

buyer. Finally he left by a long dive into the sea, swimming for the nearest boat, regardless of sharks, and feeling as happy and contented as if it were his natural element. Here was I at last in sight of Samoa, my destination; my surrounding a fast-receding steamer, which had brought me some 4300 miles across the sea, seated in an open boat some two miles from a rock-bound island, amid people who could not understand me nor I them. As before stated, there were three native boats; one went in another direction, but two in charge of one chief, kept together, having divided up the baggage as well as they could carry it. The boat in which I traveled was propelled by some fourteen scullers, seven a side. The smaller boat had some ten scullers. As soon as the ship had started the natives pulled for shore, the two rival boats racing, the "cox" in each urging on his respective men with wild cries and shouts. Then they would quiet down, and all would sing their peculiar native boat song, their sculls keeping time to the music (?), those on the bows dipping their sculls and then those in the stern half, then altogether, until they reached racing speed again. After several of such exhibitions we reached the small opening of the reef, which encircles many parts of these islands, and finally I set foot on *terra firma* by the aid of the back of an oily native, who packed me from the boat. I was thankful for so much, that I had arrived so far in safety; but still I had sixty-five miles to go before Apia was reached on the adjoining island of Upolu. I sauntered up the native village, entered the huts of the denizens thereof, and heard them talk, but nothing that I could understand, save "Talofa," the native word for "Welcome," with which they greeted me. The native chief I found after all could speak but little English, but he knew enough to ask \$7 for taking me ashore. How long I would have to wait here I did not know, so I began to look around. Rain having fallen lately, besides the heavy dew prevalent here, everything was wet and slippery; steep, craggy hills were all around covered with a profuse growth of cocoanut, breadfruit, and many other indigenous trees. I did not feel much like striking out on a voyage of discovery, so repaired to the house again. Here natives surrounded me—men, women and children. One old man wanted to see my knife, and then asked me to give it him. Another would examine my umbrella or anything that was loose around me. After an hour or so of this kind of business the sail of the mail schooner hove in sight, and soon the skipper—a native of Tonga, a big, strapping fellow—came ashore with his three black boy sailors. After about an hour of chatting and making two trips to the schooner outside the reef I at last found myself on board the said schooner, my fellow passengers being two French Catholic priests bound from their missionary visit to Tutuila, for Apia, like myself. They received me very cordially and with smiles on finding I could talk a little in their native tongue. I tried to rub up as much as I could of my former knowledge in the same, and as they could speak next to no English we managed to get up a little conversation for the time being. We then headed, with a light but favorable wind, northwest for Apia, some sixty-five miles distant.

There being but little room on our small craft, and the sun being pretty hot, the quarters were none of the best to a fastidious traveler, if there should happen to be such traveling Samoa-

wards. The breeze steadily increased until the northeast trade wind blew quite strong and we scudded along in fine style, riding the waves and managing to keep out of their splashing. After a while this kind of motion began to bring about a difference in my feelings, and I spent most of the day lying in the small boat on board thinking over a great range of subjects, the prominent one being when should we reach Apia? The island of Upolu had been long in sight and "old Sol" had again sunk to rest ahead of us; but still no Apia appeared. Darkness came, and then light after light flickered from the shore; the black boy sailors had settled down in the bow, enjoying themselves with their native songs and clapping of hands, which served them for a dance, and our little craft almost flew over the waves, which were now almost too dark to be seen. All at once Peter, our skipper, went to the bows as if on the look-out for something, and then the course of the boat changed. Some sail was taken in, and by the smoother water we saw we had passed through the opening in the coral reef and gently glided into the harbor of Apia and finally cast anchor at 9:15 p. m. having made an exceptionally good passage from Tutuila that trip. The journey on some occasions lasts some two, three, and, with contrary winds, even four days. I was ultimately landed on the wharf in a small boat and found myself in the city of Apia, a strange place and at an unseasonable hour for finding my destination; but as friends were expecting me it did not give me much cause for anxiety, and only those who have traveled many weary miles know what it is to fully appreciate kind friends in a strange and far-off land.

The above is the experience of the writer in reaching the town of Apia, and it differs not very materially from that of the average traveler to the same destination. That all those who land here may arrive as safely and under such favorable circumstances, is the wish of J. H. C.

FAGALU, Upolu, Samoa, October 21, 1890.

RETURNED ELDERS.

The following Elders were among the missionaries who arrived in this city Saturday, November 22, returning from the mission field:

Elder Samuel Thompson, of Clarkston, Cache Co., left on the 10th of October, 1888. He has been laboring in the Mississippi Conference in the southern part of that State and in Alabama. He was a co-laborer of Elder Follick.

Elder Jos. R. Carlisle, of Mill Creek, left home on November 6, 1888, and has been laboring in West Virginia Conference the whole time. He presided over the conference the last year. He reports very good success and friendly treatment. He has also enjoyed good health and feels well in the work.

Elder W. J. Millard, of Farmington, Davis county, who has been laboring in the North Carolina Conference, called at our office today. He arrived this morning after an absence of two years and three months. He has enjoyed his labor very much and has had very good success. He has experienced some persecution by mobs, but he has been preserved from any bodily injury.

Elder Hyrum S. Anderson, of Salina, Sevier County. He started on his mission November 6th, 1888, and labored first in Jasper, Newton and Scott counties, Mississippi; the first four months he traveled with Charles G. Bolton and subsequently with H. B. Parrish. He was afterwards transferred to Clarke County, Alabama, and labored there until compelled to leave, when he was removed to Choctaw County, Alabama, and adjoining counties in Mississippi.

Elder Wm. A. Reeve, of Virgil City, Washington County, returned last Saturday, Nov. 22, from his mission to the Southern States. He has been absent for two years and has labored in South Carolina and Georgia. Brother Reeve has had an opportunity of bearing his testimony to a great many people and has made many friends in the field. There are prospects, he says, of a good work to be done, although the majority of the people are indifferent to the teachings of the Gospel.

Elder John F. Chidester, of Panguitch, called at our office this morning on his return from a mission to the Southern States whither he went in March, 1889. Brother Chidester spent all of his time in South Carolina and Tennessee. He encountered some opposition, but generally met with good treatment and made many warm friends whose kindness he says shall never be forgotten. Brother Chidester returns in good health and spirits and will start for his home this evening.

Elder Thomas Rees, of Coalville, Summit county, arrived today from Virginia and North Carolina, where he has been laboring as a missionary since December 12, 1888. Brother Thomas says he has met with very good success. The North Carolina Conference is in a better condition now than it has been for years, the prospect of success being very encouraging. The prejudices among the people are gradually diminishing, many of the newspapers taking a more rational view of the "Mormon" question. The Elders in the field are all well and enjoy the spirit of the work.

Elder David Follick, of Dingle, Bear Lake Co., Idaho, started on his mission Nov. 6, 1888. He has been laboring in Southern Alabama and Mississippi Conference. He has with a few exceptions of threats by the mob, been treated kindly. He has held a great many meetings, principally in churches and school houses. As a remarkable instance of tolerance Elder Follick mentions that he had the use of a Methodist church in Alabama for fifteen months, free of charge, and a Baptist church for two months. This, however, roused a mobocratic spirit, and the Elders were compelled to leave. In company with Elder Hyr Oakley he succeeded in opening up a new field in Clarke Co., Ala. The latter part of his time, he employed in endeavoring to open up new fields, but without much success. He met with indifference rather than opposition.

Elder Mahoni M. Brown, of