

would know the *Dayspring* from her white colour, emblematical, I think, of her holy work.

The island of Tongoa is about eight miles in circumference, and of moderate height. As the trade winds blow constantly over it, and as there are no swamps to cause malaria, the atmosphere must be healthy. The natives speak the same language as the Fatians, and may be a colony from that island. Tongoa would form an admirable station for two missionaries, who, with a boat, could operate on the small islands to windward of it, and also on the large island of Apee, which is separated from it by a strait of water four miles wide. It ought to be occupied without delay by Eastern Polynesian teachers, who would probably find a salubrious climate, and a language which bears a strong affinity to their own. I wished to call at Buninga, Tongariki, and Valea, but the natives told me that Tongoa was the dominant island of this little group, and the word of the people on it is law for the people at large.

### THREE HILLS AND MAKURU.

October 27th.—We were near the lovely island of Mai, or Three Hills, this morning, and I had a great desire to go on shore. The people were friendly until a recent period. So many natives have been carried off by the slavers that the people are now exasperated against white men. A captain whom I met at Faté warned me against landing here. I knew, however, that the excellent Bishops Selwyn and Pattison had often been on this island, and that some natives had been at the mission school in New Zealand, and I felt assured that if we were known, all would be right. A boat was lowered and we pulled cautiously towards the shore. We saw a number of natives, some of whom made hostile demonstrations, and we were in some danger from the arrows of one man. As nothing could be done where we first attempted to land, we sailed along the coast for some miles, and tried another place. Some four or five natives, after exhibitions of mutual distrust, met us on the reef. Their language differs widely from that of Faté, and it was difficult to communicate with them. I made them some presents to conciliate their favour. As the vessel was now near us, I invited them on board, but the proposal was no sooner made than they left us for the shore.

The people of Three Hills evidently mistook our character, and this will account for our repulse. In the afternoon we called at a small island named Makuru, about six or eight miles distant from Three Hills. This island is one high hill, with the exception of a sandy point at the lee end of it. We observed a number of natives on this point, and pulled in near the shore. The boat could not land, on account of the heavy surf, had we been inclined to take her in. A native swam off to us who had seen me at Aneiteum, and recognized me. He spoke a little English, so I was able to converse with him. As the natives on shore looked friendly, I told him that I would land with him. I took off my coat, jumped overboard and swam ashore. The natives crowded around me, and I gave them all fish hooks, and added some pieces of red cloth, for the men of most importance among them. Our intercourse was brief but pleasant, and I left promising the people a longer visit next year. My native friend accompanied me to the boat and saw me safely in it. He had scarcely left us when we saw a man running along the beach towards us with a musket, evidently intending to fire on us. The friendly native rushed forward, seized the gun, and turned it away from us, and nobly stood between us and danger. He was the strongest of the two, and we had little to fear; the crowd took no part in the struggle. I wished to learn, if possible, the cause of this strange adventure, but the native crew were in great alarm, and pleaded to pull the boat beyond the reach of danger. I was sorry that our pleasant visit had so unfavourable a close.