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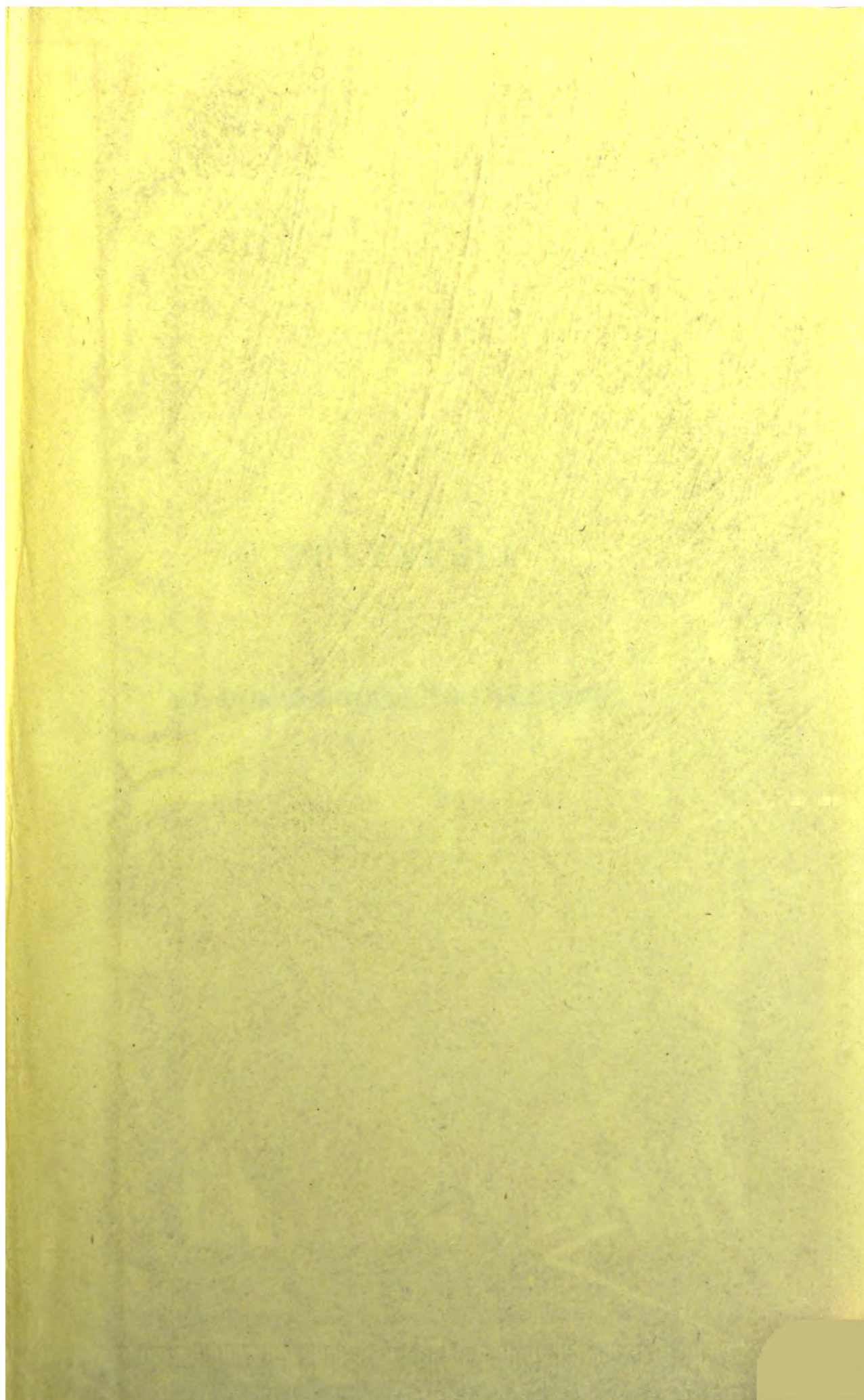


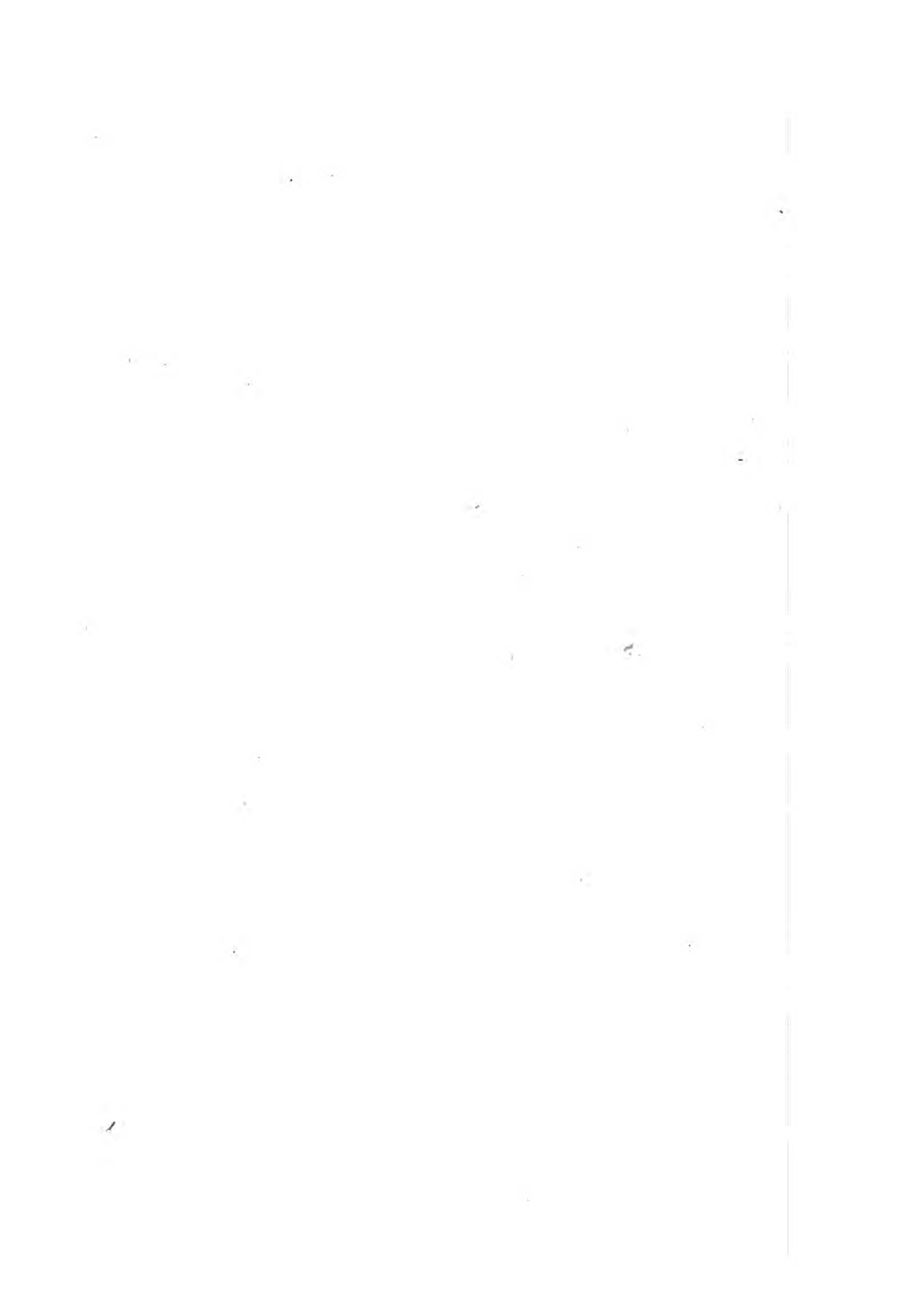
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POLYNESIA
OR
MISSIONARY TOILS
AND TRIUMPHS
IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

39.

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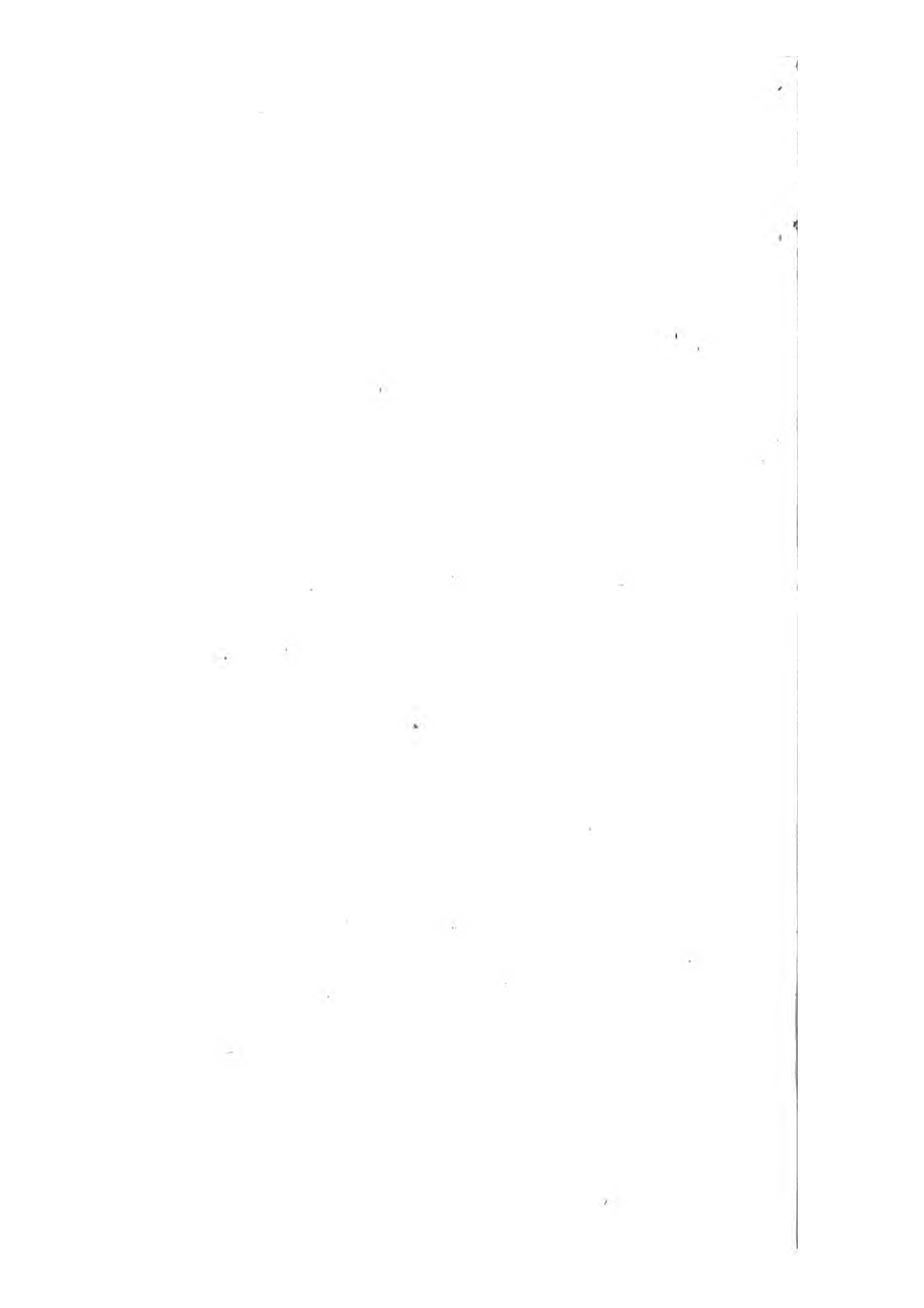




POLYNESIA

OR

MISSIONARY TOILS AND TRIUMPHS.



POLYNESIA

OR

MISSIONARY TOILS AND TRIUMPHS

IN

THE SOUTH SEAS.

A POEM.

CHRIST walks upon the waters: at his voice,
The Isles unite in chorus and rejoice.

LONDON:
JOHN SNOW, 35, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1839.

943.



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PREFACE.

FEW are the people who have not, at one time or other, enjoyed the pleasure which arises from witnessing some rugged and unproductive waste, converted, by the patient hand of industry, into a scene of beauty and fertility. Nor are there many who would not listen with feelings of delight, when told that the teeming landscape which now surrounds them, was, but a few years back, a heath-clad desert, that owed nothing to the industry of man—that yielded nothing to his sustenance, and seemed an utter blank in the fair face of creation. The more bleak and barren its former condition, the more extraordinary will appear its sudden transition to bloom and abundance.

But, to account for this, we are informed, that some years ago, a few enterprising individuals, from a remote part of the country, arrived and took up their perma-

ment residence on the neglected spot; that, having secured the good will of the people, and the sanction of the landlord for so laudable a purpose, they directed their whole energies to the one grand object of reclaiming this wild, inhospitable district, so as to render it worthy of the province to which it belonged, and capable of remunerating the labours of cultivation.

The more speedily to accomplish this, husbandmen, it will be said, were distributed in various directions—the science of agriculture was applied in all its branches; in a short time the outward soil began to lose some portion of its original sterility; the heath, the fern, the sedge, the furze, the bulrush gradually disappeared; green spots and ears of grain were seen sprinkled along the surface; the rude domain of nature was progressively narrowed by the daily encroachments of art; stagnant pools were drained—streams deepened—torrents confined; so that what was hitherto useless, unsightly, wasteful, was converted to the support of life, and became at length the fertile source of a productive husbandry. The natives, it will be added, who,

in the mean time, had watched the efforts of the new settlers with marked incredulity, no sooner observed the extraordinary metamorphosis which their united labours had accomplished, than, inflamed with a desire "to do likewise," they not only listened to the instructions of their agricultural teachers, but lent a willing hand to the toils of the field, and became sharers in the abundance of the harvest.

Such is the picture, which, in the progress of our own domestic arts, has become familiar to every observer; and such is the process, by which the vast Field of Missionary labours, and trials, and triumphs may be represented to all who have attentively watched the origin, progress, and results of their regenerating aim and influence.

When the islands of the Pacific Ocean were first thrown open to British enterprise, they were represented, in regard to climate and productions, as an earthly paradise—a garden of Armida. But it was soon discovered that they wanted one grand staple attraction—that by

which the fleets of commerce are drawn to the remotest shore—they wanted gold mines ! They had neither precious stones, nor pearls, nor spices, nor any thing in produce or manufacture, which could serve the political purposes of government, or tempt the cupidity of traffic. They were looked upon, in short, as a *fruitless* discovery, which—though justly admired for the advantages of climate, and exuberance of soil—could never be turned to *account*; and were shortly after abandoned—or only touched at by vessels which happened to cruise in those latitudes, and required time to refit, fresh supplies, or shelter from the tempest.

Some good men in England, however, took a different view of these islands. They knew that, although they contained no treasures, so called, they were inhabited by innumerable brothers of our fallen race—all grovelling in the night of pagan darkness—“perishing for lack of knowledge;” and to raise these to a state of moral existence, appeared to these excellent men a task well adapted for the noblest exercise of Christian philanthropy.

They met ; a community of sentiment prevailed : the subject was freely discussed—the hazards, labours, dangers, expenses of a Mission to these benighted shores, duly balanced and arranged ; and whatever is most characteristic of the noblest nature, was speedily developed in their proceedings. The members came promptly forward with all they had to give—submitted to voluntary privations—redoubled all their energy—took no rest, and admitted no excuse—till their god-like resolution had ripened into active operation, and the Mission-ship that was to bear the Gospel delegates to heathen lands, was purchased, chartered, provisioned, and anchored in the Thames.

He gives twice who gives quickly ; and under this conviction, these missionary Founders came to that immediate decision, which has embalmed their names among the greatest benefactors of the human race.

The ship *Duff*, with thirty missionaries on board—but of whom four only were ministers — sailed from the river on the 10th of August, 1796 ; and, wafted by the

prayers of all good men, reached the Tahitian shore in safety, after a voyage of nearly seven months. Here, with a zeal worthy of the immortal cause in which they had so promptly embarked, their first landing was the commencement of their labours. But what a frightful 'Hinnom' of human degradation was here presented to the Missionary! The people—though physically a fine, handsome race—were sunk in the grossest idolatry. Idols, and idol temples, met the eye in every direction; human sacrifices were frequent—infanticide was of daily recurrence. In their wars, their conduct was that of demons—glutting their vengeance with a ferocious cruelty of which language can give but a faint description. The helpless—the sick—the aged—even among relations and friends—were excluded from the circle of human sympathies, and wantonly speared, starved to death, or buried alive.

Such was the field on which a few devoted men from England were to begin the perilous enterprise of christian regeneration; such the barbarous stock on which they were to engraft the knowledge of Divine Truth!

I need not speak, in this place, of the Missionaries' sufferings ; their multiplied dangers—disappointments—hardships — bereavements — deaths — while devotedly prosecuting the great objects of the mission. I will only observe, that during the long and discouraging lapse of *fifteen* years—hoping against hope, they persevered with the most undaunted resolution. At length they beheld the blessing of God upon their endeavours ; they beheld a savage people exhibiting in their minds and persons—not only the outward signs of decorum, but the manifestations of inward grace—the strict moral deportment of a well-regulated christian community—a people brought from darkness to light.

The evidence of this, the reader will find amply supported by the series of *facts* appended to this poem ; and should these happily awaken his curiosity to know more, he is recommended to peruse “ Williams's Narrative of Missionary Enterprise ”—a work replete with interest, incident, and edification.

Of the Poem here presented to the friends of Missions,

the writer would briefly observe, that it is intended to offer a concise, but vivid and faithful picture of the Missionary scheme, as it operates among the beautiful islands of the South Seas—islands on which the light of revealed religion has now conferred a moral existence. The subject, so far as the writer is acquainted, is new—the scenery unbroken ground; but these he is far from arrogating as merits in its favour. He may have failed to throw around his subject those poetical charms of which he believes it susceptible, but he will still have the consolation to think that he has been actuated by no vain, no selfish motives; and that, on selecting his subject, it was in reply to an often-repeated domestic exhortation—“ Let each do something to recommend that noblest of all enterprises—*The regeneration of pagan nations, by the diffusion of christian principles.*”

LONDON, JULY, 1839.

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Address to the Missionaries, on board the ship *Camden*, proceeding to extend the field of labour among the more distant and barbarous islands of the Pacific.

POLYNESIA.

POLYNESIA

OR

THE MISSIONARIES.

My song is of the Isles, where England's name
And England's mission fan Religion's flame ;
Where—thick as studs upon the warrior's shield,
And bright as stars in heaven's nocturnal field—
The clustered groups their coral ridges lave,
Embosomed in the wide Pacific's wave.¹

My song is of "the Men of Peace;" my theme,
Of isles that bask beneath the Tropic's beam;
Isles rich with fruits, and redolent with flowers,
And beautiful as earth's primeval bowers;²
Where other orbs their dazzling circuits run,
And Nature banquets in a brighter sun;
But still where Man—to pagan rites in thrall—
Presents the fearful picture of his fall!

When hosts go forth to shake the ensanguined plain,
And fleets, with dread artillery, sweep the main;
What soul impels them—what ambition leads—
What passion prompts them on to daring deeds?
What spell so fascinates the hero's eye,
That, tasting victory, makes it sweet to die?
What mystic hands that deathless guerdon wave,
Which makes, e'en life, less lovely than the grave?⁶²

The love of country—freedom—lucre—fame!
The fierce delight of War's soul-stirring game :
Our native sway to strengthen, or extend ;
To quell the proud—the faithful to befriend ;
From famine, bonds, and death to free the slave,
And sweep the ruthless pirate from the wave :
With walls of brass to guard our native Isle—
With conquered flags to deck the hallowed pile—
That pile, where, midst the fearless and the free,
Religion reigns with chartered Liberty—
These are the *patriot's* aim, and watchword—these
Have based the British Empire on the seas !

Yet Britain has her sons, as frank and brave,
Who nobler triumphs win, but wear no glaive !
Sons who, in heart as firm, in toil as free,
Have spread her glorious name from sea to sea !

Men, who have pushed their conquests wide, and far,
And changed to pruning-hooks the shafts of war ;
Who bear no glittering arms—no banners wave—
Who strike no blow—are stricken but to save !
Yet still they conquer ! and where they appear,
The painted savage breaks his poisoned spear :
A bloodless triumph follows in their train ⁶¹—
For those they vanquish, feel no victor's chain !
They conquer !—nor like other conquerors boast
A prostrate people and a plundered coast—
Nor pant to hear a nation's deafening peals,
With captive warriors at their chariot wheels—
Nor hang, like relics, in our holiest fane,
The flags that blush with war's unhallow'd stain.—

No—theirs are triumphs war can never bring ! ⁵⁸
Theirs are the pæans guardian seraphs sing !

Their noblest banner is the Book of Truth !
Their trophies—age, and infancy, and youth !
'Tis theirs to free—exalt—and not debase—
The painted brothers of our common race !
Nor stripe—nor tribute—nor oppressive sway
Degrade their labours, or obstruct their way !
Like Him they serve, like His, their saving might—
Their yoke is easy, and their burden light !
Their watchword still—Let war and sorrow cease !
Their noblest epithet—The Men of Peace !

Ambassadors from Britain's favoured land,
The olive-branch extended in their hand ;
The Bible for their banner, shield, and sword,
They spread the peaceful triumphs of their Lord.
Far o'er the deep, 'mid savage isles they roam ;
In every heathen land they find a home :

Where'er the Prince of Darkness rules the world,
Their tent is pitched—their flag of Love unfurled!

By China's wall; on Egypt's burning sand;⁶⁰
Where Madagascar's moral wilds expand;
By Moloch's shrine—the Indian Juggernaut;
By Ganges' flood, and cloud-encircled *ghaut*;
And where green isles, with barbarous horrors rife,
Still feast their idols with the stream of life:
And where the Balkan—where the Himalaye—
Or Andes mingle with the Milky-way;
Mid Caffre wastes, in moral darkness pent;
In mosques of Islam—in the Tartar's tent;
And where, on Arctic shores the billows boil—
There are the fields of Missionary toil!
There they transplant the life-redeeming word:
And there, in them, the voice of Heaven is heard!

There—and wherever sin and sorrow reign ;
Where'er the Fall has left the foulest stain ;
Where'er God's image is defaced by crime ;
On every pagan shore, in every clime—
Degraded man from darkness to release,
Behold th' Ambassadors of love and peace !

Denying self—devoting all to Heaven—
Through howling wastes—on stormy waters driven,—
All dangers braving—shafts, by night, that slay—
The noisome pestilence that walks by day—
The bitter pangs that spring from broken ties—
From faithless friends, or home-sick memories!—

Fathers—yet stifling in the father's breast
The thoughts that bound them to the love that bless'd
Husbands—yet exiles from their cherished hearth,
That heaven, through them, may be revealed to earth !

Brothers—and yet prepar'd to part with all,
That heathen isles may hear the Gospel-call !
Sons—and yet merging in the filial heart,
The exile's sorrow in the apostle's part :
Lovers—yet sacrificing earthly love
To Him, whose symbol is the mystic Dove !

And woman too—from Britain's favour'd soil,
To speed the work of love, and share the toil—
Woman is there !—the young, the fair, the good,—
Still first t' advance the triumphs of the Rood !
She, who—while man forsook, betrayed his Lord—
Clung to his cross, and trusted in his word !
The last that wept her Saviour's earthly doom—
The first with sorrowing heart that sought his tomb !
Woman is there !—the handmaid—sister—wife¹⁷—
Holding to pagan lips the “ cup of life !”

Though worldly minds may deem their toils obscure,
Or ill repaid the perils they endure;—
May brand them wild fanatics, thus to roam—
Strangers to ease, and exiles from their home
Where no Golconda bribes the merchant's toil,
Nor El Dorado rolls its golden spoil!
Far other objects claim their high regard—
Far different is their toil, and their reward!
The Missionary feeds a holier flame^s
Than lures the soul to wealth, or martial fame!
The end and aim of all his toils are these;—
To rouse—to foster man's best energies—
To heathen lands that Gospel to convey
Which first on Britain's shore bestowed the day!

This is our solemn debt! for what are *we*?
The offspring of a pagan ancestry!

Recall the day when Rome's proud galleys bore
Her helmèd cohorts to our Kentish shore—
Who met the invader's eagle-bannered host?
Who with a spear-like rampart lined our coast?
Who smote imperial Cæsar with dismay?—

Ye answer, "Britons!" True—and what were they?
A horde of savages! with paint besmeared—
With skins tattoo'd—swart brows—and grisly beard;
Whose twanging bows, and club, and Cimbrian spear
Met and repulsed the conqueror's career!—
Such were *our* sires! and what is Britain now?
The diadem of empire crowns her brow!
The arbitress of nations—Learning's seat—
Religion's home—the exile's sure retreat.

Reflect—when first th' ambassadors of God
Our savage shores and Celtic mountains trod,

What welcome found they for the sacred Ark?
Like Polynesia, Britain's isle was dark!—
Her hideous worship shock'd the apostles' sight,
And Baal's red altar blazed along the height;
The Druid's horrid rites defiled the glen,
And fiends incarnate took the forms of men!

How changed is Britain now! Her cheering smiles
Give life and sunshine to a thousand isles!
And yet, denied Religion's saving light,
She still had slumbered on in heathen night—
She still had been what pagan nations are—
Her mind—her moral sky—without a star!

Give but Religion's light; for, with her shrines,
All other gifts that sacred gift combines;¹²
Give but Religion's light, and soon arise¹³
Wealth—wisdom—science—empire—enterprise!

Man springs to mental life, as from the grave,³⁶
And moves—the monarch of the land and wave ;
His thoughts expanding—ripening—and refined,
Reach the bright confines of th' angelic mind :¹⁴
But this withheld—the voice within is mute,
And godlike man degraded to the brute !

PART THE SECOND.

THE PAGAN ISLE.—ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST MISSIONARY SHIP, THE
DUFF.—SKETCHES OF HEATHEN LIFE.

THE breeze is up; the breath of early flowers
Is sweet in Raiatéa's island bowers,
As o'er the boundless wave, and kindling sky,
Day flings his mantle dipt in Tyrian dye—
With here, a softer—there, a brighter streak,
That flush and fade, like hues on Beauty's cheek.

Anon, in gold, like Autumn's ripened sheaves,
Afar, the expanded field of Ocean heaves;

While nearer—glancing through the waters blue,
Each creek has launched its paddle-steered canoe ;
The spear-armed hunter threads the plantain grove ;
Wild music wakes in every green alcove ;
And all seems bright, as when, at Nature's birth,
The morning star first hailed the rising earth.

From coral cliff and palm-encircled lawn,
Light slumbers fly ; glad voices greet the dawn.
Man wakes ! but not to toil ; around him flows
The nectar-cup which every bough bestows !
He ploughs nor sows ; nor from a 'niggard soil,
Buys scanty fare, with unremitting toil.
For here, unbribed, the cocoa groves expand—
Here, gen'rous bread hangs ready to his hand !
The land is rich ; and where yon ocean rolls,
The scaly brood display their glittering shoals.

Summer and Autumn, with united powers,
Delight, adorn, and fructify the bowers !
Here no unseemly reptile bars the road,
Nor lion roars, nor tiger prowls abroad.
In nature's sweetly renovating laws,
Ye hear no dissonance, and mark no pause :
At once, on the same bough, fruits, flowers appear—
And vernal blossoms deck the circling year !
For not a leaf deserts the summer bower,
But leaves its likeness in some sweeter flower.

Yes ! Heaven is bountiful—the clime is kind—
And nought is barren, save the human mind.
In changeless brightness, suns and seasons roll,
And nought is dark, but man's benighted soul !

But see, where cloud-like on th' horizon's rim—
Yet more and more defined, as day grows dim—

A shadow looms along the evening sky,
That fills with strange delight the warrior's eye!
And now, a floating isle, that shadow seems,
Breasting the bay of Raiatea's streams—
Or moving rock, around whose base, below,
The parted billows leave a fringe of snow.

At length, as round the island bay it wore,
“*Pahi ! pahi !*” resounded from the shore!
“A ship—a ship!”—and fast from cliff and cave
Tahiti's warriors swarmed along the wave.
The cry is up!—they man the swift canoe,
And—nearer as the giant stranger drew,
In gambols 'neath her bows they dance, and leap
Like dolphins, round the monarch of the deep.

That gallant ship is from the British strand,
With skilful captain and devoted band;

Her helm is managed, and her deck is trod,
By men who love their king and fear their God.
A British bark!—but not like that which bore
Th' immortal Cook to fair Tahiti's shore,
When love of science led her sons afar,
To watch the transit of the Vesper star,
But left upon the new discovered clime
No art save that which added crime to crime—
That taught the barbarous nations they despised,
What vices may enslave the civilized! ⁶³

No! 'tis another bark,—another band
That shape their course to Raiatéa's strand:
Their ship—a messenger on mercy's wings—
Is chartered by their CHIEF—the King of kings!
And, as her canvass woos the gentle breeze,
That wafts the stranger o'er obsequious seas,

It seems as if, impressed with calm delight,
The very waves confessed the sacred freight—
Rejoiced upon their buoyant crests to bear
The messengers of peace—the Ark of prayer!

Hail, heaven-directed bark! the sacred hour
That bids thee welcome to Eiméo's bower—
That sees, 'mid heathen isles, thy sail unfurled,
Has stamp'd an epoch on the Gentile world!
Sing, Raiatéa! Moloch's reign is o'er,
That ship has brought Redemption to thy shore!
For British hearts and British hands are here,
And morning breaks upon a night of fear!

And hark! where, mirrored in the still lagoon,³
The coral depths reflect the unclouded moon—
How sweetly, from that peopled deck, they raise
The hallelujah to Jehovah's praise!—

That evening song—to exiled hearts so dear—
Thrills wild, and sweet, upon the heathen ear!
For these are sounds Eiméo's listening shore—
Eiméo's children—never heard before!

England! that gift of gifts—that floating shrine—
The bark—the men—the voices—all are thine!
Thine are the fervent hearts, and faithful hands,
That dig the wells of life in heathen lands!
Thus—ever thus, the heavenly voice obey,
And build thy glory on the gospel sway!
Still boast a Wilks—a Nott—a Hill—a Haweis—
To speed the bark that pleads the heathen cause!
The Word of life upon the waves to cast,
And wing, with faith, the Missionary's mast!
Till every darkened island of the sea
Shall owe th' evangelizing light to thee!

Religion's emblem streaming at their mast,
From isle to isle that band of brothers past ;
Round many a headland, and romantic bay,
Where once th' Endeavour's keel at anchor lay ;
Where oft, 'mid cocoa groves and plantain trees,
St. George's flag had shivered in the breeze,⁵⁹
While British seamen—loitering on the shore,
Forgot the battle's rage—the tempest's roar—
Toasted Old England in the *ava's* juice,
Nor longed for war to break so sweet a truce !

Cloudless the sky ; and lovely as the land
The azure sea that laved the coral strand ;
Where plantain-forest, rock, and sparry cave
Lay, sweetly mirrored in the parent wave—
While breezes, freighted with the breath of spring,
Dropt, in their flight, sweet incense from their wing,

And every voice that stirred the spicy grove
Blithe echoes answered from the cool alcove.

But, 'mid those scenes, of bold, Herculean frame,
Were men of savage aspect—men in name ;
For all that softens and exalts our race
Had fled, and left the tiger in its place.²⁰—
And still, where'er they sailed, 'mid isles so fair,
No change could chase the gathering weight of care—
The heart was sickened, and the soul oppressed !
For every shore the idol's reign confessed !
In every grove were pagan orgies sung,
And quivering limbs on Moloch's altar hung !
Mercy and truth were banished from the land,
And war and murder bared the bloody hand.
Where'er they moved—in sunshine or in shade—
Some graven Baal his hideous form displayed ;

Some ghastly temple, glimmering through the trees,
Flung its polluting breath upon the breeze !

I may not paint—my reader must not hear
Of scenes that freeze the heart, and wound the ear—
Of harrowing sights that cause the flesh to creep,
And from the pillow chase affrighted sleep !
Yet, to be mute, where nature bids me plead,
Were to renounce the dictates of my creed !—
'Tis therefore I would show thee savage life
Begun—continued—closed, in blood and strife ;
That so, the depth of heathen darkness known,
Thou may'st contrast the picture with thine own—
And, moved with pity, give thy christian mite
To change their midnight into marvellous light !
No gift so small but, if devoutly given,
May save a life, and lift a soul to heaven !

Lo, where from trees that shade the dark Taloo,
The listless savage scoops his light canoe ;
Or drags from out the wave, with barbèd shell,
The scaly tribes in azure caves that dwell,
Where, like a spreading forest, submarine,
The branching coral blends with ocean's green,³
And golden fins, like summer's gilded flies,
In sportive circles, show their brilliant dyes.—
See, where he lurks to catch the flying prey
That wing the cliff, or skim the wooded bay—
That haunt the forest's green recess, or browse
Beneath the *tōa*-trees' umbrageous boughs !
See, where again, besmeared with glistening oil,
He hurls the spear, or plants the secret toil—
Or, fired with vengeance, tracks the midnight flood—
Steals on the foe—and dyes the wave with blood ;

Then—drunk with rage, in turn ensnared, oppressed—
Sinks with the barbèd arrow in his breast!¹⁸

But grant he lives—grant that his pilgrimage
Has reached the verge of patriarchal age :
Even then—unblest by kindred sympathy—
He sits forlorn beneath yon blasted tree !
For him field, forest, flood have lost their charm—
Hope quits his heart, and strength deserts his arm.

Yet haply he has children—daughters—sons,
Within whose youthful veins his life-blood runs ?
Haply they soothe him—bear his load of cares—
Prop his frail step, and honour his grey hairs ?
No !—filial love has never touched their soul—
They never felt religion's sweet control !
How should they save whom they have scorned to soothe ?
“ Shall age,” they cry, “ usurp the place of youth !

Shall he be fed, who—borne on tottering limb—
Can fight no more—nor hunt, nor fish, nor swim?"

No!—none shall pity—none for him shall plead :
None climb the bread-fruit tree that he may feed !
None spread the mat beneath him—none supply
That food which his own flesh and blood deny !
No—like a loathsome leper, thrust aside—
He dies—as helpless age too oft has died—
Consumed by famine, or condemned to feel
The ruthless parricide's unhallowed steel !
Or, stealthily, beside the midnight wave,
Led forth and buried in a living grave ! ²²

Again—behold, where, armed with club and spear,
In deadly strife the savage tribes appear !

Hark ! how, like Satan's brood escaped from hell,
They rush to blood—they raise the hideous yell—
They mix—they struggle—fierce and wild the fray—
And every nerve and limb are braced to slay !
Nay, even in flight, and when the conflict ends,
To heaven the smoking holocaust ascends !
The heart and limbs, where life's warm pulses beat,
Are speared and trod beneath the victor's feet !¹⁸—
Or doomed to all the lingering agonies,
That wild revenge and demons can devise.³¹

But other scenes—dread offspring of the clime—
Yet crave thine ear, and prompt th' indignant rhyme !
To these I turn ; but chief where Moloch's shrine,
A frightful Golgotha—o'erlooks the brine !
The place of skulls ! where human victims bleed,²³
And demons propagate their monstrous creed !

Behold yon isle, where, beetling o'er the strand,
Embattled rocks the boundless sea command ;
And, higher still, where granite columns frown,
And from their naked height look proudly down :
There, flowers and leaves, of every hue and shade—
And tall bamboos—a living colonnade —
Blending their tints, in rich luxuriance rose
To form a bower, where angels might repose :—
There, while the scented flowers and blossomed trees
Exhaled their mingling incense to the breeze—
There—when the tropic sun, with slanting beam
Lengthened the shades—with crimson touched the stream,
Or, when his flaming disc to man had set,
Still tipt with fire the mountain's minaret—
The lovers met : and, though their song be rude,
'Tis the heart's voice that fills the solitude !

And 'neath a sky so pure—so sweet an air—
Each note seems gentle as a seraph's prayer!

But hark! while yet the echoing rocks prolong
The last shrill accents of the maiden's song,
The priests of Oro scale the rocky way,
And from their ambush pounce upon their prey.
The youth is snared!—the stroke of death is given,²⁴
And one wild, fruitless shriek appeals to heaven:
But heaven denies the vengeance she demands—
Her lover's blood is on the murderer's hands!
Fruitless her tears—in vain her frantic cries²⁵—
Their ruthless god demands a sacrifice—
And o'er his mangled victim, Oro's priest
Invites his kindred demons to the feast!²⁶

Next, in this fearful catalogue that brands
The name of Belial on these heathen lands—

Mark, how life's holiest ties—the strongest—best—
Are crushed, and stifled in the heathen breast!—

See yonder maiden ; like the meek-eyed fawn,
With graceful step, and lips like opening dawn—
With beaded neck, and leaf-encircled brow,
And form elastic as the *miro's* bough ;
Health on her cheek, and rapture in her eye,
And soul as ardent as her native sky,
She walks in joy—with sunshine in her smiles—
The ' Medicis ' of Polynesian isles!—

But see that maid assume the mother's part—
A mother—stranger to a mother's heart !
Scarce have the sisters round her matted hearth
Announced the tidings of her infant's birth—
Scarce have the thrilling chords, with being rife,
Responded to the wail of new-born life—

Till, fixed its doom—with murder's stain defiled,
That mother's hand is raised against her child!
The infant bud, like spring's untimely flower,
Is born, and blasted in the self-same hour.³³

Mothers of England! ye, whose hearts can feel,
To you—to you these martyred babes appeal; ³⁴
'Tis yours to turn aside the assassin's knife—
'Tis yours to staunch the gushing streams of life—
Pluck from the grave that wretched progeny,
And say to every infant—'Live—be free!'
Speak! and this 'Tophet' of the Ammonite
Shall echo songs of transport and delight!

Such were the scenes—the withering scenes that threw
A blasting horror on the strangers' view;
Where nature ending, nature's foe began
To spread his empire in the heart of man!

And such, even they—the daughters of the isle—
Aid with their presence—sanction with their smile,
And, long familiar with revolting deeds,
Chant the shrill war-song as the victim bleeds.²¹

Such were the scenes that, in a Briton's eye
Obscured the splendour of Eiméo's sky ;
Defiled her vales—defaced her sweetest bowers—
Depressed his soul—and filled his saddest hours,
While thus, along Tahiti's coral strand
The Ship conveyed her apostolic band,
And spread her sacred canvass to the breeze,
That swept them on, through isle-bestudded seas.

One night, when moonlight silvered all the bay
Where England's mission-ship at anchor lay ;
And cliff, and rock, and paddle-oared canoe
Seemed cradled on the wave of dark Taloo ;

Pensive upon the deck the Brothers stood
Watching the stars that quivered in the flood—
Where, brightly mirrored, night's resplendent eyes
Reflected back the glory of the skies.

No voice was heard ; their evening hymn had closed ;
The strong kept watch ; the weak or faint reposed ;
When hark ! a sound of terror roused the shore—
The sleeper woke—the signal chilled his core !
For “ Oro's drum ” is mingling with the blast !
Tahiti's god demands a holocaust !
And far and fast th' unhallowed signals fly—
The fleet escape—the feeble bleed and die !

Such were the sounds, that on the midnight air
Proclaimed the reign of outrage and despair !

And such the people—such the unhallowed soil—
Where first began the Missionary's toil!

“When—when,” they sighed, “shall renovating morn
Visit with light and life these isles forlorn!
When shall the glorious day-spring from on high,
Reveal to man his birthright in the sky!
When shall these lovely isles—a moral waste—
Immersed in darkness, and by crimes defaced—
When shall those isles shake off the heathen yoke,
And Moloch's horrid altars cease to smoke!
When shall some christian Solon from afar
Disarm the nations that delight in war—
With saving voice divulge Redemption's plan,
And to his God restore degraded man!
That He, whom they in ignorance adore,
May reign supreme on every pagan shore!

“ Angel of Mercy, stay thy radiant wing !—
Open in this ‘ dry land ’ a living spring !
On vale and mountain plant the hallowed Rood,
And crush those hideous altars built on blood !
Thy love—thy truth—thy precious light impart !
Strengthen our hands—encourage every heart !
Prosper the Work, in which we now combine—
The toil be ours, and all the glory Thine !”

Their souls were heavy ;—but the mystic light
Of future days relieved that fearful night !
Seen in the glass of Faith’s prophetic dreams,
Far o’er those isles a glorious standard streams !
Mid green savannahs—groves—and gardens soft,
New temples raise their holy spires aloft :
Athwart their oriels, flash the morning rays,
And through their portals swell the songs of praise—

Before the shrine the Decalogue is hung,
And England prays in Raratonga's tongue!—

Long—long, that music lingered on the ear ;
And long that lovely vision hovered near !
“ Roll on,” they cried—“ ye blessed moments roll !
Descend, thou promised day-spring of the soul !
Transmute the savage heart—illumine the blind—
And build God's altars in the human mind !
To light and joy transform the dismal scene,
Till prostrate isles adore the NAZARENE !”

PART THE THIRD.

NIGHT OF TRIAL.—NERA AND MAKEA.

'Tis noon : Tahiti's sylvan region heaves
A green and gorgeous wilderness of leaves ;
And this the hour, when back to Britain's realm
The Mission-ship must ply her faithful helm.—
The signal flies—the bark is under weigh,
And tracks, with foaming bows, the coral bay ;
While many a fervent prayer, and fond adieu
Attend her Captain and his faithful crew.

Away—away! along Eiméo's lee
Their oak-ribbed tabernacle sweeps the sea!
And swelling hearts with home affections yearn,
As from the shore, they watch her fading stern!
For now, alone amidst a gentile race,
The christian band begin their work of Grace!
Assured that Heaven would smile on their career—
This was their watch-word,—“ Pray and persevere !”

Years roll away! As wave succeeds to wave—
So rise, and swell, and settle in the grave,
The tides of man's existence! Fresh at dawn,
Eiméo's waves embrace the vernal lawn;
But noon arrives—the blast applies its scourge—
And lo, the tortured seas, with howling surge,
Lash the resounding shore, and reef, and rock,
Till ships are stranded in the furious shock.

Then comes the lull of life ; the winds subside,
And heaven once more is mirrored in the tide !
The spirit that convulsed the frantic seas,⁷
And tossed their foam, like feathers, on the breeze—
Sleeps in a death-like sleep:—but other waves
Shall rush from Raiatéa's coral caves—
Shall toss their crests of vapour to the sky,
And, like the last, expend their rage and die !

Years roll away ;—but still with hope in view,
The men of peace their hallowed task pursue !
But vain the creed their faithful lips proclaim,
For JESUS still is a rejected name!—
From heavenly truth, Tahiti, far estranged,
Averts the ear—the heart is still unchanged—
No welcome grain, from her ungrateful soil,
Rewards the husbandman's unwearied toil.

The warrior listens—leaning on his spear,
But lends to truth a dull, reluctant ear.

Thrice fifty months in slow succession fled!¹⁰
By faithful hands the gospel lamp was fed;
Fervent in zeal, their labours knew no pause,—
Yet still no wakening convert blessed the cause.
The “night of trial”—sad, and dark, and long—
Subdued the faint, and half dismayed the strong!
Their hearts discouraged, willing hands grew weak;
And pale despondence sallowed every cheek;
Their spirits drooped apace, and silent tears
Bewailed the fruitless martyrdom of years!⁴⁰
Beset with fears—their minds still on the rack—⁵
Some died; and some despondingly drew back;
Forsook their brethren: or, with recreant hand,
Espoused the heathen daughters of the land;

While some, like martyrs, closed their bright career,
And left their blood on the barbarian's spear!⁴

But still the word was preached—On hill and strand⁶
The gospel-delegates, with open hand,
And words of love, and sympathizing smiles,
Addressed the assembled children of the Isles!
For now, the words they spoke, the hymns they sung,
Were sung and spoken in Tahiti's tongue.

First of the few who heard and loved the Word
Was one—the daughter of a pagan lord—
One who had cast her wooden gods away,
To learn of Him to whom the christians pray.
But still her lover to his idols clung,
And mocked the wisdom of a woman's tongue—

Deaf to her creed, and hardened in his own,
Still bent the knee at Oro's idol throne.—
And fair was NERA; rich in native grace;
Her step elastic, sunshine in her face;
Her features finely, delicately, wrought—
Lighted with smiles, and eloquent with thought:
The rose just struggling through her cheek's dark tint,
That shades, yet heightens, every lineament.—
And then her eye—fierceness subdued by love;
Her glance—the mingled falcon and the dove;
And lips that lent their freshness to the dawn;
And limbs that mocked the fleetness of the fawn;
And voice as soft as when young seraphs raise
The songs of mercy to their Maker's praise.—
Alas, that such should ever wake the strain
That leads the dance at Oro's bloody fane!

Her heathen sires, through immemorial years,
Had girt Tahiti with unconquered spears ;
Till worn at last, with long successful wars,
They found some nameless heaven among the stars.

Beneath the shadow of yon tall bamboo,
That up to heaven its mast-like stature threw,
A wicker cabin, thatched with plantain leaf,
O'erlooked, with latticed door, the coral reef ;⁷
Thick round its threshold, gaudy creepers flung
Their scented leaves, and clustered garlands hung ;
While birds of golden plume, beneath their shade,
With many a song the sheltering leaves repaid.—
And nightly here, beneath the bread-tree's boughs,
The pagan warrior met his gentle spouse—
Conned the wild legends gathered from her lips,
Of Oro's wars, or England's wondrous ships !

But oft the partner of his heart would sigh,
And start, as if some spectre caught her eye ;
Or mutely watch, with breathless lips apart,
And startled look, and palpitating heart—
As, when the shadow of some bird of prey,
Has hushed the timid warbler on the spray—
For thoughts of Oro—Oro's awful fane,
And bleeding victims, flashed across her brain !
For well she knew that war had raised the spear—
That friends were few, and cruel foes were near !—

At length the fanes were crushed—the trees cut down ;
And now, to smooth dread Oro's vengeful frown,—
To appease the idol's rage, th' inhuman priest
Demands a victim, that his god may feast !
“ Haste—haste !” he cries, “ avert the threatened woe !
Haste—haste !—bring sacrifice, that blood may flow !”

The priests are urgent, and the chief commands !
The dread commission flies in faithful hands—
The names are named ! and, midst the doomed, was he
Whose cabin stood beneath that trysting-tree !

But, while they whispered—lingering in the gloom,
His name she heard ! and, trembling for his doom,
Caught the dread sentence ! Then—as mountain deer
Outstrips the cruel hunter—winged with fear,
Across the vale and stream, and trackless wood,
With panting speed her rapid course pursued—
Till far ahead, she found her lover's door,
And, rushing in, fell breathless on the floor !

Amazed, he raised her—to his neck she clung,
But still wild terror paralyzed her tongue !
Trembling and mute—her pale lips pressed to his,
Spoke fearful tidings in that frantic kiss !

“Oro! dread Oro!” And through all her frame,
A thrilling shudder answers to the name!

“Ha! hear'st thou not their steps? Away—away!
Oro's dread priests demand thee for their prey!”²⁷

“Away!”—With flying steps they scale the steep—
Plunge in the stream—or, like the chamois, leap
From rock to rock; and through the dark ravine,
Deep rocky labyrinths, and forests green,
And battle fields with bleaching bones defaced,
They hasten on;—but ever, in their haste,
They seem to hear pursuing feet behind,
And words of baffled vengeance in the wind!
“Away—away! those blood-hounds in the rear—
Nothing is left to hope, and all to fear!”

At length, beneath yon green declivity
That dips its sylvan crescent in the sea,

They halt—they cast their anxious looks around—
Then, stooping low—with ear close to the ground,
They listen ! but no sound of omened death
Alarms the ear ; the slumbering forest's breath
Sleeps with the stillness of an infant's sigh.
So soft the scene—so calm the starry sky—
So sweet the spot—from man so far remote—
It seems the paradise of peaceful thought !
Where not a sound escapes the leafy boughs
But seems the echo to their whispered vows,
As Nera, sheltered in her lover's arms,
In tears of joy forgot her fond alarms !

“ I heard thy name,” she sighed, “ and well I knew
Thy doom was fixed—and thus to save thee flew !
And by that love, whose wings have borne me hither,
We part no more—we live, we die together !”

“Light of my eyes! what love can e'er repay
Thy love for me! Thrice hunted as a prey
By Oro's priests—thrice, in the hour of fear,
Thy hand hath snatched me from the hunter's spear!²⁸
Me—who have seen my kindred, one by one,
Dragged forth and butchered in the mid-day sun!³⁰
Woe—woe has been familiar with my race
Till *sacrifice* seemed written in my face! . . .
But come, my sweet preserver!—let this heart
Interpret what my lips could ne'er impart!—
And tell me, Nera, hast thou seen or heard
The 'Men of Prayer,' whose might is in their Word?
For surely thou hast learnt the spells that bind
Tahiti's gods, and lull the wave and wind;
Or else this cheek—so fondly pressed to thine—
Had bleached, ere now, on Oro's bloody shrine!”

“ Yes—I have heard them—seen them—and believe
The words they teach—the wonders they achieve ! . . .
But rest thee now ; to-morrow thou shalt hear
Glad tidings, all thy gloomy thoughts to cheer !
For lo, the Saviour to our land is come !
Jehovah speaks—and Oro’s priests are dumb !—
But rest thee now—sleep all thy woes away—
While, seated at thy side, I watch and pray ! ”

He slept : but she, the sentinel of love,
Was sleepless as the stars that watched above ;
For, though her words were full of hope—her breast
Was chill with fears,—with boding woes oppressed !
And watchful at her warrior’s side she sat,
Where nature’s hand had spread his flowery mat—
Each sense upon the stretch—her ear and eye,
Now bent on him, now upward to the sky,

Marked every changing shadow, sound, and hue,
Caught every breath that on the night wind flew—
That stirred the mirror of the forest lake,
Or crept in whispers through the listening brake.

At length, while thus she sat, 'twixt hope and fear,
A rustling sound smote sharply on her ear—
A shadow shot betwixt her and the light—
“Awake—away! thy murderers are in sight!”²⁷
He heard—and answering to the whispered sound,
The warrior sprang elastic from the ground.

No time to pause.—The cliffs are wild and steep,
And round their base, the waves roll dark and deep;
Above them—piled in rude primeval blocks,
Stern nature builds her citadel of rocks!

The lake before—the ruthless foe behind—
What choice was left? But woman's fertile mind,
Ever awake, where love demands her care,
Still forms the link 'twixt safety and despair.—
And when th' assassin band came rushing on,
Their spear was useless—for the prey was gone!

They gazed around them :—foiled, enraged, amazed,
They scarce believe their senses while they gazed—
“ The prey was here !—'tis gone ! dissolved in air !
Sunk in the earth !—or vanished ” . . . none knew where !

Fierce was their search : but crevice—rock—nor tree
Gave answer to their savage scrutiny !
Foaming with rage, the assassins turned away
To seek, elsewhere, some unsuspecting prey—

To seek—or else—so wills Tahiti's god—
To sacrifice the first that cross'd their road.²⁷

When days had flown, and Raiatéa's isle
Basked in her tropic summer's ardent smile—
When verdure, fruits, and flowers, and sparkling rills
Made glad her winding vales, and wooded hills,—
Oft in the moonlight, near yon coral cave,
That spreads its sparry chambers 'neath the wave,
And glittering with stalactites, or, in gloom—
Combines at once, a fairy bower and tomb—
Dim forms were seen, that, o'er the sands below,
Like silent shadows flitted to and fro.

'Twas there, when savage hunters hedged them round,
The stricken deer a safe retreat had found.

There, many a lonely hour, and lingering week,
Had left their trace on Nera's wasted cheek.
Yet there were sparkling founts, and ripened fruit ;
And, safe from hunter's snare and fiend's pursuit,
With looks so bright, to lighten sorrow's hour,
That sparry cave was changed to lover's bower !
For love is like the sun, whose genial ray
Can change the darkest solitude to day !

But now, the isle at rest—the god appeased—
And Nera's soul from sleepless fear released—
Once more, emerging from their coral cell,
'Twas sweet to roam the flower-enamelled dell ;
And 'neath its fringe of verdure, side by side,
To find that refuge which the world denied—
To watch the wave—or spangled heaven, whose stars
Wheeled brightly o'er them in their glittering cars ;

While to the air the blossoms lent their balm ;
And, save Makēa's spirit, all was calm !

Silent he sat; for Nera's words had wrought
A striking change in manner, mind, and thought ;
And still—though half-reluctant, half-resigned,
To bend a warrior's to a woman's mind—
Though oft conviction faltered on his tongue—
Still to his heart the heathen leaven clung.
Two rival powers still kept him on the rack :—
This urged him on—the other held him back.
The strength of passion, and the fire of youth,
Still loth to bend before the Word of Truth,
Repressed the secret workings of his soul,—
The struggling feelings he could ill control.
But still the voice of love, with woman's art,
Appealed to reason—pleading through his heart !

“ Strange is thy speech !” he said ; “ much love for me
Distracts thy gentle mind’s serenity ;
And yet—while night unfurls her starry pall—
Tell me of Him, on whom thy teachers call !
Where is his dwelling ? where his temple ? where
His priests, that bring him sacrifice and prayer ?”

Fondly her lover’s hand is pressed in hers :—
She speaks—what strange delight his bosom stirs !
“ That God,” she said, “ to whom the Christians pray,
O’er ocean, earth, and heaven, extends his sway ;
Yon starry worlds are ministers of his,
Peopled with souls, and bright with endless bliss.
Around thee now, his form is hovering dim :
Our isles were formed and fertilized by Him ;
Yet, for his gifts of life, and field, and flood,
He asks thy gratitude, and not thy blood !

For Him, no mangled limbs pollute the air,
His temple is the heart—his incense, prayer!

“Hush!” said the youth—for still a secret dread
Its chill on his benighted spirit shed—
“Hush! know’st thou not dread Oro’s ears and eyes
Hear all we say? see all that we devise?”

“Nay, fear thou not! Oro, indeed, has ears
And eyes—but Oro neither sees nor hears!
I’ll teach thee whom to fear!”—

“Say on—say on!

For see,” he cried, “the night will soon be gone;
And Oro’s ministers will greet the light,
And drag the rash blasphemer to his sight!
Yet, while the darkness spreads her raven wing,
Say on! I long to *see* thy wondrous King!

But,"—and he cast his eyes around—" speak low !
Speak as if every tree concealed a foe !"

" Nay rather," she resumed, " bid me proclaim
To listening worlds the glory of His name !—
Greatness with goodness infinite combined !
Wisdom, and might, and mercy unconfined !
His eye the sun—his breath the living breeze—
The clouds his chariot, and his path the seas !
Pervading all things—boundless in his sway—
Such is the God to whom the Christians pray !
Such is the God, who, from his throne above,
Sends to our isle the Messengers of Love !"

Thus passed the night, with heavenly converse fraught,
Till morn surprised the teacher and the taught.

They rose to go : but still he seemed to plead
For some new proof of her adopted creed :—

“ Nera ! thou sayest thy God is ever near—
Ever before us—yet he is not here !
Shew me his form—his foot-prints on the shore—
Let me but hear his voice—and I adore !”

“ See God ?—On Him no eye of flesh may look !
That sight the seraphim alone may brook !”

“ Nay, try me—if thou wouldst insure belief—
Or show, at least, some servant from thy Chief.”

“ Then lift thine eyes ! See where yon clouds are rolled
Along the sky, like waves of burnished gold !

Look steadfastly! What seest thou in yon skies?"

"The sun."—

"The sun?—then why avert thine eyes?"

"Nay—surely thou dost mock me—'tis the light—
The dazzling *sun*—that overpowers my sight!"

"O'erpowers thy sight!—and yet wouldst look on Him
Whose very 'servant' turns thy vision dim?
Nay—nay! till thou canst brook the sun at noon,
Believe—but do not ask that fearful boon!"

"Then let me hear his *voice*!"

"That voice we hear
When rocks are rent, and howling winds career.

Remember'st thou that fatal—fearful, day,
When half our plantain groves uprooted lay?—
When yon blue deep—lashed into boiling waves,
Tossed its proud foam through Tonga's shattered caves?—
When, as by fiends pursued, at midnight dark,
Yon coral reef received the stranded bark—
While crashing thunder-bolts, and flashing leven,
Shook the far hills, and glared athwart the heaven?—
When hills were split, and mighty forests seared?
'Twas then His arm was seen, His voice was heard!—
Remember'st thou?"

“ Yes, when great Tangalo',
Put out the sun, and chafed the waves to snow—
Tore up our groves, and—as the blast pursues
The parched-up leaves—sank—scattered our canoes!
But sure—though such dread Tangalōa's path—
Thy God's a God of *mercy*—not of *wrath*!”

“ True, true.—He speaks not in the storm alone,
When hills are rent, and forests overthrown ;
Nor, when the world of waves usurps the land,
See we alone the working of his hand.
I see Him moving in the summer beam—
I hear His voice of mercy in the stream.
In hope—in grief—in hours of joy or care—
Where'er man is—a present God is there !
His, earth and sea; by Him yon sky is trod—
Whose stars are but the footsteps of their God !

“ Canst mark the foot-prints by the ocean's flood ?
The trace of living things, by hill and wood ?
Canst mark their various traces, and declare
If man, or beast, or sea-bird hath been there ?
Yes ; this—all this thou canst—yet dost not see
The mystic footsteps of the Deity !

“ But I—where'er I walk—where'er my eye
Wanders o'er earth, and sea, and starry sky—
'Mid paths, and foot-prints numberless, can tell
The steps of Him—the God invisible !
His works His foot-prints—nature's boundless frame,
The glowing altar where He sets his name !”

“ Nay—nay ; these words are but thy teacher's creed—
Words that may please the ear—but do not plead
As truth should plead ! Despite myself, I find
Thy speech too dark for this untutored mind,
Which, while thou talk'st unknown, and nameless things,
Still to the gods of old Tahiti clings !
Would thou wert victor ! Would these doubts were done !
Would—would that, like our hearts, our creed were one !”

His words went to her soul :—trembling and faint,
But with a saintlike smile no words may paint,—

" Yes ! " she replied—and raised her eyes above—
 " Would thy ' belief ' were gentle as thy love !
 Would that our faith—sealed with the seal divine,
 Were offered, with our hearts, upon one shrine !
 For, till thy soul partake this heavenly light,
 I feel as if my own were still in night !
 Yes, yes—I feel that, if unshared by thee,
 Even heaven itself were scarce a heaven to me !
 Yet hear me !—hear this message from above—
 The blessèd words of Him whose ' law is love ! ' "

" ' Love ! ' didst thou say ? "

" Yes ; ' love , ' that sweetly draws
 Man to his Maker—blends with all his laws—
 Pervades, supports, majestic nature's plan,
 And forms the filial bond 'twixt God and man ! "

“ What God,” he cried, “ is this ! It is not he
 Who shakes the earth, and walks the stormy sea ?
 Uproots our fair banana groves, and strews
 On wrecking waves Eimēo’s fleet canoes ?
 Who, then, is He thou speak’st of ? ”

“ ’Tis the same—

The same in essence, attributes, and name !
 Th’ All-wise —th’ Omnipotent—the strong to smite,
 But strong to save ; whose love is infinite—
 Extends to rebel hearts the means of grace,
 And from the curse redeems our fallen race ! ”—

’Twas thus she spoke ; and felt that every word
 With sweet vibration touched his bosom’s chord.
 And next, the thrilling theme her lips pursued—
 How first, in Eden’s sinless solitude,

Man walked with God ; and—till the tempter came—
Himself a god, instinct with heavenly flame,
With angels trod perfection's pinnacle.
Then, how he disobeyed—and sinned—and fell !
And fled abased before Omnipotence,
To bear the fearful brand of his offence !
And last of Him—our Paschal Lamb—whose blood,
Peace-speaking, flowed for man upon the Rood—
Abolished sacrifice—dissolved the bond
Of sin and death, and shewed the world beyond !
Of Him who died, our pardon to ensure—
And rose again, our rising to secure !——

But here I may not dwell on all she said—
For him how oft, how fervently she prayed—
How sweetly, in her own Tahitian tongue,
To sacred hymns the coral chambers rung,

Till sparry labyrinths, by man untrod,
With thundering echoes swelled the praise of God!

At last to truth the pagan warrior bowed;
His heart was softened, and he sobbed aloud—
“ My doubts are fled—my idols I resign!—
Nera! henceforth, I have no God but thine!”

PART THE FOURTH.

TRIUMPH OF THE FAITH.—BURNING OF THE IDOLS.

As on that morn, when to the darkened earth,
The angel-choir announced the Saviour's birth—
When Ammon's priests, with sudden dread o'ercome,
Renounced their gods, and Oracles grew dumb !
So here—while heralds of the cross proclaim
To gentile nations the Redeemer's name,
Their priests are mute—their tottering idols fall—
The stubborn heart is softened at the call—
The dark partition wall is crumbling down—
And all are sharers in the Saviour's crown !

So, 'mid some dismal wilderness, the day
O'ertakes the pilgrim, darkling and astray ;
Surprised, he starts, as on his dazzled gaze,
The parting clouds diffuse a sudden blaze ;
Heaven opens ! lo, the scales drop from his eyes,
He sees a beckoning hand stretch'd from the skies —
Feels through the dark recesses of his soul,
New light descend—new thoughts and transports roll ;
The path of life lies open to his sight,
And all is peace, and intellectual light !—

Blue as the sapphire sleeps yon summer sea,
And, with its sky, in loveliest sympathy,
Seems like a mirror, where that verdant isle
May sit and view her own reflected smile !
Her cliffs, and groves, and streams, and sylvan glade—
Her grotts, for love and meditation made ;—

Her palm-clad hills, where spring and summer meet—
Her deep blue waters slumbering at their feet :
Her spar-built caves, and cool sequester'd bowers—
Girdled with trees, and garlanded with flowers !

'Tis evening—evening such as never yet
In saffron tints along yon waters set !
'Tis evening—such as never lent its smile
Of welcome light to Raiatéa's isle !
Nor o'er yon cliffs, where day-light sweetly dies,
Threw the bright mantle of its starry skies.

In yonder grove, that to the listening air
Waves its proud verdure—hark ! the voice of prayer,
And praise of gathered worshippers is heard,
Where men of peace expound the sacred word !

And still they come ; and still the choral song
Swells high and higher, with the increasing throng !
Till wood, and wave, and rock, and heaven above,
Resound the triumphs of Redeeming Love !

Long—long 'mid famine—doubt—disease—and death,
The Word was published with unfaltering breath,
And toil, and prayer—till heaven's propitious dew
Around the seed its genial moisture threw!⁴⁰—
But now, the seed takes root—the harvest springs—
And o'er his ripening sheaves the reaper sings ;
“ Lord of the harvest ! hear our grateful song !
To Thee, to Thee—our thanks and praise belong !
Thy promise is fulfilled—thy truth appears—
And now, we reap in joy, who sowed in tears !⁴⁶
Spread the glad tidings—raise the joyful strain !
To-day has ushered in Immanuel's reign !”

The service closed : the leafy shades prolong
The lingering cadence of their evening song :
But soon, as if for sudden war combined—
They start—they fly :—strange words are on the wind !
What means this sudden muster ? Why this haste ?
Are “ words of peace ” thus suddenly effaced ?
Yet, danger threatens not !—No foe is near !—
For see, they cast away the club and spear !
Serene—and yet the peaceful words they speak
Have stamped emotion on the kindling cheek !

The watch-word passed—their Chief has led the way :
A glorious night shall crown a glorious day !
For—as the sons of Freedom rose of yore
To wrest the crown the heathen Despot wore—
To-night, the converts of the isles arise—
CHRIST is proclaimed, and Moloch’s empire dies !—

They hurl the demons from their ancient thrones—
For darkened ages, one brief hour atones !
The temples fall ! and piled in motley pyres
Their graven idols feed the wasting fires !
Earth, sea, and sky, reflect the sudden blaze—
On wood and wave the lambent signal plays—
And, as in flame the crackling faggots rise,
A shout of triumph swells along the skies.

Yet some there were, in that triumphant crowd,
Who felt, and feared, more than their lips avowed ;
Who looked as if some terrible display
Of Oro's wrath should sweep their isle away—
Some sudden bolt avenge the horrid deed,
And blast the rash blasphemers of his creed !

Amazed they stood : and, with uplifted eyes,
And secret shudders art could ill disguise,
Listened in dread suspense!—But sea, nor shore,
The symptoms of approaching tempest wore!
No lightnings flash—no thunders shake the isle—
No frowning demons quench the flashing pile!
Consumed—reduced to dark and smouldering heaps—
The ‘ gods are dead!’—and still the thunder sleeps!

“ Rise, Tangarōa ! from thine ashes rise !
Dread Koro, launch thy lightning from the skies !
Blast the profane ! thy glorious fame retrieve !—
And we will bend before thee, and believe !”

But, as of yore the priests at Belial’s fane,
So now, the priests of Oro plead in vain !

For Oro's wrath, nor Tangaróa's might,
With vengeful thunder scare the peaceful night!
No spirit stirs their ashes! there they lie—
Shapeless, and shrineless—dust beneath the sky!

“Be these,” they cry, “the gods, whose rage to soothe,
With impious hand, we spilt the blood of youth?
That ruled our destinies on field and flood—
Bathed with our tears, and worshipped with our blood!
Be these the gods of Raiatéa?—these
Her guardian spirits—hewn from stones and trees?
How helpless they! and we, how weak and blind!
To worship lifeless logs, and sow the wind!

But now the reign of graven gods is done,
And Raiatéa serves no god but One!

“ No god but GOD !” let heaven and earth rebound,
Till distant isles have caught the joyful sound !”

The night—the eventful night, is fleeting fast ;
Dim burn the stars ; morn’s incense loads the blast ;
And lo, the kindling East, arrayed in smiles,
Sends forth the “ first glad Sabbath of the isles ”—
The day of holy rest, that brings repose,
And breathes a balm for earth’s severest woes—
Imparts a joy, no other can impart,
To melt—expand—and meliorate the heart !

The night is past—the morning star in view ;
And Christ for heathen lands is born anew !
The scene is changed ! The oracles of peace
Have purged the land, and idol-orgies cease.
The scene is changed ! The men of God are there !
The savage war-song is subdued to prayer !

The scene is changed ! Religion's mystic power
Lights every face, and gladdens every bower !
The long, long night of death has passed away :
And this the dawn of faith's immortal day !

The tribes are up ; and, gathering as they go—
Like mountain streams that mingle as they flow—
Pursue their way through vales and shady bowers,
To welcome in the new-born sabbath hours !

Behold yon rustic temple, pillared round
With stems of stately tamanū, and bound
With wattled boughs, and white and shining wall,
And wicker doors, thrown wide to welcome all—
And graceful cocoa-plumes, and plantain leaves
Crowning its roof, and drooping round its eaves !

The pulpit steps are propt on warriors' spears—
The peaceful badge of sanguinary years !
While poisoned shafts, and hatchets hung on high,
And clubs, like votive tablets, catch the eye—
And gods, whose demon-dynasty is o'er,
Support the roof, or fence the sacred door—⁴⁴
Like vassals conquered in the field of war,
And chained like trophies to the victor's car—
Or, like that people, whom the Grecian sword
Condemned to prop the fanes their souls abhorred !

Such is the temple of the rising State!⁴⁵
The pledge and promise of a happier fate !—
An infant Zion, pointing to the skies,
To melt the heart, and “draw the wondering eyes !”

How sweet, how lovely, in this isle remote,⁵²
The first fair landmark raised to holy thought !

Fresh as a fountain in the wilderness,
Its living springs shall heal the land's distress !
Here, thirsting lips the stream of life shall drain,
And treasure up the soul's refreshing rain !

See how the converts crowd its leafy floor—
Listen at every lattice, every door !—
Hang on the preacher's lips, and fondly hoard
The crumbs that fall beside their Master's board !
See how, like the Berean church of old,
They search the Scriptures as for hidden gold !
And searching find, what gold could ne'er bestow,
The way of life—a cure for every woe !

On yonder steep—where Moloch's altar stood,
Girt round with victims—gorged with human blood—

There—'neath banana arbours, green and cool,
The Men of Peace have built their Christian school.
And hark! like busy hives in summer air,—
The ceaseless hum of infant lips is there!—
There, as the bee collects her honeyed store,
So culls the child the sweets of simple lore ;
What to the bee unfolding buds afford,
Is treasured there from heaven's unfolded word :
But, sweeter far than honey to the bee,
That hallowed page to lispings infancy !

Here is the young ' Judea of the mind '—
The cradle of sweet hope—light for the blind!—
A second Bethlehem—a Bethesda's pool—
An embryo kingdom in that island school!
“ Here is the spot ”—shall their descendants say—
“ Our savage ancestors first learnt to pray !

The spot where our progenitors first heard
The gospel sound—the soul-redeeming word !
The spot where, dragged from every green retreat,
They piled their idols at the apostles' feet !
The spot where Faith's first hallowed pledge was given,
Where man was raised to intercourse with Heaven—
Where first to God the heart was sacrificed,
And Oro vanished at the name of Christ !

“ 'Twas here the ‘ Man of Peace ’ first took his stand,
While, grouped around, the warriors of our land—
The young and old, with melting heart and eyes,
Learnt from his lips the message of the skies !
'Twas here that first, in Polynesia's tongue,
God's word was preached,—His songs of triumph sung,
With power that chased a midnight from the mind,
And cheered with light the eyeballs of the blind !”

All—all is changed ! Where'er I turn mine eyes,
The monuments of peace and love arise !
White hamlets glimmer sweetly through the trees,
And there glad voices mingle with the breeze !
They chant the songs that flowed from Zion's mount ;
They trace the gift to its celestial Fount !
Before yon altar, bound with holy vows,
The island bridegroom leads his gentle spouse ;
And there Makea kneels at Nera's side—
The Christian husband of a Christian bride.—

Parents and children crowd the cottage door ;
Age is revered ; and terror's reign is o'er.
Now songs of joy announce the infant's birth,
And love presides at the domestic hearth :
Where once rapacious warfare filled the breast—
Where vultures preyed, the turtle builds her nest !

Little he deemed, who led the first emprise,
To watch the wheeling worlds that light yon skies—
How soon—where thirst of science paved the way—
The “ Men of Peace ” should bring a brighter day !
How soon—attracted by a brighter Star,
The light of Faith should follow from afar,—
Divulge new worlds—the slumbering isles arouse,
Decked like a bride, to meet her heavenly Spouse !

And yet the triumph is but half achieved !
Millions, from savage darkness unretrieved,
Still wait the signal, that shall chase their night,
Exalt the soul, and purify the sight !
A thousand isles still teem with barbarous life—
Enslaved by idols—nursed in blood and strife—
Where, prowling like ferocious beasts of prey,
Man's only science is the art to slay !
Where tribes with tribes incessant warfare wage,
And death is fed with carnage—not by age !
Where poisoned shafts from every ambush fly,
And human sacrifice pollutes the sky !

These are the strongholds which our faith must storm !
Regions—where man has lost his pristine form !
But once the standard of the Prince of Peace
Unfurled amongst them,—Horror's reign shall cease ;

The plough shall pass o'er Moloch's shrine abhorred,
That Faith may found new temples to the Lord!
Hymns shall suppress the barbarous song and dance;
The crook of peace supplant the poisoned lance;
The babe shall own a mother's fostering name,
And fathers from their children reverence claim!

Through the long vistas of advancing years,
Lo, every isle the gospel standard rears;
While Wisdom, with religious light combined,
Refines the soul, and elevates the mind.
In every vale God's altar shall be found;
Science shall kindle at Religion's sound!—
Commerce shall spread her pinions to the blast,
And spacious harbours woo the stranger's mast;
Fleets shall replace the rude-constructed raft—
And patriot statues crown the marble shaft:

Learning shall flourish—Faith surround the throne—
And Freedom build another Parthenon!

And smile not thou, while the prophetic muse
Through future days her ardent flight pursues :
For Light shall spread, till earth's remotest isle
Shall feel its warmth, and flourish in its smile !
The Light shall spread,—till all the tribes, as one,
Confess one faith, as they behold one sun !
Till, borne on healing wings from yonder skies,
Th' unsetting Morn of righteousness shall rise !

Believ'st thou this? or dost thou deem it strange
That aught so dark should hope for such a change ?
Then—if what prophets saw, and Christ foretold,
On thy incredulous heart have lost their hold—

Let History speak!—Look, through the stream of time,
How Britain's annals vindicate my rhyme!
Reflect what darkness brooded there of yore—
Behold the light that *now* adorns her shore!

Then give the light!—to us so freely given—
And thus evince our gratitude to Heaven!
Diffuse Religion's light! and thence shall flow
All man can wish, or heaven itself bestow!
Give this—and POLYNESIA soon shall be
The Christian Empress of the Tropic sea!

TO THE MISSIONARIES ON BOARD THE CAMDEN,
April 11th, 1838.

“Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.”

AND now, one cordial wish—one parting word—
To you, who bear the standard of the Lord!—
You who, with faithful heart and fearless hand,
Extend His sway to earth’s remotest strand!—
Who, braving sickness, famine, danger, death—
Who—to His cause devoting life’s last breath,—
Esteem your lives not *yours*, but only given
To spend, and to be spent, in serving Heaven!

Best friends of man ! Ambassadors of God !
'Tis yours to tread the steps your Master trod—
Yours to advance his kingdom, and proclaim,
In every tongue, his soul-redeeming Name.

Cares may await you—dangers may pursue—
Grief melt the heart, and sickness cloud the view—
But God is with you ! His strong arm shall be
A tower of strength in your adversity—
A present help your fainting hearts to cheer—
Your staff and comfort in the night of fear !

Go forth—ambassadors from God to man !
To darkened isles proclaim Redemption's plan !
Built up in faith—confiding in his love,
Wise as the serpent—harmless as the dove—

Rouse those who slumber—call the wanderers home—
Warn those who scoff—encourage all who come !


Go forth ! with saving light in every hand—
Search every shore—illumine every land !
Proclaim aloud the Gospel's gladdening voice,
Till in its sound the distant isles rejoice ;—
Prepare the way ! that Belial's reign may cease,
And Earth embrace the oracles of Peace !

Go forth on heathen isle and trackless wave,
Like him who bears a ransom for the slave !
Cheer the condemned, and bid the captive sing
The pardoning grace of your celestial KING !
The triumphs ye achieve—the hearts ye win—
The souls ye rescue from the grasp of sin,

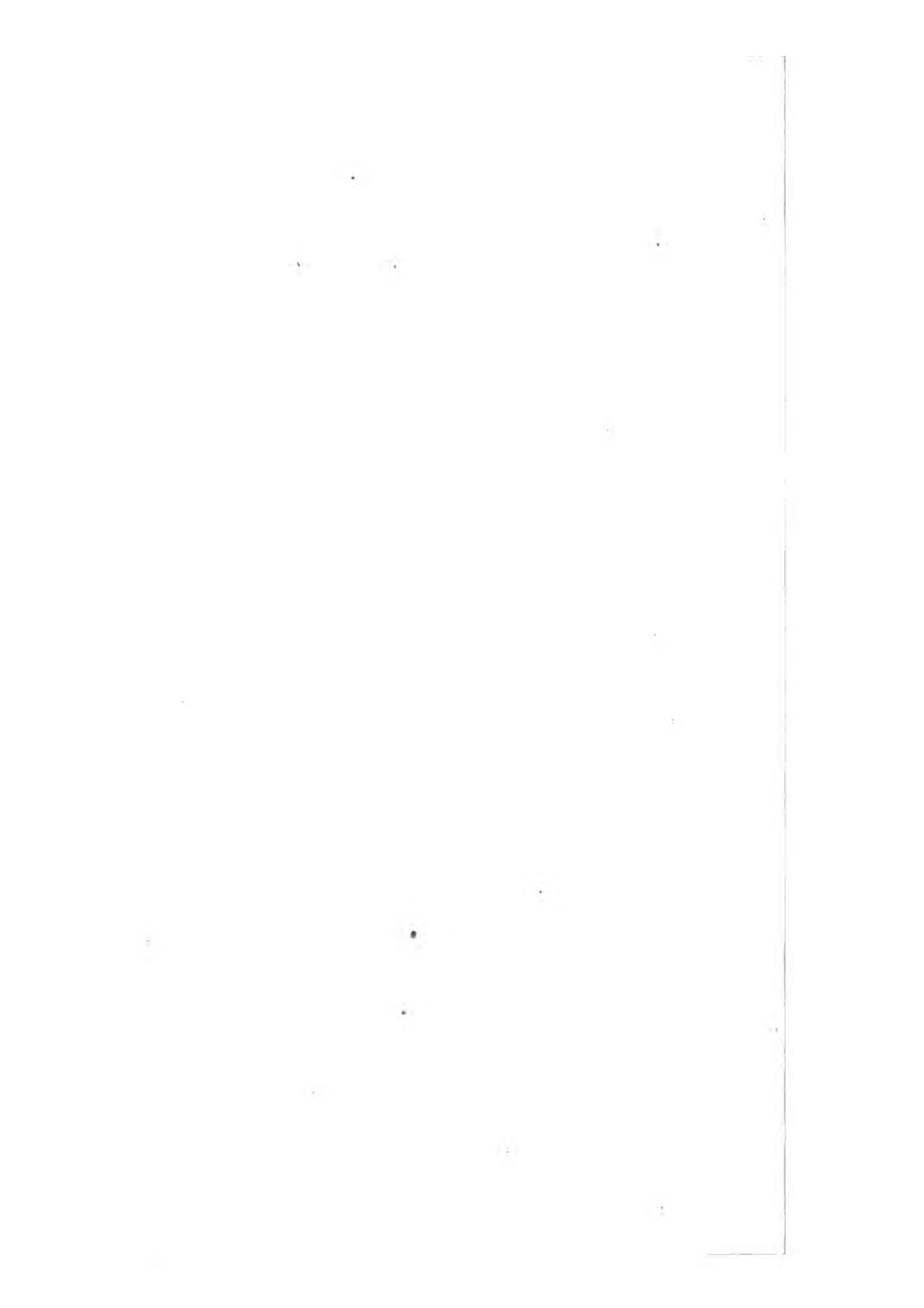
Shall find their echo in those heavenly choirs,
That round the Eternal tune seraphic lyres !
For every trophy of Redeeming Love
Shall wake hosannahs in the courts above !

Go forth in boldness—gladness—joy and peace ;
That grace may flourish—war and tumult cease !
Go forth, and cease not, till our God again
Shall tabernacle with the sons of men—
Till every peopled isle the seas enclose,
Embrace the truth, and blossom like the rose !
Till o'er the earth the tide of faith shall sweep,
Like waves that fill the channels of the deep !
The Book of Truth, like Aaron's budding rod,
Shall teach the heathen that ye come from God !

And now, farewell!—be perfect, gentle, kind;
In all things faithful, patient, meek, resigned;
Be strong, unmoveable: with one accord
Abounding in the service of the LORD;
Assured that He, where'er ye sow the grain,
Will send the 'early, and the latter rain.'



NOTES.



NOTES

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE TEXT.



1. ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.—The islands of the mountainous class, with but few exceptions, are truly splendid. The immense mountains rise gradually from their base, till their lofty summits are lost amid the clouds of heaven; some are broken into a thousand fantastic shapes; here, a pyramid piercing the skies; and there, a spire presenting its apex above the belt of clouds by which it is girt; and then you see a precipitous rock lifting itself up in solemn grandeur and frowning over your head like the mouldering battlements of some immense castle. The sides of these magnificent heights are clothed with bright verdure of varied shades. Beauty, grandeur, wildness, and sublimity are so fantastically blended and contrasted, as to excite the most varied and delightful feelings. Then there is the ocean beneath you, stretching away in boundless majesty, until it appears to embrace the heavens in the distance.

2. At the base of the mountains are fertile and luxuriant valleys, in which are intermingled the stately bread-fruit tree, the banana, the Brazilian plum, and many other tropical productions, some of which are trees of gigantic growth, and of the richest foliage; all equally beautiful, but each having its own hue, from the darkest shade to green of the lightest tint; while the plumes of the cocoa-nut tree overtopping the whole, and waving majestically to the passing breeze from the ocean, give an exquisite finish to the landscape.

3. "The waters of the Lagoon, between the reef and the shore, are placid and transparent, at the bottom of which, and on the sloping sides of the banks, as they descend beneath the water, a most enchanting picture presents itself; for coral of every variety, of every shape, and of every hue, is seen intermingled in rich profusion, presenting to the imagination the idea of a *submarine flower garden*, or shrubbery, of exquisite beauty: while among the tortuous branches of the madrepora, and wide-spreading leaves of other corals, the zebra-fish, and others of every colour and size, are seen gamboling in conscious security."—WILLIAMS'S *Narrative*.

4. "The Marquesan mission failed; at Tongatabu some of the missionaries lost their lives, and, in consequence of a series of disastrous circumstances, this mission was abandoned."—*Ibid*.

5. "Those who had settled at Tahiti under such favourable circumstances, were compelled to flee for their lives, and sought temporary refuge in New South Wales."—*Ibid*.

6. "A few of the brethren, Messrs. Henry, Nott, Davis, and Wilson, never deserted their posts; but, with unshrinking fortitude, and in the face of every danger, continued faithful in the cause to which they had devoted their lives, whilst those who had retired again returned and resumed their sacred labours with renewed energy."—*Ibid*.

7. "All the Society and many other islands in the Pacific are surrounded by a belt of coral rock, from two or three to twenty yards in width, and situated at various distances, from a few yards to perhaps two miles, from the shore. Against this wonderful barrier the long-rolling waves of the Pacific are driven with terrific violence; and towering in one vast sheet of water to an immense height, with majestic power, they curl their foaming tops over the reef, and bursting against this rocky bulwark, spend their harmless vengeance upon its surface. The spray,

from the breaking of these billows, frequently rises so high as to present a beautiful marine rainbow."—*Ibid.*

8. TESTIMONIES IN FAVOUR OF THE MISSIONARIES.—“The *Beagle* passed a part of last November (1835) at Tahiti. A more orderly, quiet, inoffensive community I have not seen in any other part of the world. Every one of the Tahitians appeared anxious to oblige, and naturally good-tempered and cheerful. They shewed great respect for, and thorough good-will towards, the missionaries; and most deserving of such a feeling did those persons appear to be, with whom I had the sincere pleasure of making acquaintance. Mr. Wilson was at the landing-place, and welcomed us to his house. The free, cheerful manner of the natives, who gathered about the door, and unceremoniously took possession of vacant seats, either on the chairs or on the floor, showed that they were at home with their instructor, and that churlish seclusion, or affected distance, formed no part of his system.”—*Letter to Sir John Herschell.*

9. “*December the 19th.*—At daylight, after their morning prayer, my companions prepared an excellent breakfast of bananas and fish. Neither of them would taste food without saying a short prayer. Those travellers who hint that a Tahitian prays only when the eyes of the missionary are fixed on him, might have profited by similar evidence. At Mr. Pritchard’s church, in Papeete, we found an orderly, attentive, and decently dressed congregation. The church was quite full, and many were sitting outside. It was evident that the children had not been treated with harshness, for they clustered about their minister so closely, that he could not move without pushing them aside.”—*CAPT. FITZROY’S Journal.*

10. “Wherever I went I was received with the greatest respect, and all classes manifested a desire for missionaries. How different were the circumstances of the brethren at Tahiti! What years of toil and anxiety they endured before this desire was created; and at New Zealand, also, to

what privations, labours, and perils, were the devoted missionaries of the Church Missionary Society called, for nearly twenty years, before any thing like a general desire for instruction was evinced by the inhabitants !”
—WILLIAMS’S *Narrative*.

11. “ At the Navigators’, on the contrary, in less than twenty months chapels were erected, and the people anxiously waiting for instruction. Our Saviour has taught us to appreciate the importance of this state of a people, under the beautiful similitude of a corn-field ‘ white unto the harvest.’ ”—*Ibid*.

12. “ I am convinced that the first step towards a nation’s temporal and social elevation, is to place amongst them the tree of life, when civilization and commerce will entwine their tendrils around its trunk, and derive support from its strength. Until the people are brought under the influence of religion, they have no desire for the arts and usages of civilized life ; but that invariably creates it. The missionaries were at Tahiti many years, during which they built and furnished a house in the European style. The natives saw this, but not an individual imitated their example.”
—*Ibid*.

13. “ As soon, however, as they were brought under the influence of Christianity, the chiefs, and even the common people, began to build neat plastered cottages, and to manufacture bedsteads, seats, and other articles of furniture. If it be not already proved, the experience of a few years more will demonstrate the fact, that the missionary enterprise is incomparably the most effective machinery that has ever been brought to operate upon the social, the civil, and the commercial, as well as the moral and spiritual, interests of mankind.”—*Ibid*.

14. “ Without dwelling upon the improved state of religion in our churches, the holy and elevated feelings which have been called into exercise, the

noble instances of christian benevolence which have been displayed, and the reflex influence of the missionary enterprise upon home exertions, we may simply glance at the commercial advantages which have resulted, and are still resulting, from these labours. In the South Sea Islands alone, many thousands of persons are at this moment wearing and using articles of European manufacture; in the more advanced stations, there is scarcely an individual who is not attired in English clothing, which has been obtained in exchange for native produce. Thus we are benefited in what we give and in what we receive. The natives, in a barbarous state, possess not the knowledge requisite for turning the capabilities and productions of their islands to good account. The sugar-cane was indigenous to Tahiti; but it is only since the inhabitants have been christianized, and taught by the missionaries, that they have manufactured sugar, and thus converted the cane into a valuable article of commerce.”
—*Ibid.*

15. “At present the Samoa islanders have nothing to dispose of but a little cinet (cord made from the cocoa-nut husk), and small quantities of tortoise-shell. In a very few years, should our labours be successful, they will be taught to prepare hundreds of tons of cocoa-nut oil, and large quantities of arrow-root, annually; to manufacture sugar; to cultivate their land; and to supply our shipping with provisions. Thus, wherever the missionary goes, new channels are cut for the stream of commerce: and to me it is most surprising that any individual at all interested in the commercial prosperity of his country, can be otherwise than a warm friend to the missionary cause. The shipping of our country, too, derives as much advantage from missions as its commerce. This will appear, if it be recollected that intercourse between Europeans and the untaught islanders of the Pacific is always dangerous, and has often proved fatal.”—*Ibid.*

16. “The adventurous Magellan fell at the Ladrone Islands; Captain Cook was barbarously murdered at the Sandwich group; the ship Venus

was taken at Tahiti; M. de Langle and his companions were killed at the Samoas; the Port au Prince was seized at Lefuga; and the crew of the Boyd was massacred at New Zealand. And now in all these islands, with the exception of the Ladrões, there are missionary stations, whither numbers of vessels direct their course annually, the crews of which look forward with delight to the hour when the anchor shall be dropped in the tranquil lagoons, and where they find a generous welcome and a temporary home. That outrages do occur, *where there are no missionaries*, Captain Beechey's account of his intercourse with the inhabitants of Easter and Gambier, and the massacre of the entire crew of the Oldham at Wallace's Island, with other similar events of more recent occurrence, plainly demonstrate; whilst the fact is, that in those islands or ports where missionaries are settled, such acts of violence have been prevented. An incident or two may illustrate these points. About two years before we left the islands, an individual, who had been a convict, came to Raiatea in his own vessel; and having cheated the natives of every other island at which he had touched of their harbour-dues and pilotage, a message was sent to request our chiefs not to allow him to depart until they were paid. Acting upon this information, the native officer, a high-spirited young chief, refused to quit the vessel until he had received the dues; when the captain immediately presented a loaded pistol at his head, which so exasperated him, that he came on shore and collected a large body of people, who armed themselves, and returned to the ship with a full determination to be avenged. The whole population was roused to indignation, and their temper and proceedings were most alarming. Tamatoa, myself, and very many of the respectable inhabitants, were absent at the time; but MRS. WILLIAMS having been informed of the circumstance, instantly wrote to the captain to beg him to pay what was due; and hastening down to the beach, she prevented more people from going off to the vessel, and sent a boat with some respectable natives to convey to those on board an earnest request from her that no violence might be offered to the captain, and that they would immediately come on shore."—*Ibid.*

17. "The work of plunder had commenced, and in a moment or two many lives must have been sacrificed, as the natives were only waiting for the signal to take possession of the ship, and the captain was standing with loaded pistols, ready in an instant to fire into a barrel of gunpowder to blow up the vessel and all on board. This, however, was happily prevented by the prompt interference of even a missionary's wife. This, I believe, is the only instance in which a ship has been in danger at any of our missionary stations. On the following day, I collected the few articles which had been taken by the natives, and sent them after the vessel."—*Ibid.*

18. "With their enemies the Tahitians acted in the most ferocious manner. They stamped upon the prisoners they had taken in battle; and sometimes a hole was made through an enemy's body, and he was worn for some time as a *tiputa* (or tippet) by the man who slew him. After a battle, the conquerors destroyed all the women and children of their enemies, and even taught their own children to kill the others that they would have liked to play with. Sometimes the conqueror put ropes through the necks of his enemies' children, or threaded them like beads on a spear!"—*Night of Toil*, pp. 8, 9.

19. "Having inquired how the Raiateans acted in war, he informed them that, while in the service of Satan and their idols, they were exceedingly cruel to each other; that women were barbarously treated; and that children had skewers run through their ears, and were strung together: but that *now* they had ceased to fight, and instead of being pierced with spears, or beat to death with the clubs of the warriors, they died in peace in their own habitations, surrounded by their friends."—WILLIAMS, p. 89.

20. To exemplify the horrors resulting from this state of savage warfare, let the following fact suffice:—When, in 1823, Mr. Williams visited Hervey's Island, expecting to find a considerable population, he was shocked to learn that, by their frequent and exterminating wars, they had reduced

themselves to about *sixty* in number! Some six or seven years later, on visiting the same island, he found that this miserable remnant of its former population had fought with such frequency and desperation, that the only survivors were five men, three women, and a few children; and that even then there was a contention among them who should be king.

21. Yet were these customs abolished by Christianity; these tigers and lions turned into lambs and doves by the regenerating influence of the gospel!

22. "Their conduct to their aged parents and sick friends was barbarous in the extreme. When tired of waiting upon a sick person, his relations generally built a hut for him, and at first fed him, but often left him afterwards to die of hunger. At other times, his relations would throw their spears at the sick man, to see which would thrust him through first. For example: a sick man was staying with an acquaintance, who, growing tired of him, went one day and dug a hole near the sea-shore; then returned, and offered to take him to bathe. The sick man consented, and was placed upon a board, and carried towards the sea between two men; but, when he came near the hole, he suspected what was going to be done, and jumped off the board and tried to make his escape; but his companion threw a stone at him, and thus stopped him, and then forced him into the hole and *buried him alive!*"—*Night of Toil*, p. 78. See Notes 21, 31.

23. "The most affecting and horrible of their religious observances was that of presenting *human victims*. This system did not prevail at the Navigators'; but at the Hervey group, and still more at the Tahitian and Society Islands, it was carried to an extent still more appalling. There was one ceremony, called *Raumatavehiraa*, the Feast of Restoration, at which no less than *seven* human victims were always required. This festival was celebrated after an invading army had driven the inhabitants to the mountains, and had desecrated the marae by cutting down the

branches of the sacred trees, and cooking their food with them, and with the wooden altars and decorations of the sacred place. As soon as the retirement of the invaders allowed the refugees to leave their hiding-place, their first object was to celebrate this 'Feast of Restoration,' which was supposed to restore the marae to its previous sanctity, and to reinstate the god in his former glory. A few years ago I sent to England a very sacred relic, called *maro ura*, or the red sash. This was a piece of net-work, about seven inches wide and six feet long, upon which the red feathers of the paroquet were neatly fastened. It was used at the inauguration of their greatest kings, just as the crown is with us; and the most honourable appellation which a chief could receive, was, *Aru maro ura*, 'King of the Red Sash.' A new piece, about eighteen inches in length, was attached at the inauguration of every sovereign; to accomplish which, several human victims were required. The first was the *Mau raa titi*, or the stretching it upon the pegs in order to attach it to the new piece; another was necessary for the *Fatu raa*, or attaching the new portion; and a third for the *Pia raa*, or twitching the sacred relic off the pegs. This not only invested the sash itself with a high measure of solemn importance, but also rendered the chiefs who wore it most noble in public estimation."—WILLIAMS.

24. On the eve of war also human victims were invariably offered:—

"King Pomare being about to fight a battle which would confirm him in, or deprive him of, his dominions; to propitiate the gods, by the most valuable offerings he could command, was, with him, an object of the highest concern. For this purpose, rolls of native cloth, pigs, fish, and immense quantities of other food, were presented at the Maraes; but still a *tabu*, or sacrifice, was demanded. Pomare, therefore, sent two of his messengers to the house of the victim whom he had marked for the occasion. On reaching the place, they inquired of the wife where her husband was. She replied, that he was in such a place, planting bananas. 'Well,' they continued, 'we are thirsty, give us some cocoa-nut water.

She told them that she had no nuts in the house, but that they were at liberty to climb the trees, and take as many as they desired. They then requested her to lend them the O, which is a piece of iron-wood, about four feet long, and an inch and a half in diameter, with which the natives open the cocoa-nut. She cheerfully complied with their wishes, little imagining that she was giving them the instrument which, in a few moments, was to inflict a fatal blow upon the head of her husband. Upon receiving the O, the men left the house, and went in search of their victim; and the woman, having become rather suspicious, followed them shortly after, and reached the place just in time to see the blow inflicted and her husband fall. She rushed forward to give vent to her agonized feelings, and take a last embrace; but she was immediately seized, and bound hand and foot, while the body of her murdered husband was placed in a long basket made of cocoa-nut leaves, and borne from her sight. It appears that they were always exceedingly careful to prevent the wife, or daughter, or any female relative, from touching the corpse; for so polluting were females considered, that a victim would have been desecrated by a woman's touch or breath to such a degree, as to have rendered it unfit for an offering to the gods. While the men were carrying their victim to the Marae, he recovered from the stunning effect of the blow, and, bound as he was in the cocoa-nut leaf basket, he said to his murderers, " Friends, I know what you intend to do with me; you are about to kill me, and offer me as a *tabu* to your savage gods; and I also know that it is useless for me to beg for mercy, for you will not spare my life. You may kill my body, but you cannot hurt my soul; for I have begun to pray to Jesus, the knowledge of whom the Missionaries have brought to our island."—*Ibid.*

25. " Instead of being moved to compassion by his affecting address, they laid him down upon the ground, placed a stone under his head, and with another beat it to pieces. In this state they carried him to their ' savage gods.'—One of the assassins, whose business it was to procure human sacrifices, sailed with me in my last voyage, and not only confirmed the

foregoing statement, but detailed many other transactions equally tragical in which he had been engaged."—*Ibid.*

26. "But painful as the incident is, it is a relief to know that this was the very last sacrifice ever offered to the gods of Tahiti; for soon after it occurred, Christianity was embraced, and the altars of the 'savage gods' ceased to be stained with human blood. I may also add that this individual was selected, because, to use his own simple phrase, he had 'begun to pray to Jesus;' and perhaps it is not too much to hope, that while his mangled body was being presented to the sanguinary gods, his spirit was entering into the presence of that Saviour, to whom, amidst much ignorance, he had begun to pray. 'Whosoever calleth upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.'"—*Ibid.*

27. "The manner in which human victims were sought is strikingly illustrative of many passages of Scripture, which portray the character of heathenism. As soon as the priest announced that such a sacrifice was required, the king despatched messengers to the chiefs of the various districts; and upon entering the dwelling, they would inquire whether the chief had a broken calabash at hand, or a rotten cocoa-nut. These and similar terms were invariably used, and well understood, when such applications were made. The only weapon with which these procurers of sacrifices were armed was a small round stone, concealed in the hollow of their hand. With this they would strike their victim a stunning blow upon the back of the head, when others who were in readiness would rush in and complete the horrid work. The body was carried, amid songs and shouts of savage triumph, to the marae, there to be offered to the gods."—*Ibid.*

28. "At other times, the king's gang of desperadoes would arm themselves with spears, surround the house of their victim, and enjoy the sport of spearing him through the apertures between the poles which encircled the house. In these circumstances, the object of their savage amusement, frenzied with pain and dread, would rush from one part of the house to the other,

but wherever he ran he found the spear entering his body ; and at length, perceiving no possibility of escape, he would cover himself in his cloth, throw himself upon the floor, and wait until a spear should pierce his heart. There are various other occasions, besides those I have named, on which victims were presented ; and the same system prevailed with but little diversity in all the Hervey Islands."—*Ibid.*

29. At Rarotonga, two human victims were invariably offered at the birth of a son of a principal chief. For the contrast, see Notes 21, 31.

30. "Another circumstance which rendered this practice still more dreadful was, that as soon as one of the family had been selected, all the other male members of it were looked upon as devoted to the same horrid purpose. It would avail them nothing if they removed to another island ; for the reason of their removal would soon be known there, and whenever a sacrifice was required, it would be sought amongst them. I had in my own service an individual who was the last of his family, of which every other male member had been offered in sacrifice, and he had been eight times hunted in the mountains with dogs ; but being a cunning fellow, and an extraordinary runner, he had eluded his pursuers, until the inhabitants of his island embraced the gospel, and the 'gods were famished out of the land.'"—*Ibid.*

31. "These very people, who a few years ago were addicted to all these horrid practices, now sit by thousands in places of christian worship erected by themselves, clothed, and in their right mind, and listen with intense interest to the truths of the gospel."—*Ibid.*

32. "The Fiji islanders present more costly sacrifices. There the chiefs have from twenty to a hundred wives, according to their rank ; and at the interment of a principal chief, the body is laid in state upon a spacious lawn, in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators. The principal wife, after the utmost ingenuity of the natives has been exercised in

adorning her person, then walks out and takes her seat near the body of her husband, when a rope is passed round her neck, which eight or ten powerful men pull with all their strength, until she is strangled and dies: her body is then laid by that of the chief. This done, a second wife comes and seats herself in the same place; the process is repeated, and she also dies. A third and a fourth become voluntary sacrifices in the same manner; and all of them are then interred in a common grave, one above, one below, and one on either side of the husband. The reasons assigned for this are, that the spirit of the chief may not be lonely in its passage to the invisible world, and that by such an offering its happiness may be at once secured. Thus gross and horrible is the darkness that covers the earth!" —*Ibid.* For the contrast, see Note 21.

33. INFANTICIDE.—“This practice did not prevail either at the Navigators’ or Hervey groups; but the extent to which it was carried at the Tahitian and Society Islands almost exceeds credibility. Of this, however, I may enable the reader to form some estimate, by selecting a few out of numberless circumstances which have come within my own knowledge. Generally I may state, that in the last-mentioned group, I never conversed with a female that had borne children prior to the introduction of Christianity, who had not destroyed some of them, and frequently as many as from five to ten. During the visit of the deputation, our respected friend, G. Bennett, Esq. was our guest for three or four months; and on one occasion, while conversing on the subject, he expressed a wish to obtain accurate knowledge of the extent to which this cruel system had prevailed.” —*Ibid.*

34. “Three women were sitting in the room at the time, making European garments under Mrs. W.’s direction; and after replying to Mr. Bennett’s inquiries, I said, ‘I have no doubt but that each of these women have destroyed some of their children.’ Looking at them with an expression of surprise and incredulity, Mr. B. exclaimed, ‘Impossible! such motherly, respectable women would never have been guilty of so great an atrocity.’

‘ Well,’ I added, ‘ we’ll ask them.’ Addressing the first, I said to her, ‘ Friend, how many children have you destroyed?’ She was startled at my question, and at first charged me with unkindness in harrowing up her feelings, by bringing the destruction of her babes to her remembrance ; but upon hearing the object of my inquiry, she replied, with a faltering voice, ‘ I have destroyed nine.’ The second, with eyes suffused with tears, said, ‘ I have destroyed seven ;’ and a third informed us that she had destroyed five. Thus three individuals, casually selected, had killed one and twenty children ; but I am happy to add that these mothers were, at the time of this conversation, and continued to be so as long as I knew them, consistent members of the church under my care.’ —*Ibid.*

35. “ What a truly affecting picture do these facts exhibit of human nature, where the light of Divine truth has not beamed upon its darkness —where the religion of the gospel has not exercised its benign influence ! They show that the sun may shine for ages, with all his boundless beneficence, and yet fail to kindle in man a spirit of benevolence ; that the earth may pour forth her abundance, and not teach man kindness ; that the brute creation, impelled only by instinct, may exhibit parental fondness, and man fail to learn the lesson. By no species of ingenuity could we instruct the beasts of the field thus barbarously to destroy their young. Even the ferocious tiger prowls the forest for their support, and the savage bear will fearlessly meet death in their defence. But the facts now stated are only in harmony with innumerable others, which prove that, in every place, and under all circumstances, men need the gospel. Whether you find them upon the pinnacle of civilization, or in the vortex of barbarism ; inhabiting the densely-populated cities of the East, or roaming the wilds of an African wilderness ; whether on the wide continent, or the fertile islands of the sea ; surrounded by the icy barriers of the poles, or basking beneath a tropical sun ; all need the gospel ; and nothing but the gospel can elevate them from the degradation into which they have been sunk by superstition.” —*Ibid.*

36. "You may introduce among them the arts and sciences, and by these means refine their taste, and extend the sphere of their intellectual vision ; you may convey to them our unrivalled constitutions, modified and adapted to their peculiar circumstances, and thus throw a stronger safeguard around their persons and property, and elevate them from a state of barbarous vassalage to the dignity and happiness of a free people ; but if you withhold the gospel, you leave them still under the dominion of a demoralizing and sanguinary superstition, aliens from God, and ignorant of the great scheme of redemption through his Son."—*Ibid.*

37. "Frequently have our feelings been most powerfully excited, at the examination of our school children ; and scenes more affecting than some which have been witnessed on such occasions it is scarcely possible to conceive."—*Ibid.*

38. "One of these, which occurred at my own station at Raiatea, I will briefly describe. Upwards of six hundred children were present. A feast was prepared for them, and they walked through the settlement in procession, most of them dressed in European garments, with little hats and bonnets made by those very parents who would have destroyed them, had not Christianity come to their rescue. The children added much to the interest of the day, by preparing flags with such mottos as the following :—' What a blessing the Gospel is !'—' The Christian of England sent the Gospel !'—' Had it not been for the gospel, we should have been destroyed as soon as we were born !' On some texts of Scripture were inscribed—' Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world ;'—' Suffer little children to come unto me ;' and other similar passages. Insensible indeed must he have been who could have witnessed such a scene without the liveliest feelings of delight. After proceeding through the settlement, they were conducted to the spacious chapel, and opened service by singing the Jubilee hymn in the native language. The venerable old king then took the chair. He had been worshipped as a god, and had led fierce

warriors through 'the battle and the breeze,' but he evidently felt that he had never occupied a station so delightful or honourable as that of presiding at the examination of the children of his people. These were placed in the centre of the chapel, and the parents occupied the outer seats. Each class was then called up and examined, and, after this, individuals from the different classes were selected, and questioned by the Missionary. While this was proceeding, the appearance of the parents was most affecting."—*Ibid.*

39. "The eyes of some were gleaming with delight, as the father said to the mother, or the mother to the father, 'What a mercy it is that we spared our dear girl!' Others, with saddened countenances, and faltering voices, lamented in bitterness that they had not saved theirs; and the silent tear, as it stole down the cheeks of many, told the painful tale that all their children were destroyed. In the midst of our proceedings, a venerable chieftain grey with age, arose, and with impassioned look and manner exclaimed, 'Let me speak; I must speak!' On obtaining permission, he thus proceeded, 'Oh that I had known that the gospel was coming! Oh that I had known that these blessings were in store for us! then I should have saved my children, and they would have been among this happy group, repeating these precious truths; but, alas! I destroyed them all, I have not one left!' Turning to the chairman, who was also a relative, he stretched out his arm and exclaimed, 'You, my brother, saw me kill child after child, but you never seized this murderous hand, and said, "Stay, brother; God is about to bless us; the gospel of salvation is coming to our shores!"' Then he cursed the gods which they formerly worshipped, and added, 'It was you that infused this savage disposition into us; and now I shall die childless, although I have been the father of nineteen children!' After this he sat down, and in a flood of tears gave vent to his agonized feelings. This scene occurred in my own place of worship. I saw the man and heard him utter these expressions. Many other instances equally affecting might be added."—*Ibid.*

40. "Notwithstanding the untiring zeal, the incessant journeys, the faithful exhortations of these devoted men, no spirit of interest or inquiry appeared; no solitary instance of conversion took place; the wars of the natives continued frequent and desolating; and their idolatries abominable and cruel. The heavens above seemed as brass, and the earth as iron. "At length," continues Mr. Williams, in his apostolic record, "at length the time to favour Zion in Polynesia arrived . . . Two native servants, formerly in the families of the missionaries, had received, unknown to the latter, some favourable impressions, and had united together for prayer. To these many other persons had attached themselves; so that, on the return of the missionaries to Tahiti at the termination of the war, they found a great number of *pure atua*, or praying people, and they had now little more to do, than to help forward the work which God had so unexpectedly and wonderfully advanced. From that time to this, their labours have been attended with a series of successive triumphs. Island after island, group after group, have been brought, in rapid succession, under the gospel influence; so that, at this moment, there is no island of any importance *within two thousand miles* of Tahiti to which the glad tidings of salvation have not been conveyed."—*Ibid.*

41. OVERTHROW OF IDOLATRY IN AITUTAKI.—"Many dwellings were already erected, and others were in progress; bedsteads had been made and hung with white native cloth, in imitation of those of their teachers. Little did I expect to see so much accomplished in so short a time! *Eighteen months* ago they were the *wildest people I had ever witnessed*; now they had become *mild and docile, diligent and kind.*"—*Ibid.*

42. "Next day, while in the midst of an interesting conversation, our attention was arrested by a ringing sound. This was produced by striking an axe with a stone, which contrivance was their substitute for the 'church-going bell!'"—*Ibid.*

43. " They were all clothed in European dresses, and by their appearance excited much surprise and interest ; indeed, it was to the Aitutakians an ocular demonstration of *the beneficial effects of Christianity.*"—*Ibid.*

44. " While walking through the settlement we saw two grim-looking gods sustaining upon their heads the whole weight of the roof of a cooking-house ! Such was the effect of the gospel !" —*Ibid.*

45. " The chapel was lighted up with ten chandeliers made of wood neatly turned ; cocoa-nut shells were substituted for lamps. The middle chandelier held eighteen lights. When lighted up, they presented to the natives a most brilliant appearance, and called forth expressions of astonishment and delight."—*Ibid.*

46. " In the course of the evening, the *rejected idols* were publicly exhibited from the pulpit. One in particular, Aa, the national god of Rurutu, excited much interest ; for, in addition to his being bedecked with little gods outside, a door was discovered at his back, on opening which he was found to be full of small gods, to the amount of twenty-four, which were exhibited to public view. He is said to be the ancestor by whom their island was peopled, and who, after death, was deified."—*Ibid.*

47. CHAPEL AT RURUTU.—" How our eyes were struck, and our hearts affected, by certain simple, yet signal, trophies of the word of God, which in these islands is really going forth ' conquering and to conquer ! ' " —*Ibid.*

48. " There were war-spears—not, indeed, beaten into ' pruning-hooks,' but converted into staves to support the balustrade of the pulpit staircase ; for the people here learn the art of war no more ! but all, submitting to the ' Prince of peace,' have cast away their instruments of cruelty with their idols."—*Ibid.*

49 “ Faaori, looking up at an immense idol, struck it, and said to the idolaters, ‘ Why do you not burn this evil spirit, and this *Marae*? They are Satan’s: why do you suffer them to remain? What you are now regarding is all deceit!’ The idolaters replied, ‘ We have been kept in darkness by Satan a long time, and we do not know the truth.’ Faaori answered, ‘ This is the truth that your teachers have brought you; receive it, and be saved!’ ”—*Ibid.*

50. SABBATH SCHOOLS, CHURCHES, &c. — “ A Sabbath School, consisting of about one hundred and fifty boys and girls, from the ages of three to seventeen, was there assembled, in which several respectable middle-aged men acted as teachers and superintendents. Many of the parents and friends were present as spectators. Mrs. Wilson and her daughters were present as teachers and managers of the female scholars. In the whole aspect of the school, there was a cleanliness and propriety of dress and personal appearance, and an intelligence and order, equal to those found in any of the kind in our own country.”—*Rev. C. S. STEWART’S Visit to the South Seas.*

51. “ While at prayer, ‘ the sound of the church-going bell’ began to reach us from a neighbouring grove; and shortly after, the scholars, in a procession of two and two, quietly made their way to a temple of God, founded, within the last fifteen years, on the ruins of altars which, for time unknown, had been steeped in blood. Crowds of islanders of every grade were seen gathering, by well-made gravel walks leading in various directions, beneath the thick shade of the trees covering the point, to the same spot; all clad in neat and modest apparel, principally white; and exhibiting in their whole aspect a dignity and respectability of character becoming a christian people. Almost every individual had in his hand a copy of portions of Scripture (translated into the language of the group), and a book of hymns.”—*Ibid.*

52. "The Chapel is a large and neat building, one hundred and ten feet long, by forty broad; lofty and airy, well-finished in all its parts, and wholly of native workmanship. The number of worshippers amounted to about four hundred (the usual congregation at this place), including almost entirely the population of the vicinity. The whole appearance of the people, their attention and seeming devotion during the exercises of reading the Scriptures, singing, prayer, and preaching, were as remarkably decorous as would be expected or seen in America or England, and such as to make a deep impression on my own mind. Many took notes of the sermon delivered. After worship we perceived a large portion of the men to remain in the chapel, while an equal proportion of the females repaired to the school-house. On inquiring the object of this, we learned that it was customary for the members of the church, and persons seriously disposed, to spend a half hour, or more, after service, in conversation on the subject of the discourse of the missionary, and in prayer for a blessing upon its truths to themselves and to all who heard it. The whole external observance of the day by the natives, in a suspension of all ordinary occupations and amusements, was such as to be worthy the imitation of older and more enlightened christian nations."—*Ibid.*

53. "It appears that some officers of the *Seringapatam* were rather sceptical as to the capability of the native speakers to compose the addresses which they delivered; and even asserted that they were mere parrots, repeating only what I had taught them. In order to decide the question, early the next morning Captain Waldegrave, the Rev. Mr. Watson, the chaplain, and other gentlemen, called at my house. After a little consideration, I suggested that the more satisfactory method of forming a correct opinion would be for them to favour us with their company to tea, when I would introduce twelve or fifteen of our people, who, I was assured, would feel happy in replying to any questions that might be proposed to them. The proposition met with their approval, and, after tea, fifteen natives came into the room and took their seats."—*Ibid.*

54. "I then informed them that the gentlemen present were desirous of ascertaining the extent of their knowledge upon some important topics, and for this purpose would propose to them a few questions. Captain Waldegrave then asked, 'Do you believe that the Bible is the word of God, and that Christianity is of Divine origin?' The natives were startled at this question, having never entertained a doubt upon that point. One replied, 'Most certainly we do. We look at the power with which it has been attended in effecting the entire overthrow of idolatry amongst us, and which we believe, no human means could have induced us to abandon.'"—*Ibid.*

55. "A variety of questions were then put respecting the prophets; after which one of the natives observed, that many of the types were prophecies of Christ. Reference was then made to the paschal lamb; and, questions upon the history of that type having been replied to, the Captain asked wherein that applied to Jesus Christ? To which a native answered, 'A bone of the paschal lamb might not be broken; and in the nineteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. John, we read, that the soldiers came and brake the legs of those who were crucified with Jesus; but when they came to him, and saw that he was already dead, they brake not his legs.'"—*Ibid.*

56. "At the conclusion of these interrogations, a copy of the New Testament was passed round, and opened indiscriminately; when each was desired to read a verse, and reply to questions on its import and connexion. This interview lasted upwards of three hours; and, at the conclusion, the gentlemen expressed themselves highly gratified; and Captain W. assured the natives that, if he returned in safety to England, he should not fail to inform his countrymen of what he had seen and heard; and, I am happy to add, that he has done so in the most favourable manner. The visit of Captain Lord Byron to the Sandwich Islands appears to have been equally beneficial with that of Captain Waldegrave to the Society group."—*Ibid.*

57. IMPORTANCE OF MISSIONARIES.—“ When my venerable brother-missionary, Mr. Nott, came to England in 1823, the ship called at Ua, an island near Tongatabu. Being in want of provisions, a boat was lowered, and the captain, with the chief mate and a passenger, approached the shore. While bartering with the heathen, they and their property were all suddenly seized. Axes were held over their heads, knives applied to their throats, and a rope with a noose hung over them, to signify what they must expect if they attempted to escape or resist.”—*Ibid.*

58. “ A ransom for each was then demanded, and the chief mate was sent to fetch it. During the whole of this awful night, the captain and his friend were kept in the greatest terror, by a strict guard and fearful threats. In the morning, the boat was sent with property to the value of 30*l.* or 40*l.*, which the chief accepted as an equivalent for the captain, who was permitted to return to his ship; but the passenger was detained until more property should be sent. As soon as the captain stepped on board, he exclaimed,—‘ *Oh! Mr. Nott, we see now, more than ever, what has been done by you and your brother-missionaries, in the islands where you have resided; and the labour you must have endured, in bringing the natives from what they once were to what they now are!*’ I forbear any further illustrations or remarks, and simply add, that in the small island of Huahine about thirty-sail of shipping anchor in the course of the year; and, at Tahiti, little short of a hundred.”—*Ibid.*

59. “ Here the exhausted crews recruit their strength, by roaming at pleasure amongst the luxuriant groves, and inhaling the fragrant air; and here, also, the ships are sheltered, refitted, and supplied with stores to any extent. Apart entirely from the value of Christianity, no enlightened statesman can regard labours which secure such results as those I have enumerated with indifference; for new havens are found at the antipodes for our fleets, new channels are opened for our commerce, and the friends of our country are everywhere multiplied.”—*Ibid.*

60. "To the philosopher, too, such exertions present their claim : for new fields of discovery have been opened, new regions explored, and wilds, previously inaccessible to the traveller, penetrated by the Missionary. In addition to this, languages before unknown have been mastered and reduced to asystem ; man has been presented under circumstances the most peculiar and interesting ; and new facts have been added to his natural and moral history."—*Ibid.*

61. " An enterprise, beneficial in so many ways, presents a universal claim ; and we hope the day is fast approaching when the merchant will not only consecrate the gains of his merchandise to its promotion, but, when he shall also add the facilities which commercial intercourse affords to further the great design ; when the man of science shall make his discoveries subservient to this god-like work ; and when not only the poor, but the *rich and noble*, will feel honoured in identifying themselves with missionary operations, and in consecrating their influence, their wealth, and even their sons and their daughters, to this work. And why should not the son of a nobleman aspire to an office that an angelic spirit would deem an honour ? Why should not such become active agents in an enterprise which is to regenerate and bless our world ? They aspire after military and naval glory, but here they may obtain distinctions far higher than these :—here, instead of inflicting death in the acquisition of their laurels, they would scatter life and comfort and peace to millions unborn."—*Ibid.*

62. " And is there more glory in spreading misery than in conveying mercy ? Is it more honourable to carry the sword of war than the gospel of peace ? Is it a higher dignity to bear a commission from an earthly sovereign than from the King of kings ? Oh ! that the minds of the noble youth of our country would be directed to this field of labour and of love, and that the soldiers of the cross were as high in the estimation of our nobility as those who bear commissions from our king ! It will be a blessed day for our world, when the first nobleman's son, influenced by a spirit of piety, and

constrained by the 'love of Christ,' shall devote himself to go among the heathen 'to turn them from darkness to light.' But whether such forward it or not, the work *will go on!* enlargement and deliverance will come, until the earth—instead of being a theatre on which men prepare themselves by crime for eternal condemnation—shall become one universal temple to the living God, in which the children of men shall learn the anthems of the blessed above, and be made meet to unite with the spirit of the redeemed from every nation, and people, and tongue, in celebrating the jubilee of a ransomed world!"—*Ibid.*

63. FIRST INTERCOURSE WITH EUROPE.—There can be no doubt that the labours of devoted Missionaries have been greatly impeded and thwarted by the evil example of their own countrymen—a mortifying truth, and greatly to be deplored. The following is the testimony of Captain Wilson, who commanded the first mission ship, *Duff*, on the voyage to Tahiti:—"While in some respect, he observes, the prudence and humanity of our navigators are conspicuous, how much is it to be lamented, that in various important views, they appear to have derived, from their knowledge of Christianity, no advantage over the heathen world! More *damage* than *benefit* certainly has resulted from their intercourse. The manners of the natives had become *more depraved* by means of the frequent visits which occurred during the first ten years; and they had, in some degree, evidently *ameliorated* during an equal space of time in which the island of Tahiti was wholly deserted by Europeans."—*Missionary Voyage.*

N.B. For a particular description of the *Idols—Temples—Marae—Sacrifices*, &c., as well as for that of the natural productions, trees, &c., to which allusion has been made in the Poem, the reader is referred to the popular works already quoted, more especially to WILLIAMS'S '*Narrative*,' and ELLIS'S '*Polynesian Researches*.'

