

godly in Christ Jesus." They realize that "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." While wickedness and crime are multiplying in the world, "wars and rumors of wars" abound, and earthquakes and pestilences are filling men's souls with terror, this Gospel of the Kingdom is being preached as a witness. The fig tree is putting forth its leaves, indicating that "summer is nigh." Speed the day.

BUR GEORSE.

CHARLESTON, Kanawha Co., West Virginia, April 10, 1889.

THE SAMOAN MISSION.

By the time this reaches you, winter in Utah will be disappearing, and we hope by that time that summer in Samoa will be doing likewise. The natives tell us that there is cool weather coming, and that it is supposed to remain during the months from March until July. We all hope this is true, as most of us have not experienced any cold weather since the spring of 1888, and some of our number much longer than that. Occasionally we have a spell of cool weather produced by rain and strong sea breezes, which never last more than a day or two. At such times the natives drop the matting all around their houses, and make a fire on the inside, as you would do at the approach of winter. Every change in the weather of this kind is hailed with joy by the white people but it has a bad effect upon the natives, as is shown by coughs and colds that almost universally prevail among them at such times. That is the only time in a Samoan's life when he can wear clothing enough to cover his entire body, and at the same time feel comfortable. I am pleased to say that I think it will only be a question of a few years until the Samoan people generally will wear clothing after the style of Europeans, with the exception that there will be none worn but what is absolutely necessary to cover the body, as this climate does not permit of it being otherwise with any degree of comfort to the wearer.

We were surprised to find that the Samoan ladies are very good at plain sewing, and occasionally we see a hand sewing machine in the houses of the well-to-do. The native women come to our sisters and are shown by them how to make their clothing; as a result we often see a native lady coming to meeting dressed in a neat "holaku" or loose fitting wrapper made out of calico.

The Samoan cloth is made out of the bark of a willow, which is pounded and scraped until it looks like thick tissue paper, and is in large sheets of all shapes. These sheets are pasted together until the desired size and thickness are obtained, when the makers trim the edges on the square and print a pattern, (of which they have quite a variety,) with a large stamp engraved on wood. They make their own dyes for coloring purposes.

We cannot refrain from admiring

the Samoans' ingenuity as displayed in the making of cloth, mats and canoes. Their mats are made out of rushes and willow bark braided, and are worth from twenty-five cents to two hundred dollars each. The ordinary mat that is used for flooring is worth about a dollar, much finer ones being used for sleeping purposes. But the Samoan extra fine mat is the work of the greater part of a life time, and is worth examining closely. It is impossible to conceive the amount of labor it takes to make one of these fine mats unless you should watch a native woman braiding for hours on one, and notice how little space she covers. The strands with which they are made are as fine as a blade of grass.

This is the country for woman's rights with a vengeance. The men and boys do all the cooking as well as raising the food and preparing it for the oven. I do not mean to say that they cook three meals a day; they have improved on our method and only cook once every other day, but never cook food on Sunday.

The Sabbath day is strictly observed as a day of rest and worship; in fact by noon on Saturday the natives usually have their week's work done and are clean and ready for the Sabbath. We follow their example in this respect and wish that all the world would do likewise. Our sisters say, that when we go home there will be no more cooking of hot dinners on Sunday by them.

The Samoan women, old and young, spend most of their time making cloth and mats, while the little girls' part of the household work consists of carrying water from the village well, in vessels made of coconut shells with two small holes in one end.

The natives of both sexes and all ages smoke tobacco, either in the form of cigarettes or in clay pipes. I will leave you to imagine how a native woman looks with a clay pipe in her mouth.

Due respect is paid the aged, who are waited on by the young.

Every village is governed by chiefs or heads of families, and all things are done by the common consent of these chiefs, in their councils; for instance, at the present time nearly all of the natives of this village are indebted to the village storekeeper. The chiefs called a council and there they decided that the entire village should stop eating coconuts until their debts were paid, as the selling of "popo" which is made out of the coconut, is about their only source of income. As a result coconuts are "sa," which is a native name for anything sacred or forbidden; and even the missionaries will long for coconuts, and not get them, until the village debts are paid. We hope they do not owe very much. They proceed in like manner whenever there is a scarcity of any particular article of food; it becomes "sa" until there is plenty, when the ban is removed and all can eat of it again.

It would be difficult to find a Samoan village that does not own

at least one good sail and row boat, that will hold from 20 to 30 persons, besides any amount of single and double canoes. Fishing excursions are very frequent at present with the men of this village. They take the village boats and leave here about sundown, arriving at the fishing grounds on the opposite side of the island by dark; they remain all night in the open boats and fish. They seem to always be successful, and usually return soon after daylight the next morning. On one of these trips they caught nineteen sharks, of a very small species, weighing some ten pounds each. The natives are very fond of these and whenever a boat returns laden with sharks a native stands on the prow and yells continually, at the top of his voice, at the same time swinging a paddle and making an effort to dance, which the rocking of the boat causes to appear very ludicrous. Instead of the young men dividing the fish among themselves they are divided among the chiefs or *faijeaus* (missionaries) so that we always get our share.

During these times of war there are many "fonos" or councils held, which are always accompanied by feasts, and the natives never forget to send us some delicate part of the edibles. We have heard many rumors of war between the two factions on this and the island of Tutuila, but so far there has not been any fighting except on the island of Upolu.

We had a genuine scare on New Year's morning. At 1 a. m. we were awakened by a chief who said that a German man-of-war was coming to burn the village, and that all the able-bodied men were going to cross over to the larger island of Tutuila. They brought us their boxes and valuables to take care of, in case their houses were burned, and by sunrise the village was deserted by its male members. We had the Stars and Stripes flying over our house. This alarm, like many others, before and since, proved to be based on a false report.

In the Samoan *Times* of January 13th, I read the Consul-General of Germany's statement of that country's position on the Samoan war question, which was to the effect that they would punish according to martial law any person (irrespective of nationality) found assisting the rebels—Malcaton's or Mataafa's party. Unless England or America interferes we expect to soon hear of the war being settled in favor of Tamasese, who is not the people's choice, and therefore will only rule while backed by a stronger power.

Nature, in bestowing her gifts of beauty, did not forget even this out of the way place. On our little island home we have many a nook and corner that could be truthfully called beautiful spots. We have hills and valleys, with many a running stream on the larger islands, but how we long for a drink of cool mountain water from Utah.

We have a nice sail and row-boat of our own that we use in going from place to place, there being no inland villages worth mentioning. We have named our boat *Faooliga*,