

us to make a little progress by beating against it. After tacking a number of times we succeeded in rounding a rocky headland of which stands a needleshaped rock arising from the bottom of the ocean which is called "the lonely fisherman" by navigators. Thence we steered straight for the mouth of the Pago Pago harbor in all Samoa; and at one o'clock p. m. we anchored safely off the village of Fagatoga, one of the native towns situated on the harbor just named, after coming a distance of seventy-five miles from Apia; but I am sure 150 miles would hardly cover the mileage for us who came beating against the wind much of the distance. From Fagatoga Elder Beck and I walked a mile around the head of the harbor to the village of Pago Pago, where there is a Latter-day Saint missionary station. Here our arrival surprised Elders D. Foster Cluff and Abinadi Olsen, two of our Utah Elders laboring in Tutuila; for they had not been apprised of our intended visit at this particular time. We now spent a pleasant afternoon with our brethren, partook of a good meal prepared by the native Saints, who also gave us a hearty welcome, held an interesting meeting in the evening, at which Elder Beck and I were the speakers, took a refreshing bath in the harbor after night fall, drank awa with the village chiefs, some of whom were members of the Church, culled history from the records till a late hour, and enjoyed a short night's rest.

Friday, September 27. According to arrangements made in council with the native chiefs the evening previous, we arose very early intending to start for the island of Manua. Following a faithful native brother who led us in the darkness around the head of the harbor we came to a point where one of the village boats were lying in a shed. Five natives, all members of the Church except one, were called out by our friend, Elder Viali. We Utah Elders (four in number) helped them to launch the boat and gather the tacking; and at 7 o'clock a. m. we sailed from Pago Pago, the natives and Elders rowing three miles to the mouth of the harbor, where sails were set, and the beautiful boat—for such it was after the sails were spread—sped quickly over the water out into the open ocean, beating heavily, however, against a pretty strong southeast wind. We had an interesting voyage, but Elders Cluff and Olsen, who lacked the three days training that Elder Beck and I had undergone suffered considerable with seasickness. The five natives who treated us to this genuine Samoan voyage were Teo, Viale, Fiatele, Snega and Tauvaga, the latter being a non-member, but a relative of Teo. After several hours sailing we at length reached the one mile wide strait which separates the little island Aunua from the largest island of Tutuila; and after taking in the sails, the natives, assisted by the Elders, rowed in to the north shore of Aunua, passing safely through the breakers, and we landed on the sandy beach in front of the only village on the island, pulling the boat up after us. We were kindly received by the head chief whose name is Lemafa. He is one of the few members of the Church left of the large branch which was organized here by Elder Joseph H. Dean in 1888. Nearly all have turned away and resumed their

former mode of worship. After drinking cocoa-nut milk and partaking of a sample native meal in regular native style, we visited Manoa, one of the two Hawaiian Elders, who first introduced the true Gospel in Samoa about thirty-three years ago. From him I obtained some valuable and interesting data, which will be used in the compilation of the mission history. Elder Manoa kept a journal during his missionary days, and could give accurate information about his labors and those of his fellow-laborer who now rests beneath the sod of Tutuila. In the evening we held a good meeting in one of the largest houses in the village: about seventy-five of the two hundred people that constitute the population of the village and island, attended, and Elder Beck and I were the speakers. The natives seemed to revive in their spirits while we addressed them, and it may be possible for the Elders who labor on Tutuila and who visit Aunua once in a while to recognize the branch here. After the meeting the usual greeting and awa drinking, tasting only on our part were gone through with, according to Samoan custom; and we enjoyed a good night's rest in the same house where we had held the meeting, being protected against the mosquitoes by the indispensable netting.

Saturday, September 28th. We arose early, took leave of our native friends of Aunua, some of whom made us small presents, launched our boat, boarded it, rowed it safely through the breakers, set sail and headed for the Pago Pago harbor eight miles away at 7 a. m. The wind was good and brisk, and the sea rolled high; but the voyage proved very interesting. Our little craft which bore all the canvass it possibly could stand, literally flew along the water, cutting through the waves and sending the spray at times half way up to the top of the mast and also over crew and passengers. But we cared not! We were in the tropics. If we did get wet, we would not freeze nor catch cold if we took care to change our clothing before sleeping in them. It took us just one hour by my American watch to sail from Aunua to the mouth of the Pago Pago harbor. To sail the same distance the day before required five long hours and a fraction. Just as we reached the mouth of the harbor, we spied our old friend Captain Brandt, with his wife and "Jim" and some other passengers, coming out with his schooner on his return to Apia. He was to have left the evening before, and we were to join him at Leone, on the west end of the island, but as the weather was rough in the evening he had concluded to wait till morning. This was providential for us, as we thereby escaped a long tramp on foot over the mountains of Tutuila. Our native friends instead of taking in sails and "laying to" at once, could not withstand the temptation of trying the schooner in a race, in which they beat as they expected, their craft necessarily being a swifter sailer than the heavy-built schooner. After considerable labor and some little danger the two vessels came down together, and we sprang on board the schooner at an opportune moment when the waves lifted us to a proper elevation; and after bidding Elders Cluff and Olsen and our native Saints and friends good-bye, we continued our voyage on the schooner from the mouth of Pago Pago

harbor. In two hours and a half we sailed twelve miles with a good wind and over a rough sea to Leone of which town we cast anchor at 11 o'clock a. m. As the schooner was to take in a cargo of cobra at this place, all hands landed and Elder Beck and myself put up with Brother James Mackie, a European member of the Church. He and his native wife made us very welcome and treated us with much hospitality and kindness. We spent the day and evening in pleasant conversation and in taking a walk through the village, which is the largest in Tutuila. It is beautifully situated on a bay and looks like a little city, when one approaches it from the sea side. The houses scattered along the beach and the fine steeped Catholic church in the centre of the village, presents a most enhancing picture. The church can be seen a long ways off at sea and serves the navigators as a conspicuous mark. The place reminded me very much of the little city of Saby, situated on the coast of the Cattegat, in old Denmark, where I spent some of my boyhood days.

Contrary to our expectations we were obliged to spend two nights at Leone, as the natives who were to put the cargo on board the schooner flatly refused to work till Monday. There was a marriage feast going on in an adjoining village, to which nearly all the young people of the town were invited; and the Samoans are so very much more fond of feasting, eating and drinking than work, that our captain and the merchants who were interested in the cargo pleaded in vain for having the schooner loaded on the Saturday.

Sunday, September, 29th. As we unexpectedly had to spend a Sunday in Leone, we concluded to hold a meeting. But through the influence of the London mission priest who resides here, we were unable to obtain the large native building which might properly be termed the town hall, and in which chief's meet together for council. We were thus obliged to hold our meeting in Brother Mackie's native house, where only about twenty people met with us. In the afternoon I attended Catholic services in the church already mentioned and also in the London mission church, where the native minister endeavored to influence his flock against the "Mormons," who were in the village just then. Of course he got his inspiration from his white chief. We spent another pleasant evening at Brother Mackie's house, Edward Hahn, a German brother, who also has a Samoan wife, being among those present. Brothers Mackie and Hahn and one native are the only members of the Church at Leone; but an attempt will perhaps now be made to open a station here.

Monday, September 30th. At 3 p. m., Elder Beck and I boarded the schooner, after taking an affectionate leave of our friends in Leone, and set sail for Apia. Before leaving, Brother Mackie made me a present of a fine Samoan mat to take home. We spent the night crossing the thirty five mile wide strait which separates the islands of Upolu and Tutuila. The captain's wife and two other natives were the other passengers on board.

Tuesday, October 1st. Having spent an uncomfortable night rolling to and fro on the deck of the schooner, the