

It was a lovely June morning, calm and radiant on sea and shore.

Soon we met a canoe from the village, whose occupants, learning in answer to their enquiries, that the new missionaries had arrived, begged that we would delay an hour while they should return to the village with the news and make ready to receive us. So we pulled in to a lovely bit of beach on an island, and sat down to wait awhile, at our feet the blue waters, and opposite us, behind the mainland shore, the rugged line of mountains that was to grow so familiar through the years to come. Reaching the village, we found old and young on the beach to welcome us, all in their best attire and with a hearty, joyous greeting. We had at once the entrance to every house and access to every individual. A day school taught by the missionary, assisted by Chief Doudoward and his wife, who both understood English somewhat, was attended by both children and adults. Mr. Tate, who had been supplying, now went away. Our work began