive about it. It was a long low building, thatched with grass, and kept in good order. There were some tattooed ladies about the house, whom I took to be the chief's wives. The only articles in the house were mats, bundles of native property, a large quantity of native pottery, and some sandalwood. I purchased some pieces of pottery, and paid for them in calico.—The chief then led me to a small building which he was desirous that I should see. It contained a large number of pigs' jaw-bones with the tusks still in them, which were of immense size, and must have been the growth of years. My interpreter told me that these jaw-bones represented the number of pigs the chief had eaten, and that it was imperative on him to eat a certain number before he attained his present rank.—The greatness of a chief may therefore be inferred from the number of bones he can show.

After seeing all that was to be seen, the chief conducted me to the place where he drinks his kava and receives visitors. It was under the shade of a large tree, where there is a place enclosed with a stone wall two feet high, and rudely paved inside.—There were two rows of conical-shaped stone pillars within the enclosure, the use of which I did not learn. I met here a great chief from the interior of the island, and exchanged a few words with him. A large number of men, women, and children sat on the ground outside. I now asked the chief to order silence, as I wished to state the special object of my visit to them. I told them that we were missionaries, and not traders; that our object was to turn sinners from darkness to light, and teach them about Christ, who saves all who believe on Him; and asked them if they wished to be taught these things. I did not pause long for an answer, for "Talelei" was uttered all round, which I understood to mean, "It is good." Some of them indeed wished to settle the matter on the spot, and asked me to remain and teach them at once. I pointed to two Aneiteunese, and told them that I was teaching a people like themselves; but I would write their wishes, and perhaps another missionary would come and live among them. I closed our interesting meeting with prayer.

The chief and people, before we parted, said that they wished to speak to me about one thing. My countrymen had stolen many of their friends, and they wished to know if anything could be done to recover them. I said that I would write down their complaint, and expressed a hope that the chiefs of my country would put a stop

to the wicked practice of man-stealing.—One man stepped forward, and showed me the mark of a bullet-wound which he had received from a white man who fired on him, the bullet having struck his breast and passed through one of his arms.

I now bade farewell to the chief and people of this place, much pleased with my visit to them, but sad in heart to think that so many who are ready to listen to the message of salvation must still live in heathen darkness.

October 19th.—Called at a place named Pusse to-day. We wished to land three natives here who had been on board of the *Dayspring* for more than a year. They were taken away by traders, and Captain Fraser picked them up at sea in a boat, which they had stolen in order to make their way home. Their names are So-so, Lu lu, and Bu-su. Their district was some miles distant, but they expressed a wish to be landed at this place, as they had friends ashore. A boat was lowered, and we went on shore with them. There were only four or five natives to be seen, who fled to the bush when we neared the land. One of the natives in the boat stood up and called out that we were not *white men*, but missionaries, and not to be afraid of us. When those on shore recognized their friends in the boat, they took courage and came near to us. As we did not deem it prudent to take the boat close in, I landed in a small canoe which came off for the natives whom we were going to land. Some people approached me, to whom I gave small presents. A man, at my request, went after the chief, who was in a house close by, but he would not make his appearance. The men whom I brought on shore told me that a slaver had stolen many of the natives, and this was the reason why they were so shy. Nothing could be done, and my native friends seemed desirous that I should leave, so I returned to the boat, hoping to find matters more favourable at some future time.

October 20th.—We dropped anchor this morning in Puloa Bay, at the south-west end of the island. This is a fine bay, and safe from all winds except the west, which seldom blows here. There are some streams of excellent water which run into it, and vessels can water with little trouble. I visited this place eight years ago in the *John Williams*.

On our arrival we saw very few natives on the shore, and no canoe came off to us. It was soon evident that we must take the initial step in opening up intercourse. A boat was lowered, and we pulled towards the shore. The few natives whom we saw soon disappeared in the bush, and one man only was bold enough to stand his ground and find out who we were. A native of