

they felt "it is more blessed to give than to receive." A grave looking man, whose son is a teacher to the heathen, came to bid us farewell. This is the man who was sent with a party of heathen to kill the first men who received the word of God in Aitutake, and to present their bodies as an offering to their god. He showed us how his spear—when uplifted to smite—trembled in his hand, at the mere mention of the name Jehovah—so that he could not fulfil his purpose. A strange feeling, he says, came over them, for which they could not account. We bade Mr Royle and family farewell, being grateful for benefits received from them, and on the 18th sailed for Samoa. Five or six boats, with large crews, accompanied us on board, and, on leaving the mission barque, reciprocated hearty cheers with our sailors. Our barque has lost one special attraction which she formerly had for them—the Godly, lovely, and loving Capt. Morgan.

We had an agreeable and prosperous voyage to Samoa, and cast anchor in Apia Harbour, which is the only harbor of Upolu, one of the chief islands of this group, on the 27th. We called by the way at Manna and landed a teacher and his wife, and took away the Rev Mr Powell and his family, who go yearly, if convenient, from Tutuila to look after the mission of this island, which retrogrades, Mr P. says, in the long absence of foreign missionaries, although an excellent teacher labours on this island. The islands of this group are not in general so romantic as some of those further east, but they are nevertheless exceedingly picturesque, being clothed with a dense forest of varied and beautiful evergreen trees to the very skirts of their coasts, some of which produce abundantly the richest and choicest fruits of tropical climates, so that Samoa may be called—"The garden of the Lord," and its inhabitants a generation of independent gentlemen. Soon after we anchored in the fine coral reef harbour of Apia, the Rev. Mr Murray who has laboured with considerable success for 20 years in this field, came off to give us a hearty welcome to this part of the Lord's vineyard, and we soon found ourselves comfortably situated under his hospitable roof, as Mr Geddie and family were when first landed on Tutuila—Mr M. being at that time labouring on Tutuila. We were sorry to find Mrs M. in a declining state of health, although she is convalescent dur-

ing the cool season. She is very devoted to the mission work, and seems content to live and die in the foreign field. This group consists of four islands, Manua, Tutuila, Upolu, Savaii, and contains a population of about 35,000, of whom 2000 have been gathered into the Christian Church, by the faithful missionaries who have been labouring in this group—some ten, and some twenty years. Those who are christians most properly so called, have kept themselves separate from the war parties, which have greatly disturbed these islands for the last few years. Peace is now established, and the missionaries are enabled to prosecute their arduous labours with fewer obstacles in their way, and brighter prospects of more general success. The evils resulting from these civil wars, are however, still manifest, for those who engage in war, though partially reclaimed from heathenism, soon, for the most part, return to their lewd night dances, tattooing, and other heathen abominations.—They believe they can do nothing worse than to fight. Some of their worst practices are the concomitants of war. There are nearly as many now enquiring the way to Zion as have been received into the Church, so that, if the missionaries were to do the work of the Lord carelessly, they might soon have a much larger number of church-members to report.

As the month of May is the season for holding missionary meetings and receiving annual contributions for the cause of Christ here as in Britain, I had the pleasure of attending one of these meetings at the Rev Mr Drummond's station, 12 miles from Apia, on the 7th inst. The natives took Mr Powell and I there in a whaleboat, which is the safest and quickest way of voyaging about these islands. Mr Williams advised the early missionaries of this group to get a little schooner to visit mission stations on the different islands, and they tried two, but found them dangerous, troublesome, and impracticable for their work, and were glad when they were lost. After trying schooners and large boats, they now find that no kind of a vessel is so suitable for going about the islands of this group as a whaleboat, which the natives manage admirably well in all weather, by the dexterous use of their paddles. There were 16 paddling our boat, and they sang songs like sailors pulling on a rope, the chorus of one of which was, *A foi a,*