

sionaries and the natives, but they turned out to be very wicked men, though born in a Christian land.

An old man, Mane-mane, was high-priest to the idol gods, and was held to be some great one. A chief showed the missionaries an empty house about one hundred feet long, but unfurnished, which he said should be given to them. Upon their arrival on the beach they were met at once by strange customs. They found the king, Otu, and his queen both riding on men's shoulders. When those that carried them changed the burden to other shoulders, the royal feet were not permitted to touch the ground, because whatever land they touched would become their own, so they jumped over the head of one man upon the shoulders of another. For the same reason, when the king and queen visited the ship, they refused to go on deck, because if they touched the ship it would be theirs, and none but their own servants might dwell there or eat there henceforward. Afterward, when Mr. Lewis unfolded his umbrella, they warned him not to hold it over their heads, as it would thenceforth become sacred to their exclusive use.

The missionaries found dancers on these islands called Areois, who were a most wicked set of people. Their bodies were blackened with charcoal and their faces dyed red. They committed murders, killing their little children as soon as they were born. They had no occupation but dancing, boxing, wrestling, and sporting.

The first night, in presence of the natives, the missionaries sang and prayed and thanked God for inclining these strangers to receive them so kindly; and the first Sabbath they turned their dwelling into a chapel and Mr. Jefferson preached, being interpreted by Andrew, the Swede; and so through the vehicle of an ungodly man the first impressions of the Gospel were made upon these natives.

The father of Otu was called Pomare. He was a very wise man; had formerly been not only a chief, but the supreme king of the chiefs of the island. He had, however, many faults. He was a liar, a glutton, covetous, and pre-eminently selfish. On the second Sabbath, however, he attended the service of worship, when Mr. Cover preached from that text which has been probably the subject of more sermons than any other in the Bible—John 3 : 16—and after the service Pomare pronounced what he had understood very good.

The favorite god, Oro, was simply a log of wood about the size of a man, kept in a shed among trees surrounded by a stone wall. In this place were altars on which lay pigs that had been dead for months, and it was called a Maræ, and was a habitation of cruelty. Men were sacrificed and their flesh hung in large baskets on the trees around till it decayed. No woman was counted worthy of the honor either of approaching the Maræ or being sacrificed in it. The priests used to roll themselves up in a great bundle of cloth, and in a squeaking voice pretend to represent the gods; and though the people knew that it was the priest that was speaking, they