

As to what these intentions were the Captain was careful to inform him. More especially during the few days preceding their arrival at the islands, he took special pains, the author remarks, "to instil into my mind the conviction that the transfer of these natives to Fijian plantations was for their own moral and physical welfare quite as much as for the benefit of the purchaser."

"You see sir," he would say, "in most of the places to which I go the Gospel has never been heard of, and by transplanting them (the natives) to a soil where Christianity has taken root, they will be christianized"—forgetting all the time that these poor deluded savages spoke a dialect as different from the Fijian as the German is from the Spanish. "They will benefit by it, sir," he said, "mark my words, and when they go back they will carry with them ideas that will elevate them and bring them within the pale of civilization. We do them the greatest service on earth, though they do not know it. 'Tis quite true that we sometimes must use a little bit of deceit, or force, if pushed hard; but you cannot expect that raw, untutored savages should know what is good for themselves. We know, and we benefit them and ourselves at the same time."

Having arrived at Futuna on the 13th of April, our Sydney voyager remarks. "A missionary lives here. He is an austere preacher of the Gospel to the heathen, according to the tenets of the Presbyterian persuasion, the only white man living on the island, and one who in good earnest knew how to protect those placed or forced under his charge, (Query, who would or could force them under his charge?) an honest, straightforward man, isolated from all old world associations, he has been residing for eleven years on this isolated spot."

As is usual when vessels anchor near any island where missionary influence has been at work, several canoes shot out from the shore, loaded with coconuts, bananas, sugar cane, yams, &c., and the natives jumped on board eagerly enough offering to trade.

Hardly, however, had they caught sight of the skipper and the catcher, before they

hastened back into their canoes and shoved off, and only from a distance would they deal with us. This looked, I thought, very suspicious, and I marvelled what could be the reason for so unusual a proceeding.

One individual only stayed on board, a stalwart man of about thirty, strangely equipped and painted, rejoicing in wristbands of white shells and enormous boar's tusks pendant from his large ears. This man inspected everything with the impudent nonchalance of a native chief, for such he proved to be, and understanding a little English, he soon became a perfect nuisance. I wondered at the captain's good nature in permitting this fellow to examine into the contents of several cupboards and lockers, try his best revolver, and, without even a "by your leave," appropriate about a pound of tobacco, and at least as much calico as would have secured to us a moderate-sized pig. But I said nothing. Evidently there was some reason for such leniency.

"Dick the catcher," with four men heavily armed, soon went ashore to trade on the large sandy beach while I proceeded to the missionary's house to pay my respects, promising to be back in an hour. I had brought some newspapers and a pot of jam as a peace offering to the minister, expecting to get as much information as possible from the best source available.

My small presents were cordially accepted, when the following conversation ensued:

"Sir," he queried, "may I ask, how did you come to sail in that infamous vessel?"

I replied that the doctors ordered me on a cruise for my health, and that I accepted the first offer. This certainly was not the truth, for I did not tell him, I wanted to see with my own eyes, and not through other people's spectacles, what this slave trade really was.

"So you do not know," was my interlocutor's reply, "that this Captain B. is the worst kidnapper in these waters."

"I don't, indeed," I replied, this time quite truthfully.

"Well then," he replied, "I will to some extent enlighten you, and I will not tell you anything but what I myself have seen or know to be absolute facts."

Settling himself in his easy chair I was favoured with

THE MISSIONARY'S ACCOUNT OF THE TRIDENT AND ITS MASTER.

"Some five months ago that vessel, then painted gray, whereas it is now black, arrived here about midday, and desired to trade. Some of my people came to me and asked advice, and I said 'go.' Hitherto we had had periodical visits of vessels from Queensland wanting labour, and most