ON THE SOCIETY ISLANDS.

A Salt Lake Boy's Experiences in that Far-off Land.

Peculiarities of the Natives—Difficulties With the Language—Description of the Country.

The following interesting letter is to the members of a local club, "the Bee hive Inside," from one of their absent friends. Editorial notes. It will be read with pleasure by many others:

PAPEETE, Tahiti, Society Islands, Dec. 16, 1893.—Having promised to let you know how I get along, I take pleasure in giving these an item of experience as a missionary of Christ among the heathen, and of other promising one to write to you all in the letter.

While plodding along through the uneventful interval, one of figures and rules in the B. Y., more including the anniversary of my transit unknown into the world in peace was somewhat disturbed by receiving a letter from the First Presidency, appointing me to labor as a missionary on the Society Isles, with but little warning to prepare for my journey. Accordingly, after a hasty and incomplete preparation, on the second day of February 1893, I bid farewell to our mountain-bedecked home and its dear associations.

After a pleasant and uneventful ride through the barren deserts of western Utah and Nevada, we soon found ourselves the sunny heights of the Sierra Nevadas through the glorious foothills and valleys of the Golden State, just budding forth into new life under the enlivening influences of gentle spring, we arrived in wicked San Francisco. Two days' sightseeing in the city on Sunday excursion fare, and sight of us, and all Utah have says, "passed the slipper trip Galilee," on good eye to friends who had come thus far, and set sail for Tahiti, 4,000 miles northwest.

For thirty-six hours we by helpessly rolling in the open sea just outside the bay. The action of the waves, unassisted by the weight of the towering masts, gave a motion to our little craft which soon sent six stomachs into revolution. Two seasick passengers on deck were, in her mind. The wind whistled around the network of ropes above, and we sped merrily along only to be again thrashed and allowed to lie in the heart of a tropical sea which soon sent the thermometer up to 85 degrees in the shade—this program being almost daily repeated.

There was on board a notable company of seventeen souls including the crew and after the first three days we had an enjoyable time. The old sailor was fine, sunrises and sunsets grand, and the company jolly. One meets with many peculiar characters when traveling abroad and our company was no exception. We had a "whaler" who carried his sobriquet from his all-absorbing desire to keep as pickled in regard to wine during his all its wanderlust. The "mariner" had a passionate longing to climb the rigging and try the boats. A "joker" who listened to with interest the wonderful exploits of the young Utah, eager to learn more of the mighty deep, believed in the yarns of the "old salts" and the tales of travels and adventures. On the third day "a sail one on the lofty remarked to another, "We have lost your 20 miles." "Saw, you're mistaken," said No. 2, "we have surely come farther than that." "No, we haven't" continued the first speaker, "the barometer points to just 20." Explanations followed, during which the man at the wheel looked uneasily off to the leeward, his face visibly expanding with an impossible twinkle in the corners of the mouth. The "sure all" was also there and had innumerable remedies to cure seasickness, while those who felt them were the most sick of all.

Among the passengers was Captain R. W. Clapham, whom the natives call Denis, who has carried on a trading business with Tahiti for forty years, and we spent many hours listening to his old and pleasantly told yarns of the sea and wage of the sailors with whom we were soon to become acquainted. His descriptions of Kanaka ways and customs did not have a tendency to create any love which he felt them. "Why," said he one day, "a Kanaka won't do anything but eat and drink rum. If you offer him work he will reply, "What's the good of working? We have plenty to eat and drink." After telling a story to back up his assertion he would add by saying: "Also you'll become just like them."

On the 26th we passed the monument of the industry of the Wesleyan "moral people," the Tuamotu Islands, the highest elevation of which is only about six feet above the sea, and next day sailed into the coral-protected harbor of Tahiti, and we soon then too feet at water supplying our national ship from the mere unpeaking coast of the island and refreshing pass through which we were soon in the land of the Kanaka. Tahiti is a small island, the highest elevation of which is only about 2,000