

we put stoops to our houses, and tried to prepare for it. The wind kept going round and round, and steadily increasing, till it fixed in the north and blew fearfully, as if commissioned to destroy everything that grew on the earth. It tore up the trees, smashed bread-fruit, cheenut, and cocoa-nut trees, and strewed the ground with their half-ripe fruits. It tore the yams and reeds from the ground, threw down the bananas, and laid the houses and fences of the natives in one common ruin. We trembled for the safety of our houses; but, being well protected by a large banyan tree, and by cocoa-nut trees, they stood it well. By God's kind protection they sustained little or no injury, though everything around us was destroyed. The sea rose to a great height, sweeping away trees, and rocks, and earth, with every wave. It foamed, and seemed as if it would spring from its basin in the bay, and swallow up everything around. The rain was like hail, and almost cut my face and hands. These storms have left our poor Tannese with nothing but apparent starvation; but I trust God, who feeds the ravens, will not allow them to starve.

A few nights after, we had a dreadful thunder-storm, which killed a man, a woman, and a pig, and cut a great hole about six steps in front of our house, removing about twenty cart loads of earth to a distance of nearly 200 feet.

On the 12th and 13th of March, again I got my mission ground and premises nicely fenced in, for which I felt thankful; but,

On the 14th the sea rose much higher than I had seen it in the bay. We had almost no wind, and yet it continued to rise till, at two p. m., it had swept away a small coral island which stood before our old house, and brought pieces of coral ashore that would load a cart; and my new fence it destroyed, and about nineteen feet of our garden covered with coral, so that all I had planted is destroyed. It is sweeping away great trees that have grown for thirty or forty years unharmed. At 4 p. m. the barometer began to fall, the sky darkened, and yet there was very little wind. At 6 p. m. the sea still rises, the wind increases, and it is very dark. The barometer continues to fall, and all at once everything shines out from the darkness, having a green colour. The sky was a bright yellow, and the whole scene was awful. Soon after 7 p. m. the barometer fell from 30.3 to 29, where it remained for some hours during the strength of the hurricane. The sea now foamed fearfully, the wind roared, and the rain fell in torrents. Our houses writhed, and bent, and creaked under its tremendous pressure. At 8 p. m. Mrs. Johnston had to leave our house, and had scarcely got into her own when it began to fall. I now got an Aneiteum woman to take her to the teachers' house, which was better protected by great trees. Here all our people sought shelter, and the arm of a great bread-fruit tree fell with its heavy end on the house, and all its branches on the ground, acting as supports to the house against the storm, and so it was preserved. At 8 p. m. two great trees that protected our church were blown down; and soon after the church was lifted from the ground, and though wall plates, studs, and roof kept firmly fastened together, yet it was thrown against some large cocoa-nut trees and borne down, partly on one of its sides. The box containing the windows for my new dwelling-house was smashed to pieces, and the windows fell under its ruins, yet not a pane of glass was broken. I had now to put out all lamps and fires, and it was very dark. All my store-house, except ten feet occupied as a bedroom, was blown down,—the roof being iron and wood, kept firmly fastened together, and bent down upon its site, its sides being blown down. I think the wood of both church and store will be useable again. As we durst not keep near our houses, but had to watch the ruins for fear of our property, which was exposed, being stolen, I went and stood at the foot of a large bread-fruit tree, one of the arms of which fell at my feet, but did me no injury. I now left for the shelter of a large cheenut tree, the roots of which also shook the surrounding earth as if it would fall every moment; so leaving this tree I went and stood in an open piece of ground under the pouring rain, for I could hear nothing but crash, crash, as branch after branch, and tree after tree, yielded to the storm. My church, school-room, store, wright's shop, cook-house, goats'-house, and fences were all blown down, and everything growing around was much destroyed. At Mr. Matheson's station, except one bedroom, all his houses are also swept away by waves and wind. His boat is also much injured, and rendered useless for the present. My small house shook, creaked, and rent, but did not