

filled with heavy baggage and despatched so that the heavy goods would be at Elizabeth Bay when we arrived, and all the people had to be separately told what each one had to do. Just about the time we should have started one native and another found that there was something wanted, so that it was nearly two hours after this before we got fairly away. The road is fair and as Mr. Robertson has two good horses, Dollie and Tibbie, we did not find the journey so long. Mrs. Robertson rode Dollie all the way and Mr. Robertson rode Tibbie half-way and then I rode her the other half. Annie Robertson was afraid to venture on horseback and walked the whole way. It was a delightful day with a nice cool breeze, such a one as makes walking pleasant.

Last time we set out we took to the hills on the right of the river but on this occasion we followed the bank of the river for one hundred yards and then struck away up the hill to the left. Getting away on land means a very steep climb, but once on top the hills the path is fairly level. The land on the top is good pasture land with little or no timber on it for miles. Here and there, as you pass along you see a cocoa-nut palm or a sandal-wood sapling or a fern tree, but it has been stripped long ago of all other trees. Once up on the top and you have a strong cool breeze blowing about you, making you crush your hat firmly on to your head. As we went along, on either side the hill the sides sloped away down, and at the other side of the valley at some distance we could see ravines with a few trees running up the side of the hill. The land about here would do well for a sheep or a cattle station, but just now it is waste land altogether.

About half way some men came out from a grove of cocoanut palms. Johnny, a Tannese boy, who was with me at the time, informed me they were not christians and had no desire just now for a teacher. They looked very dirty, unkempt and untidy, not anything like the mission natives of our establishment. With no attempt at clothing, there they stood in the middle of the road to look upon us as we went by. After passing this village we came upon no other village until Elizabeth Bay. The distance by land between the station and Fui is ten miles and I venture to say there is hardly twenty people on this distance.

It was just getting dark as the last man of our company appeared at the resting place. Here Mr. Robertson has built a cottage where in the heat of summer the missionary and his wife can come and spend a week or two. It is a very nice place for a sanatorium and you can still have your work here. Mrs. Robertson and the children along with the

women that were her servants slept in the cottage, while Mr. Robertson and myself, along with the men who were to look after our comfort on this journey, slept in the grass house that Mr. Robertson used to stop in before he built the present cottage. The cottage stands on the top of a knoll not very large in extent, while just down at its feet is the sea, and at the back of it we have steep hills. The soil is very good for coffee and oranges and lemons. Sandal wood, guavas, and cotton, grows in abundance.

When everything was put down in its place Mr. Robertson soon reduced all to order and in a short time a "billy" of water was merrily boiling on the fire and it was not long before we had tea. As we were all very weary we soon had worship and retired to our beds glad to have a nice roof over our heads.

The people about here are few but they are as clean and healthy looking as the people of Dillon's Bay are. The chief is a very nice old man and the teacher is one of the best on the island and besides is a chief of the first rank. One of our men knows a little English and desiring to learn more volunteers to show me the wonders of the place which consists of a cave and a ragged shore. The shore is a lot of rocks and it is not a nice place at all for a large boat. We stopped about the sea shore all the morning enjoying the fine breeze coming in from the sea. The tide was low and I was able, by stepping from one boulder on to another to get some distance out. When I came up I found Mr. Robertson getting dinner ready for us. The chief here appeared on the scene and arranged that plenty of food should be got for all the people in our company.

Early on Sunday morning, after their devotions there was a great chattering amongst the natives about our door. I did not know what was the matter, but Mr. Robertson told me there was some accident to the boat and that they were holding back from coming with the news. They were telling each other to go and break the news to the missionary. One man told another to do it, and that man said no he was not going to do it, one of the teachers should do it. The teacher said no but that the man who was acting as attendant should do it. Each man tried to shift to some one else the unpleasant duty of telling the missionary, and as each man commenced to get excited and to shout, the missionary soon got the news. It appeared that the boat's crew after taking ordinary precautions went away to the cooking of pigs, and instead of taking the special care necessary in such a place went to sleep hoping no accident would happen. Unfor-