

Rev. Mr. Copeland boarded us near the mouth of the harbour, of course we were heartily welcomed to these lands.

When we landed the people pressed round us to shake hands, and give us their "*ek ihek vai yek*." The old and young, male and female, seemed to greet us no less heartily than the missionaries.

On Wednesday which is their prayer meeting day, we attended church with them. There were upwards of three hundred present. I addressed them briefly, through Mr. Copeland. At the close of the meeting we had to take our position so that the natives in retiring might give us a shake of the hand. The scene reminded me of many such witnessed in my native land, not however in "greeting," but, "farewell."

After leaving the church we were conducted to a place close by, where we were to receive the "people's love." There we saw three heaps of taro, yams and bananas, besides live fowls and a pig. Lathella, the chief, told us, on behalf of his people, that these heaps were intended as presents for us. Gold and silver, he said, they had not; but such as their land afforded they rejoiced to offer as a manifestation of their appreciation of the efforts made to bless themselves and their neighbouring islanders with the knowledge of the Gospel. One heap, including the pig, was for the *Dayspring*, one for the newly arrived missionaries, and one for Mr. Copeland. Each heap contained about ten bushels. Behold what the Gospel does! Had we landed here twenty years ago, instead of assembling with us to worship Jehovah, and give us a cordial and Christian welcome to their shores, they would have assembled to rejoice over us in a cannibal feast.

Some of your readers will be now impatient to know what are all these things—taro, yams, bananas. For the information of such let me add:—the taro has a large solid, tuberous root, of an oblong shape, from twelve to eighteen inches long, and from four to six in diameter. "The plant has no stalk. The broad and heart-shaped leaf rises from the upper end of the root, and the flower is contained in a sheath or spathe." It is "exceedingly acrid and pun-

gent in the raw state," so much so as to cause the greatest pain if applied to the tongue or palate. It is always baked or roasted before it is used. It is rather solid in texture, and of a mottled green or grey colour; and, when baked, is very palatable, farinaceous, and nutritive, resembling and even surpassing the best Irish potato. It keeps only for a week or two after it is dug.

The yam varies from one to three feet in length, and from two to six inches in diameter. A heap of yams, as they are dug, looks like a heap of roots of trees. It is fibrous, and coarser in texture than taro, but is "remarkably farinaceous and sweet." It is of various shades of whitish colour. Its top is a very slender creeper, which is supported by reeds arranged for the purpose. Seeing these huge masses on the table, you are apt to think they are more suitable for feeding horses than for human diet. But having tested their quality, your mistake is rectified. Coming from a land in which the potato enters so largely into the dietary scale, you are apt to think you will miss it seriously; but with these vegetables at hand, you will regret its absence but little.

The Banana now claims attention. Come with me to the plantation. See yon plant about eight or ten feet high, with a thick stem. Mark the striking luxuriance of its verdure. Its leaf springs from the stem, near the top, is five or six feet long, and from eighteen to twenty-seven inches wide. See how the older leaves tear into ribbons, from the edge to the centre rib. You see among the leaves a large bunch of green fruit—perhaps half a bushel. Each is some eight inches long by one and a half thick, shaped somewhat like a cucumber. The bunch may contain from one hundred to two hundred of these. I counted one to-day containing one hundred and fifty. When ripe, this green is exchanged for rich cream colour. It is not juicy. It is rich, and mellow beyond any fruit raised at home. This is the banana. It can be eaten cooked or uncooked. The breadfruit tree is, in bark, like our beech, and in leaf, somewhat like the oak, but much larger. The fruit grows on the top of the limbs. It is some four inches in diameter by five thick; is of cream