

you feel as if you were for the time being in some fairy land. The whole valley seems decorated with flowers—trees with variegated leaves, that is, having a pink border, next a ring of purple, then a strip of dark green, inside of that a ring of deep blue, then pure white, and in the centre of this white a spot about the size of a sixpence, as red as blood. Far up the valley is seen a snow-white school-house, and near it the native village. A rumbling stream flows through the entire length of the valley, and on either side of it are plantations consisting of yams, taro, sweet-potatoes, sugar-cane, Indian-corn, beans, bananas, plantain, pine-apples, oranges, limes, and lemons.

You now descend into the valley, and as you draw near the village you are met by the chief and some of his young men, who welcome you to their village. One of the young men dashes on ahead—enters the chief's house; and as you enter you find him busily spreading fine grass mats on the floor. The chief now invites you to take a seat. Presently a young man comes forward with a basket of cocoanuts, and having opened one, he politely requests you to drink. He is followed by a boy bearing a small basket of oranges and bananas. Having enjoyed these, you rest until the oven is opened. As a substitute for a table, a box is then placed in the centre of the house; and for a cloth, a green banana-leaf is spread upon it. The chief's wife, accompanied by a number of other women, enter, bearing a large cocoanut-leaf basket containing cooked food, which they lift out and place upon the table. You are then politely requested to be seated at the table; and as they proceed to uncover the dishes, you find they have fowls, fish, taro, yams, bananas, and kaladakawal (native pudding.)

If you are feeling hungry, you are not likely to request a native to ask a blessing; for, as Paul is their great oracle, he will most probably give you an account of the Apostle's travels ere he has done.

Having enjoyed your dinner, you have an hour's chat with the natives, and then pass down the valley by the path to the shore.

A walk of four miles takes you home to the Mission Station. Delighted with your week's journey, and thankful for your safe return, you enter by the gate into the Court, and passing under the branches of the orange-trees, you enter the Mission-house. Turning to the front room, you throw yourself down on a sofa at the open window, to rest there until tea.

The Christian natives come up to the window to greet you; and now, as the little girls are preparing tea, you look out upon the sea, as the golden sun is setting in the distant west; and, oh! how magnificent the sight. Between you and the sea a cluster of orange and cocoanut-trees, then the clear sheet of white water inside the coral reef. The sea, as it breaks over the reef, is thrown like mighty snow-drifts into the air, and the bright sun in a moment sinks from your view, and leaves behind traces of his glory on the western sky.—Turning from this you see the herd driving into the park the missionary's cows and goats—another boy is feeding the fowls—a number of men are returning with their canoes from the fishing-ground. At the door of a hut two old men are sitting cross-legged talking about pigs and yams—a number of boys are playing on the shore—two young men are marching in front of the Mission-house with their arms thrown carelessly around each other's waist, whilst a third is playing a plaintive air on a bamboo flute. The tea-bells ring for tea. You go in and take your seat; but the missionary has not yet entered. He is sent for, and presently he hurries in, hangs up his broad panama hat in the hall, puts on his coat, and having seated himself at the head of the table, he draws a huge ring of keys out of his pocket, places them on the corner of the table, and then draws a long breath of gratitude, for his labor for the day is over—all pleased to see each other again, and enjoy a profitable half hour, not so much in tea drinking as in that which enriches the mind, we still keep our seats. The doors open, and a native boy walks up to the Missionary with a great hudget of letters from Scotland and Nova Scotia. Quickly the tea-cup is put down, and the