

prize. We found a fine large Church, Mission house and school rooms at this place—all vacant for want of a missionary. Mr W. W. Gill occupied these premises till a week ago, when he had to remove to the other side of the island to occupy Mr George Gill's Mission premises, who is going to Karotonga to take Mr Buzacott's charge, who, after a long and valuable service in the Mission field, has to remove to Sydney on account of ill health. One of the principal men of this district urged me very much to remain and occupy the vacant Mission premises, and seizing me by the arm, when he found the power of his eloquence insufficient to constrain me to remain, he seemed determined not to let me go; and turning towards Mrs Gordon he besought her by all the terrors of the cannibals of the New Hebrides, to use her influence with me, that I might be turned from my purpose in going thither. But when she said she was willing to share my fate, whatever that might be, in seeking to preach Christ to those wicked heathen, he seemed much disappointed and said, "We have many heathen here yet though we have the Bible." As this island is not mountainous it is easily traversed, especially where roads have been formed and the little rivers bridged by the natives, who reflect much honour on themselves by some of their public works. This island presents some strange phenomena to the traveller, especially those of its beautiful vallies, and inner wall of defence against inundations. This wall, which completely surrounds the island, is about 100 feet high and 300 yards broad, and some parts of its inner and outer side are as perpendicular as the wall of a house. There are caverns in it, in which a man may travel a quarter of a mile by holding a light in his hand. I had not the means with me for examining it chemically; but had evidence to believe that it contains much carbonate of lime and iron, on which the oxygen of the atmosphere acts powerfully. It has a deep chasm, into which, in the days of heathenism, the victorious party in war threw their captives mercilessly. We passed through some fine fields of taro in some of the valleys, which are preserved from inundation by this wall. A field of taro has the appearance of a flourishing field of turnips; and new crops are produced by cutting off the top and placing it in the ground again. The lower end of it, consequently, is flat

like the bottom of a cup. It is very farinaceous, and is one of the best roots which God has ever given to man. The pine apple grows similarly. The breadfruit is about 8 inches in diameter, and when it is cut through the middle two nice white cakes appear kneaded in pans—all ready for the oven. It is not as good as bread, but is not a bad substitute for it. The cocoa-nut constitutes a rich portion of the excellent provision which the beneficent Creator has made for man, when he fitted up this world as a tent for him to dwell in. The new cocoa nuts are to be obtained at all seasons, and but few of them contain less than a pint each of refreshing water, which is much superior to the best lemonade. They call the old groves of cocoa-nuts heathen, and the new groves christian, trees. The natives very kindly treated us with cocoa-nut water as we passed through their settlements. I told some of them that our blessed religion was like a cocoa-nut, the hard heart must be broken by the hammer of the word before we can taste the refreshing water or eat the white food;—repentance is the rough part of it, for which the foolish and unbelieving reject it. I showed them how a young man, ignorant of cocoa-nuts, whom I knew in America, despised them when he saw them carried about the streets, till one day he saw one broken and tasted it—after which he no longer despised the cocoa-nut. Mr Gill says they are much interested by such simple illustrations of the truth. On Sabbath morning the ringing of the bell at 5 o'clock announced the hour for the prayer-meeting, at 9 for the Sabbath School, and at 11 for the public services of the sanctuary. The prayer-meeting was large and interesting; and there were about 500 children present at the Sabbath School, who sang the praises of the Lamb of God sweetly and melodiously, and each class left the School following its respective teacher in fine order. Mr George Gill preached his farewell sermon to a congregation of about 2000 from the words, "Finally brethren farewell," &c., at the announcement of which tears stole silently down some of their cheeks. I preached to them in the evening—Mr Gill interpreting—from this text, "The Lord's fire is in Zion, and his furnace in Jerusalem." Isaia told them about the wonders he saw in Britain and added seriously, "All this is true."

*(To be continued.)*