

bush, we sat down and ate our breakfast, a piece of "talo" and a "niu," or young coconut, which gave us fresh energy to resume our journey. We went along slowly, as fast walking in this much perspiring climate I cannot very well accommodate myself to, and then again the rocks with their sharp, uneven edges play sad havoc with one's sole leather. It was therefore about 11 a. m. before we reached the end of the rocky bush path and once more saw the thatched roofs of some Samoan houses. We refreshed our parched throats at a nice cool spring. Our two boys here left us, desiring to return to Saleanla that same evening. They had helped us over the worst part of the road, for which we were truly grateful. Samoans, from their earliest years are trained to carry heavy baskets, balanced on a pole, like a Chinaman, so the feat of carrying our satchels did not affect them very much, or as it would have done us, for we soon felt the difference when we shouldered our own satchels.

We walked along about half a mile and were called by a young woman to come in and rest in the house. We readily accepted the invitation. The proprietor of the establishment, a man of about 40 years, was making a fish trap, which they plait with the fibres of a long trailing root of a tree indigenous to the soil, and make after the pattern of large lobster traps which can be met with in parts of England and elsewhere. His wife and a young woman, each with a young child, and a young man of 20 years, completed the household; and we were not long getting acquainted with one another. Although they had not conversed with our Elders before, yet they knew who we were, as no other white people travel on Samoa as do our Elders, and often as we enter a village we hear on all sides "Mamona, Mamona," (i. e. Mormons) and little dots of children who can just toddle round and are beginning to talk, join with the rest in yelling from a safe distance the name by which we are known, and which they are taught alas! by many of their religious advisers, as is the case in more civilized countries, signifies that which is evil and not to be trusted. But I am glad to say that this feeling of disrespect and insult is gradually diminishing as the Samoans get more acquainted with us, and they find while we converse with them that we come here to benefit them and bring them the truth.

We were not long in making known to our worthy host the purport of our mission here on Samoa and I enlightened him on the first principles of the Gospel. They brought out their Bible and the young woman read and compared the passages I quoted. We rested awhile and ate dinner consisting of "talo," "palusanu" (made from the leaves of the "talo," and a mixture of squeezed coconut juice and sea water) and fish; another man coming in at the time, our host related to him what I had told them, so I was pleased to hear he had retained what I had tried to enlighten him on. I bore my testimony to the family and we then resumed our journey, having a standing offer to call there again any time when passing. We walked on a couple of miles, when we were accosted by a young man who we found was a teacher or preacher in the

London mission persuasion. He desired us to come in and rest in his house. While walking along a Roman Catholic preacher also came out of his house to talk to the first named teacher and desired us to rest in his house, but we thanked him and decided to keep to our first invitation and finally reached his house, where was the head teacher, an old grey-headed man, reading his Bible. He did not have much to say to us, but left it mostly to our conductor and another young man in the house. Of course our conversation soon drifted on to the doctrines of our respective religions and our conductor soon showed his true character. His semi-pious smile soon told one the state of his heart, and anyone who is acquainted with Charles Dickens' *Dombey & Son* would find a second Mr. Carker in our quasi-religious teacher. While talking on the gifts which follow those that believe and which I testified were in this Church, he in a mocking tone asked me if I would please be kind enough to turn a stone in the house there into bread for his special edification. I warned him of what such sign-seeking denoted, but he still persisted and wanted me to go and heal a sick man in the village to show him that I had the power. I told him those signs only followed those that believed and not to please his mocking curiosity. A Roman Catholic chief having come in at the time, listened to the conversation and wanted to know where the true church was. I did not feel like allowing the precious truths of our Gospel to be ridiculed and made light of by our Samoan Carker, so I bore to him and all in the house my testimony, telling them to repent and be baptized for their sins and that this alone was the only true Church recognized by God. Some of them left before I finished, and when I ended we left, and further pursued our journey.

We passed the night with a friendly native chief who I trust soon will embrace the Gospel, for he believes in it and always makes us feel welcome. He gave us the best his house afforded and a luxurious bed for a Samoan house. I may say that when I reached the house in the afternoon through my long, rocky walk, and not having walked for some time, the tendon of my right leg was so sprained at the knee that I could scarce turn it and I almost fell down in my efforts to walk round. Before retiring for the night I anointed it with some consecrated oil and asked the Lord's blessing on it, and when I rose in the morning the pain had gone and I have not felt it since. I know it was only His mercy and power that healed it, and to Him be the praise. It may be only a small thing to relate, but to one traveling like myself, a sprained leg means considerable; I just mention this small instance out of scores of others I have experienced here, to testify I know that these signs follow those that believe, but they do not mock sign-seekers.

We had intended leaving early the next morning, but our kind host begged us to stay until he had cooked some food, which he did, consisting of bread-fruit; the tide not being fit to catch fish until the afternoon, he begged hard for us to stop another night so he could get some better food for us and have a longer chat on the Gospel. He begged so hard that we could not refuse

him. We then went off and visited some other friends near, and the afternoon soon passed away. While we were in two of these houses, two separate dancing parties came along, which is the custom here at the beginning of the new year. It is much the same principle as that of the waits or musicians who come around at Christmas time in England and play and sing carols for money.

Here in Samoa it is only another form of begging. A company of twenty, more or less, of young men and women decorated up in Samoan style with leaves and flowers, appear in front of a house. One acts as spokesman and tells the inmates of the house that he and his company are poor and they want their hearers to give them a "siapo" or fine mat or whatever they think the household has. They then commence to dance, going through all sorts of gestures, many of which are by no means elegant, and they work their bodies into all sorts of contortions as they get worked up by their music, which generally consists of beating a stick on a tin can in lieu of a drum, which sometimes they have; they pat their hands together and sing some old song belonging to their especial town or district, as the case may be; keeping this up until something is brought out to them, and woe be to the household that will not give them anything. The desire of approbation is very highly developed in a Samoan and they thus work on one another, rather than be called poor and of no account, which certainly they would be by the dancing company if they did not give them something. They would rather pauperize themselves and give away what they have. I spoke to many about it who were grumbling at the custom and how it pauperized them, but there it rested and the matter was not mended. Thus these dancing companies keep it up all day, followed by the fruits of their labors carried on poles, consisting of native cloth (siapo) and all kinds of Samoan articles, which they divide out when they reach their village, stiffened and tired out by their numerous genuflections and contortions of their bodies. So much for "ai siua," or dancing parties of New Year beggars in Samoa, although properly speaking there are no beggars (as we apply the term to tramps in America) here in Samoa, there being a pretty general distribution of the few riches which a Samoan can possess, as their customs do not allow of poor or rich, living as they do in a sort of patriarchal fashion.

On reaching our host at sundown, we found he had been visited by some dancing parties, and was minus some "siapo" through the same, much to his annoyance. He had been blessed in his fishing in the afternoon, and we had a good supper and passed a pleasant evening chatting on the principles of the Gospel. His love towards us to make us comfortable and give us the best he had was truly genuine, and we left him and his hospitable wife the next morning with a feeling of parting with old friends.

Elder T. and myself one more resumed our journey along a sandy beach and in a hot glaring sun. The villages on this east side of the island lie pretty close together, the districts being