

younger brother George, and sailed along the coast five miles in a northerly direction to the residence of Brother David Kenison, Jr., at Tuasive point. The rain descended unceasingly while on the water, but the boat sped on at a rapid rate, the wind blowing from the right corner; and in about three-fourths hour from the time of starting we landed at Tuasive point, happy and cheerful, though drenched to the skin, and received a warm welcome by Brother Kenison and his native wife, whose kind hospitality we soon shared. Commencing at 4 p. m., we held a good little meeting at Brother Kenison's house, quite a number of natives attended notwithstanding the bad weather. Brother Beck and myself were again the speakers. And now came a request from a prominent chief residing in the neighboring native village for us to hold a meeting in his house in the evening. The chief's name was Lauate and the village Fogapoa. Of course the request was complied with, and wending our way thither in the darkness we found on our arrival nearly one hundred people assembled, who listened very attentively to a few remarks, interpreted by Brother Beck, from myself, and then a powerful gospel discourse from Elder Beck. Quite a number of chiefs, some from a distance, were present, who after the meeting expressed their friendship by throwing at our feet a large piece of ava which was grated and made into a drink, that was partaken of by all the white people present and the chiefs. The short customary speeches were made and a good feeling prevailed. We also showed the chiefs some Church relics and album views which I brought along, and left at a late hour to obtain a good night's rest in the house of Brother Kenison.

Monday, September 16th. Elder Beck and I were bound for another missionary station, about twenty-five miles away, and in order to shorten our walk it was decided that we be taken a few miles by boat, as our course lay along the coast. Consequently we sailed from Tuasive point at 8 a. m., intending to go by boat about seven miles; but after sailing a little more than half that distance our boat ran aground, the tide being out, so we were forced to land at the village of Lano, where elder Beck and myself set out on our long tramp, the other brethren returning with the boat. Each of us packed a little satchel containing a few books and a few indispensable articles of light clothing. After walking about three miles through a number of villages, we reached the edge of the "bush," through which the distance is about twelve miles, and there are no human habitation of any description. Just as we entered that lonely tract, a rain storm opened its fury upon us, and Elder Beck suggested that we strip off all unnecessary clothing in order to keep it dry, and put it on again after the storm. The suggestion, though a queer one for a man who had been used to put on an extra coat or two in order to keep dry in a rain storm, was acted upon; and I am sure our friends in Utah would have paid something to have seen us in our traveling costume. And then we were richly attired compared to the native pedestrians whom we met on the road. They were absolutely nude, walking with their only article of clothing, "vare vale," in their hands, but on meeting us, they hurriedly

wrapped the article mentioned around them only to take it off again as soon as they had passed. I pitied their bare feet; but they appeared to be tougher than my shoes, which gave out on me through their rough usage on the hard and sharp-edged volcanic rock that abounded all the way through the bush. In fact, the whole tract of country is nothing but an old lava bed or a lava flow, commencing in the mountains far inland, where some terrible eruptions took place in past ages, and extending clear to the sea. Subsequently, trees and shrubs took root in the cracks of the cooled lava, and hence the present bush. The path leading through it is narrow and winding. Horse back travel is impossible, and a footman has enough to do in places to scramble over the big rocks and tall timber. Notwithstanding the rain, it was not miry. One could always find a rock to place his foot upon; and I believe that in walking the twelve miles we never took a step without either putting a foot upon a rock or upon roots, or fallen trees. There is no soil here either to make mire or dust. On the long, dreary walk we only emerged from the bush once, and that was to an opening on the rock bound seacoast where the waves beat themselves to foam and spray against the perpendicular walls constituting the coast. No sandy beach at this point to blend sea and land gently together.

Well, we got through at last, and then we found ourselves in a Catholic village, where we entered a native house and sat down to rest, which is the custom of the country. An old woman placed food and water before us, of which we partook, while eating the one half of a loaf of bread which we had carried with us that far. For the other half we induced a boy to climb a tree and get us some young cocoa-nuts, which we then opened and drank the milk. As we were very thirsty this tasted very good indeed. I am sure the veterans of Salt Lake City don't drink lemonade on Old Folk's day with greater relish than we drank our cocoa-nut milk in the village of Lealatele. After resting a little, we tackled the last six miles of our journey. It led through a number of villages; at length we reached our destination, and surprised Elders Christian Jensen, Jr., and James C. Knudsen at Saleaula by suddenly appearing in their midst as they were earnestly engaged in teaching a class of boys and girls some of the rudiments of an English education in the meeting house. The meeting was a happy one, and our brethren gave us a hearty welcome, as also the native Saints who dropped in one by one, and a few at the time, to see us and greet us with their usual talofa. Elder Beck and I had already walked twenty-one miles over the roughest road imaginable during the day; but in order to convince ourselves and our friends that we were not tired we walked one and a half miles further to a small river where we took a refreshing bath. When we had retraced our steps to the meeting house I had to admit that I was tired, very tired, and needed rest. I had waited for Brother Beck to say that first; but he would not or did not. I hated to give up first. The natives now brought us some splendid food which was spread for us on the floor; and we ate till we were filled and enjoyed the meal immensely. The next on the program was an evening meeting. Nearly all the people of

the village gathered, about 150 in number. The little house was filled to overflowing and many were unable to gain admittance. My sermon was ably translated by Elder Beck; and we had a splendid time. After the meeting six native girls entertained us with an exhibition of their peculiar "siva" dance and some singing, followed by the same number of boys. To me, who saw and heard this for the first time, it was very interesting, and many of their movements were truly graceful.

Saleaula is one of the principal missionary stations in the Samoan mission. Among the members of the Church here, there are a number of leading and influential chiefs; the meetings and Sunday schools are well attended, and also the day school. Strenuous efforts are being made by the Elders laboring here to teach the young the Gospel and keep them in the paths of virtue. In order to guard and protect them, about a dozen half-grown boys sleep with the brethren in the meeting house. After conversing till a late hour we retired to forget our long walk and to dream of our loved ones in Zion.

Tuesday, September 17th. This day was pleasantly spent at Saleaula. We wrote and culled history, conversed with natives, sang English, Samoan and Danish hymns, talked of things past, present and the good times to come, ate native food and were happy. It was a rather strange coincidence that four direct descendants of the old Scandinavian "Vikings" should by accident be brought together on one of the South Sea Islands, so far away from the land of their forefathers. But so it was, and while visiting a very interesting cave or underground passage over half a mile long, situated in the bush immediately back of the village, we raised our voices and caused the rocks to echo our attempt at singing "Underlige Aftenlufte" etc., or "Ochlenchleegers Hjemve" for the first time, at least at that particular place—in the bowels of the earth. In the evening we held another good and well attended meeting at the meeting house, Elder Beck being the principal speaker.

Wednesday, September 18th. At 7:30 a. m., Elder Beck and I gave the parting hand to Elders Jensen and Knudsen and left Saleaula on our return trip. We stopped to eat bread-fruit and drink cocoa and milk in Lealatele, entered the bush at 9 a. m., got through at 12:30 p. m., met Elder Lewis B. Burnham at Puapua the first native village reached after getting through the bush, and then walked with him three miles farther to a point where the boat sent to meet us was anchored. There, we also met Elder George S. Burnham and our young friend George Kenison, who were in charge of the boat. After refreshing ourselves by drinking some cocoa-nut milk, we boarded the little craft, and rowed about four miles to Tuasive point, where we again partook of the hospitality of Brother David Kenison, Jr., and wife, and at 5 p. m., we continued our travel by boat, going five miles to Salelavalu, where the native Saints, under the direction of Brother Fred Kenison, prepared a feast for us. Thirty-five people sat down upon the meeting house floor to eat, with the Elders at the head of the table. Nearly every variety of native food was provided, most of which was very good and palatable. After the feast we held a meeting ac-