

ways ready for such deeds of darkness.

On our way home we very nearly met with an accident. Our canoe was heavily laden crossing the harbor, and a stiff breeze blowing, the waves began to topple in faster than I could bail out. Unfortunately we only had two little girls and a little boy to paddle, so had our canoe filled the consequences might have been serious, especially as sharks are not at all scarce.

SEPTEMBER 15TH.

Went to Bufo last Saturday and returned Sunday evening. This was once a very powerful village; but a great many have died and others have joined the Christian villages, and now there is but a handful left. It is now about twelve years since I first visited them and during all these years part of them have stood out against the gospel. The state of matters now, however, is much more hopeful. The worshipping party have quite recently formed a new village some little distance from the old one, and natives from the interior of the island are beginning to join them. A week or two ago four came, and last Friday two more. The probability is that a number more will follow, and that the rest of the village will also join them before long. Had rather close quarters during the night. About twenty of us slept in one hut, forming a row from one end of the hut to the other.

After morning worship the ovens were opened and quite a sumptuous breakfast was placed before me on a banana leaf, consisting of a fowl, a fish, and a large slice of taro pudding. As they were removing the leaves with which the food was covered up I was surprised to see them toss out a rat, as I knew they did not eat rats. The poor fellow had run in for refuge as they were covering up the food, and found he had gone out of the frying pan into the fire. After breakfast the teacher rang a bell—a cow bell, by the way—for service. You may smile, but to the mind of the poor natives there was nothing incongruous in this. Service over we visited the heathen. Found them much more friendly than ever before. They all assembled in the house of the principal man, and a mat was spread on the ground for me, something unusual for them.

SEPTEMBER 26TH.

Saturday night. Hope to dispense the

sacrament of the Lord's Supper to our little flock. May it prove a precious season to us all. Enjoyed the preparatory services on Thursday very much. Had the happiness of receiving ten new members into the church, and of re-admitting one who had been excommunicated. He has been on trial over a year, and has, I believe, given good evidence of sincere repentance. Of those admitted for the first time two belong to the class of young men I am training for teachers, and a third is the wife of another belonging to the same class.

I cannot tell you, dear brother, how thankful I feel to a kind heavenly father for permitting us to return to our field of labor. We labored many years with apparently very little success, but now we are greatly rejoiced in seeing many turning from darkness to light. A few years ago our prospects for extending the work among the natives on the mountains seemed dark. They were so scattered, perhaps six or ten in a village, and so inaccessible. Now we have the happiness of seeing them gathering into one village. Tankaro is made up of natives from ten or a dozen separate villages. Two are to move on Monday which will make twenty-nine gathered in from heathenism during the past two months. The greater number of them are here to-night in order to see the ordinance of the Lord's Supper dispensed to-morrow.

At Fila the work is very hopeful. I believe we shall have a large in-gathering there very soon. I was there last Sunday, and as we went from house to house the natives were waiting for us. They are just finishing their feast. You are aware that part of the village, one fourth, is Christian. When the rest of them join us we will attack Meli (the greatest stronghold of the enemy on the island) in true earnest. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake."

OCTOBER 10TH.

A gloom has been cast over our small Christian community at Bufo by the death of one of its members, a young man named Kalsarur. Most of them had accompanied the teacher here on the Thursday previous to the Sacrament, and returned on the following Monday. They said that Kalsarur was complaining of headache, and