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MISSIONARY SHIPS



LONDON CONNECTED WITH THE
MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

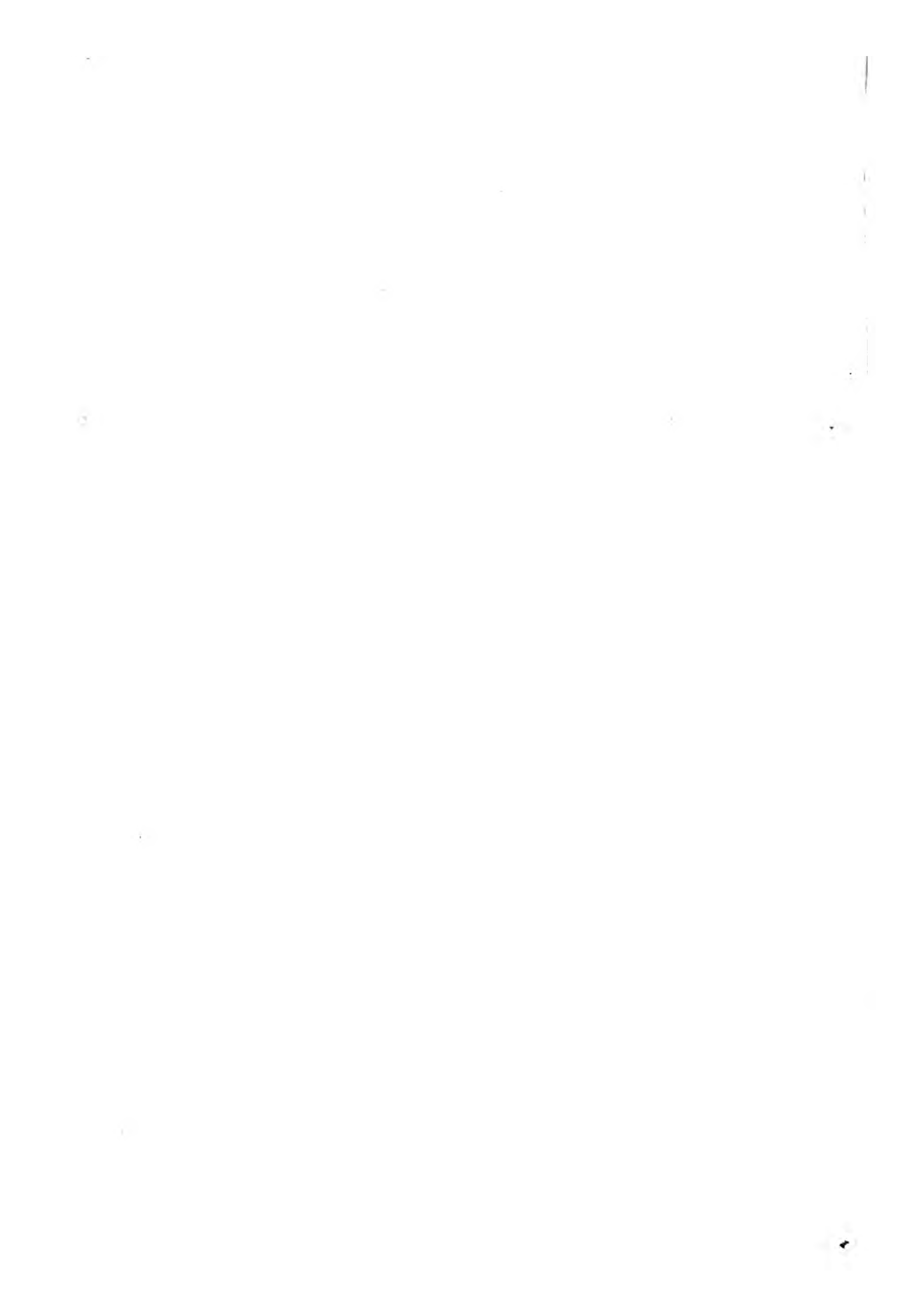
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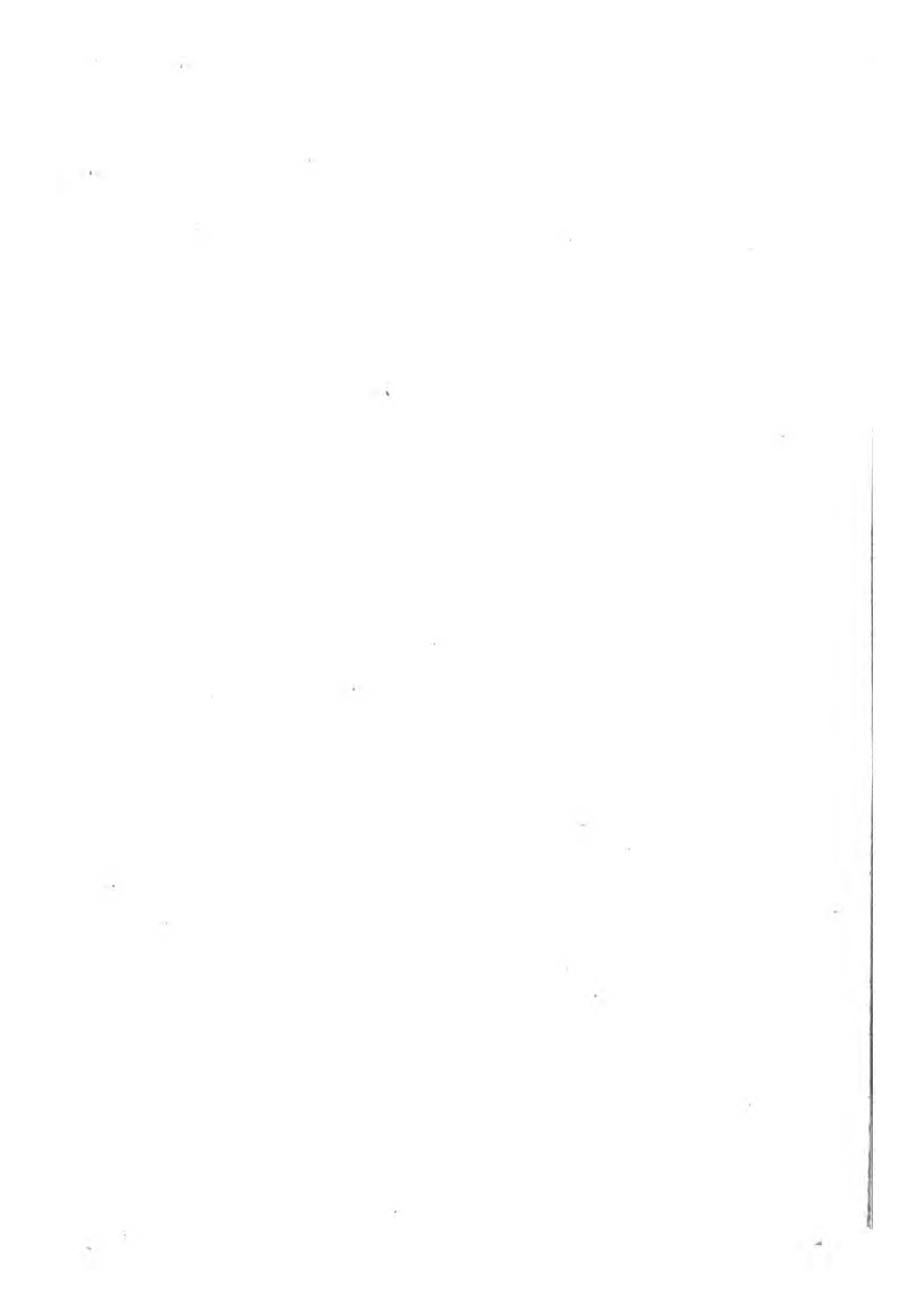
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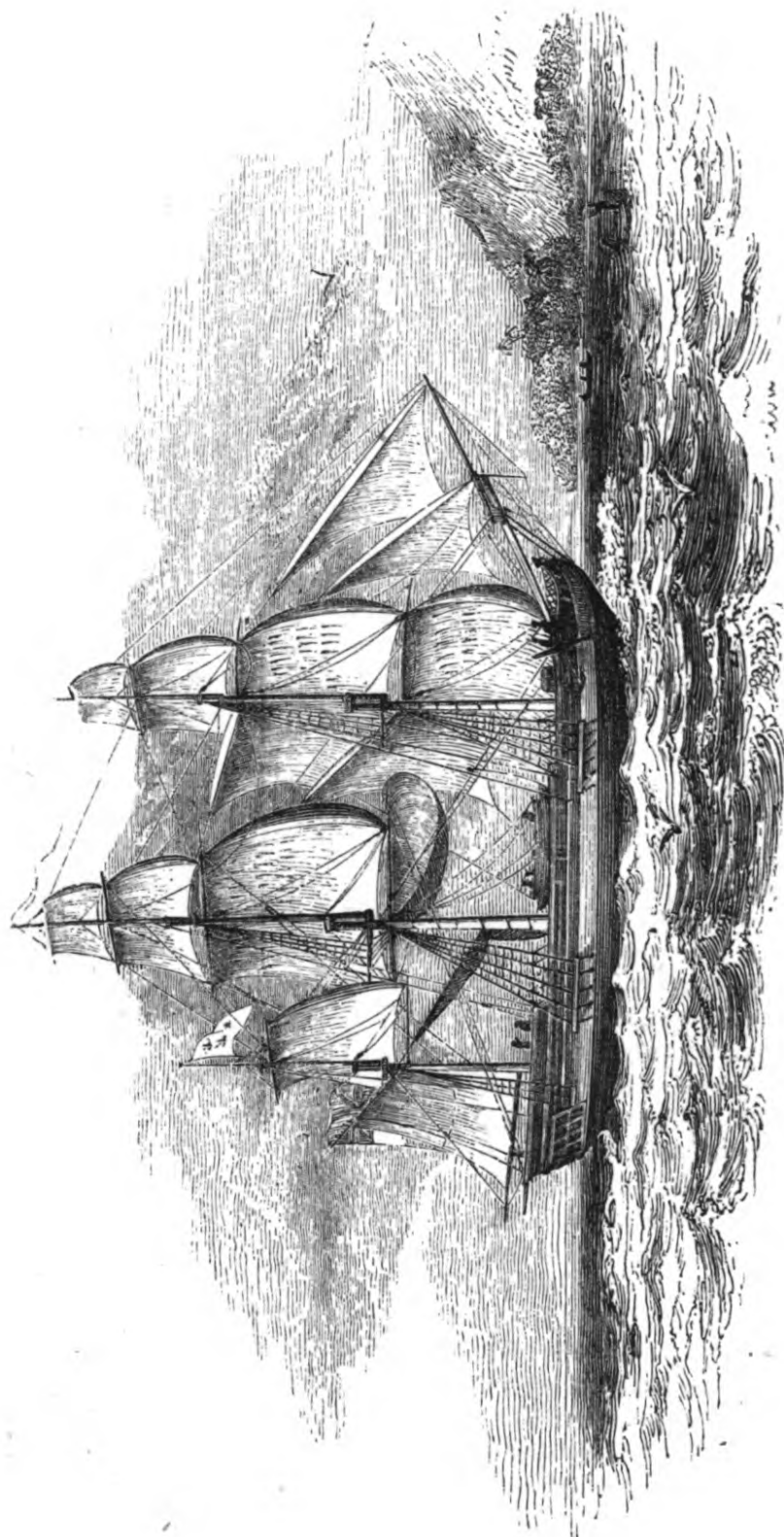


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The Directors of the London Missionary Society have much pleasure in presenting you with this little Volume, as a Memorial of the Launch of the "JOHN WILLIAMS," Missionary Ship, at Aberdeen, on the 5th of October, 1865.







THE DUFF.

MISSIONARY SHIPS

CONNECTED WITH

THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.



LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. STEVENS, FOR THE
LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

MDCCCLXV.



INTRODUCTION.

THE immediate object for which this work has been compiled is to express to the young who have denied and exerted themselves to raise the amount required for the purchase of a new Missionary Ship, the estimate which the Directors of the London Missionary Society have formed of that important service. But this is not its only design. The Directors believe that the circulation amongst that interesting class of any truthful narrative, however imperfect, of the trials and triumphs of Christian missionaries in Polynesia cannot but prove permanently beneficial both to themselves and to the cause of the World's Evangelization. When, however, the compiler undertook to include within the compass of a small volume a brief account of the Missionary Ships of the London Missionary Society, he greatly underrated the difficulty of selecting, connecting, and compressing all that belonged to the subject. This was especially the case with the lengthened history of the John Williams. Minutely to describe her voyages and visits during twenty years, even had it been expedient, was obviously impossible. Nevertheless, the writer felt confident, that, however fragmentary some portions of the following narrative may appear, it contains information more than sufficient to demonstrate the absolute necessity and the incalculable value of a Missionary Ship in the South Seas. The better, however, to trace the course of such a vessel, and to indicate

the connection between some parts of the narrative, a brief outline of one of the annual voyages of the John Williams will not be without its use.

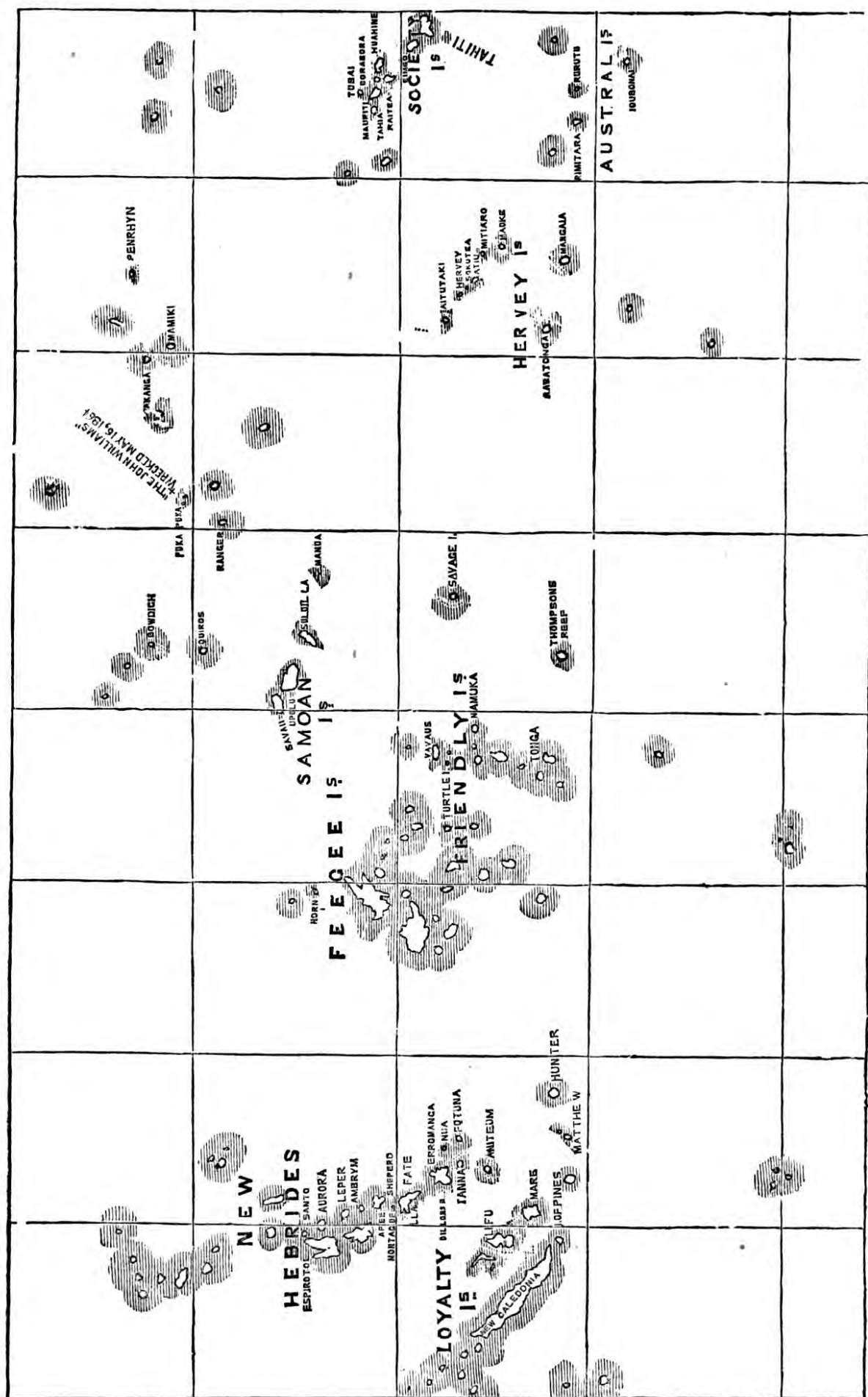
It is known to many that at first her term of absence from England was three years, but that latterly it has been extended to four. On her outward voyage she always conveyed missionaries, Bibles, and various supplies for the numerous islands to which she was bound. After visiting Sydney, with one or two other places in Australia, where she often added both to her passengers and her freight, she proceeded 4,000 miles to Tahiti and the Society Islands. Thence in a westerly course to the Hervey and the Samoan groups. But after visiting Samoa she returned very nearly by the same line to Western Polynesia. Her first call in this interesting part of the missionary field was at Aneiteum, and from thence she usually sailed to Fotuna, Tana, Niua, Erromanga, Vate, and latterly to the northern division of the New Hebrides, the principal islands of which are Apèe, Ambrym, Malicolo, and Espirito Santo. Returning south, calls were made at the Loyalty Islands,—Maré, Toka, Lifu, and Uea. Having completed her work in Western Polynesia, she steered eastward for Savage Island, and thence on to Manua, Tutuila, Upolu, and other parts of the Samoan group. By this time, she had landed the majority of her missionaries and native teachers, together with most of her cargo. Her next destination was northward to the Tokelau, or Union group, and from thence eastward to the out-stations of the Society and Hervey Islands. Those belonging to the latter include the Penrhyn group, Danger Island, Maniki, and Rakaanga, and those connected with the Society Islands are Rimatara, Rurutu, Tubuai, and Raivavai, which form the Austral group. After revisiting the Hervey and Samoan Islands, and taking in the passengers and contributions which there awaited her return, the good ship proceeded to Sydney. Including about six weeks at that port, the voyage now described usually

occupied a year. The number of islands thus annually visited exceeded forty; but many of these are centres of clusters of smaller islands, which are also under Christian instruction and largely dependent upon the visits of the ship for encouragement and support. Wherever she called, her boats were lowered, and annually her anchors were dropped from fifteen to twenty times. The lowest computation of the distance sailed during the twenty years of her useful occupation considerably exceeds half a million of miles. Exclusive of her voyages to and from England, the yearly circuit amongst the islands, of which an outline has now been given, was equal to the circumference of our globe. What has been the amount of temporal and spiritual good thus effected infinitely exceeds all computation. This assertion is fully justified by the fact that, in at least two hundred islands in the South Seas, Satan's seat has been subverted by the Gospel, and thousands who sat in darkness now "walk in the light of the Lord." But fresh and equally glorious conquests await the friends of the Saviour in Polynesia, and it is believed that in achieving these the new Missionary Ship will render most invaluable aid.

The Directors thank all their young friends for the valuable assistance they have rendered, and sincerely trust that, through the grace of God's Holy Spirit, they may be constrained to give themselves to the Saviour, and to consecrate their future days to His high and honourable service.

E. PROUT.

MISSION HOUSE, BLOMFIELD STREET,
January 1865.



MISSIONARY SHIPS

CONNECTED WITH

The London Missionary Society.

THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY was commenced in the year 1795. Its fathers and founders were great and good men of different religious denominations, who had but one object in view. That object, however, was the grandest which could fill the thoughts or fire the heart. It was to send God's saving light and truth to every dark land; to preach Christ crucified to a guilty world; to lift the millions of the heathen, sunk in superstition and sin, out of gross ignorance wretchedness and despair, into the bright daylight of Divine revelation. Was not this a noble aim? And were not those who sought it right and wise in freely giving, as they did, time, talent, labour, wealth and life for its attainment?

It would be interesting to sketch the history of the Society, filled up as it is with signal proofs of the approbation and co-operation of Him who said, "Lo, I am with you alway." But in the following pages only those parts of that history will come into view which relate to its Missionary Ships. Of these there have been six, all of them employed in the South Seas. But why, it may be asked, did the Directors fix upon spots so distant for their first operations? One reason, doubtless, was that no part of the heathen world was more accessible to Christian missionaries, or apparently so promising. The names of Otaheite and of other South Sea islands had been made familiar to the people of England by the published narrative of the voyages of Captains Wallis, Cook, and other circumnavigators. And few could read those

books without feeling a peculiar interest in the places and people described in them. Almost every page is illuminated with glowing pictures of the matchless scenery and luxuriant vegetation of those ocean solitudes, and of the simple, cheerful, happy, and hospitable inhabitants, which fascinated the reader, and led many to the conclusion—alas, how false!—that an earthly paradise had at length been discovered. But although the Directors were not under the influence of such a delusion, they nevertheless believed that on these lovely isles the obstacles to the preaching and progress of the Gospel would be fewer than elsewhere; and although experience corrected these impressions, facts at the time fully warranted them. They themselves, after years of hope deferred, saw that they had been led in a right way; a conviction confirmed as time has rolled on, and we have reached a point of observation, from which we can survey the marvellous and almost matchless proofs of the power of the Gospel as they appear in the groups and islands upon which the Sun of Righteousness has now arisen. What might have been the expectations of the men of faith and prayer by whom Polynesian Missions were commenced, we know not; but, however wide and bright their hopes, it is not too much to say that they have been far exceeded by the reality. In no part of the world has the Gospel discovered its efficacy more conspicuously, and never have human beings been raised from a lower to a higher spiritual state than in some of the emerald isles of the Pacific. Let our readers only study what God hath wrought in that part of the mission-field, and, if their judgment is sound and their hearts right, they will require no other inducement to constrain them to take a hearty and an active interest in the great enterprise.

THE DUFF.

Before, however, the plans of those with whom the South Sea Mission originated could be matured, the question had to be determined whether it would require a Missionary Ship. After much anxious thought and discussion, this question was answered in the affirmative. But wise as this decision was, there were serious difficulties in the way of its accomplishment. A fierce war between this country and France was then raging. Navigation, therefore, was dangerous, and ships were dear.

The Directors did not then think of asking the young to raise the money; and had they done so, the appeal would, probably, have been in vain, for at that time the children and youth of our congregations and schools were less favoured with religious instruction than now, and knew little about missions. Still the money had to be raised; but what, perhaps, more than any other circumstance helped to raise it was the appointment of a future commander for the ship, together with his own wonderful history. That history was more familiar to a former generation than to the present, but no account of the first Missionary Ship would be complete without a brief sketch of it. Captain Wilson was the son of the master of a Newcastle collier, and grew up a rough and reckless sailor-boy. After serving in the American war, he went to India, became captain of a vessel, was employed on dangerous but important duties by the Government, did great service to his countrymen, and, after many narrow escapes, was at length captured by the French and carried into Cuddalore. With three hundred prisoners, he was handed over by the French commander of the fort to the barbarous Hyder Ali, then at war with the English; but in the night he effected his escape from this confinement by leaping from the ramparts, which were forty feet high. His servant, a Bengalee boy, dropped from the wall, and was caught in his arms. The subsequent journey, first marked by marvellous dangers and deliverances, and then by capture and suffering, has scarcely a parallel. Making his way across the dead level and numerous rivers of that part of India, swimming the streams with the boy upon his back, he at length reached what he deemed the last but the most dreaded of the obstacles between himself and liberty. This was the river Coloroon. Worn out and almost fainting with his previous efforts, he trembled as he gazed upon the broad rushing stream; but the courage of despair and the love of freedom braced his nerves. He plunged into the foaming flood, which swept him swiftly down towards the sea. How long he was hurried forward upon the current he never knew, for, while swimming, he either slept or swooned, but, strange to say, did not sink; and when his reason returned, he found himself resting against the mast of a ship or a great tree which was floating down the stream. But, alas! the moment of apparent deliverance proved to be that of greatest danger.

Some soldiers of Hyder saw the poor fugitive, seized him, pinioned his hands behind his back, and then drove him for many miles under a burning sun to their commander. When, in answer to questions, he described his flight, the commander exclaimed, "That's a lie, as no man ever swam across the Coloroon; for, had he only dipped his finger in it, the alligators would have seized him." When, however, the sceptic became convinced that the story was true, he raised both hands and exclaimed, "This is God's man!" and so, indeed, he proved to be, though not quite in the way which the speaker intended. And now the scene of sorrow is changed. Chained to another prisoner, barefoot and almost naked, he is driven by brutal soldiers five hundred miles to Seringapatam. On his way he was brought into the presence of the terrible Hyder, who offered him freedom if he would join his army and become a Mohammedan. But though not withheld by any religious scruples, he rejected the offer with scorn. On reaching Seringapatam, he was heavily chained and cast into a noisome and horrible dungeon with a hundred and fifty-three Highland soldiers. What he suffered while thus immured may be imagined from the fact, that he continued there for twenty-two months, during which period all but thirty-two out of a hundred and fifty-three prisoners miserably perished. Though in deaths oft even after this deliverance, he was still preserved by a hand he did not see; and having at length saved a competence by a successful voyage, he returned to England and took a house at Horn-dean, near Portsea. Here, through the Christian efforts of a pious officer residing near him, and by the preaching of the Rev. J. Griffin, Captain Wilson became a Christian; and convinced that he was "not his own," and feeling a deep interest in the proposed mission to Polynesia, he offered his free services as commander of the vessel which was to convey missionaries there. Such an offer from such a man was received by all with wonder and delight. Many exclaimed, "This is the Lord's doing!" and they were more than ever encouraged in the great enterprise upon which they had embarked. After suitable inquiries and some delay, the *Duff*, which was about the size of the *John Williams*, was purchased for £5,000. But £5,000 more was required for her equipment. Many hearts and hands, however, were opened; and supplies came pouring in upon the Directors

from numerous, and some of them most unexpected quarters. Thus aided, in three months the Duff was ready for sea. Thirty missionaries had also been engaged to sail in her; and few scenes on earth have been more impressive or more interesting to an enlightened mind than that which was witnessed on the evening of the 9th of August, 1796, at Haberdashers' Hall, when these missionaries were solemnly commended to the love and care of the God of the sea and of the dry land. Nor less attractive was the embarkation at Blackwall on the following morning. It was the opening of a brilliant summer's day. The clear sky, the smiling fields, long since covered with docks and warehouses and countless habitations, the noble river as it rolled along towards the sea gleaming with the reflected rays of the early sun, the sails filled with a fresh fair breeze, and hundreds of happy faces smiling upon the passengers, and signalling their farewells from the shore, gave peculiar interest and animation to the scene. "As we passed down the river," writes the Rev. Dr. Haweis, who was on board, "the shores in many places, on both sides, were lined with spectators, our friends waving their hats and wishing us a happy voyage." While sailing along they sung—

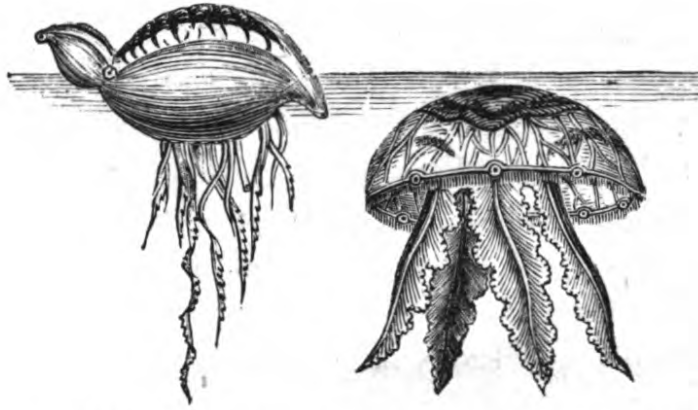
"Jesus, at Thy command
We launch into the deep," &c.

The sailors in the ships they passed marvelled at the melody, and stared at the "strange craft" with great amazement. One night a man-of-war hailed them with the usual questions:—"What ship is that?" "The Duff." "Whither bound?" "Otaheite." "What cargo?" "Missionaries and provisions." This answer was mysterious and suspicious, and consequently an officer was sent on board to clear up the mystery. Finding "all right," the man-of-war's men were "thrown aback" by coming across such a ship with such a cargo. Happily, Missionary Ships are no longer novelties.

Several times, on her way to Portsmouth, the Duff came to anchor, and, whenever she did so, friends from the shore flocked on board and cumbered the deck with presents. It was intended that she should join a fleet of East Indiamen, sailing under the convoy of a man-of-war from Spithead; but she reached the rendezvous too

late. Having been detained there three weeks, on the 23rd of September she commenced her important voyage ; and a week afterwards separated from her convoy and steered for Rio Janeiro. Nothing very remarkable happened on the way. But the children on board found much to amuse them. They had all sorts of fancies, and some fears, about the strange ships that hove in sight, and proposed no end of questions to their parents and the sailors as to what would be done with them if they were taken by the French. But less important matters were not without interest. One day their attention was fixed upon a poor weary hawk, which, driven by the wind far away from his rocky home, lighted upon one of the yard-arms. Again and again they raised a shout and clapped their hands as they watched a shoal of flying fish leaping out of the sea to escape from the bonitos, which were to be seen just under the surface glancing their bright eyes towards their prey. And when, as was sometimes the case, one or two poor fellows were entangled in the rigging and fell upon deck, how carefully they handled them, and how curiously they examined their large fins. Once they saw waterspouts, like pillars of cloud rising from sea to sky; and at another time a shoal of porpoises stretching along for half a mile, rolling and leaping like great black pigs, and making a noise similar to that of waves upon the shore. When they came on deck one bright morning, they were told that sharks were swimming around the ship, and that the sailors were trying to catch one. How they watched each hungry monster as they saw him smell the pork with which the great hook was baited ; and what a shout they raised when the hook was firmly fixed in his jaw, when the sailors began to pull him in, when he was dragged up the side of the ship and left to flap his tail and flounder upon the deck. One day two Portuguese men-of-war were caught in a bucket of water. And perhaps some reader may ask what they are. They are a species of jelly-fish, though not much like those you may have seen swimming in the sea or thrown up upon the beach ; and God, who takes care of the least of His creatures, has endowed them with the power of filling a small bladder whenever they want to rise to the surface of the sea, which they spread out as a little sail to catch the breeze, together with long loose arms or tentacles underneath to seize their insect prey. In fine weather there were

many fleets of these tiny men-of-war, and to watch them as they sailed along under the bright sky was no small delight. But the day was not the only time when things new and beautiful were to be seen ; for



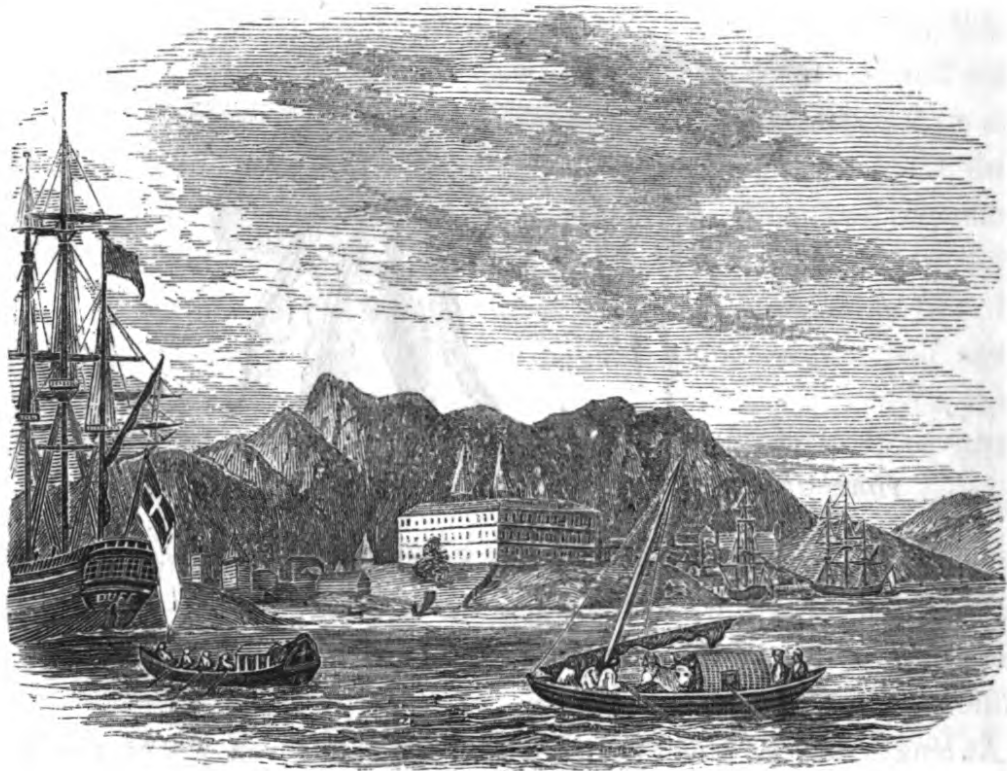
PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR AND COMMON JELLY FISH.

there was the bright heaven with the Southern Cross and other glorious constellations above, while the water for miles around them was sometimes like a sea of fire sparkling and gleaming with the lamps of millions of millions of animalculæ.

At length, having sailed five thousand miles in seven weeks, the *Duff* dropped her anchor in the harbour of Rio Janeiro, the capital of Brazil. But thankful as the missionaries were to land and look around upon a city and scenery where there were so many objects to awaken surprise or pleasure, it was most painful for them to be surrounded by the sad signs of superstition and slavery. Here Popery was rampant ; priests, processions, images, and crucifixes were to be seen everywhere, together with gangs of wretched slaves chained together, or exposed in the market-place for sale. Fain would the good men have preached the Gospel to bond and free ; but no liberty of thought or of speech was allowed. In a week the good ship was at sea again, steering for her destination by the near route round Cape Horn ; but fierce storms forced Captain Wilson to change her course in the opposite direction, which was seven thousand miles farther.

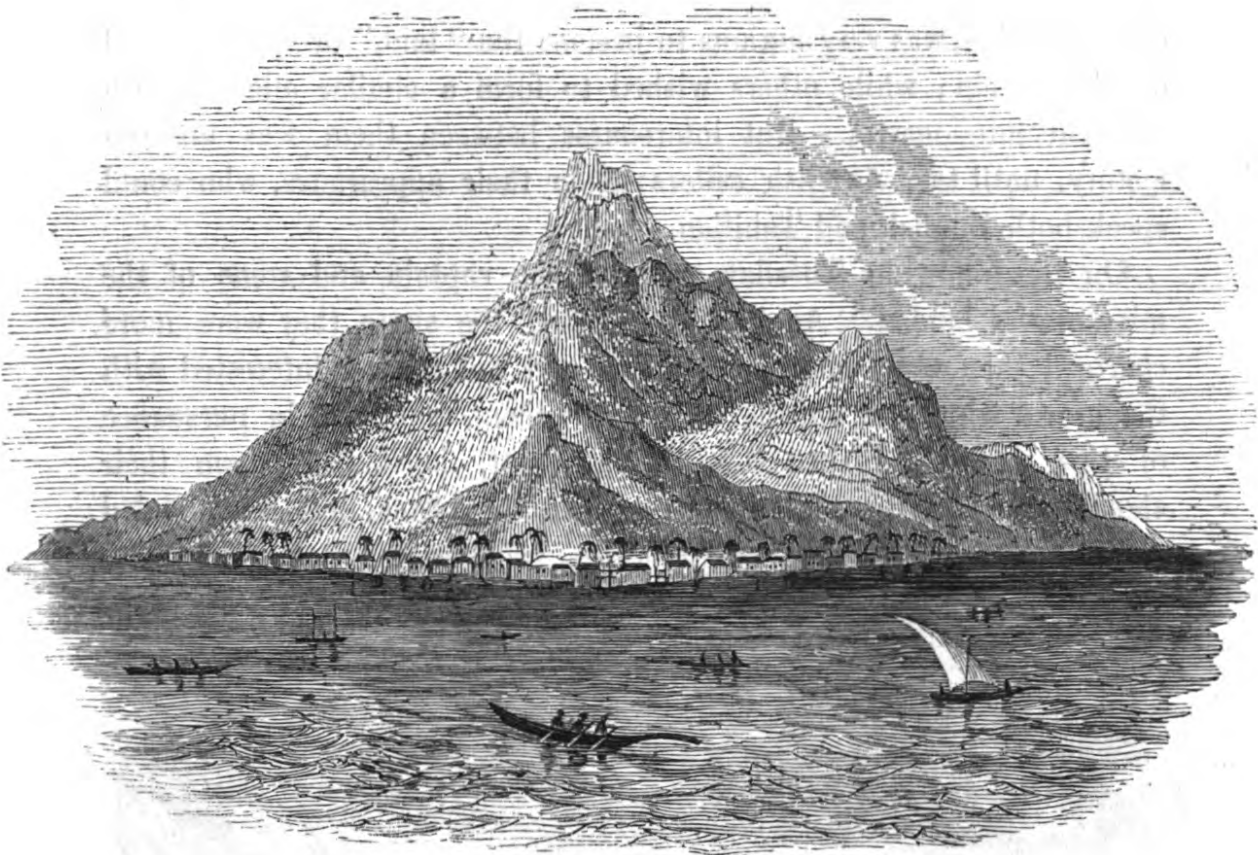
Weeks passed, and neither land nor sail appeared. It was a weary, weary time, as they moved on and on over that wide waste of waters, with little change for ninety-seven days, save that caused by fierce

gales which once and again assailed them. Thus they sailed nearly fourteen thousand miles. How they longed for the sight of land! and



THE DUFF AT RIO JANEIRO.

when, one evening, the captain told them that, if the wind changed a little during the night, next morning their desire would be gratified, great joy filled their hearts. And it happened as he had said. At six o'clock the welcome cry was heard from the man on the mast-head, "Land, O!" This proved to be the island of Tubuai, where they did not stop; but on the 4th of March the lofty, lovely summits of the Tahitian mountains were seen rising out from the sea, and on the following morning the Duff entered Matavai Bay. That day was the Sabbath:—a day long to be remembered, not only by the Tahitians, but by the myriads of the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands. How the missionaries looked upon a spot so much desired, of which they had so often talked, and in which they expected to dwell, we can but faintly imagine. No doubt they were struck, as all must have been, with its marvellous beauty. But its mountain-peaks, clothed and crowned with the richest verdure; the bread-fruit, banana,

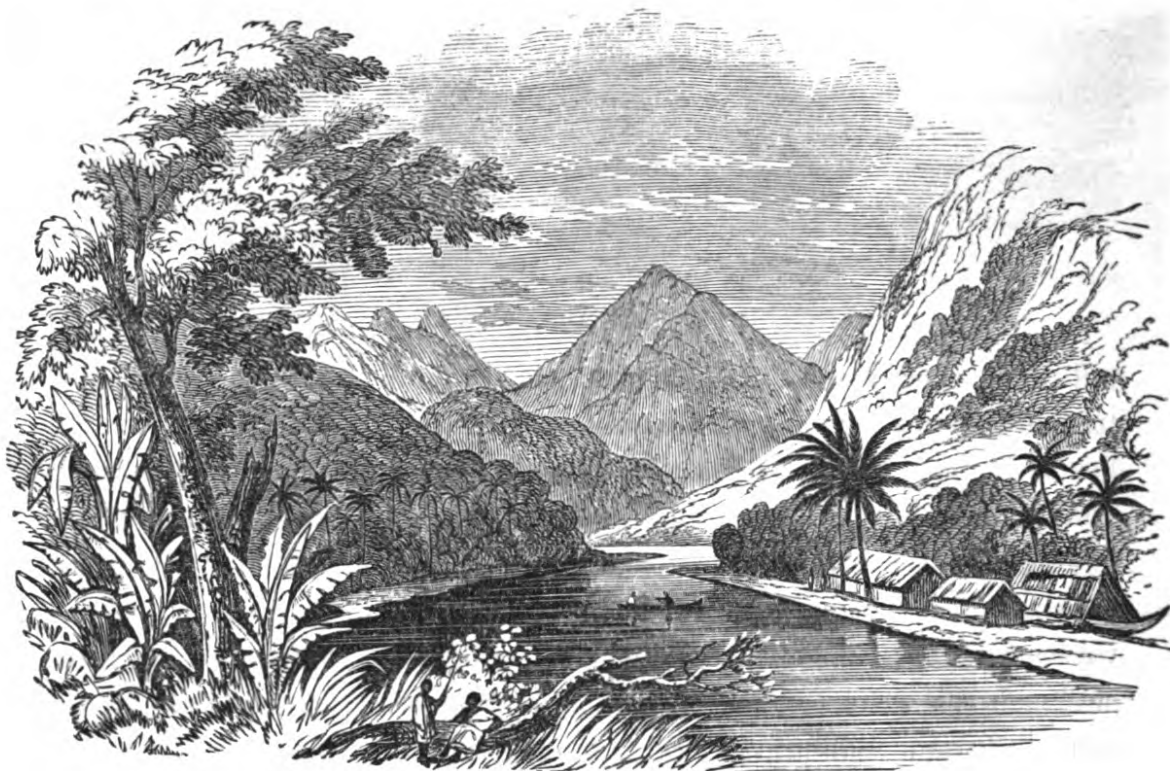


PAPEETE BAY, TAHITI.

and other trees, loaded with fragrant flowers and nutritious fruits; the branching coral forests spread out beneath its crystal waters; the white beach fringed with the graceful cocoa-palm; and the wondrous reef which formed the placid harbour and protected the coral strand—these and many other objects equally novel and striking called forth their constant exclamations of wonder and delight. But their great interest was centred in the people, who swam or paddled off to the ship, and soon swarmed the deck. This jabbering and capering crowd were by no means pleasant Sabbath-day companions, but their presence had to be endured, and the missionaries tried to make them understand that, as it was a sacred day, they could not then buy the pigs and fowls, and other produce of their island which they had brought off for sale. When Divine service was held on deck, the Tahitians stared with curious wonder; but the singing seemed to charm them. Conspicuous in this wild crowd, and evidently superior to the rest, was one old savage, named Mane Mane. He was grandfather of the king, and high priest

of Tahiti. This man, whose name often occurs in the future history of the mission, was very anxious to become the "taio," or special friend of the captain; while others wished to form a similar alliance with different missionaries. But intercourse between them was unsatisfactory, until two Swedish sailors made their appearance, who could speak both English and Tahitian.

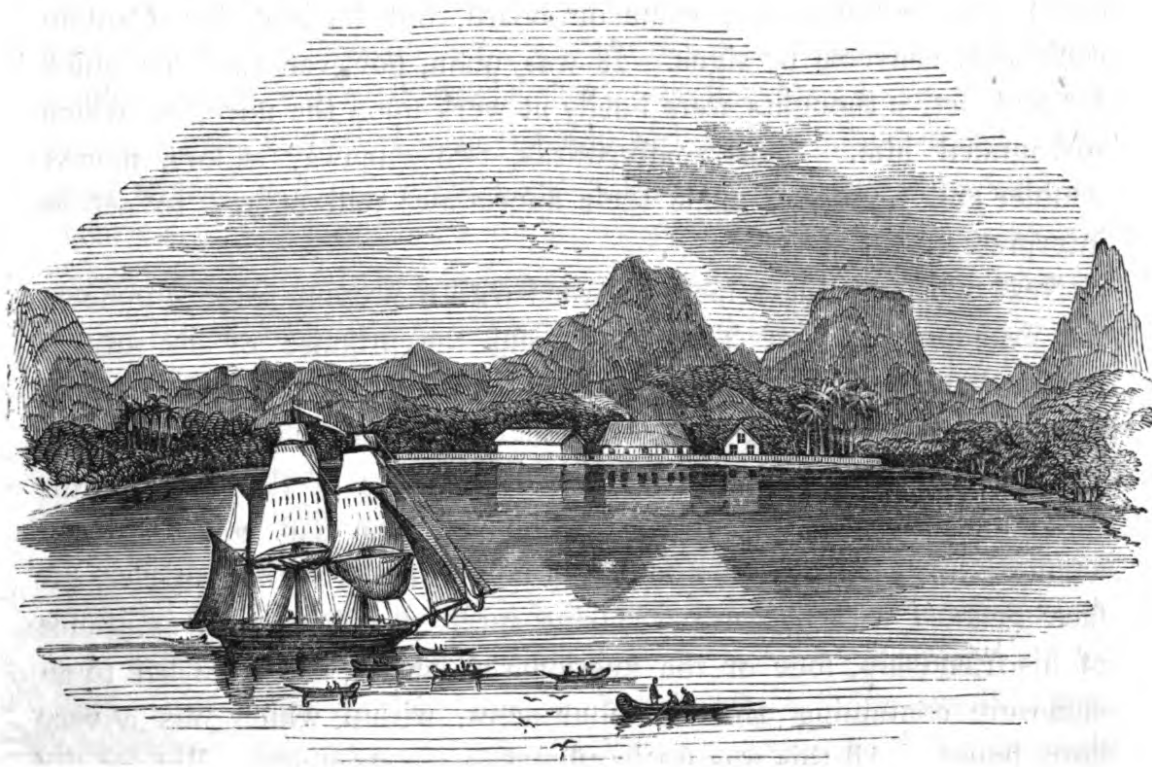
On the following Tuesday morning, the captain and some of the missionaries landed. As they approached the shore they were more charmed than ever with the scenery, and not a little interested with the crowd who were waiting to welcome them, and who, in pursuance of this purpose, rushed towards the boat, hoisted it upon their shoulders, struggled through the surf to the beach, and then landed



VIEW IN TAHITI.

them high and dry upon the shore. Here the king, Otoo, and his queen, Tetua, both seated upon men's shoulders, were awaiting their arrival. After giving them a royal reception, the king promised the missionaries his largest house, together with the district of Matavai, which a few days afterwards was formally and publicly made over to them.

Thus the Mission at Tahiti was begun; and most pleasantly could we linger with the good men as they girded themselves for their great work. Our place, however, is not on shore, but in the ship, which, after remaining a fortnight at Tahiti, made a short trip to the neighbouring island of Eimeo, the grand scenery of which filled the visitors with wonder, though the pleasure of the visit was somewhat marred by the thievish propensities of its inhabitants.



OPONOHU, EIMEO.

On returning to Tahiti the captain was rejoiced to learn that all had gone on well there during his absence, and that nothing could exceed the kindness both of chiefs and people. It was therefore resolved to sail forthwith to Tongatabu, the principal island of the Friendly group, to commence another mission there. On their way they touched at Palmerston Island, but found that its principal inhabitants were rats; men-of-war, tropic and other birds, and a curious tree-climbing crab. But the most remarkable object here was a submarine coral grotto, with wide-spreading branches, “spangled with richest colours,” and affording an apparently safe and happy home for thousands of fish—“the most beautiful that can be imagined—blue, yellow, black, and red.”

Long they lingered over this wonderful vision of beauty, only regretting that such a marvellous work of God should, from age to age, lie unseen and unadmired. Well supplied with cocoa-nuts the *Duff* again spread her sails, and on the evening of the 10th of April anchored in the principal bay of Tongatabu. Comparatively little was then known of the place or people, and therefore Captain Wilson had to proceed with more caution than at Tahiti. In the afternoon a noble-looking chief, named Futtafaihe, came on board, but he and the Captain could only converse by signs. It was plain, however, that his quick eye and active thoughts were busily at work upon the novelties which surrounded him. Shortly afterwards, two runaway sailors, named Ambler and Connelly, made their appearance and offered to act as interpreters.

Next morning these men returned with a present from Moomooe, the principal chief of Tongatabu, and the promise of his protection. Shortly afterwards the great man himself arrived, with twenty-two followers. He was a princely-looking person, and examined with great admiration the wood and the workmanship of the cabin furniture; and when told that the missionaries who had come to dwell amongst his people could teach them how to make similar articles, his face gleamed with pleasure. Having received the renewed assurance of his friendship, four of the missionaries landed, and were led to an enclosure containing three or four acres, within which was a very large house. All this was freely offered to the strangers. But as the situation appeared ineligible for their main purpose, Captain Wilson listened to an overture from another chief, named Feenon Toogahowe, who was the mighty warrior of Tongatabu. But his appearance and manners did not recommend him. He was a stout man of about forty, of a sullen, morose countenance. He spoke little; but, when angry, he bellowed out his threatening words with a voice "harsh as thunder, and like the roaring of a lion." This chief also visited the ship, and although his countenance and demeanour were most forbidding, he was evidently anxious that the missionaries should dwell with him, and promised them houses, land, and protection.

Soon after this, an elderly lady favoured them with a visit. She was of high rank, and came attended by a large train of chiefs and

female dependents. But she was so stout that it was with difficulty she could be hoisted up the ship's side. Her behaviour, however, was very becoming, and, on being introduced to the captain, she informed him that she had come to make him a present. Four men then stepped forward, carrying a large bundle of native cloth, of which the old lady begged his acceptance. While on board they indulged themselves in their favourite drink—a bowl of cava—which, as many of our readers know, is the exceedingly bitter and somewhat intoxicating juice of the root of a native plant, prepared by chewing in a most disgusting way.

Soon after the departure of Feenou, Ambler told the captain that a plot had been formed to seize the ship and murder all on board. This story seemed to derive some support from a circumstance which had occurred just before. One night, when the weather was thick and threatening, four natives paddled off in a canoe, who, no doubt, intended to cut the ship's cable, so that she might be wrecked upon the reef, which was only half a mile astern. But they kept quiet, at a distance from the Duff, until midnight, no doubt fancying that they had not been observed. Happily, however, in this they were mistaken. Through the gloom the men on watch had caught sight of the canoe. Preparations were thereupon made for receiving the visitors in a way they did not anticipate. For this purpose a number of cocoa-nut husks were piled up at the ship's bow, and sentinels with quick eyes and brawny arms were stationed there, eagerly awaiting the expected visit. Crouched down, and watching in silence, at length they saw the canoe begin to move towards the Duff stealthily and softly, like a crouching tiger. On came the savages, nearer and nearer to the ship, no doubt with the assurance that they were unseen, until the canoe was under the bow, and they were within reach of the cable. Instantly the signal was given to the sailors; up they sprung, and from their brawny arms down poured a terrible volley of hard husks upon the unshielded heads and naked bodies of the unsuspecting visitors. Though more frightened than hurt, the next moment they all sprung overboard, swimming for their lives, and leaving the canoe a prize to the conquerors. The issue was amusing; but had these men cut the cable, it was Captain Wilson's opinion that nothing could have saved the ship. This, and Ambler's warning, put him upon his guard.

But although confidence was a little shaken, seven of the missionaries ventured to sleep on shore, and judge, as far as they could, for themselves, and as, next morning, they brought back a good report, three others landed, with some of their property.

Soon after the Duff sailed, though it was not without difficulty and danger that she found a passage through the coral reef into the open sea.

Who will not sympathize with the missionaries, thus left in this island solitude, far from human help, and in the midst of a savage people, who coveted their property, and set but little value upon their lives? "We watched the ship," writes one of them, "labouring amid the waves, until she sunk in the horizon. A sigh of sadness then arose, and some tears of regret fell from our eyes, whilst we looked around upon this island, far distant from the regions of civilized life. 'This,' we said to each other, 'is the ground where our bodies will moulder to dust: this we must now look upon as our country and our grave.' But there were ten of us in company, all social and friendly, all attached to each other, all of similar sentiments, all at this time united in love and zeal for one Divine Master, and all glowing with an earnest desire to convey the blessing of His glorious Gospel to the heathen around us."

Thus began the mission to the Friendly Islands. Its dawn was overcast, and the day soon darkened into a time of tempest, terror, and death. But they who sow in tears will reap in joy. Thus it has proved in Tongatabu. "Other men" indeed "have entered into the labours" of those who there jeopardized their lives for the sake of the Lord Jesus; but though the harvest has been reaped by different hands, those who scattered the precious seed should not be forgotten upon earth, as they assuredly are not in heaven.

Twenty-eight missionaries had now been left at Tahiti and Tongatabu. Two, therefore, remained. These were destined for the Marquesas, to which group the Duff now steered. On their voyage they passed near the Crescent, Gambier, and other islands; but, when an attempt was made to hold friendly intercourse with the poor ignorant natives, they in their blindness drew up in warlike array on the beach, ready with spears, slings, and other weapons to oppose a landing. At length Christina, one of the Marquesas Islands, hove in sight; and

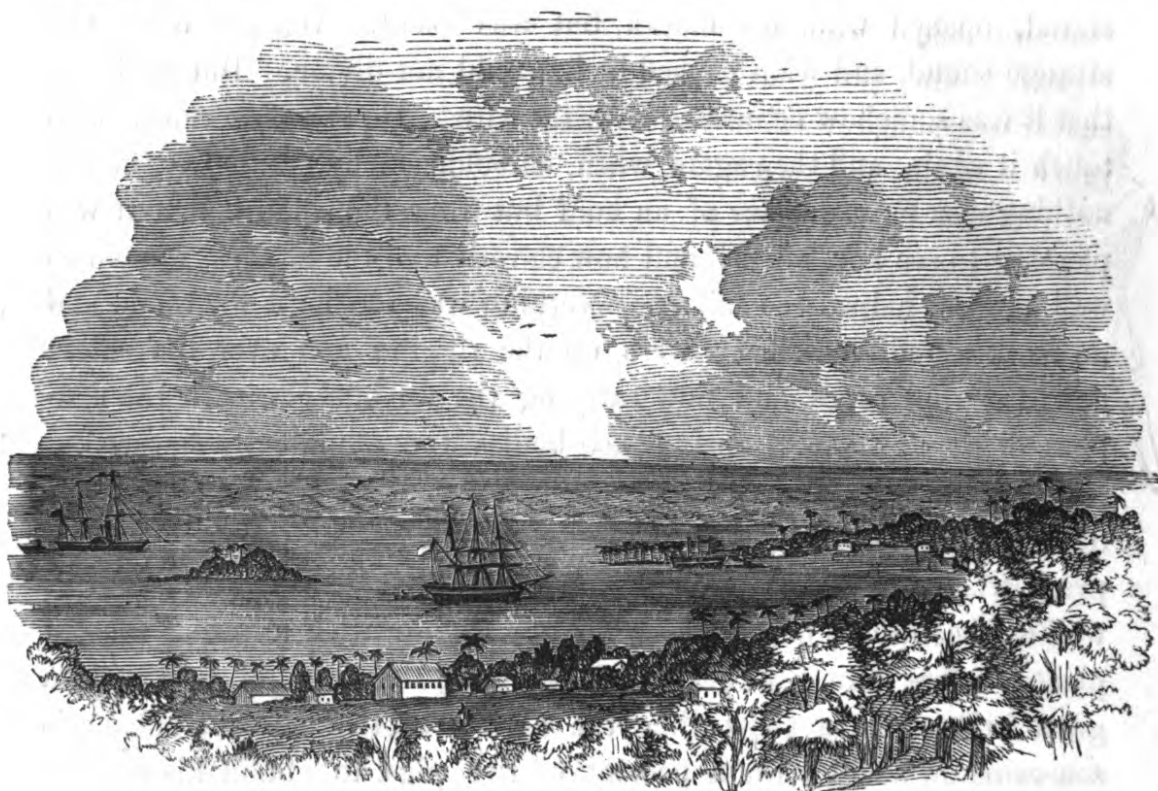
next day the *Duff* was moored in Resolution Bay. On the following morning a chief, named Tanae, came on board, and appeared very friendly : other natives followed, to some of whom presents were made, which produced a favourable impression upon them. Tanae, on learning the object of their visit, expressed his pleasure, met the two missionaries on the beach, and having led them to one of his best houses, he presented it to them for their use. Daily, from this time, the deck was crowded with the wild but friendly Marquesans. Of course, as everything they saw was new and strange, they were greatly excited and very loquacious, and most amusing doubtless would their talk have been had the strangers understood it. One day Tanae was in the cabin, and, happening to touch the wire, the bell rung. Amazed, he stood and stared, opened wide his mouth, but was silent. Whence came the strange sound, and what caused it, he could not divine. But he knew that it was somehow connected with the wire. He therefore ventured to touch it again, and then again, when, emboldened by familiarity, he did nothing else for a quarter of an hour but ring the cabin bell. It was pleasant to see how readily, and how cleverly too, the natives, women as well as men, helped the sailors. Nothing was too hard for them, and no work too dirty. They were up the rigging and over the sides ; now dragging ropes, and now carrying the tar-buckets, with the contents of which many of their naked bodies were abundantly smeared.

Generally they were honest ; but, one day, while the crew were at dinner, a native laid hold of an iron bolt, and was making off with his prize, when he was discovered and detained. To frighten others as well as the culprit, he was lashed to the rigging with a loaded musket placed before him. Expecting to be shot, the poor fellow was in a great fright. In a short time the chief's brother and the offender's son came on board with a present of two pigs, to obtain his release. But, as the offer was declined, the pilferer and his friends concluded that he was a lost man. And "it was affecting," writes an eye-witness, "to see the son kiss and embrace his father and take their last farewell." After accomplishing his object, and thoroughly frightening the natives, Captain Wilson ordered the musket to be fired off. At first both the culprit and his friends believed that he must be shot, and could scarcely think otherwise until he was set free, when the

joy and thankfulness both of father and son were so unbounded that they could scarcely speak.

It was a painful and perplexing circumstance that one of the two missionaries who had been appointed to the Marquesas now lost confidence and courage, and at length refused to reside there. But his companion, a noble-hearted young man named Crook, resolved to remain at his post alone. He trusted in God, and God was with him.

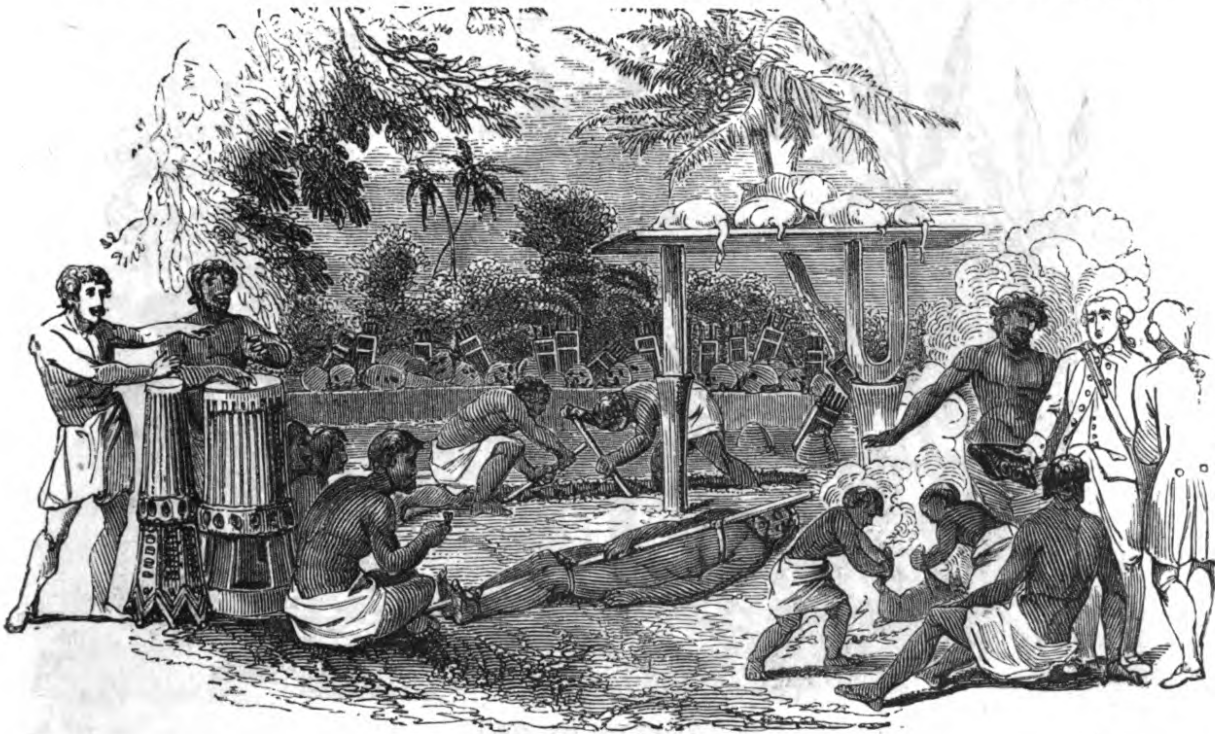
Leaving the Marquesas on the 27th of June, in nine days the peaks of the Tahitian mountains were seen rising above the horizon, and in a few hours the Duff was once more at her former moorings in Matavai Bay. Great was the delight of the natives at seeing her again, and still greater that of the missionaries, who were soon on



PAPEETE.

board, giving a most cheering report of the kind treatment they had received from the people. And the confidence with which the natives came on board, and in broken English said, "Welcome again—glad to see you, Captain Wilson," proved that they were really as friendly as they professed to be.

Amongst many other encouraging statements, the missionaries said that they now felt quite at home ; that they scarcely passed a day without receiving presents of food and cloth ; and that they were constantly visited by Pomare and Iddeah, the father and mother of the young king, and by other influential chiefs. The missionaries also stated that they had frequently preached, but were obliged to employ Peter, the Swede, as their interpreter. Two of them, moreover, had also built a blacksmith's shop ; and nothing could exceed the wonder and delight with which chiefs and people watched their proceedings. For hours would



HUMAN SACRIFICES AT TAHITI.

they crowd around the workmen, shout and laugh as a shower of sparks scattered them for a moment, and then observe, with many exclamations, the new and strange shapes into which the hard metal had been wrought. But in the midst of much to cheer, there was more to depress the missionaries. The people, indeed, were most kind ; and a stranger, who heard them laugh, and saw them dance, and swim, and sport upon the crested wave, might have imagined that sorrow and fear were unknown in Tahiti ; but the missionaries soon found that it was one of the dark places of the earth, filled with the habitations of cruelty ; that Oro, the cruel God of War, was the chief idol there ; that human sacrifices were offered, and that mothers murdered their own offspring.

While all were busy in landing supplies for the Mission, the young king came to Matavai. But the intelligence had preceded him that he had just offered a human sacrifice to Oro, which filled the missionaries with a horror they could not conceal. This so alarmed both king and queen that they immediately set out for another district. But the prudent measures pursued by the captain prevented their departure, which might have proved a serious evil to the missionaries.

While the Duff was in the harbour, those on board were often



TEMPLE OF ORO.

amazed at the wonderful expertness of the natives when in the water. We can only give a single instance of this. One day a man came and said he had seen a large fish, called a cavally, swimming in the harbour, and asked the captain to lend him the harpoon that he might catch it. The request having been complied with, the Tahitian, with great dexterity, struck the fish; but it afterwards got free, and was making its escape, when the native dived, gave chase to the great creature in its own element, caught it in his arms, brought it to the surface, and swam with it on board. It was then found to weigh forty-five pounds.

As the time of the ship's sailing drew near, the Tahitians carried on board a large stock of pigs, fowls, and fruits, and many of them expressed a strong desire to go in her to Beritane. But this could not

be; and on the 6th of August the Duff took her final departure from Tahiti.

Once more Captain Wilson steered for Tongatabu. On the way the Duff touched at Huahine. Here they found a shipwrecked Irishman named Connor, who begged the captain to take him on board. The captain having consented, the man went on shore to bid his wife and her infant farewell; but they accompanied him to the ship. And then came the struggle. For the mother he evidently felt little concern; but he knew not how to give up the child. He held the babe in his arms and pressed her to his heart until the moment of separation had arrived. But for that he was unequal. Much as he loved his native land and longed to see it, he loved the little one more; and, rather than leave it, he resolved to remain at Huahine.

Stopping again at Palmerston Island, they supplied themselves with cocoa-nuts, and planted bread-fruit, banana, and other trees; that if hereafter any ship should be stranded, or canoe drifted on that desolate shore, her crew might not perish from hunger.

On arriving at Tongatabu they were rejoiced to find that the missionaries had been kindly treated by the people. Here the Duff remained twenty days, landing further supplies for the Mission, and receiving visits from the people. Amongst others who honoured them by her presence was the most magnificent lady in the land. Her name was Fefene Duatonga. She and her attendant were very gaily dressed. Her hair was plastered with a mixture of grease and white powder, and all who approached her had to kiss her feet. Several pairs of scissors were presented to them, with which they were delighted. But these native women were not remarkable for their delicacy. As an instance of this, one fact may be stated. The dwellings of the missionaries were infested with rats; but the ladies begged for those that were caught, and greedily devoured them raw. Some cats, however, were now left on the island, and the plague was stayed.

At length the Duff was again under weigh; but while carried along by a strong breeze, she suddenly ran upon an unobserved coral reef. All hands were at once on deck, and attempts were made to get her off, but in vain. It was a time of great danger. They were now near one of the Fiji Islands; and knowing that the Figians were ferocious cannibals, the prospect of being thrown unarmed upon their

shores was very terrible. Happily, however, by God's goodness and their own good seamanship, the ship at length floated off the reef.

Having now accomplished the great objects of the voyage, Captain Wilson steered for Macao, where the Duff was to take in a cargo of tea for England, at which port they arrived on the 20th of November. Her stay here was short; but, during that time, the good conduct of her crew contrasted so strongly with that of other sailors, that she went amongst them by the name of the "Ten Commandments." On the 2nd of January, under the convoy of three men-of-war, she sailed for England, and, having stopped for a few days at the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena, entered the Thames on the 11th of July, 1798.

The voyage, an outline of which has now been given, was remarkable not only for its length and for the grandeur of its object, but for its remarkable success. "We have not," writes Mr. W. Wilson, the captain's nephew, who compiled an account of that voyage, "lost a single individual; we have hardly ever had a sick-list; we landed every missionary in perfect health; and every seaman returned to England as well as on the day he embarked." But above all other considerations there was this, that the expedition had accomplished all for which it was sent out, and had proved that, if Christians were only self-denying and devoted, the great work of spreading the Gospel through the world was now fairly before them.

SECOND VOYAGE OF THE DUFF.

The return of the Duff was hailed by thousands with gratitude and delight. In London and elsewhere special services were held to render public thanks to Him whom winds and waves obey; and it was immediately resolved again to equip and send forth the good ship upon another errand of mercy to the same promising sphere of labour. Many earnest men offered their services as missionaries; and an appeal from the Directors met such a response, that money and stores came pouring in upon them from all parts of the country. As good Captain Wilson's health would not permit him to undertake this second voyage, he was succeeded by one of the officers of the ship, Captain Robson.

So prompt and energetic were the preparations, that, on the 19th of December, 1799, the Duff, with about thirty missionaries for

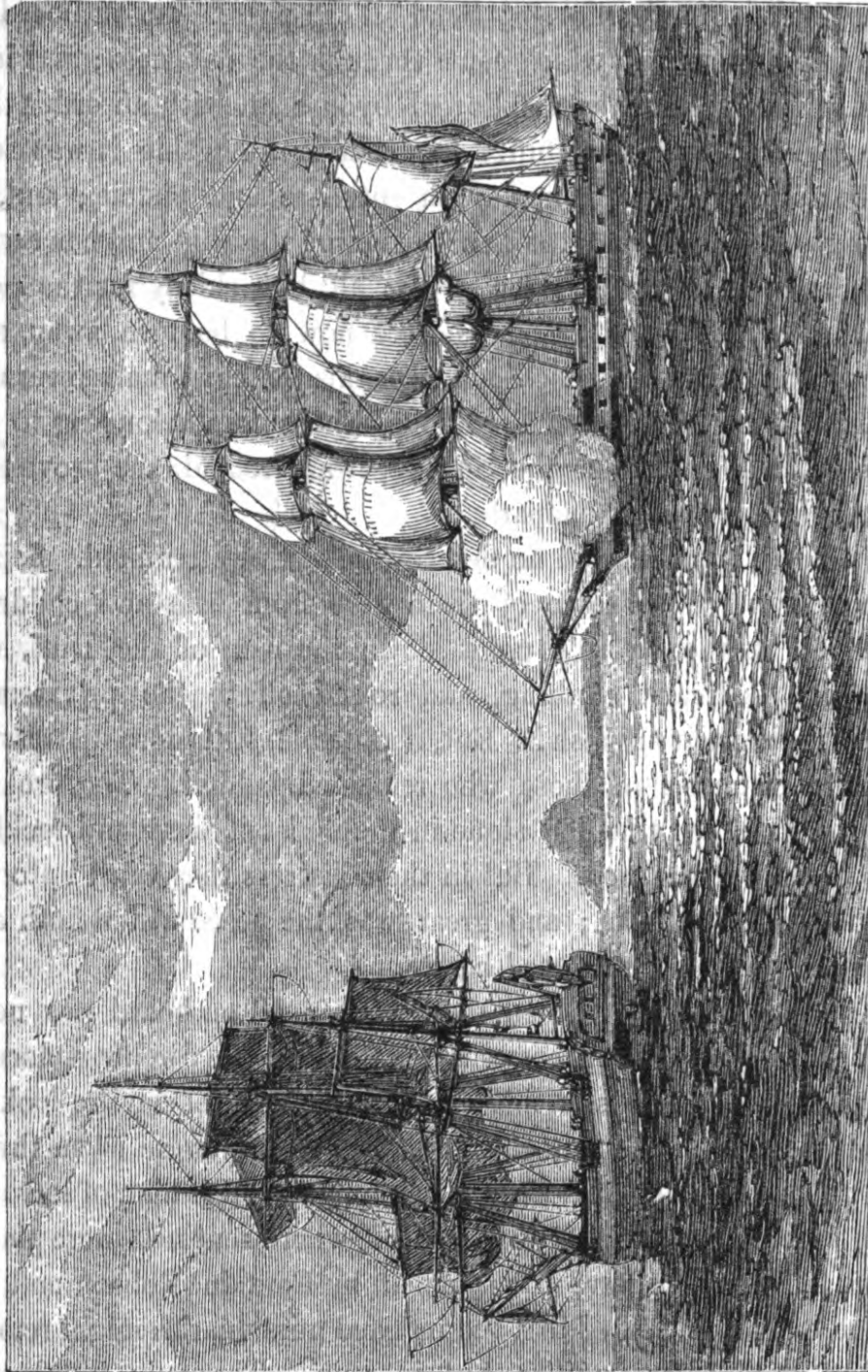
Tongatabu, the Marquesas, the Society, the Samoan, and the Figi islands, under the convoy of the *Amphion* frigate, set sail from Spithead. Just as it had been on her first voyage, generous friends from Woolwich, Gravesend, Sheerness, and other places near the Thames, were awaiting her arrival with liberal presents and hearty benedictions; while at Portsea, Gosport, and neighbouring towns, the Christian people appeared as though they could not do or give enough to aid a cause upon which the broad seal of Divine approbation had been so obviously set.

The early part of the voyage was stormy, and very trying. After proceeding some distance down the Channel, the convoy was driven back to Portland Roads, where the good people of Weymouth showed those on board no little kindness. The wind having become fair, on Sunday, December 23, the *Duff* proceeded on her way; but soon a heavy gale burst upon her, and Christmas-day proved anything rather than a time of cheerfulness and festivity to the storm-tossed and sea-sick missionaries. This tempestuous weather continued for three days, when the fury of the storm abated, to the great relief of all on board. On the 13th of January the *Duff* parted company with the protecting frigate, and pursued her course alone.

As numerous French privateers were then lying in wait wherever English vessels were accustomed to sail, those on board were kept in constant fear of capture, and more than once strange sails which came in sight raised their alarm. This was particularly the case on the 30th of January. As the morning broke, a ship of war, accompanied by a schooner, supposed to have been her prize, appeared in the distance, and almost immediately afterwards it was discovered that she was giving chase to the *Duff*. Captain Robson, therefore, trimmed his ship, strengthened her masts and yards with additional ropes, and crowded every sail she could carry. It was to all a most exciting time. Hour after hour the question was discussed whether she gained upon her prey. The missionaries watched her with beating hearts, and their wives could not restrain their feelings. Hopes and fears succeeded each other. At one time she appeared to be drawing nearer, but at another it was thought to be otherwise. Meanwhile, the missionaries met for prayer; Captain Robson made some alterations in the sails; and, after having been chased for nine hours, they saw, with unbounded thankfulness and delight, their pursuer alter her course and give up the chase.

Early in February the coast of South America was in sight, and for several days the state of the wind kept them nearer to it than they wished. Having been preserved thus far, the missionaries felt free from fear, and were cheered by the pleasant hope of speedily entering a friendly port. In this state of mind they came on deck on the morning of the 19th of February. The weather was fine, the wind light, and the desired harbour of Rio Janeiro within a few hours' sail. Thus with cheerfulness and confidence they read and walked and chatted with one another. The ladies plied the needle, and the children were at play. Nothing had arisen to depress or disturb them. There was, indeed, a vessel in sight, but she was anchored near the shore, and no one imagined that she was an enemy. After a time they saw her sailing in the direction of Rio Janeiro, which only confirmed the conclusion that she was a friend. Though all her sails were unfurled, there was but little wind to fill them. The *Duff*, therefore, made scarcely any progress; and the missionaries were busy, some with their books, others writing letters to be posted at Rio, and others preparing the clothes they would require while there. Thus evening came on. The heavens were so bright, and the air was so balmy, that few went below. By the light of the moon the strange sail could still be seen, but no one regarded her with alarm. After family worship they retired to rest, thinking and speaking of the morrow. They had not, however, fallen asleep before there was a sudden squall of wind and rain. This did not disturb them; but in the midst of it they were surprised and startled by the report of a gun. It had come from the stranger. The sound seemed ominous to most of them, and the females were especially alarmed. The captain, however, was still confident that she was a friend, and went into the cabin to calm the fears of the missionaries' wives. But while thus occupied, the report of another cannon hurried him back to the deck, when he learned that the whistle of a shot had been distinctly heard as it rushed past the ship. As the *Duff* did not bring to, the flash of a third gun revealed the dreadful truth, and showed their danger. In a few minutes more the stranger was alongside, when a harsh voice through the speaking-trumpet asked, "What ship? Whence come? Whither bound?" For a moment the sound of their own tongue revived the hope that had been dying within them. But no sooner did Captain Robson answer the questions than

the same stern voice commanded him to send a boat alongside. Refusal, resistance, or escape was alike impossible. They were helpless, and must submit. Soon, therefore, the mate and four sailors, taking with them



BUONAPARTE PRIVATEER IN CHASE OF THE DUFF.

the ship's papers, left for the stranger, while the missionaries and their trembling wives stood upon the deck anxiously awaiting the boat's return, that they might know their real situation. For this they had

not long to wait. Suddenly they were startled by the scream of the same hateful voice which they had heard twice before. But now it made every heart sink, for it proclaimed the dreadful fact that they were prisoners of a foreign foe. "Send all the passengers on board!" were the sickening sounds which came through the darkness; and in a few minutes the summons was followed by a boat, with an order that all the men should leave the Duff. On coming alongside it was seen that the boats' crew were armed with cutlasses and pistols; and, as they sprang upon deck, they took possession of the ship and her cargo. This was, indeed, an awful moment for all, but chiefly for the poor women, from whom their husbands were now to be torn away, and carried they knew not whither. Soon after this the chief mate returned, and confirmed their worst fears. Though the sailors belonging to the strange ship had called her the Spitfire, from Ireland, she proved to be the French privateer Buonaparte.

Of the scene which followed no description will be attempted. Seized as prisoners, severed as some of them were from wife and children, rudely driven at the sword's point down the side of the Duff, unprovided with sufficient clothing, and rowed off to the privateer—who can describe their anguish! But, if possible, still more distressing were the circumstances of those who remained behind. The broken-hearted women, when thus left alone in the midst of fierce and reckless strangers, were overwhelmed. But in their distress they cried unto the Lord, and He heard them; and great was the peace which faith and prayer brought to their burdened hearts.

When the missionaries reached the privateer, all on board was noise and confusion. One of them compared the ship to the dwelling-place of fierce fiends; and perhaps a more revolting group of savage-looking wretches had never been seen. But shocked as they were when thrust into such a Pandemonium, this was to them only the beginning of sorrows. First they were ordered to the quarter-deck, where sentinels were placed over them. Here they were soon joined by Captain Robson and the crew. The captain entreated that the married missionaries might remain in the Duff with their families, but in vain. The only indulgence granted was permission for the doctor to take charge of the females; but this was a great boon, and an inexpressible comfort to all.

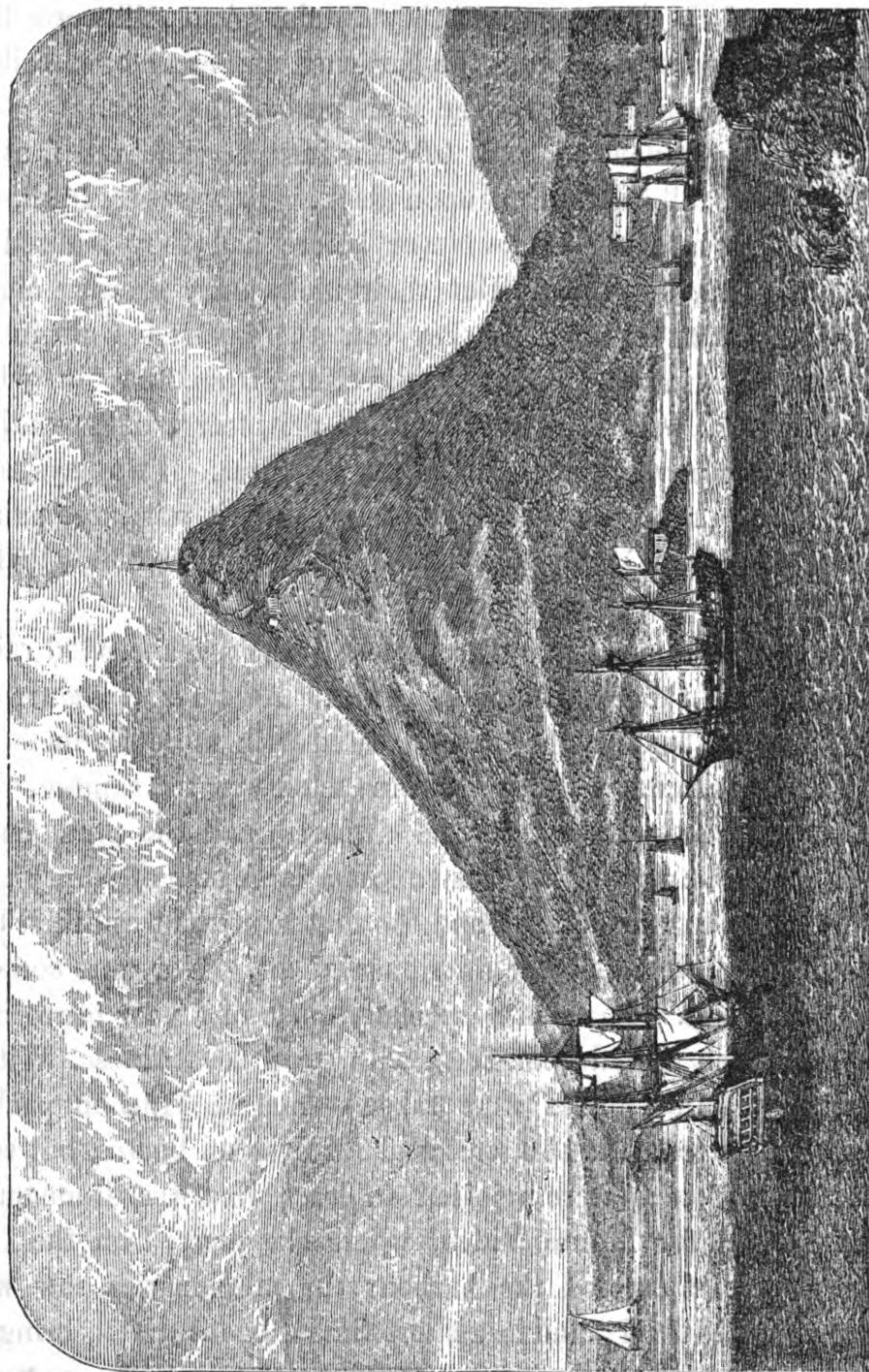
It was two o'clock in the morning when the captives were ordered

below. But this only increased their misery, as they could not stand, and had scarcely room even to sit. The heat, too, was so great, and the smell so offensive, that they suffered intensely from burning thirst; but not a drop of water could they obtain. And still worse than this even was the conversation of the hardened and abandoned sailors, whose hammocks were slung over the same part of the deck.

At length the day dawned, and, to their inexpressible relief, at six o'clock they were allowed to go upon deck. How sweet, fresh, and reviving was that morning air! Never before had they realized its refreshment as they did then. But their momentary pleasure almost gave place to bitter anguish as they saw the beloved Duff in the distance, steering in the opposite direction from that in which they were sailing, and learned that the privateer would continue cruising for three months in quest of other prizes. Two days after their own capture she took a Portuguese brig; and it was most painful to them to see her poor captain, as he bewailed the loss of all that he had in the world.

But even in this home of the dissolute and the profane, God raised up some friends for the captive missionaries. As their character and destination became known, they were treated with more kindness and respect. Foremost amongst those who thus acted was the captain. His name was Carbonelle. Repeatedly he declared, and the missionaries believed him, that he would rather have lost a large sum of money than have taken the Duff; and both he and the first lieutenant did their best to lessen the painfulness of the missionaries' lot. Nor were some of the sailors less kind. Mention is specially made of a poor negro boy, named George, who waited upon them with great devotedness. Within a fortnight two other prizes were taken—one the Lisbon packet, and the other a slaver with 180 wretched Africans on board; but soon after this the prisoners were rejoiced to learn that the Buonaparte was about to sail for Monte Video, where she arrived on the 12th of March. As she entered the harbour the missionaries saw with delight the captured Duff; and in a short time a boat arrived, bringing Mr. Levesque, who had been sent as interpreter in the captured packet, and some of the children of the missionaries. When the little prisoners came upon deck, the joy and caresses of their fathers, and the affectionate interest shown by all on board, could scarcely have been

surpassed; and on hearing from Mr. Levesque that their beloved wives and families were well, and that they had been treated with the greatest kindness by their captors, the hearts and eyes of the good men over-



THE DUFF AT MONTE VIDEO.

flowed with gratitude. Next morning this pleasure was perfected by their transfer to the Duff. Of this arrangement the missionaries' wives were ignorant; and, as the weather was thick, the boat was not seen

until she was alongside, and the good women found themselves in their husbands' arms.

The ladies were, soon after this, permitted to live on shore, and the missionaries occasionally to visit them. What enhanced the value of this privilege was the unbounded kindness of Captain Carbonelle, the Spanish agent, and other persons of influence at Monte Video. One gentleman called upon some of them to say that, as in the town they would be plagued with the flies and rats, it would not be well for them to remain there; and as he had a house about five miles in the country, very pleasantly situated, and with a garden filled with fruit, he hoped they would do him the honour to accept it, together with the services of his negroes. This most kind offer was gratefully accepted; and Mrs. Gregory and Mrs. Jones, who specially required such a change, soon removed to their new dwelling-place. On their way to it the richness and beauty of the country surprised them; and when they reached their future home, they cried, "The one half has not been told us." Never had they seen such a garden. "Thousands and tens of thousands," writes Mr. Gregory, "of apples, peaches, and nectarines lay perishing under the trees, which were still loaded, some of which appeared like a mass of solid fruit." The generous proprietor had told them that this house and three miles around it were entirely at their service. Well might they ascribe this extraordinary kindness, not only from a perfect stranger and from one belonging to a nation with which England was at war, to the good hand of their God.

The missionaries had not been many days in their new home when the arrival of a little stranger caused a great commotion. Far and wide the intelligence spread. The Spanish ladies were particularly interested in the event, and resolved to provide the mother with all the delicacies and comforts they could command. But no one of the visitors showed so much pleasure and affection as a poor negress who attended them. As soon as she saw the infant, she seemed half beside herself. She wept, she fell upon her knees, she clasped Mr. Gregory's arms, she embraced the nurse; and when she looked at the little one, she made the strangest antics and the most unearthly noises to express her delight. From that hour the babe seemed to be her richest treasure, and she never appeared so well pleased as when she held it in her arms, and carried it to her hut.

But next to the birth of the babe, his baptism, shortly afterwards, caused the greatest sensation. As all the inhabitants of Monte Video were Papists, and the Protestant religion was proscribed as dangerous heresy, it seemed doubtful whether the ordinance could be safely administered there. But the parents deemed it a duty and a privilege to dedicate their little one to God. They therefore resolved to make no secret of their design. Accordingly, the service was performed on the following Sabbath. The missionaries and Captain Robson, of course, were present; and Captain Carbonelle, who had been to them so kind a friend, readily accepted their invitation; but he was the only stranger asked or expected. Others, however, had resolved to witness it; and, to the great surprise of the missionaries, there soon arrived a coach-and-four, together with a number of horses, bringing many of the chief residents of the city. Amongst these were several captains of ships, the Spanish agent, the owner of the dwelling, and some Spanish ladies, who had brought their servants with them to attend upon the missionaries' wives. Soon the house was filled with those uninvited guests, and its occupants were thrown into no small perplexity how to provide for them.

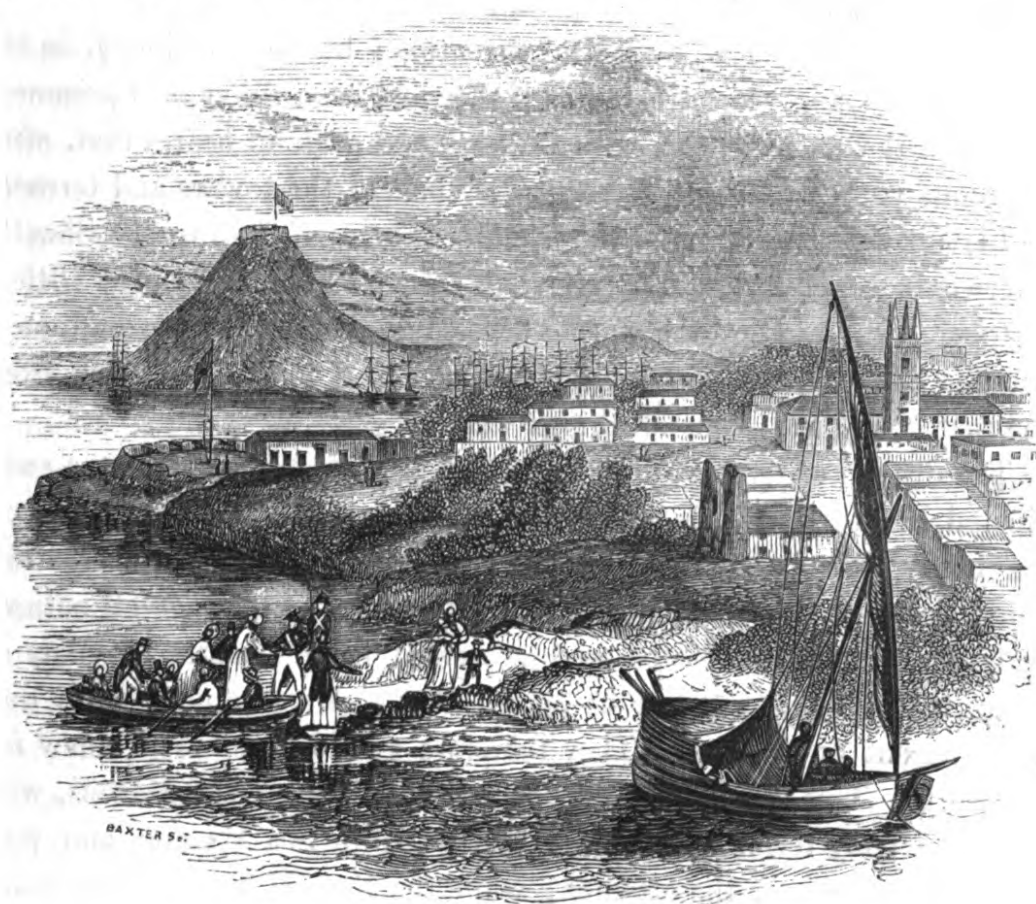
Captain Carbonelle apologized for having brought so large a party, but tried to excuse himself upon the ground that he could not prevent their coming. Mr. Gregory then told him that he was about to administer baptism in a way not allowed in that country, and as the visitors were Roman Catholics, that it would probably offend them. Captain Carbonelle replied that he had already explained the matter to them, and that they, like himself, wished every one to enjoy liberty of conscience.

Another cause of alarm with the ladies of the house was the dinner. What provision could they make for so many? But all concern on that head was soon removed by the arrival of hampers loaded with more cooked meats, turkeys, ducks, fowls, pigeons, and pastry than could be piled upon the table; which, with the soups, wine, coffee, and sweetmeats, were sufficient to furnish an English banquet.

Before the service began Captain Carbonelle was requested to tell the company that, should any one object to it, the missionaries would esteem it a favour if they would stroll in the orchard until it was over. But no one left. A hymn was then sung, prayer offered, the ordinance explained, and the baby baptized by the name "Ebenezer Gershon," which means "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us:" "I have been a

stranger in a strange land." All the strangers were most attentive, and afterwards expressed in strong terms their pleasure and approbation. When the service was ended, Captain Carbonelle gave Mr. Gregory a parcel of sugar-plums for the babe, which, on being opened, was found to contain not merely sweetmeats, but two pieces of gold.

As the captain and the missionaries, notwithstanding all they had lost and suffered, earnestly desired to proceed on to the South Seas, an attempt was made to purchase back the *Duff* from the owners of the privateer, or to obtain another suitable vessel. But failing in this, they were rejoiced to learn that Captain Carbonelle had secured passages for them to Rio Janeiro in a French brig.



DISTANT VIEW OF MONTE VIDEO.

So wide was the field of usefulness at Monte Video, that had they been permitted to preach the Gospel, some of the missionaries would have remained at that place, where their pious and prudent conduct had gained them many friends. Not the least sincere amongst these was Captain Carbonelle, who, true to the last, presented them on their

departure with some valuable supplies for the voyage, and accompanied them as a convoy in his own vessel. After two days, however, the brig parted company with the *Buonaparte*, and had to proceed alone. The wind for the most part was contrary, and the voyage was stormy and tedious; but the missionaries cheered each other and stayed themselves upon God, hoping soon to reach their destination. But just as they were approaching Rio, a fleet hove in sight, and soon afterwards they were again captured and taken on board two large ships of war. These, happily, were Portuguese, the allies of England. They had, therefore, the satisfaction of knowing that in due time they would be conveyed to Lisbon, and from thence to London. Ten of the missionaries were most favourably placed amongst gentlemen, from whom they received the most respectful attention; but the majority, in the commodore's ship, were treated as if they had been convicts or prisoners of war. It was, therefore, with exulting and grateful hearts that, after a tedious voyage of three months, they beheld the towers and terraces of Lisbon, and landed upon the friendly shores of Portugal. Shortly afterwards they sailed for England, and reached Falmouth on the 13th of October, 1799. Here the warmest welcome awaited them; and, as it was the Sabbath, one of their number preached in the afternoon from the text, "He hath done all things well."

The disastrous termination of a voyage from which so much was anticipated, and the loss of a ship so prized and loved, proved to thousands "a heavy blow," but happily not "a great discouragement." The conviction that it was the duty of Christ's disciples to teach all nations had now become so rooted and grounded in the hearts of many of them, that they were not to be moved from their great purpose by disappointment or disaster. They therefore girded themselves anew for the work. This was particularly the case with good Dr. Haweis, who has been truly termed the father of the South Sea Mission, and who gave £200 to renew the attempt; while the Rev. Matthew Wilks said, in the same spirit, "I would rather sell my coat from my back than give the Mission up." In the following year, therefore, eleven missionaries sailed for Tahiti in the *Royal Admiral* but, as two died on the passage, only nine reached their destination.

THE HAWEIS.

It was not until the year 1814 that another effort was put forth to obtain a Missionary Ship. But this time the attempt originated, not with the Directors of the Society, nor with their friends at home, but with some of their earnest missionaries.

Just before this time, after a long night of toil and weeping, of hope deferred and prayers unanswered, the morning broke upon Tahiti. The people who had sat in darkness now saw the great and marvellous light of God's salvation. It was, indeed, a bright day—a day of grace and the dawn of glory to thousands. But amongst those who had felt most powerfully the truth and worth of the Gospel there were some natives of several surrounding islands who, like the strangers from all parts of the Roman Empire who were dwelling at Jerusalem when the day of Pentecost had come, were then sojourning at Tahiti. Enlightened and quickened by the revelation of God's love, these simple-minded people longed with intense desire to return to their own homes and tell their friends and countrymen what great things Jesus had done for them. With this feeling the missionaries fully sympathized. They saw in these sojourners from lands where Oro was still worshipped valuable pioneers of missionaries, and they felt a confidence that their testimony to their own people would do much to prepare the way of the Lord. Pomare also, and many of the chiefs, cherished a similar desire. At the same time, another wish which tended to promote its accomplishment had, as they expressed it, been "growing up in their hearts" since the abolition of old habits and superstitions. They soon saw what has always been seen, that Christianity is the precursor of civilization and commerce amongst chiefs and people, by creating wants and desires unknown before. They required better houses, furniture, clothes, and many other things, the value or convenience of which they had learned from the missionaries. But how could these be obtained? They might, indeed, be purchased; but Tahiti did not yield the precious metals, and as yet the chiefs had no money. The land, however, was rich, and many of its products would "buy money" if they could be sent to a suitable market. But the nearest and, indeed, the only market at that time was Sydney; and with that distant place they had no means of communication. What

they wanted, therefore, was a ship. But how was this to be procured? The missionaries sympathized with these desires of Pomare, but saw the difficulty in the way of their realization. They knew that commerce would incite industry, and promote the moral and social benefit of the people. While, therefore, they required a ship to convey the messengers of salvation to other lands, they were anxious to connect this with the secondary, though by no means unimportant, object contemplated by the chiefs. Many and earnest, therefore, were the consultations upon the subject, which at length led Pomare and the missionaries to resolve that if possible they would build a ship. At that time they were all dwelling at Eimeo, where the arduous work was forthwith begun. But they had not counted the full cost of so onerous an undertaking. As they proceeded in it their wants and difficulties multiplied. Again and again were they brought to a stand-still, and driven literally to their "wits' ends." Thus the work, now interrupted and anon resumed, stumbled on until at length it fairly stuck fast. "Our vessel," they wrote in August 1816, "is still in hand, not finished, partly through want of material, and partly through illness and want of time." What made this partial failure the more painful was the circumstance that the desire to finish the ship had detained them where they could do comparatively little good, while other populous districts were calling for their labours.

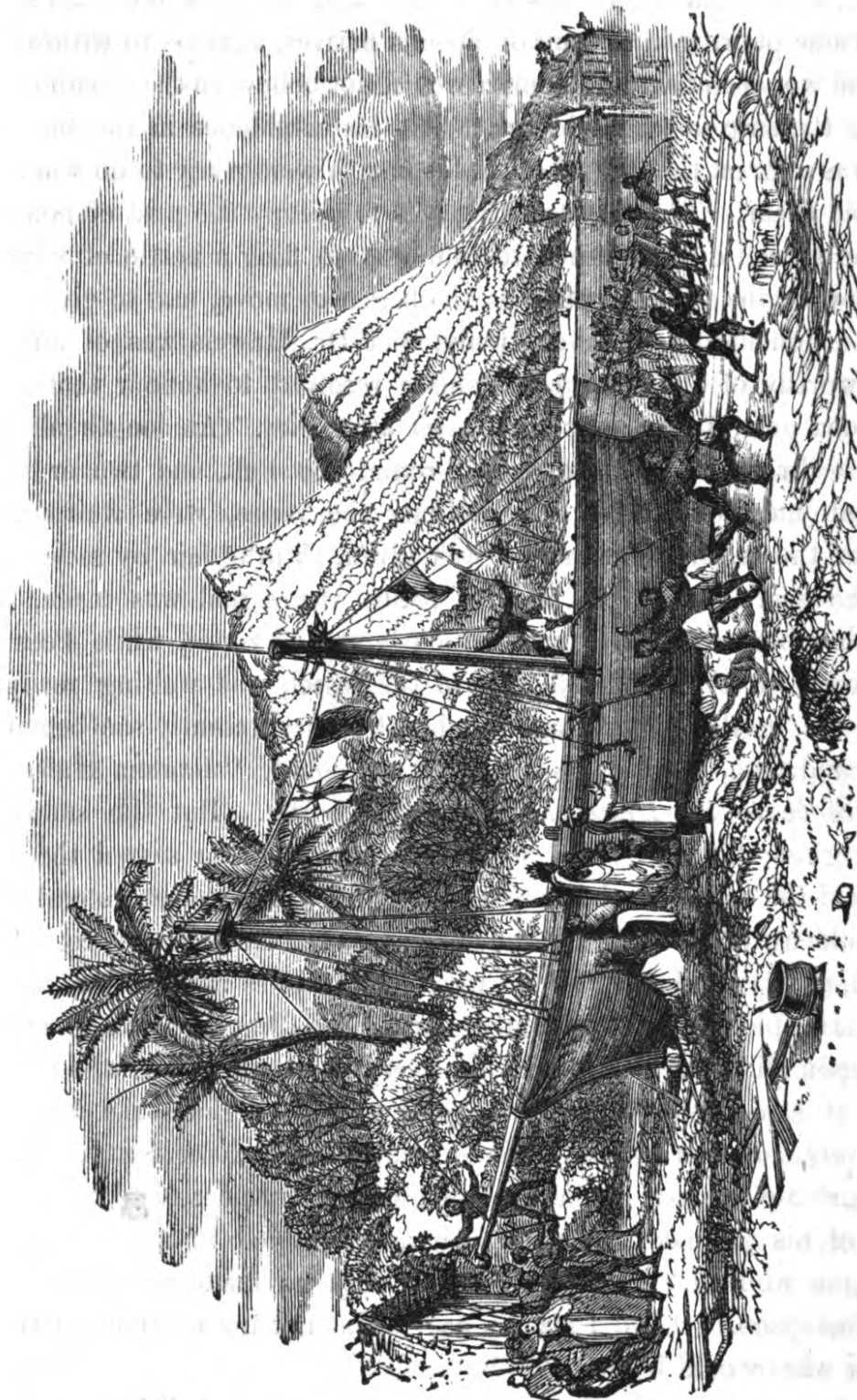
Thus the ship-building project was founded in November 1817, when John Williams, and five other missionaries, arrived from England. Convinced of its value as a means of promoting both the temporal and the spiritual welfare of the people, they set heartily to work to finish the vessel. In this John Williams was the prime mover and chief agent. He saw that it ought to be done, and he determined that it should be. This was just like the man, as you will see in the following pages. But the story may best be told in his own words. "A day or two after our arrival," he writes to his friends at home, "we held a meeting respecting the vessel, and resolved to finish her forthwith. We set to work immediately, every man to his post. My department was the iron-work; the others did the wood; and in eight or ten days she was ready to be launched." The news soon spread far

and wide, and on the morning of the day fixed for the ceremony canoes from all quarters discharged their living cargoes upon the coral beach; while from the valleys of Eimeo and down its mountain sides, there came pouring in streams of curious natives, anxious to witness the new and wonderful sight. Pomare would not believe in the possibility of getting the ship down to the sea. Still his confidence in the missionaries was so great that both he and his people were ready to do whatever was told them. That day the king was to occupy the post of honour; and the special duty assigned to him was to fling a bottle of wine at the bow of the vessel as soon as she began to move, and to give her a name. Concluding, and very truly, that Dr. Haweis was of all men most worthy of their respect, Pomare resolved to honour that great and good man by naming the vessel after him. At length all was ready. Strong ropes were passed round the hull, and two or three hundred men on either side, holding the ropes, were waiting, as soon as the word of command was given, to drag her by main force into the sea. At length all was ready, the signal was made, and then they began to pull most furiously at the ropes, while Pomare, who stood on the left-hand side of the vessel, was waiting ready to throw the bottle of wine against her bow. Presently she began to move, and then, shouting as lustily as he could, "*Iaorana Haweis!*"—*Peace be to the Haweis!* he flung the bottle. But the smashing of the glass and the voice of the king together so scared the men who held the ropes on the side of the ship where Pomare stood, that they suddenly dropped them; and as those on the opposite side continued to pull, she gave a lurch and fell with a great noise and crash upon her side. Happily no one was injured by the fall; but dismay and sorrow were upon all their faces, while on every hand was heard the lamentation, "*Aue te pahi e!*"—O the poor ship! Perhaps the king felt differently from his people. While grieved at the accident, he went away priding himself upon his superior discernment, and upon the truth of his prophecy, that as soon as they tried to get her to the water she would be broken to pieces. And he made no secret of his self-satisfaction. "Did I not say so? Has not my word come true? I knew what would happen."

But vexed as the missionaries were, they were not disheartened by

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this mishap. "By the afternoon," writes John Williams, "we had raised her upon the stocks, and prepared everything for a second



LAUNCH OF THE HAWEIS.

attempt on Monday, as it was Saturday when she fell. Monday

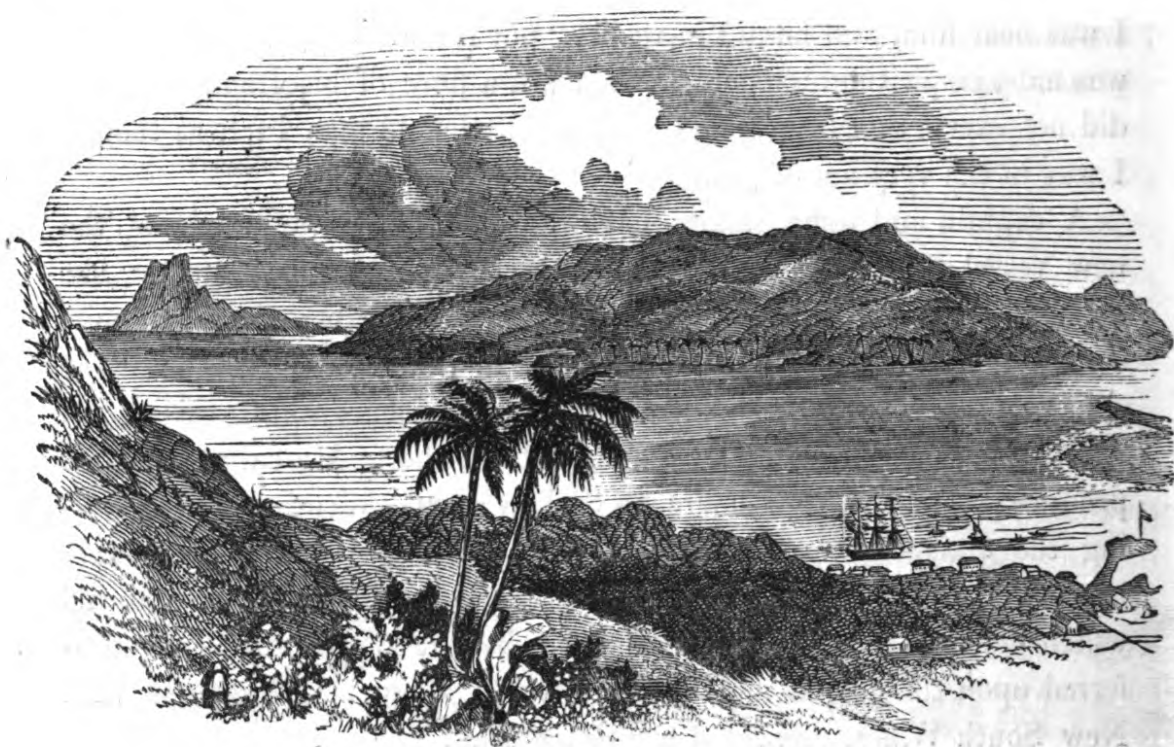
arrived. We drove in the wedges, placed a cable round her, stationed the natives as before, and had the satisfaction of seeing her go off beautifully, amidst the shouts of the people. While she was passing, there was an old warrior, called by the natives a *taata faa ito ito* (that is, the man who puts life and energy into them during a battle), who stood on a little eminence exerting himself to animate the men at the ropes. I was near him, and he did in reality 'put life into them.' His action was most inspiring. There seemed not a fibre of his frame which he did not exert; and from merely looking at the old man I felt as though I was in the very act of pulling."

A captain and some sailors having been engaged to navigate the new vessel, she was soon fitted for sea; and the first voyage she made was to Huahine, with Mr. Ellis, Mr. Williams, and other missionaries who were appointed to labour in the Society Islands. The course of the *Haweis*, however, as a missionary ship, was brief. After engaging in this work for a short time, she took a cargo of native produce belonging to Pomare to Sydney; and the missionaries feeling the obligations under which they had been to him, the share in the vessel to which he was entitled for the wood and other material which he had supplied, and the great benefit which would be conferred upon the people and the Mission by frequent intercourse with New South Wales, presented her to the king.

THE ENDEAVOUR.

The missionary ships which are now to be described are so connected with the name of one individual, that, before proceeding further, we must give a very brief sketch of his history. John Williams was born at Tottenham, on the 29th of June, 1796. Though taught from early years the Holy Scriptures, and led to the sanctuary by a pious mother, he grew up to be a thoughtless youth; but when between seventeen and eighteen years of age, a sermon on the worth of the soul brought him to seek for pardon and peace through Jesus Christ. Having joined the Church at the Tabernacle, Moorfields, he came under the notice of the late Rev. Matthew Wilks. This connection placed him in the very focus of missionary light and heat for nowhere

did the evangelistic flame burn purer, steadier, or with more intensity than within the precincts of that honoured sanctuary. Having been accepted by the Directors of the London Missionary Society, he sailed from London in November 1816, and, as we have seen, reached Eimeo during the same month in the following year.

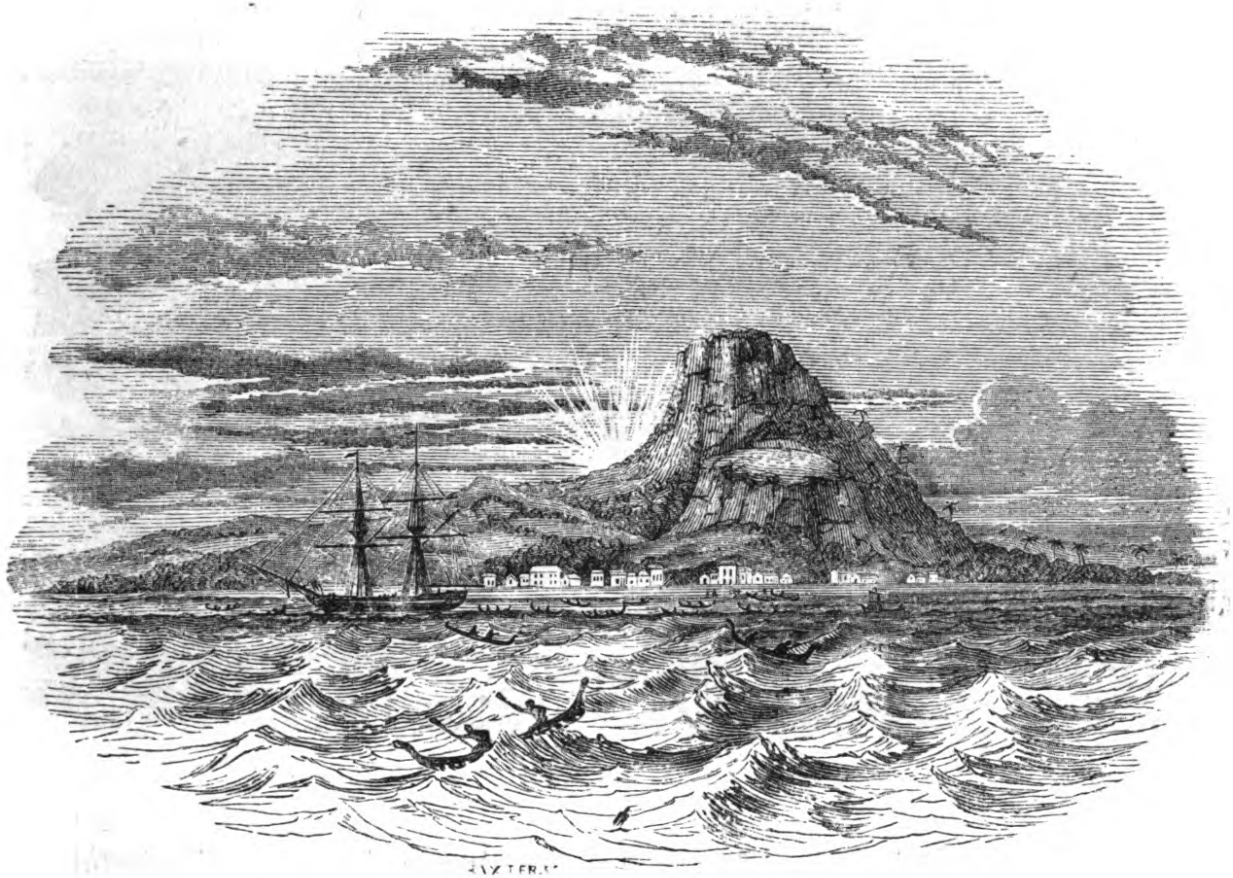


SOCIETY ISLANDS.

After spending nearly three months in Huahine, whither he had been conveyed in the *Haweis*, he removed, at the invitation of Tamatoa and other chiefs, to Raiatea, the largest and most important of the Society Islands. The wonderful change which, through the blessing of God, he wrought in the temporal circumstances and spiritual condition of the Raiateans cannot here be described. But while rejoicing in what had been done, he could not rest in it. He thought with pain and pity of the myriads inhabiting groups of islands around him who still dwelt in darkness, and his large heart burned to carry to them the Gospel.

Having been compelled by the failure of his health to proceed to Sydney, he resolved to leave native teachers at Aitutaki, an island

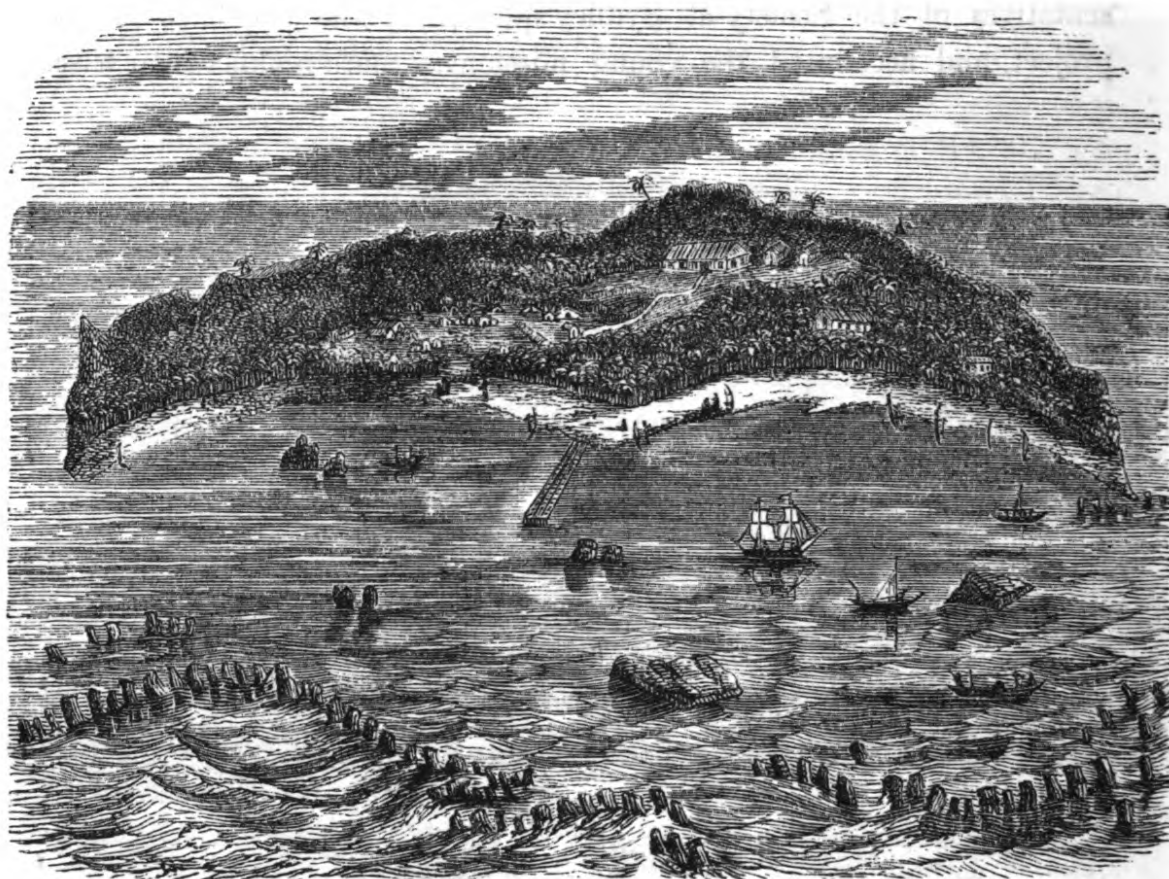
in his track, which he had not seen, but of which he had often heard. But health was not the only good thing for the sake of which he took this voyage. His own heart and that of Tamatoa, the enlightened chief of Raiatea, had long been set upon the acquisition of a vessel by means of which trade might be carried on with the colony, and the Gospel conveyed to other lands. But the friends and representatives of the Society at Sydney questioned the prudence of the project, and accounted the young missionary more zealous than wise.



RAIATEA.

Grieved and discouraged by this opposition, his whole soul was still set upon the object, and all his large evangelistic projects centred in it. He resolved, therefore, to procure a vessel, even though he sacrificed his own property in the purchase. At length the Society's agent compromised the business by agreeing to share with him the risk. Soon a new schooner was bought. Her English name was the Endeavour,

but the natives significantly designated her *The Beginning*. Unbounded was the joy of Tamatoa and his people as they watched her with all sails set pass in through the reef and sail proudly up the harbour. But while sharing in the common joy, the tidings which she brought from Aitutaki and Rurutu, where she had called on her way from Sydney,

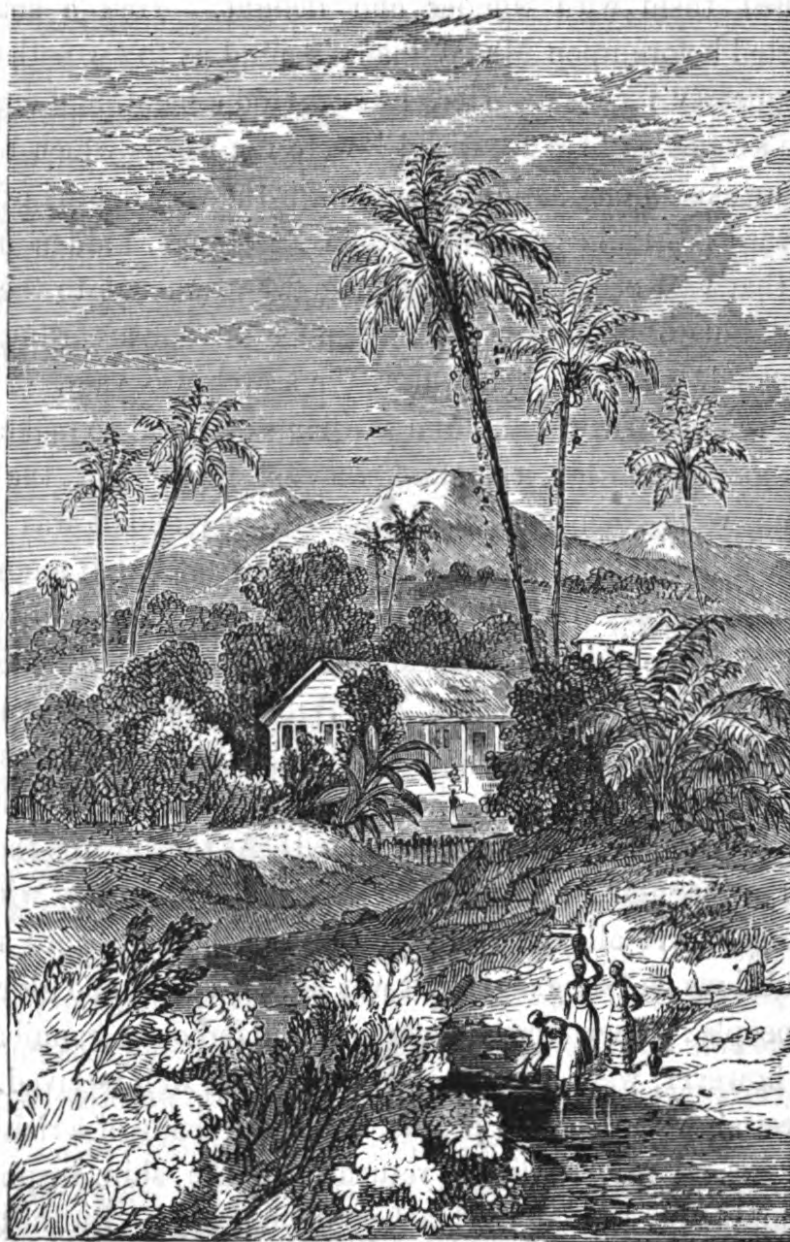


AITUTAKI.

filled the soul of the missionary with far deeper delight. Wonderful had been the success of the labours of the native teachers whom he had conveyed to those islands, and the news was fuel to his already flaming zeal. It confirmed all his calculations, and more than realized his hopes. It proved what might be accomplished amongst the heathen by native agency and a missionary ship. He could now no longer rest at Raiatea. His heart was too large for a sphere so limited. He must see what great things the Lord has done. He must visit those islands; and, if possible, he must discover that much finer and larger one, of

which he had heard so often—Rarotonga. As if to make his path more plain, he was told that some Rarotongans were then residing at Aitutaki. In a few days all was ready, and, accompanied by Mr. Bourne and six native teachers, the Endeavour started upon this most interesting mission. At Rurutu and Aitutaki all they saw and heard filled them with wonder and delight. Had a shadow of a doubt rested before upon Mr. Williams's mind as to *his* path of duty, it now disappeared for ever. Here he saw God's hand, and could almost hear God's voice. "Go forward!" were the words which rang in his ears and awoke an emphatic response from the very depths of his heart. And forward he would go—first to find Rarotonga, hidden in the solitudes of that vast ocean, and not known even by name to the commercial world, but to the natives only. The Endeavour accordingly steered for that island. This time, however, the search was vain. But though this purpose was frustrated, John Williams resolved to make a descent upon Mangaia. Thither, therefore, they steered. But the people of that island were then most wild and savage; and it was plain that the time had not come when teachers could be safely left amongst them. It was otherwise at Mauke, Mitiaro, and Atiu. There Missions were commenced, while further information was obtained of Rarotonga. Guided by this additional light, Mr. Williams resolved upon a second search for the desired island. After five days' sailing, and just as they were about to abandon the attempt, the joyful cry, "Land!" was heard from the mast-head. Rarotonga was discovered! As they neared the shore the sight of the magnificent island filled the good missionary with delight. He saw that it was all, and more than all that he had heard about it in native traditions and songs—that it was indeed a good and glorious land. But the people! They were treacherous and ferocious cannibals. Two teachers, however, were landed, and at first were well received. After a public meeting with king and people, under the shade of a rich and wide-spreading grove, Mr. Williams returned to the ship, inspirited with gladness and hope, leaving the teachers behind him. But next morning they came on board with a dolorous tale of the robbery and violence they had suffered during the night. This report might have prevented any further attempt at that time to benefit the people, had not Papeiha, the grandfather of Isaia so well known to many of our readers,

resolved to return alone. With his clothes, Testament, and a few books, this noble man, who is still alive, went back into the lion's den. And what followed? In four months he was joined by a second teacher from Raiatea, and before a year had closed, the whole population of



VIEW IN RAROTONGA.

Rarotonga had abandoned their idols, and were building a Christian sanctuary six hundred feet long.

After an absence of five weeks, the Endeavour re-entered the harbour of Raiatea. As she did so, her appearance was so strange that it awakened the curiosity and speculation of the multitude who watched her from the beach. From her yard-arms were hanging many new and odd shapes, the nature and use of which none could guess. But the mystery was soon solved. These were the gods of Aitutaki. The people of that island had sent to Mr. Williams to say that, if he would visit them, they would give him all the idols which they and their fathers had worshipped; and now he had brought them to Raiatea, "rejoicing as one that findeth great spoil."

While the mind and heart of Mr. Williams were filled with large schemes of missionary enterprise to Samoa, the New Hebrides, and other groups, which he hoped to carry out in the Endeavour, a dark cloud suddenly gathered over prospects so bright and fair. Judging from the prices of such articles at Sydney, it was calculated that the sale of two or three cargoes of the productions of Raiatea would pay her purchase-money and all other expenses. And this estimate was well founded; but, unhappily, some selfish merchants at Sydney, fearing lest their interests might suffer, persuaded the Governor to levy a heavy duty upon all imports from the South Sea Islands, the immediate effect of which was to shut them out from that market. Thus the infant trade of Raiatea, and the beneficent purposes of its missionary, were cruelly destroyed. He called the chiefs and people together, and having explained the case to them, they resolved to send the good ship to Sydney to be sold. It was a sorrowful sight to John Williams when the beloved vessel left the harbour upon such an errand; and, writing to the Directors, he says, "Satan knows well that this ship was the most fatal weapon ever formed against his interests in the great South Sea; and therefore, as soon as he felt the effects of its first blow, he has wrested it out of our hands."

THE MESSENGER OF PEACE.

The brief sketch now to be given is, perhaps, more familiar to our readers than that of the vessels previously described. Nor would such familiarity be surprising, as unquestionably the history is without a

parallel. Never was ship built under circumstances so extraordinary or so unfavourable as the *Messenger of Peace*; and this history would be very imperfect without some account of an agency the influence of which in evangelizing Polynesia was so widely spread.

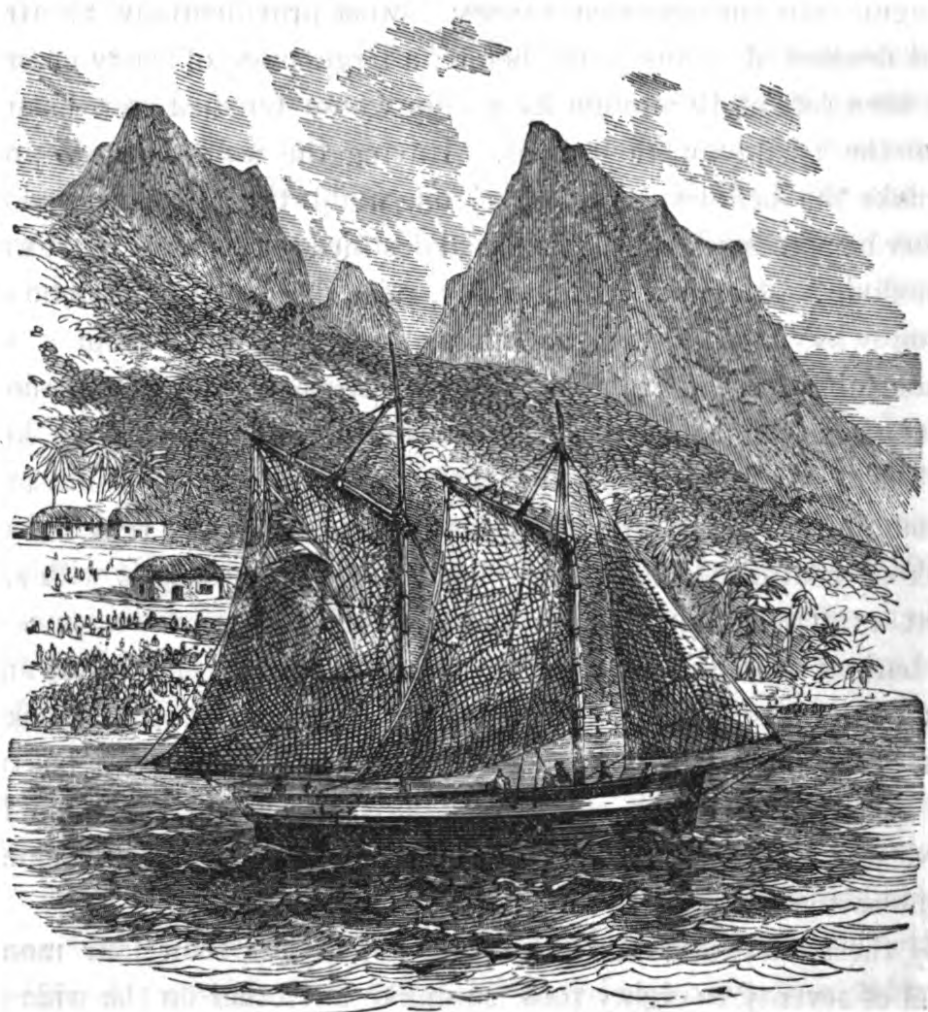
After the discovery of Rarotonga, and at the earnest entreaty of Mr. Williams, the Directors appointed the Rev. C. Pitman to that island. On arriving in the South Seas, he spent some months at Raiatea and Tahaca; but in April 1827 he was conveyed in a vessel chartered for the purpose to his destination. Thither Mr. Williams accompanied him, and rendered essential service to the Mission by erecting a large chapel, framing laws and translating the Scriptures. Thus two months passed by, when he began anxiously to think about his beloved flock and his interrupted work at Raiatea. From that time, therefore, he impatiently awaited some means of return. But as weeks passed by and no vessel arrived, hope from this quarter gradually grew fainter, and was at length given up. What was to be done? He must remain at Rarotonga, or make a way of escape for himself. Before this time, he had often thought and talked of attempting to build a ship at Raiatea; and as tools, and iron, and other necessities could be obtained there, the work would have been comparatively easy. But although the difficulties in the way of such an undertaking would have appalled most men, they did not discourage him. He therefore resolved that, if it were possible, a ship should be built. For this project he now marshalled all his resources, and put forth all the energy of his character. Encouraged by Makea and other chiefs, the work was at once begun. And there was one essential which he did *not* want—labour; as hundreds of natives were eager to do his bidding. Wood was, of course, amongst his first requirements; but the mountains were clothed with noble trees, and speedily, from morning until night, the ring of the native stone adzes might be heard on all hands, as the woodmen laboured to fell the old giants of the forest. This, however, was the lightest part of their toil. When the huge trunks, shorn of their branches, lay upon the ground, there was the far more formidable difficulty of getting them, without horses or machinery, down to the shore. But hundreds of strong arms were ready to drag them thither by main force; and it was no small delight to

Mr. Williams to hear the shouts and native songs of these "drawers of wood," as hour after hour and day after day they laboured and tugged through jungle and over rocks, until an ample supply had been provided. But other things were quite as necessary, though not so easily obtained, as wood. First amongst these were tools, or iron with which to make them; and a blacksmith's forge to heat the iron, and bellows to blow the fire, and an anvil upon which the metal could be wrought into the required shapes. Most providentially, as Mr. Williams deemed it, many years before, a large piece of rusty chain cable had been left at Rarotonga by a ship whose terrified crew hastily fled from the island for their lives. Having the iron, he now prepared to make the bellows. But, alas! one night the rats devoured all the leather he possessed and which he had destined to this use. What was now to be done? He must, in some way, raise the wind; and as he saw no reason why it might not be pumped up, like water from a well, a wonderful wind instrument was constructed, which justified his calculation. Eight or ten men, however, were necessary to keep up the blast. By this means the chain was soon converted into tools, to the admiration of the wondering natives, who cried, "Why did not we think of heating the hard stuff also, instead of beating it with stones? What a reign of dark hearts Satan's is!" Ropes were spun out of the bark of a tree; the oakum was made of cocoa-nut husk, and the sails of native mats quilted together. But where could blocks and sheaves be found? They must be had, and could only be turned. Mr. Williams, therefore, constructed a lathe, and turned them from a native wood as hard as ebony. Pitch and paint there were none; but good substitutes were found.

By these, and other novel expedients, in less than four months a vessel of seventy to eighty tons, so unlike any other on the wide ocean, was finished. When launched, she was correctly called, what she truly became, the *Messenger of Peace*. But, fearing lest some of his strange and untried substitutes for better materials and workmanship should fail, Mr. Williams prudently resolved, before venturing upon a voyage, to make "a trial trip."

Great was the excitement on that occasion, and tremendous the crowd who from the shore watched with intense interest every movement of

the native sailors on board. First the anchors, made of wood and stone, were raised; and then one by one the mat sails were hoisted. And now she moved; a strong breeze "strained her canvas;" away, away she went, dancing merrily over the waves, dashing the foam from her bows, and calling forth a tremendous shout from the admiring thousands on shore. As she moved along, she seemed most beautiful to all eyes, especially in those of her builder; and for a time she promised

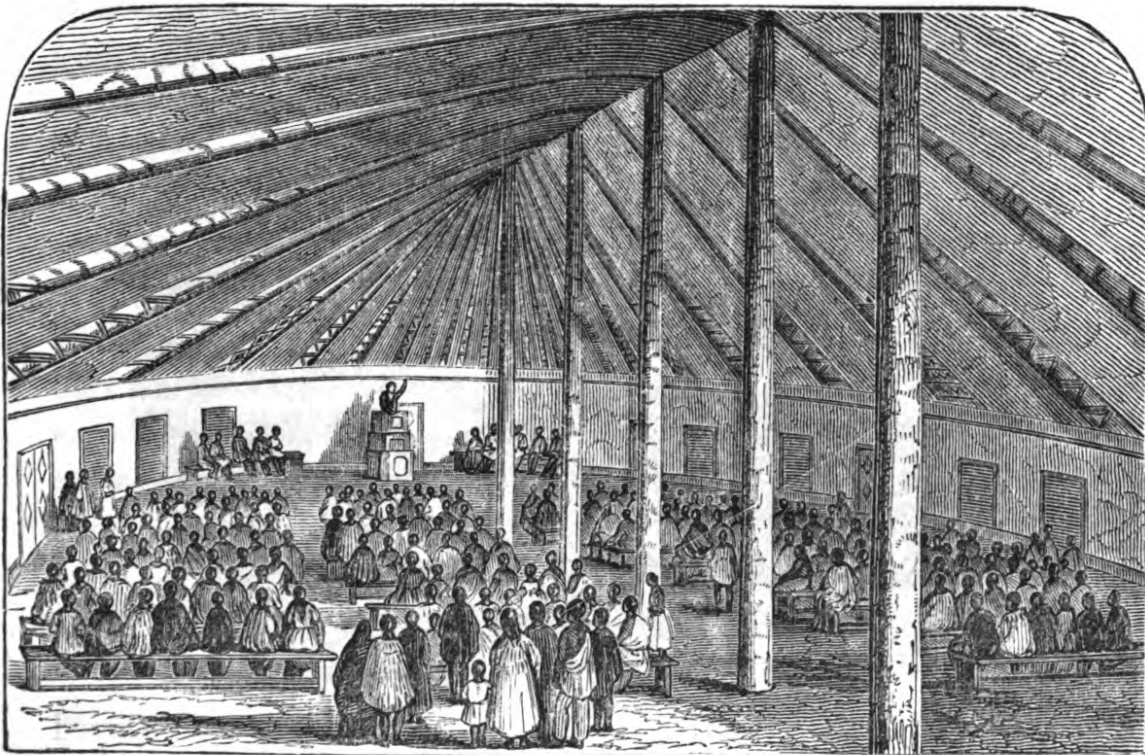


MESSENGER OF PEACE AT RAROTONGA.

to be a perfect success. The king, Makea, who was on board, shared in the delight with which the pleased missionary marked the performances of his own good ship. Thus she proceeded, "all's well," for six miles, when, being quite satisfied, Mr. Williams made preparation, as sailors term it, "to put her about." He had explained to the natives, who were unused to such seamanship, what to do. But either from

not observing or not understanding his orders, some of them let go the wrong ropes ; the next minute the foresail was loose, and then, to the terror and distress of all, the foremast broke and encumbered the ship with the wreck. It was a sad moment ; but, calm and collected, Mr. Williams gave his directions. Speedily the deck was cleared ; a sail was hoisted upon the stump of the mast ; the ship answered to her helm, and soon was again at her anchorage.

A new foremast was now fixed and rigged, and the *Messenger of Peace* having visited Aitutaki, where her arrival caused immense excitement, returned to Rarotonga. Here both ship and builder were welcomed with unbounded joy, which was increased soon afterwards by the arrival of Mr. Buzacott, who had brought with him many articles which Mr. Williams turned to profitable account in rendering the ship more seaworthy. "Cruising in his own yacht," in April 1828,

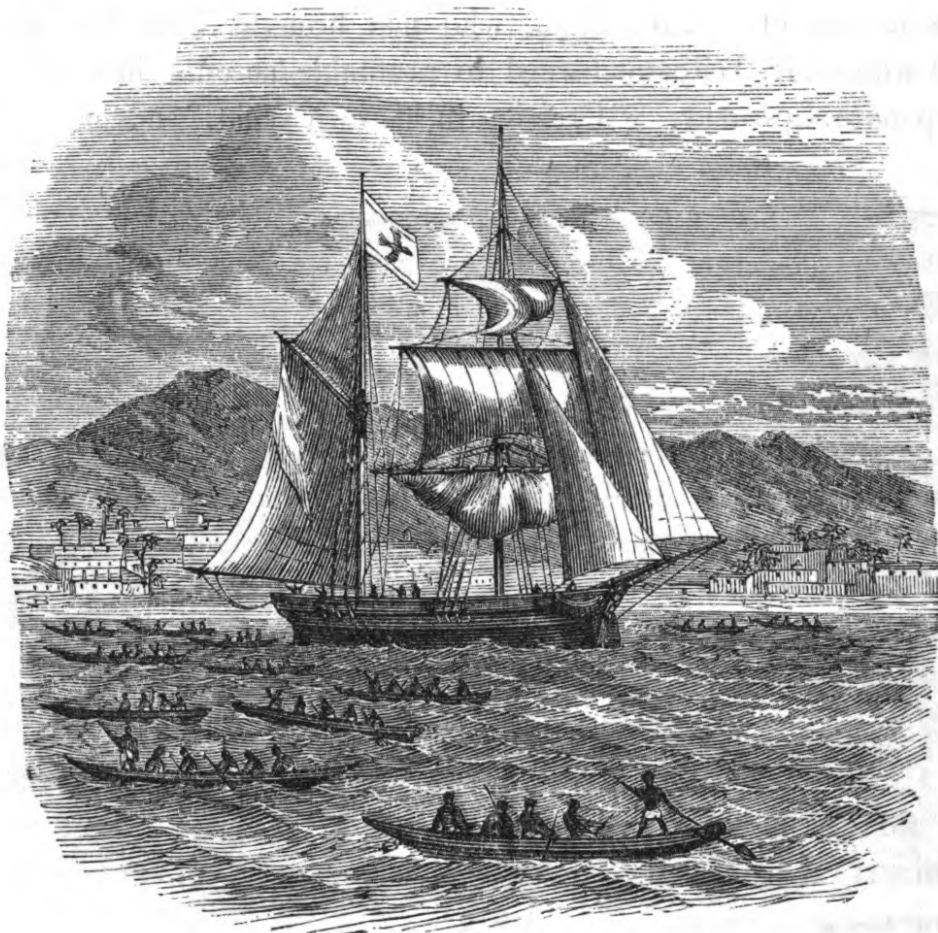


INTERIOR OF CHAPEL AT RAIATEA.

Mr. Williams proceeded to Tahiti, a distance of from 600 to 700 miles. After a very prosperous voyage, the vessel arrived off Papeete during

the night ; and when, in the morning, "the strange sail" was seen outside the reef, great was the surprise, and many were the speculations, of the crews of the ships at anchor in the harbour. "Some," says Mr. Williams, "took us for South American patriots ; others for pirates ; and others could not tell what to make of us."

In a few days the Messenger of Peace arrived at Raiatea ; and most welcome to the people was the missionary to whom they owed so much, and whose long absence they had reason to deplore. For the sake of his station, Mr. Williams resolved to postpone the accomplishment of his great purpose of conveying teachers to Samoa and other groups.



MESSANGER OF PEACE AT RAIATEA.

Having therefore refitted the vessel, and given to her a new "rig" and a changed appearance, Mr. Platt accompanied Messrs. Pritchard and Simpson to the Marquesas, and then visited the Hervey Islands. These

two voyages occupied a year; and had any evidence of the value of a missionary ship been required, their results would have amply supplied it.

On the return of the *Messenger of Peace* to Raiatea, all were cheered by the intelligence which Mr. Platt brought. Mr. Williams, however, not only "thanked God," but "took courage" to prepare for the larger missionary enterprise upon which his ardent spirit had so long been intent. Accordingly, on the 24th May, 1830, accompanied by Mr. Barff, he embarked in his little vessel, and "with excited feelings," and as her sails filled with a favouring breeze and she moved out of the harbour, he caught the sound of many voices from the shore, shouting blessings upon them and their voyage. As they intended to take with them some native teachers then at Mangaia and Aitutaki, they first steered for those islands; but as soon as the natives were apprised of their purpose, they refused to relinquish one of the beloved men to whose persons they had become warmly attached, and to whose labours they felt so deeply indebted. But in other respects they were ready to do their utmost to spread that Gospel which had brought such blessings to themselves.

It was now that the Aitutakians first showed that remarkable zeal and liberality which have characterized them ever since, by handing to Mr. Williams the extraordinary sum of £103, money which they "had bought" for the London Missionary Society from foreign ships with pigs and produce. Savage Island was their next point; but the people were then so fierce that two Aitutakians who ventured on shore eagerly fled from their violent hands. Acting with his usual wisdom, Mr. Williams induced two youths to accompany him; but, poor fellows, when they saw the sailors eating salt pork, they thought it was human flesh, and that they were fed so well that they might be fattened for food. But after a time they discovered their mistake, and on their return had nothing but good to say of the strangers.

At Tongatabu they found a Samoan chief, who accompanied them to his home, and proved a most valuable helper. Two teachers were also sent to Fiji. After calling at Vavou, they sailed for Samoa. As they approached, its wondrous beauty and majestic mountains filled them with admiration; but every feeling gave place to surprise when their first visitor

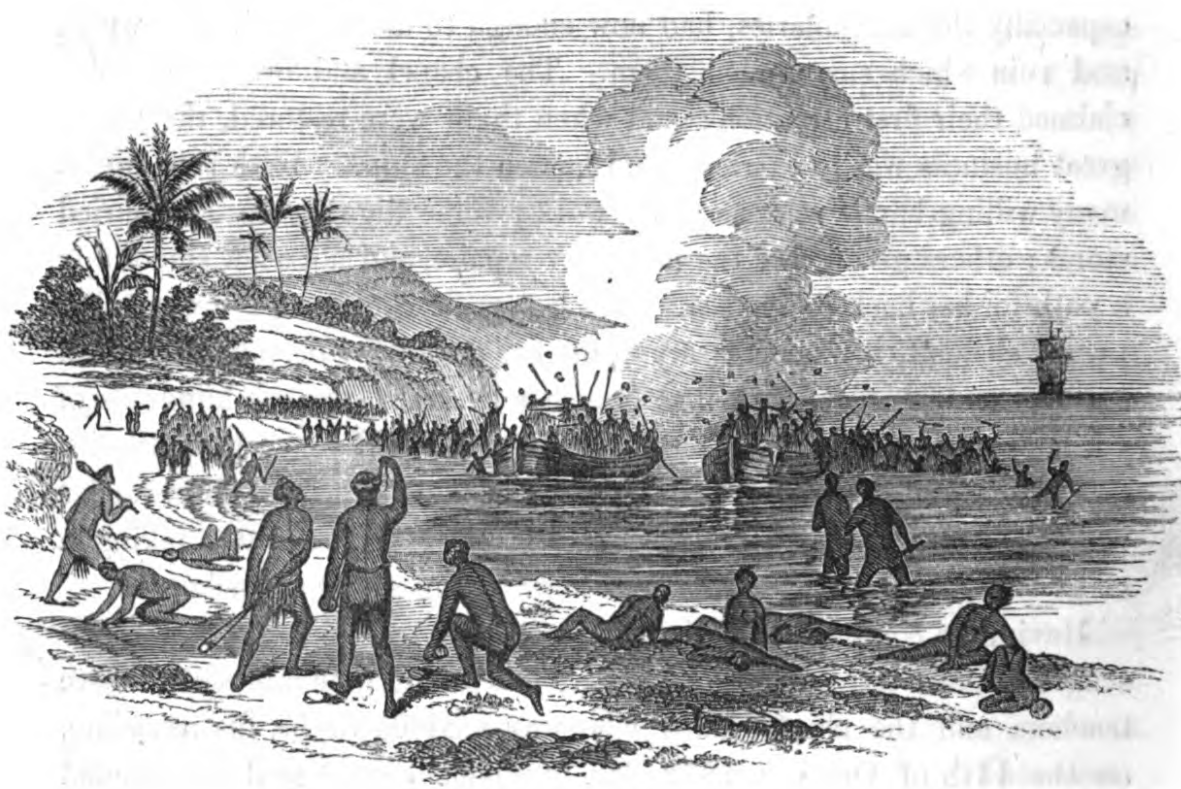
announced that "the devil was dead"—the name, as they soon afterwards learned, of the most powerful supporter of Samoan superstitions. The removal of this formidable obstacle to the Gospel, as missionaries were bringing it to those shores, confirmed their confidence in God, and raised their expectation of success. The influence of Favea, too, the chief from Tongatabu, was most valuable, and the kindnesses of the natives proved that teachers might be safely left amongst them. Eight were therefore landed, and while the canoes were approaching the shore, the flames of burning villages in the distance showed them that a destructive battle had been fought that morning. Soon afterwards Malietoa, the principal chief of Savaii, came on board, and when told their errand, expressed his delight. On the following evening Messrs. Williams and Barff landed; and such a scene as their reception was never perhaps witnessed. Before the boats could touch the beach, the visitors were seized by many strong men, and "sprawling at full length upon their extended arms and hands were borne aloft first through the surf, and then amidst a dense crowd, numbers of whom had climbed trees, where their glistening eyes and ivory teeth, gleaming in the light of the flaming torches which they held in their hands, stood out in bold and bright relief from the midst of the dark foliage which surrounded them." This visit, details of which will be found in the "Missionary Enterprise," was the commencement of that marvellous work which God has wrought in the Navigator's Islands, and through the agency of their converted inhabitants in the dark lands of Western Polynesia. How fervently did Mr. Williams, as he stood upon the deck of his little vessel on her return voyage, lift the voice of praise to Him by whose favour he had been able to build such a true Messenger of Peace to the heathen, and thus far accomplish the desire of his heart!

When Mr. Williams left Samoa he promised the chiefs that he would soon revisit them. Indeed this was absolutely necessary for the safety of the teachers and the progress of the Mission. But two years elapsed ere he could fulfil this promise. The Messenger of Peace required to be repaired and lengthened. To effect these objects Mr. Williams deemed it best to return to Rarotonga. The work was favourably commenced, but ere long a desolating hurricane swept over the island, the force of which drove the waves in upon the land, and the ship,

far inland, embedded in the ground and surrounded by forest. Her stores were either scattered or buried under the ruins of native houses. But, happily, the ship had sustained little injury. All hands, and especially the missionaries, had now enough to do to repair the wreck and ruin which surrounded them. The chapel and other buildings claimed their first attention; and when these were restored, their next great business was to extricate and launch the ship. With this intent many willing hands were soon at work; some digging up her buried stores; others giving her the necessary repairs, and not a few smoothing a path for her back to the sea. But before she could move towards her proper element, it was necessary to lift her out of the deep hole in which she was embedded, and then to drag her by main strength hundreds of yards over a swamp. The builder, however, was the man to cope with difficulties, and aided by two thousand willing workers, all obstacles were speedily overcome, and the Messenger of Peace, after taking a short voyage on the land, was once more riding safely at anchor.

Having, in company with Mr. Buzacott, revisited Raiatea, the Messenger of Peace returned to Rarotonga; and taking with him some native teachers and the chief Makea, who was anxious to be his associate, on the 11th of October, 1832, Mr. Williams commenced his second voyage to Samoa. As they approached the group, their first greeting came from some natives, who, standing up in their canoes, shouted, "We are Christians! we are Christians! waiting for a 'religion ship.' Is yours the ship we are waiting for?" From other visitors Mr. Williams learned soon afterwards that, during his absence, a great change had been effected in that group. Thus his way and his welcome had been prepared. And most cheering was the account given to him by the teachers, and delightful the evidence presented to chiefs and people of their readiness to embrace the Gospel. At one place, Leone Bay, Tutuila, the scene of the massacre of Le Langle, fifty "sons of the Word" had built a chapel, and were awaiting his return. On receiving this intelligence, he resolved to land at their station; but when the boat approached the beach, he called to the crowd, "I do not know that I shall trust myself; I have heard a sad account of you." "Oh!" shouted a chief, "we are not savage now; we are Christians." "Where did you hear of Christianity?" "A great chief from the white man's country,

named Viriamu, came to Savaii about twenty moons ago, and left some 'workers of religion;' and several of our people who were



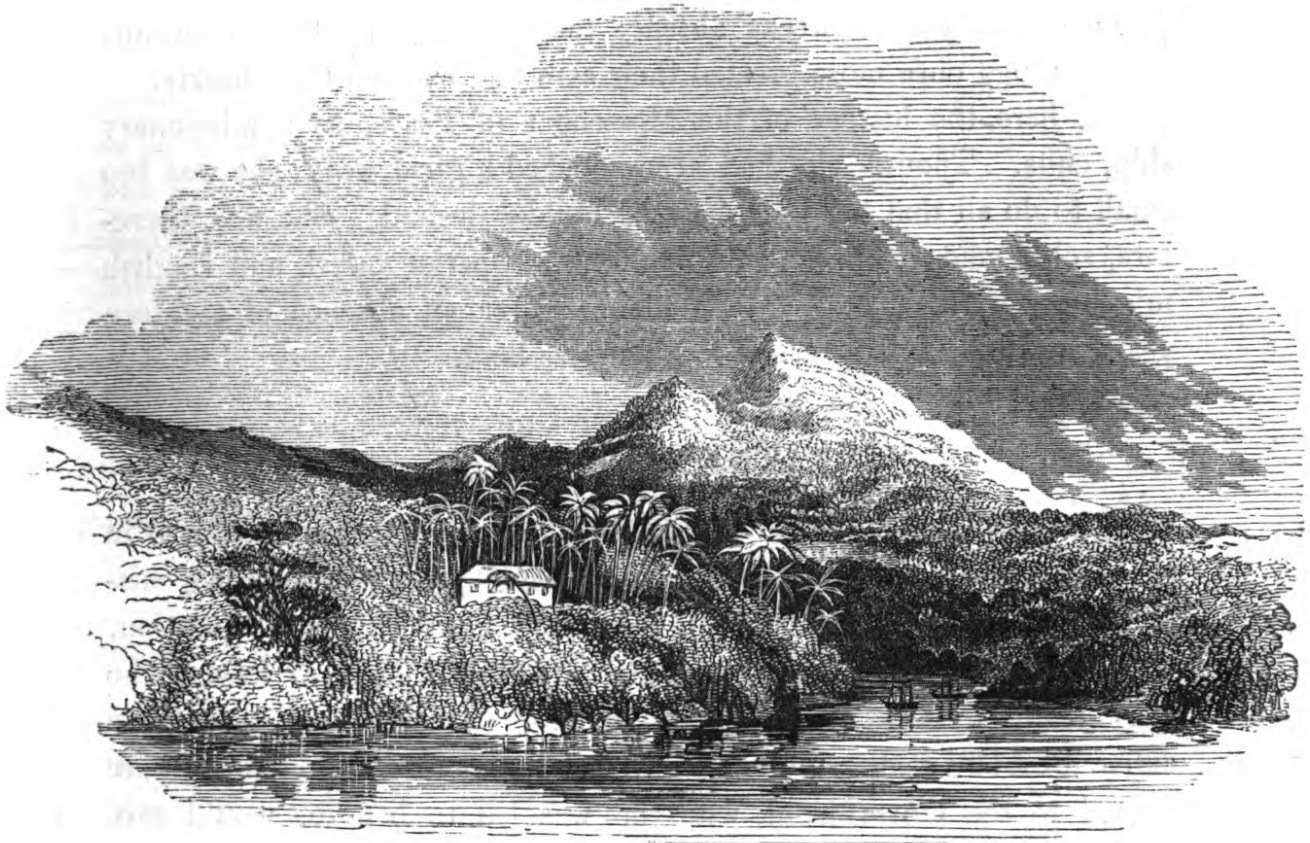
MASSACRE OF LE LANGLE.

there, when they came home again, began to teach their friends, and many of them have become 'sons of the Word.'" Pointing to a group of fifty persons, each wearing a piece of white cloth around his arm, and seated under the trees, he said, "There they are, and there is their chapel." This was truly a pleasant sight, for these were amongst the first fruits of the missionary ship.

On returning on board Mr. Williams found a chief there with Makea, who, after rubbing his nose against the missionary's hand, told him that *his* people were also Christians, and that he was their teacher. As Mr. Williams expressed some doubt whether he spoke the truth, the man at once dropped down upon his knees on the deck, and in broken Tahitian, repeated the Lord's Prayer.

On reaching Savaii, the joy of Malietoa and the teachers appeared to be unbounded, and the delight of their visitor was not less so on

seeing a large chapel crowded with eager listeners, and receiving from the teachers a short history of the wonderful change which had been wrought amongst the people. While at Savaii, and afterwards at Upolu and other islands of the group, the honour and the kindness with which Mr. Williams was treated could scarcely have been surpassed.



SALUFATA BAY, UPOLU.

Want of space prevents our giving other interesting particulars of this second singularly successful voyage of the Messenger of Peace to Samoa. One of its important results was the resolution which Mr. Williams then formed to procure European missionaries for this large group, and also to press forward to other and still wider spheres of usefulness. With these purposes in his heart he left Samoa. For about three hundred miles all went on well; but one night the mate awoke him with the startling news that the vessel had sprung a leak, was half filled with water, and was sinking fast! Springing from his berth and hastening on deck, he saw their perilous condition. It was clearly

now, pump or sink. All hands, therefore, set to work ; and they worked with such a will that by the morning the ship was pumped dry. Still the danger was great, and it was necessary to continue pumping, as the leak could not be found. This was their state for several days, when they rejoiced at the sight of Tongatabu, where she was drawn up on the beach and the source of danger was discovered and stopped. At length, after fifteen weeks' absence, the lovely and beloved mountains of Rarotonga once more greeted their eyes and cheered their hearts.

But here the history of the *Messenger of Peace*, as a missionary ship, ends. Though she had accomplished a great work, she was too small to do all that her large-hearted builder desired. She was, therefore, sold ; and, in the hope of obtaining a superior vessel, and English missionaries for Samoa, Mr. Williams, after an absence of eighteen years, in June 1834 returned to his native land.

THE CAMDEN.

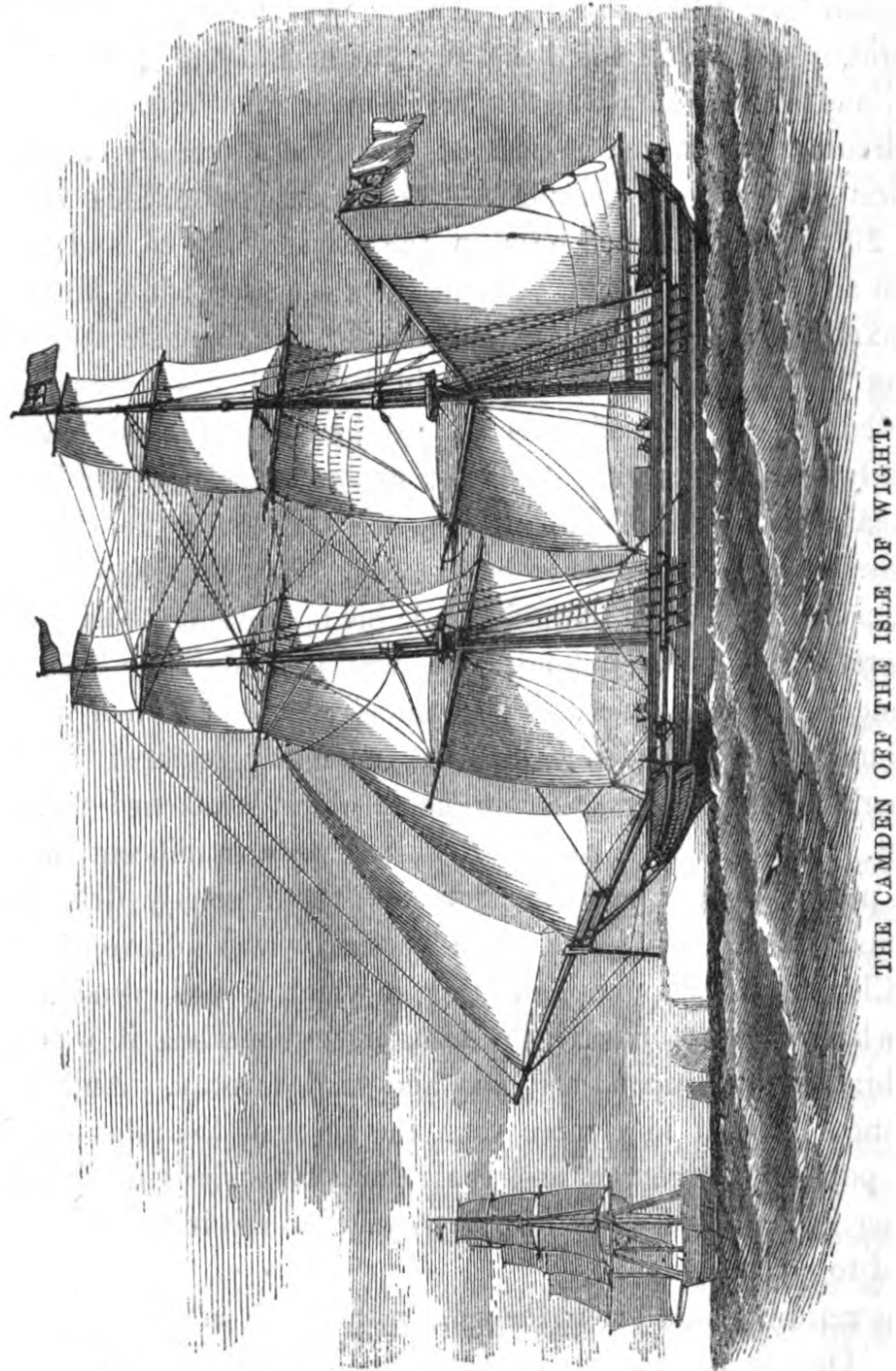
Two years elapsed after Mr. Williams's return before he sought in earnest one of the great objects which had brought him home—a new missionary ship. How could this be obtained ? was with him the question.

First, he was encouraged by some generous friends in Essex, who were ready to head the subscription list, to ask thirty persons to subscribe £100 each. But this proving impracticable, his hopes were turned to the Government, who, he was led to believe, would give him what he desired. His application was warmly supported by the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Minto, Lord Glenelg, and other statesmen, who thought with him that the benefits conferred by missionary labour upon British commerce and British shipping were sufficient grounds for it. But with the sincerest desire to aid his noble design, the Government were unable to do so. At first their decision disappointed Mr. Williams ; but he soon saw cause to approve and rejoice in it. The Directors now issued an appeal for a ship, accompanied by another from himself ; and speedily £1500 had been subscribed. Thus encouraged, he pleaded for the object from the pulpit, the platform, and the press, speaking and writing with all the ardour of his nature. And great was his success. At Manchester he received £400, with the promise that

if required, the contributors would double that amount. At Birmingham a stranger placed £100 in his hand, and told him that, on demand, a second £100 would be ready for him. The Duke of Devonshire gave him £300, half of which was for the ship, while the Corporation of London voted £500. In the midst of these encouragements, and while money was flowing in upon him from many sources, two circumstances which he deemed providential greatly cheered him. The first of these was the purchase of the *Camden*. This vessel was about 200 tons. She had been in the packet service, and appeared to be in all respects suitable. About the same time, while Mr. Williams was anxious to find a Christian commander for the new ship, Captain Morgan most unexpectedly arrived in England. No man who had navigated the South Pacific was so well known to the missionaries, or so greatly beloved by them. And there was no one who, in Mr. Williams's judgment, was so eligible for the post. But when the *Camden* was purchased, he was supposed to be far away. Just then, however, to Mr. Williams's great joy, the captain made his appearance. His ship had been wrecked in New Holland. He was therefore free, and rejoiced to undertake the service. Four thousand pounds had now been contributed; the *Camden* had been generously repaired by Messrs. Fletcher, without charge, and her noble object awakened wide-spread interest. The offerings of the rich had been munificent, and those of the poor were not less so. Some of these greatly delighted Mr. Williams. He often spoke of a cabman, who drove him home from Clapham after a public meeting at which he had pleaded for the ship, who would not receive his fare, and who, when it was pressed upon him, sprang upon his box and rattled away. And few circumstances pleased him more than the offer of the pilot to take her out of port free of charge, and the refusal of a pious man, who supplied her with filtered water for the voyage, to receive a penny, though entitled to more than £20.

Thus refreshed and strengthened, on the 11th of April the *Camden* sailed. On the preceding day, she had dropped down to Gravesend; but the Directors engaged a steamer to convey on board the missionaries and four hundred friends who formed their escort. It was a day long to be remembered. The service on board the steamer; the parting of Mr. and Mrs. Williams from their son; the tears

and benedictions of those who were never to meet on earth again, left impressions which time could not efface. As she proceeded down the Channel, Mr. Williams's delight at her sailing qualities was enthu-



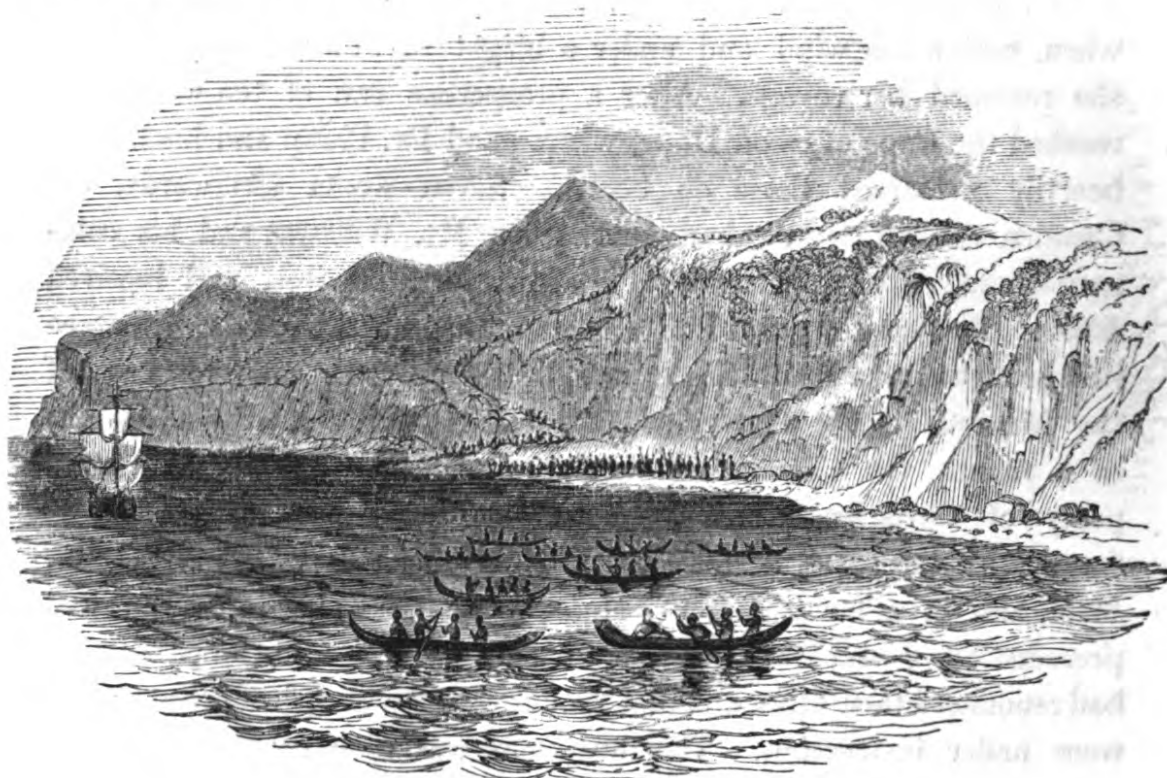
THE CAMDEN OFF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

siastic. "The vessel," he wrote, "is the most perfect we could have obtained. She is gliding past every ship she sees." Thus pleasantly the missionary party pursued their course for more than three days, when a heavy gale from the south-west compelled them to take refuge

in Dartmouth harbour. Most warm and generous was the welcome they there received, and most refreshing to the visitors were the services and intercourse during their brief sojourn; but all were rejoiced when, with a fair wind and under a bright sky, on the 19th of April she resumed her voyage. After a prosperous run of ten weeks, she reached the Cape of Good Hope, where good Dr. Philip and his friends heartily welcomed those on board. Seven weeks afterwards, the Camden entered Sydney harbour. Here Mr. Williams and his companions found many friends, attended several services, and received £500. But what cheered him still more than all this was intelligence just brought by a South Sea captain of the progress and prosperity of the Missions at the Hervey and Samoan Islands. After the sojourn of a month, the Camden was again on her way to Polynesia, a large party of Christian friends having accompanied her in a steamer for seven miles; and on the 24th of November they were off Tutuila. Here, and at other islands of Samoa, missionaries from England had preceded him; and from them he learned that nearly all the population had renounced their idols, and that about fifty thousand, it was computed, were under instruction. This testimony was soon confirmed by the striking evidences which he saw and heard of the power of the Gospel.

The visits from chiefs, who came to him to beg for a missionary; the numerous places of worship built and crowded by the people; the multitudes who had learned to read; the observance of the Lord's day, and of family worship; and above all, the signs given by many of true conversion, made his heart leap for joy. After erecting a house for Mrs. Williams and her son, and accomplishing much for the people, Mr. Williams departed for Rarotonga. How welcome his return to that island was may be easily imagined. But what now made it especially so was the fact that the Camden was freighted with five thousand Testaments in the language of the people—a gift more precious in their estimation than much fine gold. Here, too, he now commenced that Institution for the instruction of pious young men as native teachers, from which so many, well trained to labour and to suffer for Christ, have gone forth to the islands of Eastern and Western Polynesia. The latter Mr. Williams had resolved to visit; and having called at the other parts of the Hervey group, and also at Tahiti and the Society Islands, he sailed for Samoa. Here he spent many months of most useful

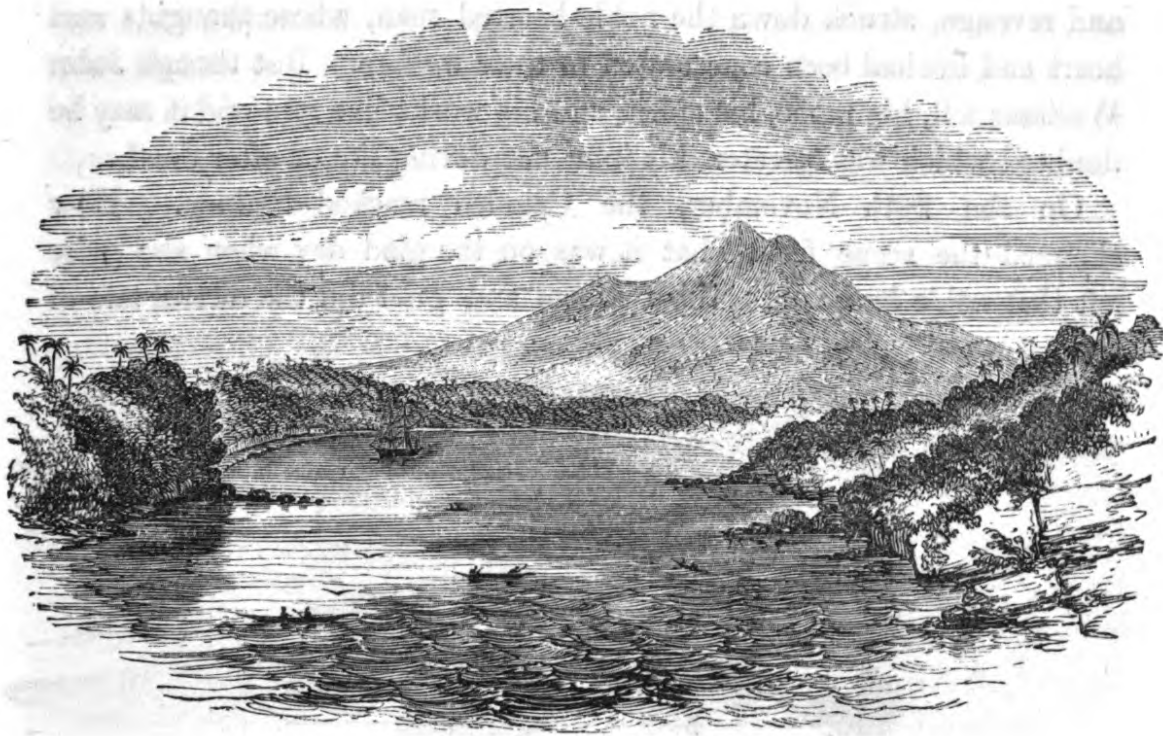
labour, surrounded by signs of the marvellous change which God had wrought amongst that people, and making preparations for his depar-



FOTUNA.

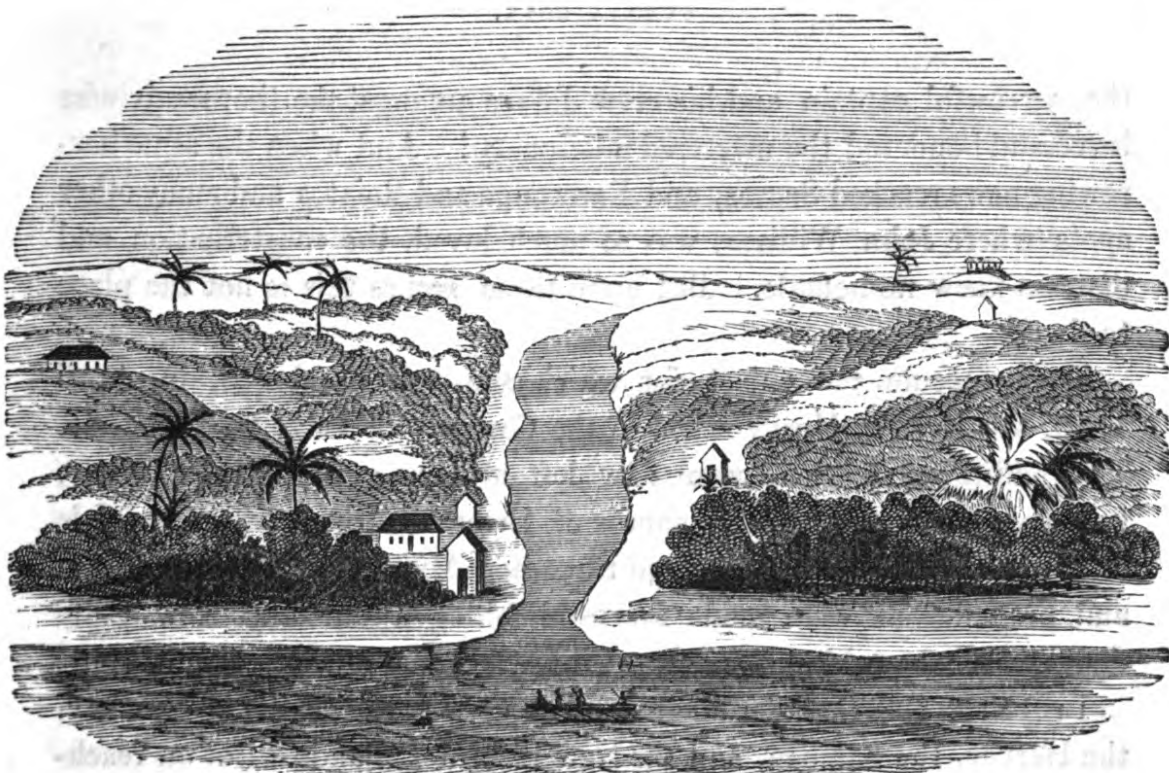
ture to the west on his last and fatal voyage, which commenced on November 5th, 1839.

Having touched at Rotuma, on November 17th the Camden was close in upon Fotuna, one of the New Hebrides group. Here, however, no one dared to land, as the people seemed very fierce; but a chief came on board; and having tried to produce a favourable impression upon his mind, by clothing him in scarlet, and making him some presents, they sent him on shore. On the following day, they reached Tana, landed upon that fine island, were received with great kindness by the chiefs, and left three teachers on shore for the night. Next morning, after receiving a good report from the teachers, their property was conveyed to the beach, presents were made to the chief, and the object of their visit explained; when, with a promise to return speedily, they proceeded with joyful hearts to the dark and dreary shores of Erromanga. What happened there is too well known to be repeated. Many of our readers have seen, in the Missionary Museum, the fatal



RESOLUTION BAY, TANA.

club which invests that visit with an interest so mournful; and often since then have missionaries talked with the chief who, in his blindness



SCENE OF THE DEATH OF WILLIAMS AND HARRIS.

and revenge, struck down the noble-hearted man, whose thoughts and heart and life had been consecrated to their welfare. But though John Williams fell, his name, his spirit, and his works live on; and it may be doubted which was greater, his influence during life or after death.

On the 20th November, the Camden reached Sydney. How changed the scene from what it was on the glad day when she gaily left that noble harbour! What gloom and grief did the direful tale of



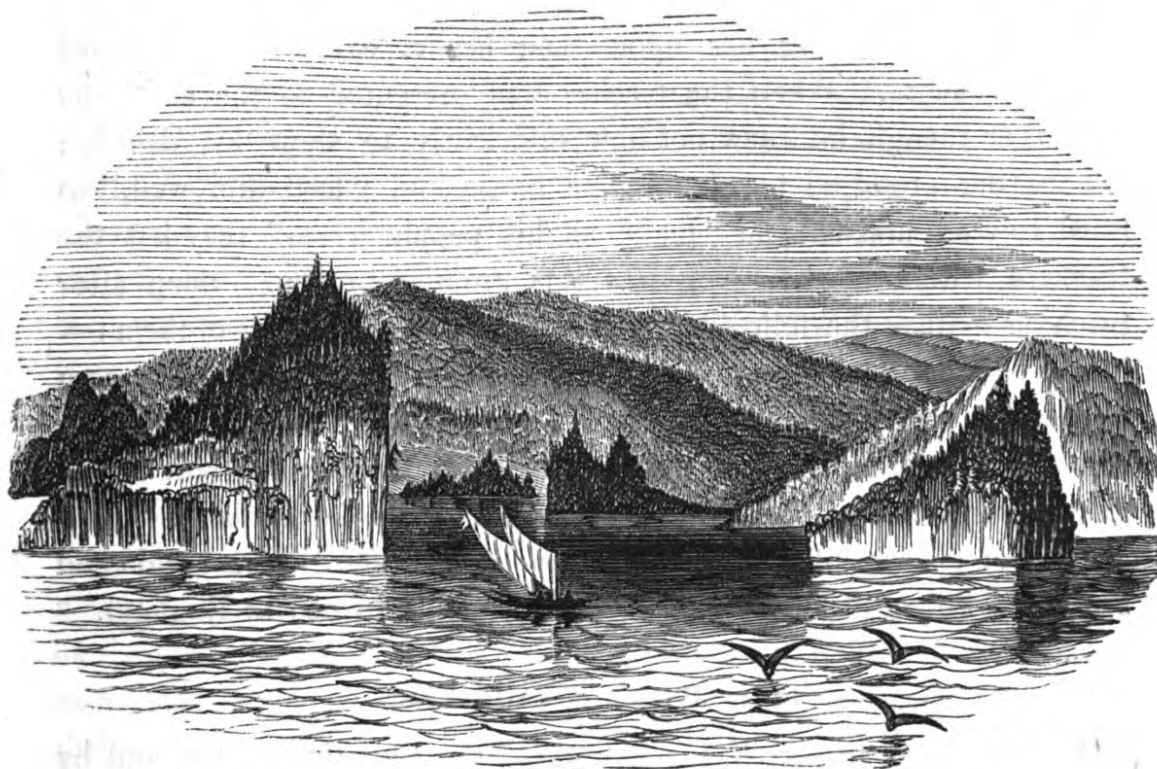
SYDNEY COVE.

the sorrowful captain and his crew diffuse amongst the thousands who loved and honoured the martyred missionary! And when the same harrowing news reached Samoa, and Rarotonga and Raiatea and many other spots where John Williams was so much loved, the consternation and distress knew no bounds. But upon these scenes this is not the place to dwell.

To prosecute the object for which she was purchased, in April 1840, the Rev. T. Heath sailed in the Camden for Western Polynesia. Two additional teachers were now left at Tana; two also at Niua; two upon the blood-stained shores of Erromanga, and two at the Isle of Pines. Thus on this voyage three new Missions were commenced, and preparations were made for establishing a fourth at New Caledonia. What could show more plainly the value of a missionary ship!

In 1841, the Camden made another voyage to Tahiti, the Society, the Hervey, the Samoan, and the New Hebrides islands. But on reaching Erromanga, they found the teachers in deep distress. The cruel

chief had commanded the people not to approach their house, nor to give them food. For five months, however, an unknown savage, moved by an influence which they believed to be Divine, came secretly to their hut every day, and lifting up the thatch, dropped in provisions, without which they must have perished. Poor fellows! how delighted they were to see the ship no language can describe; and as one of them, though weak and ill, feared lest he might be left behind, he sprang into the sea and swam towards her. During this voyage, two teachers were landed at Fotuna, with cheering prospects of success. At the Isle of Pines, the missionaries, with three ladies, who were on



NEW CALEDONIA.

board, ventured on shore. The old chief was a horrid cannibal; but he had proved kind to the teachers, and was exceedingly desirous of English missionaries. Two teachers were also placed at New Caledonia. As they entered a harbour of that island, the ship did a strange thing. She destroyed a god. This was a rock just under the surface of the water, which had been worshipped for ages, the top of which she broke off as she entered and sent to the bottom. But the mystery of its disappearance was to the natives very great, and a sufficient

proof to them of the power of the Being whom the strangers honoured. Our readers would have been peculiarly interested, had they stood upon the deck of the Camden when the teachers were taken on shore. As the boat approached the island, the beach was thronged with wild, naked savages, all armed, and apparently determined to prevent the strangers from landing. But on coming near, she stopped, when one of the missionaries, standing upon her bow, told the people who he was, and closed a short speech by saying, "I have brought you a teacher!" The words had no sooner passed his lips than, at a signal from the chief, the natives flung away their weapons, rushed into the sea, seized the boat, dragged and pushed her through the surf, and then lifting her upon their heads, carried all on board safely to shore. When the teacher was presented to the chief, he seemed as though he knew not how sufficiently to show his delight; but having promised to give him a house and "feed him well," to learn to read himself and "make all his people learn," they left the teachers without fear. Nor was this promise broken. Soon after reaching Sydney the following note was received from one of them:—
"To Williamu woman and Williamu girl. I am Daniela who loves you two. This is my word concerning New Caledonia. The king is reading and also the people. The Sabbath is a resting day. Great is the growth of the Word. It is truly growing in New Caledonia."

After an absence of five years, during which time she did great and good service in Polynesia, in July 1843 the Camden returned to England.

THE JOHN WILLIAMS.

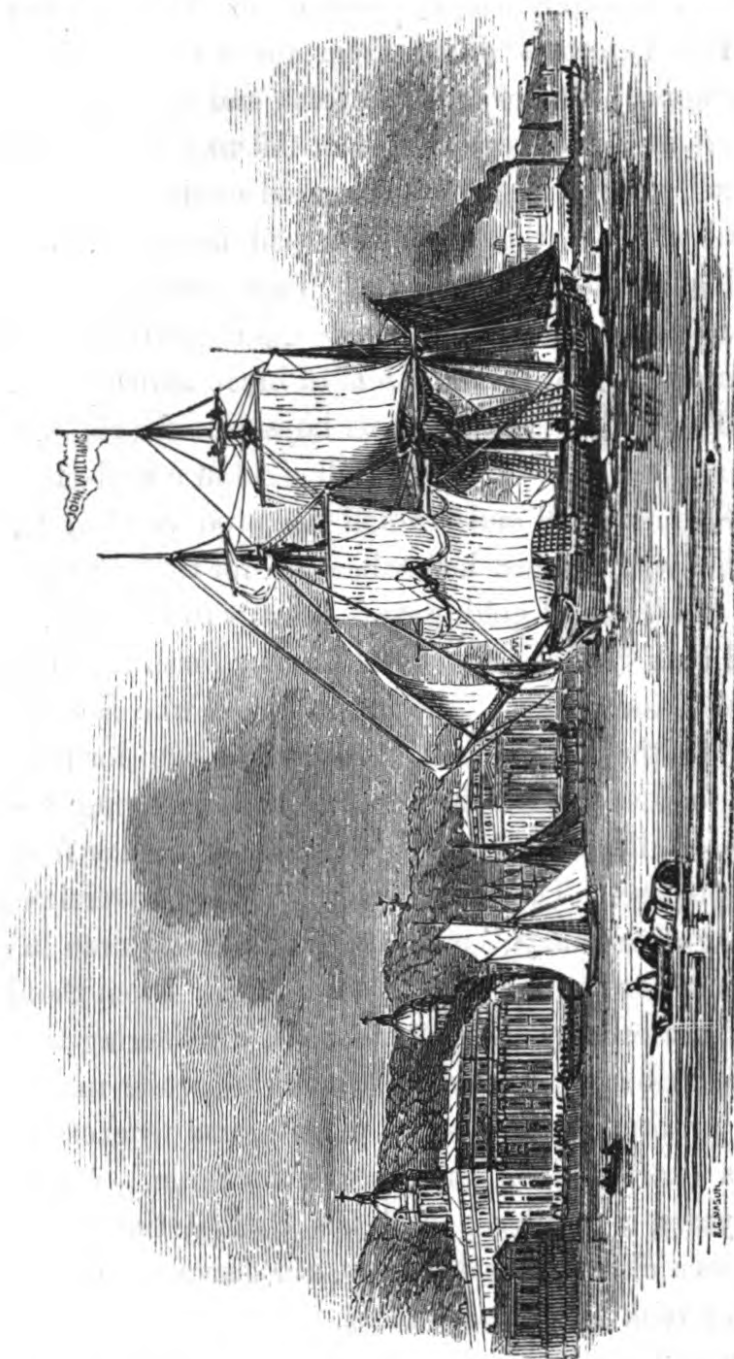
We have now to sketch the history of the last, the largest, and by far the most useful of all the missionary ships of the London Missionary Society.

When, on being taken into dock, the Camden was carefully examined, it was ascertained that she required very extensive repairs to fit her for another voyage, and that the cost of these would go far towards the purchase of a new vessel; it was also clear that, as the sphere of labour in Polynesia extended, there was need of a larger ship. The Directors, therefore, resolved to sell her, and at the same time to appeal to the Young for money to purchase a successor. This was a most happy thought. In December 1843, the appeal to the Juvenile Friends of the

Society appeared. How that appeal was received is well known. Rarely, if ever, had there been a response so prompt and hearty from so many thousands to an application for money. It was at once evident that the young were not merely willing to work for the object, but delighted to do so. The Directors asked them for £4000, but they raised £6237. The appeal, moreover, called forth and awakened in multitudes such an interest in Missions as could not fail to produce fruit in future years. A small volume might be compiled to show with what labour and self-denial much of this large sum had been obtained; but only one or two illustrations can be given. Two poor Sunday-school girls who worked at a mill raised 15s. for the ship by giving up their dinner-hour for several days and selling a loaf of bread which they needed for themselves. For the same object some boys earned a shilling each, after labouring through the day, by working all night in a coal-pit. One little girl sold her favourite doll and devoted the produce (4s.) to the good cause. Another who had just before become, for the first time in her life, the possessor of a piece of gold, gave it heartily to the ship. Two little boys who had each 2s. 6d., and a third who had only a shilling, devoted their all to the same object. Two Irish girls who had received 10s. for toys acted in the same spirit. A little boy who for nine years had hoarded up a half-crown, which was new and glittering when he first received it, cheerfully drew the favourite piece of money from his purse for the same purpose. Then there came "the last sovereign of a dying youth," "a bag of farthings," and £11 from six children in one family as their first contribution for an infant brother. From Sunday-schools in all parts of the country the contributions, considering the poverty of many of the contributors, were quite wonderful, while numerous letters breathed the gratitude of ministers, parents, and teachers for the good influence thus exerted upon their youthful charge. And now again, after twenty years, a similar appeal has elicited the thanks of many who, in their own character and history, can discover the good influence of the part they took in that movement.

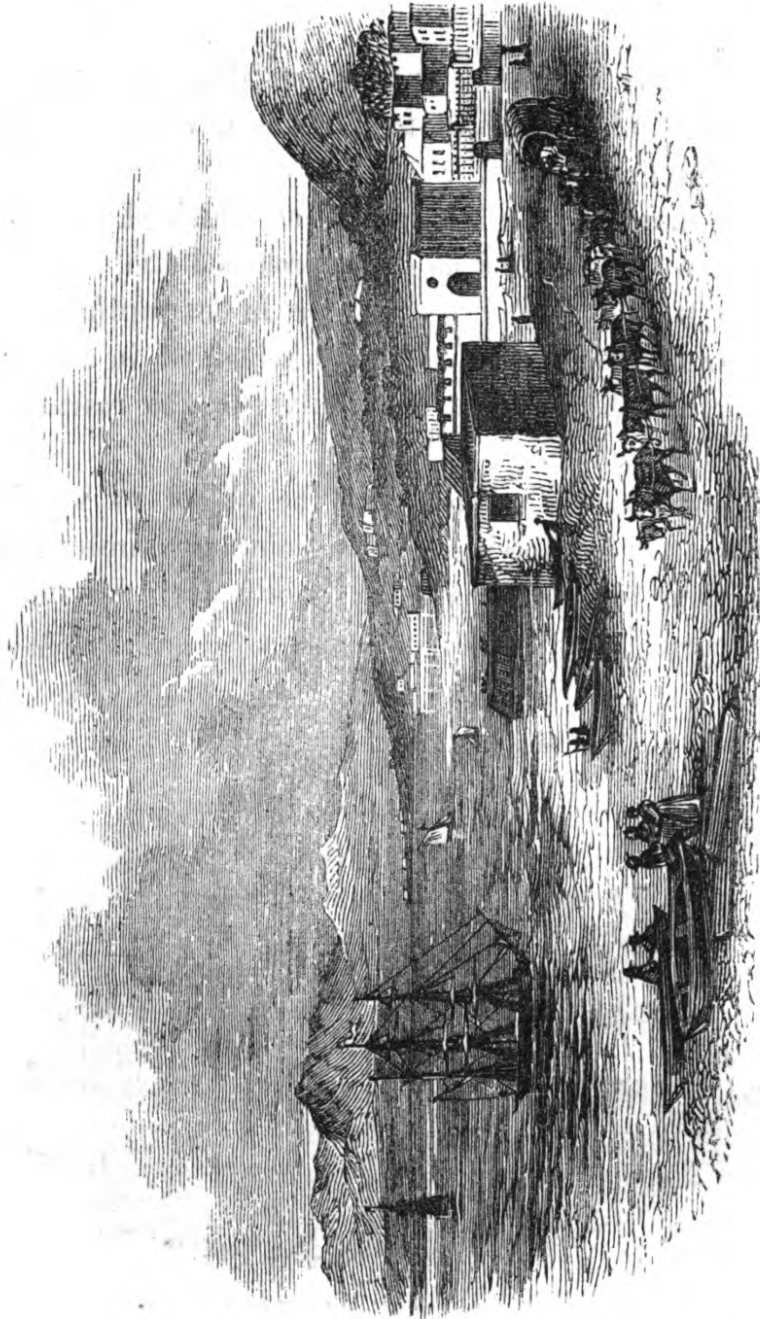
While thousands were thus pleading and working, the attention of the Directors was called to a vessel then nearly built at Harwich; and as, on examination, she appeared well adapted to their object, she was purchased, finished, and, on the 20th of March, 1844, launched

under the name of the John Williams. She was 297 tons, 103 feet long, 24 feet 8 inches broad, and 16 feet deep. The launch excited great interest, and appropriate services were conducted on the occasion.



From Harwich she was brought round to London to receive her outfit; and while lying in the West India Docks thousands visited her, who were pleased, and almost proud at having a share in the noble ship.

Wednesday, the 5th June, 1844, was the time fixed for her departure. On the previous day she had dropped down to Greenhithe, and thither a steamer conveyed the missionaries, the Directors, and numerous



THE JOHN WILLIAMS IN TABLE BAY, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

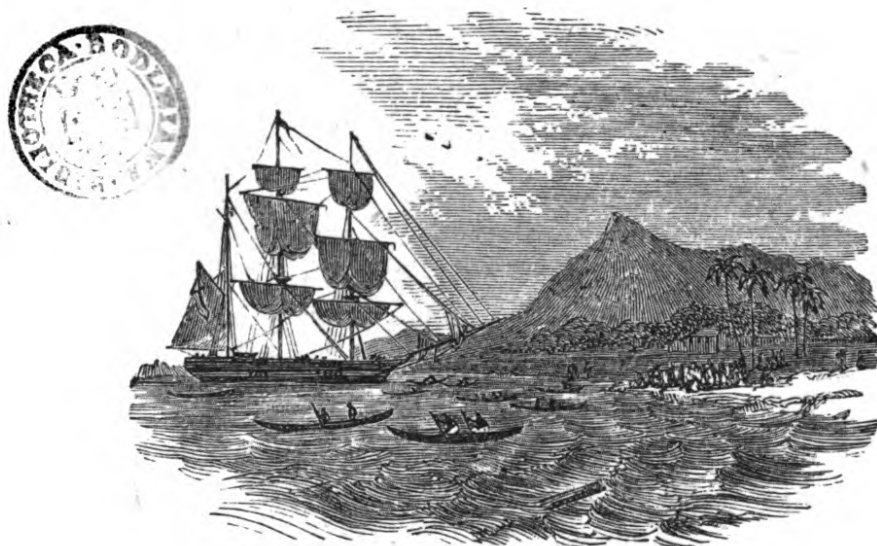
friends. It was a glorious summer morning; and after a religious service the missionaries went on board, the sails were unfurled, and the good ship began the first of that long series of voyages the effects of

which will be felt through all future time. After a prosperous run, and a very happy one to those on board, the John Williams cast anchor in Table Bay, Cape Town. Here and at Hobart Town, and finally at Sydney, where she arrived on the 27th October, her visits were most welcome and useful.

The news of her purchase, and of her departure from England, had preceded the John Williams to Polynesia, where her arrival was expected with intense interest.

At Huahine, however, the first island at which she called, the joy with which she was recognised as she approached the island suddenly gave place to trembling and terror; for in attempting to enter the harbour, she grounded near the reef, and remained in a most perilous position for half an hour. But mercifully she was rescued from the danger with little damage.

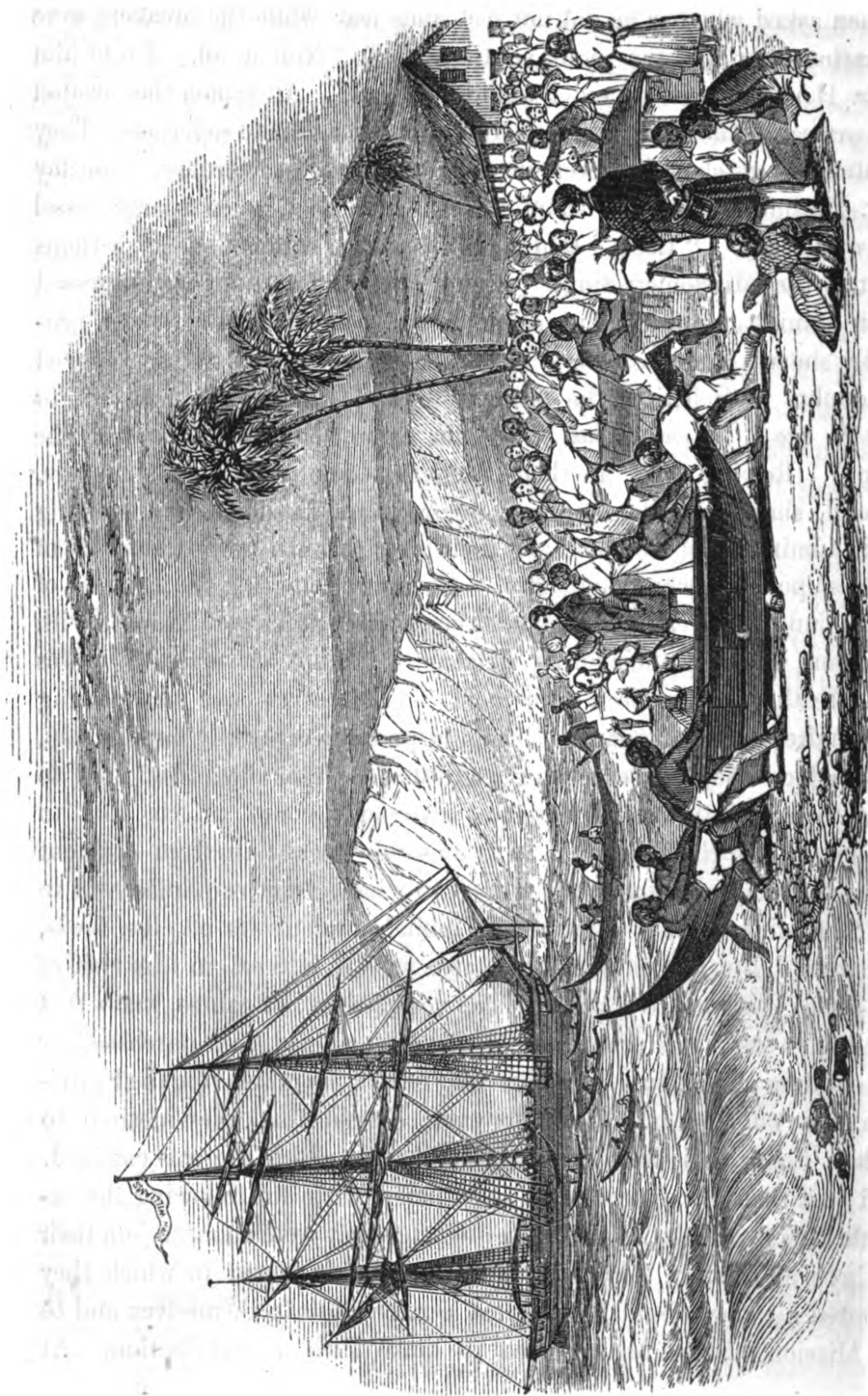
The much-loved name she bore, and the object to which she was devoted, secured for her the warmest welcome at Rarotonga; but she had not been there long, when a violent storm drove her out to sea for a week, and carried away some of her spars. At Aitutaki, as Mr.



THE JOHN WILLIAMS AT RAROTONGA.

Heath was attempting to land, the boat was upset, and he would have been drowned had not a native youth dashed in amongst the boiling billows, and at the risk of his own life saved that of the missionary.

When asked whether he did not feel some fear while the breakers were bursting over him, the pious youth replied, "Not at all. I told him (Mr. H.) to pray hard, and I would hold on." At Samoa they waited the arrival of the John Williams with almost passionate eagerness. They waited and watched, however, in vain, until early in February. One day Mr. Harbutt was off the island of Savaii in a boat, when a large vessel hove in sight. "Look," said he to his native companions; "perhaps that is the Missionary Ship." Lying upon their oars, they expressed their admiration of her, but came to the conclusion that most probably she was a man-of-war; but as she drew nearer, her flag removed all doubt. "It is, it is the John Williams!" they exclaimed. "*Ua sau le vaa! Ua sau le vaa!*"—"Has come the ship! Has come the ship!" Rowing with all their strength, they were soon alongside, aboard, shaking hands, laughing, weeping, and passionately expressing their admiration of the vessel and their loving thanks to the thousands of little shipowners who bought her. Soon after entering the harbour of Apia, hundreds of canoes surrounded her, and her decks were crowded with Samoans, shouting their hearty welcome. "Since our arrival," writes Mr. Heath, "all has been excitement. The natives have been coming by hundreds from all quarters, bringing presents especially for the ship, with which they are exceedingly gratified." One day, 1400 met to hear their countryman, Aperaamo, give an account of his visit to England. On the following day, thousands flocked in from different districts, bringing their contributions to what, in native phrase, was to be "a feeding," which consisted of immense quantities of pigs, fowls, and fruit. But one circumstance gave special interest to this visit of the John Williams to Samoa. The young there, of course, knew that the noble vessel, then anchored off their shores, had been purchased by the children of Britain. Whether they envied the purchasers their privilege does not appear. It is, however, certain that they desired to imitate them, and assist in the good work in which she was engaged. And just then a way seemed to open before them for following the example they so greatly admired. Fifteen teachers were about to join their brethren in Western Polynesia; and as at each island in which they laboured a canoe would be of great service both to themselves and to the Mission, the young resolved to make such a contribution. At



MISSIONARY OFFERING OF SAMOAN CHILDREN.

once, like their young friends in England, they went heartily to work, and soon money and produce were collected amounting in value to from £300 to £400. With part of this amount, twenty-nine canoes were purchased, and the balance was devoted in other ways to the New Hebrides Mission. It was a truly noble gift from such a class; and a most exciting time it proved when these small missionary vessels were launched, and afterwards piled up upon the deck of the ship, as she lay in the harbour of Apia.

After spending two months at Samoa, the John Williams sailed with Messrs. Murray, Turner, and the teachers, for the west. It would, of course, be impossible closely to follow her track on this and subsequent voyages. With the exception of the periods spent in visiting this country, she called at all the stations of the Society once, and at most of them twice every year. All, therefore, that can be done is to narrate a few of the numerous incidents which illustrate the nature and the value of the service she rendered. On this her first voyage, amongst other islands, she called at Aneiteum. Here teachers had been left by the Camden, and here they were



VILLAGE AT ANEITEUM.

still found faithfully labouring amongst a people addicted to many most cruel and revolting customs. A few, however, had listened to their instructions, and therefore two others were associated with them.

Sad intelligence of the violent death of the teachers awaited the visitors at Fotuna. But a bright light was shining upon Tana, where a cordial welcome greeted them. The most interesting event, however, of this voyage was the introduction of the Gospel into the fine and lovely island of Vate. While the ship lay at anchor in Dillon's Bay, and when the missionaries were greatly discouraged by the failure of their attempts to place teachers amongst the wretched Erromangans, the captain of a small vessel then in the harbour came on board, and stated that he had just arrived from Vate, where he found some Samoans, who, having heard of the change effected in their own land, had begged him to bring them teachers. On hearing this they felt somewhat as Paul must have felt when, in vision, he saw the man of Macedonia saying, "Come over and help us." On the following morning, the ship anchored in a noble bay off the district where the Samoans lived, and soon one of them, named Sualo, who had married the daughter of Pomare, the chief of that part of the island,—both men of great power,—came on board. "He looked," says Mr. Murray, "like a finished savage;" but as he and his father-in-law greatly desired instruction, four teachers were left at a place named Erakor. From Vate they sailed to the Loyalty group, but here they learned that the teachers at the Isle of Pines had been murdered, and that those on New Caledonia were in such danger that, although one of them wished to remain, it was deemed right to remove them.

During 1846, the ship having visited Sydney, made her way round to all the older missionary stations, and then conveyed Messrs. Nisbett and W. Gill to the New Hebrides. Eighteen months had intervened between her two visits, and some of the heathen had begun to taunt their teachers with being forsaken. This was the case even at Vate; and when the two good men came on board, they were so overcome that they fell upon the deck, and could only exclaim, "Praise be to God; praise be to God for his great love!" Their report was cheering. Sualo had remained their friend, and a favourable beginning had been made amongst the people. But the most memorable event of this voyage was the commencement of that work on Savage Island which

for sixteen years had often been attempted in vain, and the fruits of which are now so rich and abundant. For some time, two Savage



NATIVES OF VATE.

Islanders had resided at Samoa, where they had become Christians.

These good men were now, at their own request, taken home, where, to the great joy of Messrs. Gill and Nisbett, they were both well received, one of them as a teacher of the new religion.

But the time had arrived when, after an absence of three years, the John Williams was homeward bound, and in May 1847 she entered the Thames. During those three years she had sailed about a hundred thousand miles, and had paid a hundred and twenty-five visits to thirty-seven islands; and now she returned freighted with contributions from the natives, of cocoa-nut oil, arrowroot, and other produce, worth £2,000. What a proof of the good effected by missionary labour, and of the gratitude of the thousands who had been blessed thereby!

Freighted with 5,000 Tahitian Bibles, 4,000 Pilgrim's Progress, and other useful books, an iron chapel, printing materials, and iron tanks to receive the oil which the natives so willingly contribute to the Society, on the 18th of October, 1847, the John Williams sailed again for the South Seas, and, during the following April, reached Tahiti. After visiting Samoa and other groups, she proceeded to Aneiteum, whither she conveyed Messrs. Geddie and Powell, whose labours were destined, under God, to work the great change since seen in the people of that island.

But shortly after leaving Aneiteum, the John Williams narrowly escaped the fate which befel her at Danger Island. When near Vate the wind suddenly died away; there was no anchorage; they were not far from rocks, and what was still more alarming, was the discovery that one of the swift currents, so dangerous to a ship with rocks at hand, was fast drifting them upon destruction. Just, however, as the captain had ordered the men to lower the boats, "up sprang a gentle breath of air; it was but a breath," but it was enough to carry them out of danger.

In 1849, another complete circuit of the Missions, both in Eastern and Western Polynesia, was made by the John Williams. After visiting the Austral, the Hervey, and the Samoan islands, she proceeded to Aneiteum, and great was the delight with which the visitors, as they approached the island, saw white plastered houses peeping out from among the rich foliage, one of which was a Christian sanctuary. At Dillon's Bay, and just off the spot where Williams and Harris fell, the ship anchored; and so friendly did the natives appear, that teachers were promised to them on her next visit. At Vate, however, the bright

morning had become overcast and threatening. Sickness had visited the teachers, and many of the heathen thirsted for their blood. On one occasion, a party of thirty armed savages arrived at Erakor in a canoe, and proceeded to the teachers' residence. As these men professed to be their friends, they were treated kindly. For a night and a day they waited for the purpose of striking the fatal blow; but again and again their courage failed them. At last, determined to delay no longer, they armed themselves with hatchets and entered the house. While there, the hour of family prayer came; and these savages, each with the deadly weapon in his hand, and with a murderous purpose in his heart, sat down to worship. One man thus armed placed himself near the teacher who was to pray, and this, with other circumstances, now awakened the good men's suspicions. Still they proceeded with the service. As they were thus engaged, the murderers lifted their hatchets, but their hands trembled, and they could not strike. Emboldened by the prayers just presented, and observing the hesitation of the savages, the good men rose from their knees and ordered them to depart. This they were unwilling to do. But the teachers were resolute, and the men were cowed by their decision. Armed as they were, they stood for a short time craven and trembling before the servants of Christ; then, suddenly rushing out of the house, they hurried down to the beach, leaped into their canoe, and fled from the district as for their lives. How true that "the wicked fleeth when no man pursueth, while the righteous is bold as a lion." On reaching their own district the heathen taunted them; but they said, "The *lotu* must be a great thing, and must be true, for we who have been accustomed to kill men, could not kill the teachers. Our arms were heavy, and they trembled, and we could not strike." This, however, their countrymen did not believe, and sixty of them set off in three canoes, resolved upon the death of the teachers. But when more than half way, a storm overtook them and dashed their canoes to pieces upon the rocks. The teachers said, "God alone saved us;" and many of the heathen came to the same conclusion.

These designs, though alarming, found no favour with the chief of Erakor or his people, whose friendship for the teachers continued firm. This was shown by their presents and visits to the ship, where the natives found one object which had for them strong and special attrac-

tions. This was the cow. It was the largest quadruped they had seen, and immense was the pleasure, and violent the bursts of laughter, with which they watched "the horned pig" pop her head above the gunwale of the jolly-boat, in which she lived, to take from their hands the fruit and vegetables with which they liberally supplied her.

On reaching Maré, the visitors were rejoiced to find that the great change since witnessed in that island had commenced. From 1841, when they were first landed from the Camden, the teachers had laboured on through many discouragements, and some danger. Even up to the end of 1848, the chief of the district continued to command the people not to worship their God, but his. After his death, however, it appeared that the good work had been making silent progress amongst them; and, free from restraint, his sons said, "Now our father, who led us astray, is dead, let us throw away our old practices, and obey the Word of God." Most heartily did the people agree with the young chiefs, and show how well prepared they had become for the change.

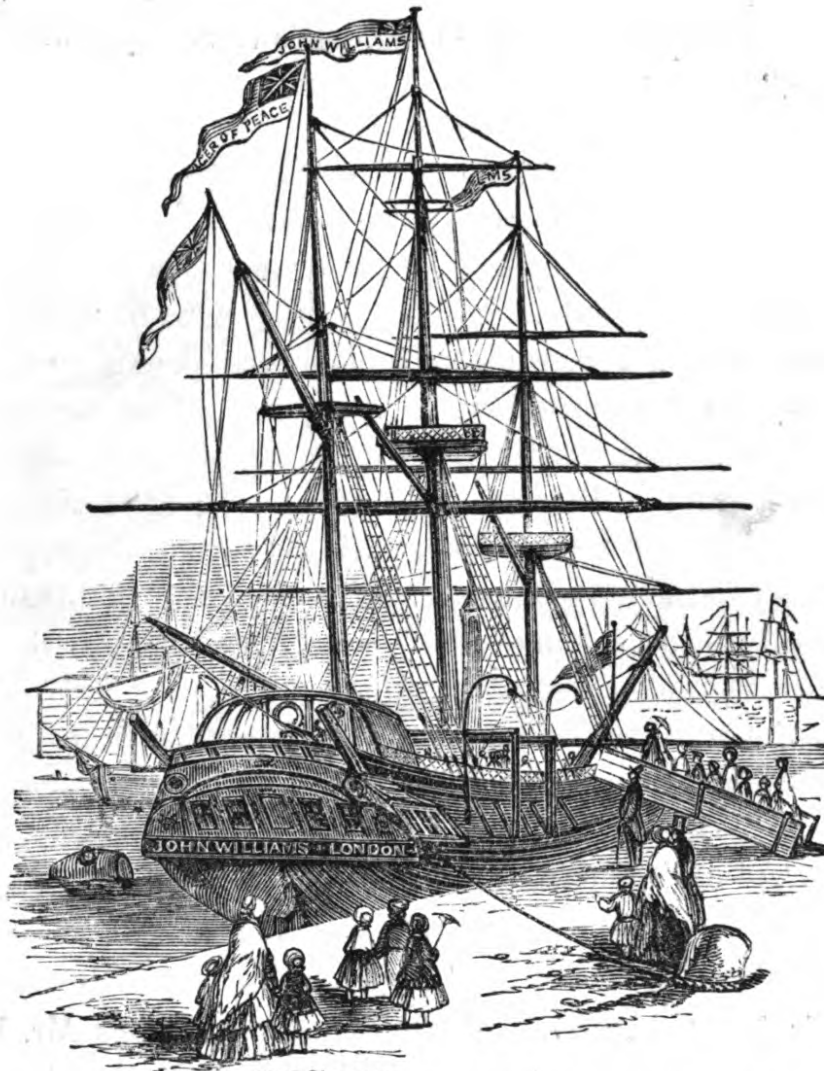
It was a year later, 1842, when two teachers were stationed at Lifu. But one of them proved unfaithful. The other laboured on, and God honoured his fidelity. In 1845, two others were associated with him. But while rejoicing in their success, a war broke out in the island, and in 1847 they sought a refuge from the storm at Maré, where, in 1849, the John Williams found them.

During this voyage, the missionaries were rejoiced to learn that some of the Savage Islanders were now ready to receive a Samoan teacher; and an admirable man, named Paulo, and his wife, were left amongst them.

On her return to England, in May 1850, it was not surprising to find that, after sailing about 200,000 miles, the John Williams required extensive repairs. But the young in a short time raised no less than £3,200 to equip her for further service. Having been thoroughly repaired, she lay in the West India Docks, where she was visited by thousands, who rejoiced in having contributed to make her so strong and beautiful.

After a very interesting valedictory service in Finsbury Chapel, on the 15th of July, 1858, she commenced her third series of voyages; and amongst the precious things with which she was freighted there were 5,000 copies of the entire Bible in the language of the Hervey Islanders.

Most cordial was the reception of the ship and her passengers at Hobart Town and Sydney; but gratifying as all this was both to the

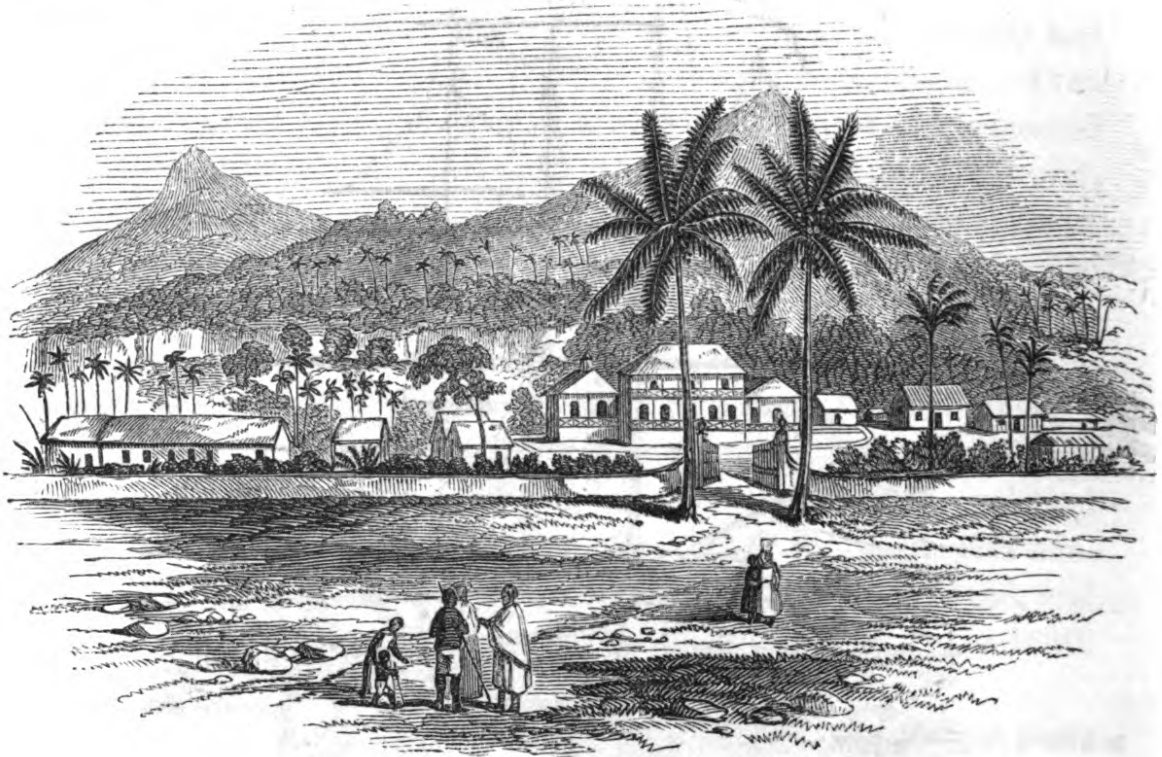


THE JOHN WILLIAMS IN THE WEST INDIA DOCKS.

visited and the visitors, her proper home was amongst the emerald isles of the Pacific Ocean. Thither, therefore, she proceeded, and after calling at Tahiti, she sailed for Rarotonga, with Mr. Buzacott and the longed-for Bibles.

The joy called forth by these arrivals was shown in a truly native fashion. "The hearty welcome we received," writes Mr. Buzacott, "baffles all description. The poor people had been suffering severely from influenza, but all sickness was forgotten on our arrival. As we

neared the shore a simultaneous rush was made for the boat ; and soon we found ourselves, boat and all, on the shoulders of the people ; and we were carried a considerable distance before they would put down their burden. Men, women, and children crowded around us, anxious to give us a hearty shake by the hand, while tears of joy were shed in abundance."

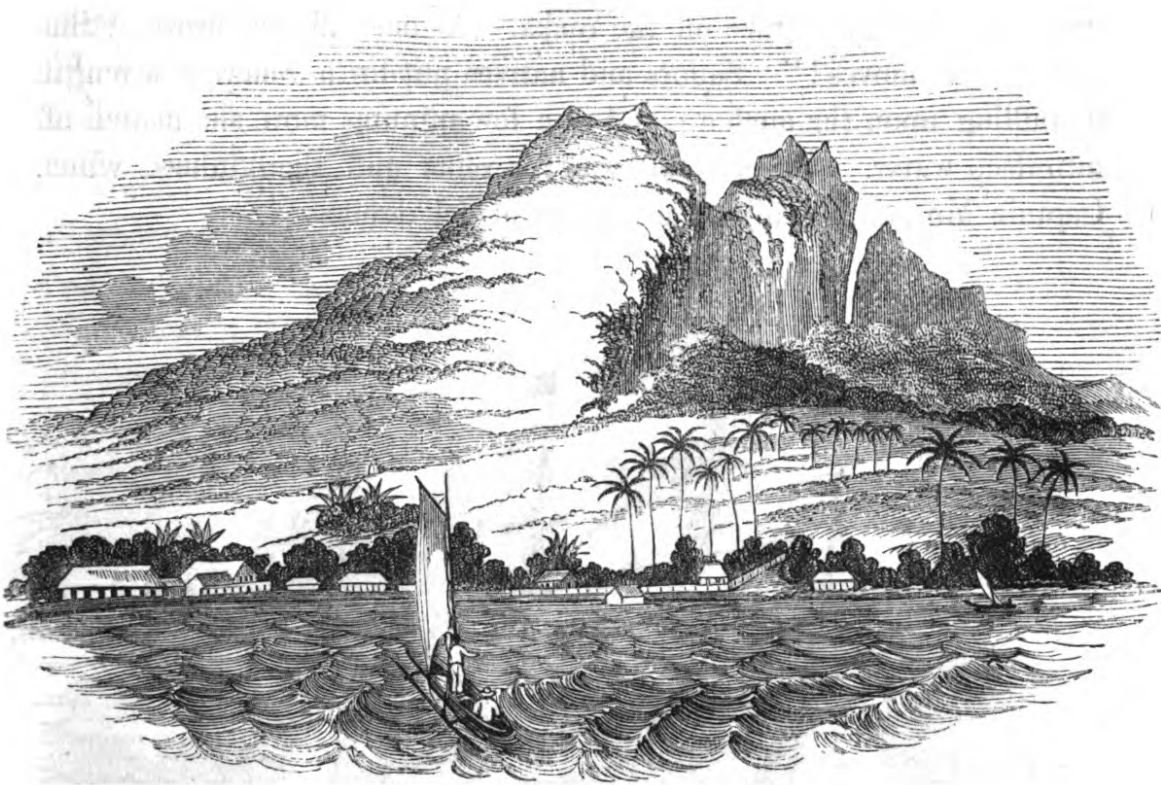


MISSIONARY PREMISES AT RAROTONGA.

"Their joy at the arrival of the Scriptures," writes Mr. Buzacott, "was unbounded. Every able-bodied Church-member laboured for two days with great spirit and alacrity." And as they brought heavy packages through the surf over the reef, and dragged them up the beach, and placed them in the Mission House, this was the burden of their song, "The whole Word is come!" So eager were they to possess the treasure, that Mr. Buzacott could scarcely keep them from breaking open the boxes. And it was much the same at Mangaia and other islands, where all were ready, not merely to possess, but to purchase at its cost price the Sacred Word.

Up to the 28th of April, 1852, everything went on prosperously ;

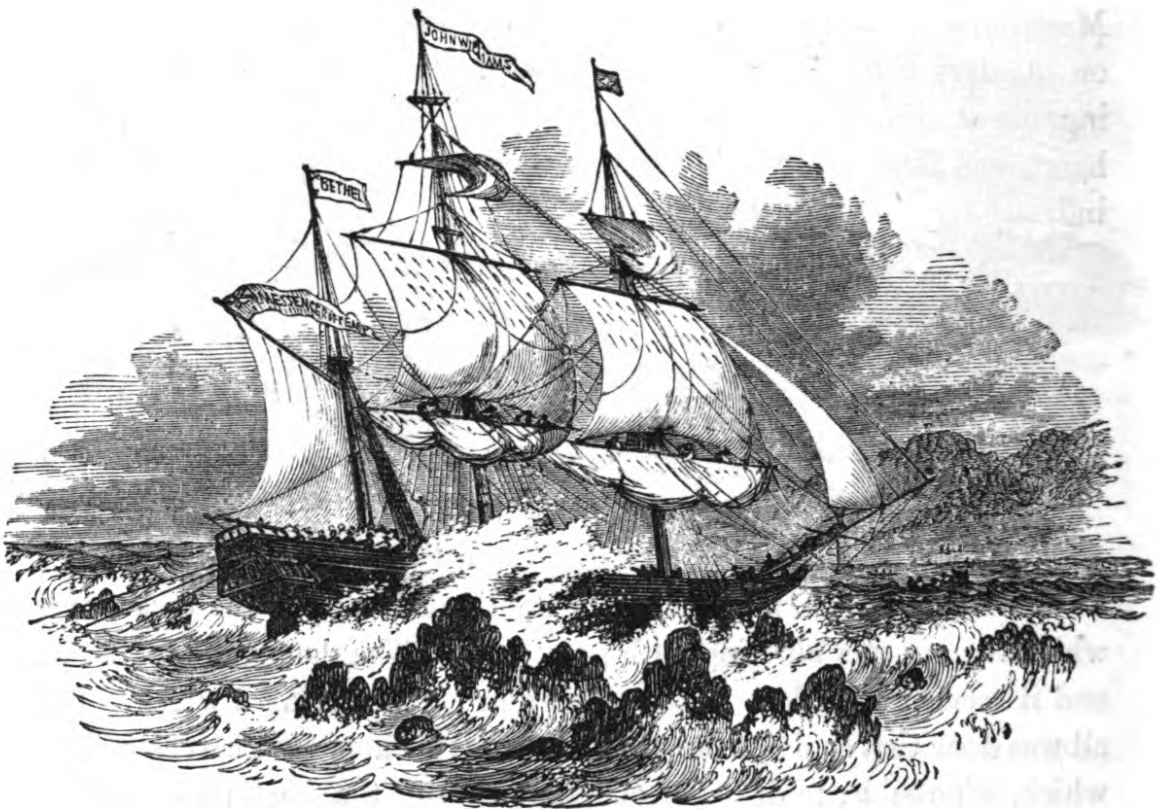
but while a native pilot was steering the ship into the harbour of Borabora, as she approached the opening through the reef, the wind failed



PART OF BORABORA.

while making a tack, and she was instantly drawn upon the rocks, over which the sea was bursting with great fury. The danger was extreme, and it seemed scarcely possible to prevent her becoming a wreck. But all was done that could be done. First, three anchors were cast astern, by which, if possible, to drag her off the reef. But the sharp rocks cut first one and then another of the cables. This was dreadful; and the more so because by this time dark night had overtaken them. The remaining anchor was now their only hope; and, mercifully, the cable to which it was attached was not rope, but chain. Still, though the crew pulled hard for six hours, she did not move. Many natives now came on board and rendered their best assistance. But up to eleven o'clock there was no change. Giving up the beloved ship as lost, two missionaries, with the wife and child of another, left her with heavy hearts. It was just then, as a last resort, that the captain

ordered the water-casks to be emptied, and the ballast and firewood to be thrown overboard, to lighten her. This was not without its effect, and as, providentially, the tide was rising, they felt, to their great joy, her keel graze on the rocks. At once the cry arose, "She moves! she moves!" Sailors and natives put forth renewed strength in pulling upon the anchor; and in a few minutes more she floated off into deep water. Unspeakable was the relief and thankfulness which Captain Morgan and all felt at this great deliverance.

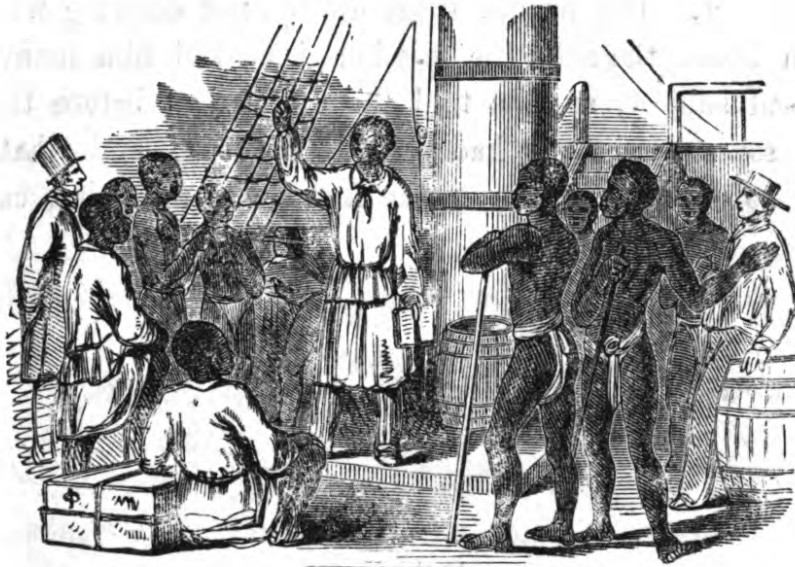


THE JOHN WILLIAMS ON THE REEF OFF BORABORA.

When, on reaching Samoa, the natives heard of the danger from which the John Williams had been rescued, they used the strongest word in their language to express their compassion, and added, "What should we have done if *The Light of the Seas* had been lost! How could the Gospel have been conveyed to heathen lands!" On examining the ship it was found that her keel and her copper were so much injured as to render it necessary for her to proceed at once to Sydney, where,

after remaining ten weeks, and receiving ample repairs, she again resumed her work amongst the islands.

The visit of Messrs. Murray and Sunderland to Erromanga, upon this voyage, was very interesting. Three years before, four natives of that island went in the ship to Samoa. Having received a Christian education, they were now returning home; but one of the young men died when within two days' sail of his native land. When they had anchored in Dillon's Bay, several Erromangans came on board, and in the afternoon the missionaries landed near the spot where Williams fell. "After our return," writes Mr. Murray, "a touching scene was witnessed. Mana, one of the Erromangans who had been to Samoa, was standing on the deck with his countrymen, to whom he was reading and speaking about Jesus, His coming in the flesh, and pointing to his own hands and feet, to convey an idea of the crucifixion, and to heaven, to indicate the place where Christ now is."



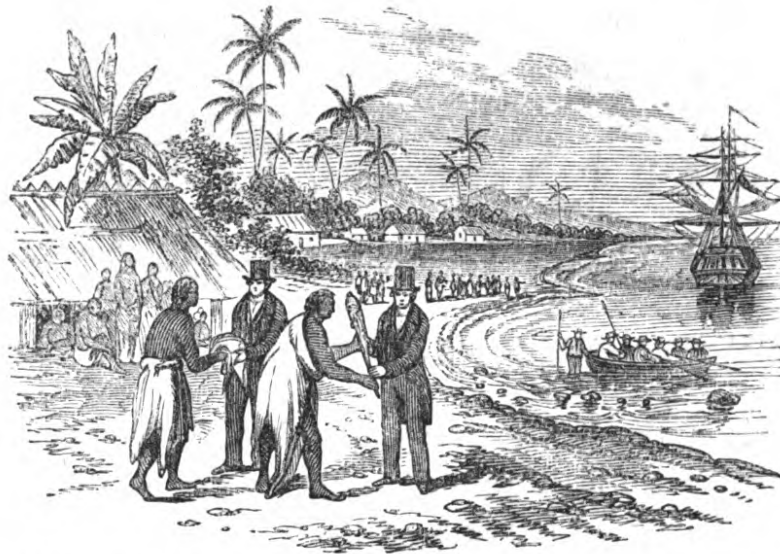
THE CONVERTED ERROMANGAN PREACHING TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

The chiefs of the bay having promised to protect them, the first teachers were landed at Erromanga, and even the man who murdered Williams came on board to beg for a teacher, and the people appeared most anxious for instruction.

At Vate the visitors found the teachers well, the good work begun,

and a place of worship erected. A chief and his brother, who had been to Samoa, were now returning home; the people had concluded that they were dead; but when they were recognised, a great rush was made to the boats in which they were, and on reaching the shore, amidst much violent shouting, dancing, and crying, they were seized by the hand and led in triumph to the chief's house, during which time some carried their property, others examined their clothes, while numbers were laden with supplies and presents for the teachers, amongst which was a noisy pig. But attractive as their newly arrived friends were, they had a formidable rival, which drew all eyes and all hearts, and possessed peculiar attractions for the young. This was a cat. It was the first they had seen; and soon Pussy became a special favourite with all.

During the next two voyages, Messrs. Murray and Sunderland had painfully interesting conversations with Kauiani, the Erromangan chief who killed John Williams. That poor savage, with many of his countrymen, now began to see the folly and wickedness of the murderous act. But he did it ignorantly, not knowing what he did. When on board the ship, the missionaries asked him many questions on the sad subject, and he told them that just before the Camden arrived, some foreigners had killed his son, and that he then resolved to be avenged upon the first white man that came to his



THE ERROMANGAN CHIEF GIVING UP THE CLUB WITH WHICH HE MURDERED JOHN WILLIAMS.

island. He said that he first struck Mr. Williams when he was some distance from the shore, but that the blow only stunned him; that he then ran towards the water's edge, where he repeated the blows and finished the dreadful work. He added that he did not know he was a missionary, and that he was now very anxious to have teachers. At the same interview, he gave the missionaries the club with which the noble Williams was felled to the ground.

At Maré, many neat cottages, and the improved appearance of the people, indicated the progress of the good work in that island. What, however, chiefly interested the visitors was a large and, for that island, very superior house with six spacious rooms, panelled doors, a verandah, and venetian windows, which the good people had erected as a residence for the English missionary who had been promised to them, and whose arrival they were eagerly anticipating. The teachers had returned to Lifu, where they were found labouring so successfully, that, with the exception of a single chief and a few of his adherents, the entire population had abandoned their former superstitions.

In 1854, several of the visits of the John Williams proved most refreshing both to the missionaries on board and to their Christian brethren on shore. At Aneiteum, the power of the Gospel was seen on all hands; and so striking was the change that Messrs. Sunderland and Hardie, who knew the people when they strangled their widows, murdered their children, and were amongst the most ferocious savages in Polynesia, could only cry with wonder and thankfulness, "What hath God wrought!" "It was," they say, referring to the large congregations with which they worshipped on the Sabbath, "a thrilling and affecting scene, to see so many who were but lately living in the lowest state of heathenism, decently clothed, listening to the word of God, and earnestly engaged in prayer and praise."

The Mission at Tana had been marked by great changes and severe trials; but the manner in which teachers were now received by the people was most encouraging. The missionaries found that the good work was also steadily advancing at Erromanga. But at Vate disease had cut down two teachers, and the solitary survivor, at his own earnest request, returned to Samoa. But Christianity had taken root amongst the people, and the visitors felt assured that they would continue to

observe Divine worship. But the great event of this voyage was the landing of Messrs. Jones and Creagh at Maré. Soon after the ship had cast anchor, a large meeting was convened, at which the chiefs were asked whether they still desired missionaries, would treat them kindly,



WOMAN AND CHILD AT ANEITEUM.

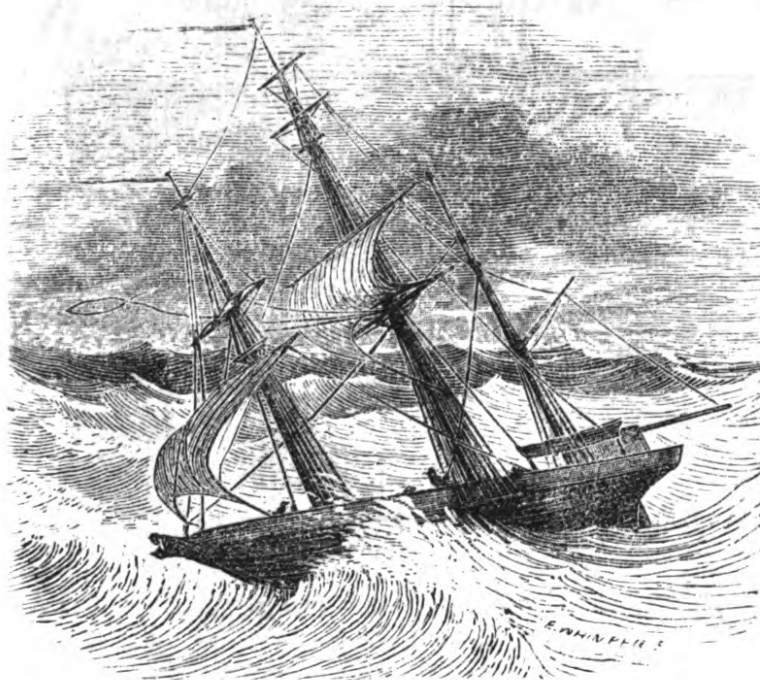
and attend to their instruction. Nothing could have been more decided than their emphatic "Yes." Messrs. Jones and Creagh were also requested to choose the best houses in the district for their dwellings; and having done so, their property was landed amidst the unmistak-

able proofs of the affection and delight of the crowds that welcomed them.

At Lifu the visitors were met with earnest entreaties for English missionaries, and the people pleaded hard for one of those placed at Maré; but Messrs. Hardie and Sunderland could only express the hope that in a short time their desire would be gratified. At Savage Island they found that nearly the entire population was now professedly Christian.

But after four years' absence, Captain Morgan and others on board the ship were rejoiced to steer for "Home, sweet home," where she arrived on the 10th June, 1855. Again requiring extensive repairs, the children of England a second time put forth their strength and raised the noble sum of £3,673 to meet the outlay; and on the 22nd July, 1856, she was once more, on the wings of the wind, pursuing her career of mercy towards the islands, where her arrival was most ardently desired. Isaia, who had visited England in her, and who while here had gained many friends, was now returning to Rarotonga; but good Captain Morgan had been compelled by ill-health to relinquish the post he had so long and so honourably held, in which he was worthily succeeded by the present commander, Captain Williams.

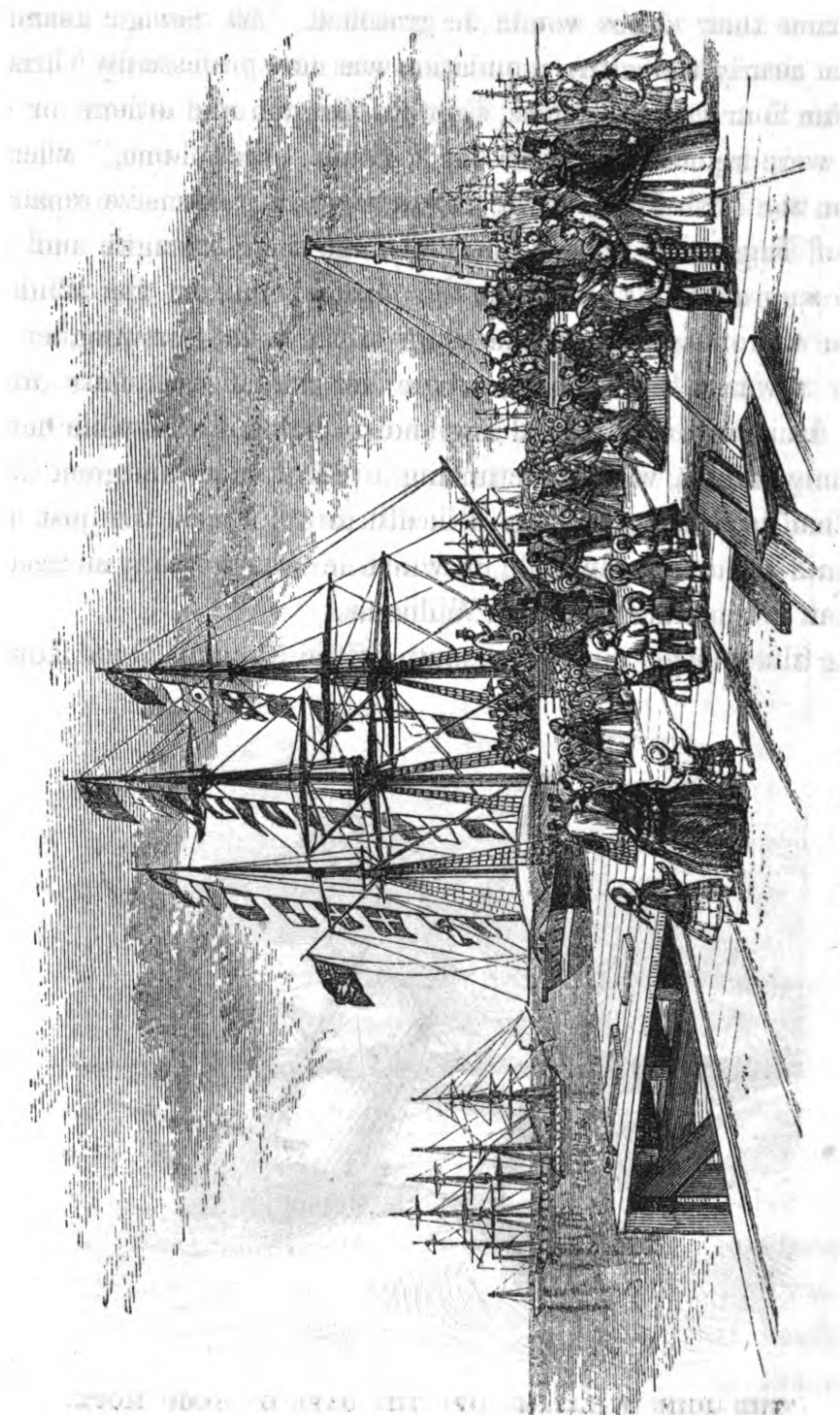
During this voyage, and when south of the Cape of Good Hope, she



THE JOHN WILLIAMS OFF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

encountered a heavy gale, which carried away her bowsprit; and but for the prompt and energetic measures employed, she would also have lost her foremast, and possibly have foundered.

At Hobart Town and Melbourne, she and her passengers received a right hearty welcome. At the latter place three thousand persons,



THE JOHN WILLIAMS AT MELBOURNE.

chiefly the children of the Sunday-schools, paid the good ship a visit, and were addressed from her deck by the Rev. John Barff, one of the passengers. The accompanying sketch of this scene was taken on the spot.

From Sydney she steered first for Tahiti and the Society Islands, and then for the Hervey group. Having accomplished her mission there, and also at Samoa, towards the end of May 1857 Messrs. Harbutt and Drummond undertook the visitation of the Western Islands. After a short but delightful sojourn at Aneiteum, the John Williams sailed for Tana; but on approaching that island she struck upon a hidden rock. All was now excitement and alarm. And the danger was not slight; but, through Divine goodness, a favourable wind brought deliverance without much damage. At Erromanga they found Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, who had commenced their labours in that island during the visit of the John Williams to England. Mana, the young chief who first preached the Gospel to his countrymen on the deck of the ship, remained faithful, and had rendered important service to the Mission. "We shall not forget his happy look," write Messrs. Harbutt and Drummond, "when it was remarked to him on parting that he had now got his missionary. '*I have,*' he replied, while his black eyes beamed with ineffable delight."

As no teachers were now at Vate, the visitors approached that lovely, but most unhealthy island, with some fear lest the light formerly kindled there should have been quenched. Great, therefore, was their relief, when off Erakor, they received a visit from a canoe containing several natives. One of them, a bright-faced youth in a red shirt, who could speak a little English, told them that Pomare, the chief, "make Sunday, and wanted Samoan man teach him Sunday." Looking up at the ship, he added, "Me know ship—ship belong Sunday." During this conversation another canoe was descried paddling towards the John Williams, at the sight of which the natives became very animated, and exclaimed, "These men can speak Sunday!" that is, were Christians. An invitation having been sent to Pomare, the chief soon came on board with one of his sons, and expressed his own strong desire, and that of all the people of Erakor, for teachers; but none could then be left at Vate. At Maré and Lifu the missionaries were delighted with the signs of progress; and having placed four teachers at Uea, the largest of the Britannia

group, they proceeded to Savage Island, where they had the delight of joining in worship with a congregation of 2,000 people! "We returned to the ship," they write, "full of gratitude to God for what He had done for this once savage island through native agency."

It was during the year 1857 that the John Williams first visited the Penryhn and Union groups, whither Mr. Buzacott accompanied native teachers. But the navigation proved most intricate and dangerous, for at that time it was little known. Hence the good ship had another hair-breadth escape from the destruction which awaited her near a neighbouring island. While threading her way through a labyrinth of coral rocks, she struck upon one of them. It was mid-day, and the sun was pouring down upon them his vertical rays; but work they must, and work they did, until, after four hours' exhausting toil, they were rewarded by the joyful cry, "She's off!" Commodore Wilks, in 1840, declared that the natives of this group were "the wildest and most savage-looking beings he had met with." They took no notice of guns which were fired over them, but "stood up in their canoes, brandishing their spears, and yelling defiance." But native teachers had since then been placed amongst them; and how marked was the change effected by their instrumentality! "No people," writes Mr. Buzacott, "could have given us less trouble. They were gentle, tractable, and kind, and, to our great astonishment, as well clothed as most of the Rarotongans." When off Pukapuka, which they also visited, many natives came on board; and a wilder race, or more expert and determined thieves, they had never seen. Two teachers, however, were now placed amongst them—with what results we shall hereafter see.

In our limited space, it has been impossible to accompany the John Williams through her annual visits to the Samoan, the Hervey, the Society and other islands, in which churches had been formed and Christianity established for many years. Her most important work has been in Western Polynesia, where, though much has been done, more remains to be done by the messengers of mercy. The visit of Messrs. Barff and Chisholm, during 1858, to the Austral Isles was most refreshing. Of Rurutu Mr. Chisholm writes, "The inhabitants are the best specimens of a Polynesian people I have yet seen: you cannot help fancying yourself in some pretty English village, amidst its

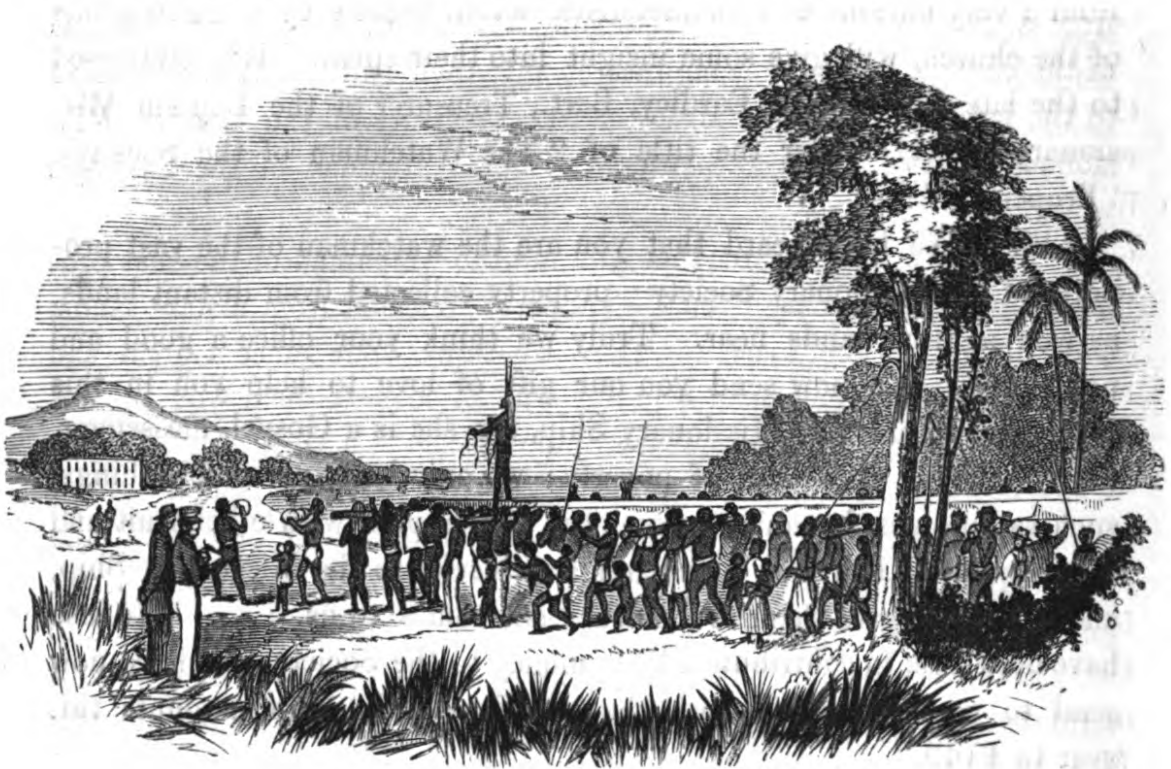
happy sunburnt rustics, on a fine summer's day." They found Rimatara in much the same state; and, referring to both, Mr. Chisholm writes, "O that the children in England could but have a peep at these two lovely isles, and their most interesting boys and girls, all looking as happy and intelligent as any company of children to be met with in England! How delighted they would be!—and to have heard the questions from the Word of God, which I and Mr. Barff had to answer until midnight, would have surprised them."

At Aitutaki, the John Williams received her accustomed welcome and an ample store of the best the island could supply. Short extracts from a very curious and characteristic letter, signed by seven deacons of the church, will give some insight into their spirit. It is addressed to the late Sir Culling Eardley, Bart., Treasurer of the London Missionary Society, under the title of "The Watchman of the Society's 'Property'":—

"Sir,—We have heard that you are the watchman of the vast property of the Missionary Society—property collected from distant lands, as well as from lands near. Truly we think your office a good and noble one. We now send you our gift of love to help you in this work, and to aid the Missionary Ship, for she is a Gospel messenger. Ours, however, is a land of poverty; we only have perishable things, such as potatoes, bananas, cocoa-nuts, pine-apples, with other fruit and ship supplies; but even these things are useful to the Missionary Ship, and we gladly give them to her when she comes to us. . . . We also have been able to contribute a little money to the Society, which we now send to you, and which, with the supplies to the ship, amounts this year to £140."

The visit to Western Polynesia in 1859 was performed by the Revs. Messrs. Stallworthy and G. Gill. When approaching Aneiteum the mainyard of the ship was, as the sailors term it, "sprung," that is, split, and rendered useless. But the good people generously gave the captain a new spar, worth about £16. As the forest trees of the island are exceedingly fine, the only difficulty of making them available for ships and buildings is the carriage; but this is managed after a very native fashion. Having fixed upon a day, at early dawn, all the inhabitants of a village, armed with axes, might be seen wending their way through

the dense jungle until they had found a tree suited to their purpose. Soon the giant of the forest is felled and despoiled of his branches, many of which are cut into equal lengths, and at certain distances placed under the fallen trunk. Two ranks of strong men then range themselves on either side of the fallen tree, awaiting a signal from the chief, which is no sooner given, than it is lifted upon their shoulders. Meanwhile one of the party, wearing a flaunting head-dress of leaves and flowers, springs upon the log and incites the bearers by exhortation and action, while they encourage each other with native songs. In this way the spar given to the ship had been brought from the forest.



SCENE AT ANEITEUM.

It will be recollected that on the previous voyage Vate was left without a single teacher. It was, therefore, with peculiar delight that, on reaching Erakor, they found that the chief Christian natives of that place, "the men who spoke Sunday," had proved constant to their convictions, and had regularly maintained Divine worship, though surrounded by tribes of ferocious savages and determined heathen. On landing, the missionaries were conducted to the chapel; two hollow trees were beaten as a substitute for "the church-going bell;" and soon about 130

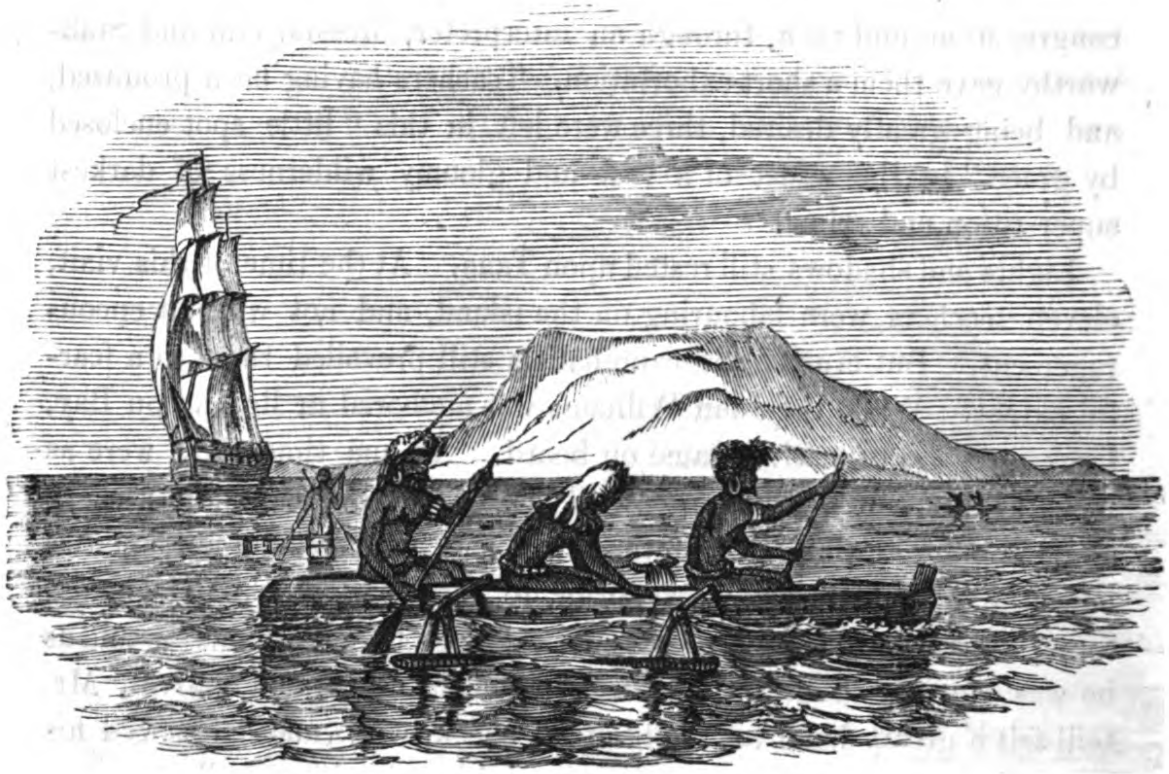
assembled. The visitors requested the Christians to conduct the service in the usual way, when one of them read a hymn from a small manuscript book, which was sung in an unknown tongue and tune; but, say the missionaries, "we recognised in it that name which is above every name, which it was music, indeed, to find cherished and adored in so dark a land as Vate." Pomare, the chief, prayed and addressed the congregation, and then, through an interpreter, Messrs. Gill and Stallworthy gave them a short exhortation. Teachers having been promised, and being greatly desired, three were left in this "little spot enclosed by grace" in the midst of a vast and gloomy wilderness of darkest superstition and crime.

Lights and shadows still rested upon Tana. At the time of this visit, eleven teachers were labouring on the island, and not without encouragement. But cruelty and cannibalism still prevailed there to a fearful extent. While the John Williams was anchored in Resolution Bay, large numbers of natives came on board. At one time there were as many as 200, and every man carried his spear in one hand and a sharp stone a foot and a half long in the other. Just before, the missionaries had been told that, six weeks prior to their arrival, three men and four children had been murdered and eaten by their "friends"! and as he was moving about on the deck amongst the armed natives, Mr. Gill felt a greasy hand take hold of his cheek, while another seized his arm; the two men, however, who were taking this liberty all the while looked pleasantly at one another. "What are they doing? What are they talking about?" asked Mr. Gill. "I am afraid to tell you," answered a friend on board who understood their language. "If Mrs. Gill should hear it she would be shocked. They are saying that you are so fat and plump that you would make a very good roast." As the natives understood a little English, Mr. Gill said to them, "Suppose you like eat me—very good, take and eat me!" "No, no," they replied; "we not eat missionary man."

When at Aneiteum, a native teacher at Fotuna wrote thus to Mr. Geddie:—"We have reason to thank our Father who is in Heaven that the people here assemble every Sabbath day, morning and evening, to hear the word which He hath given."

Great progress had been made at Maré, where there was now a church

of 160 members, and where a Missionary Auxiliary had been formed for spreading the Gospel amongst the heathen. One circumstance rendered this meeting specially interesting. A Christian native of Maré had some time before been sent as a teacher to the neighbouring island of Uea. This good man, with some of his flock, bringing with them the



SCENE OFF FORTUNA.

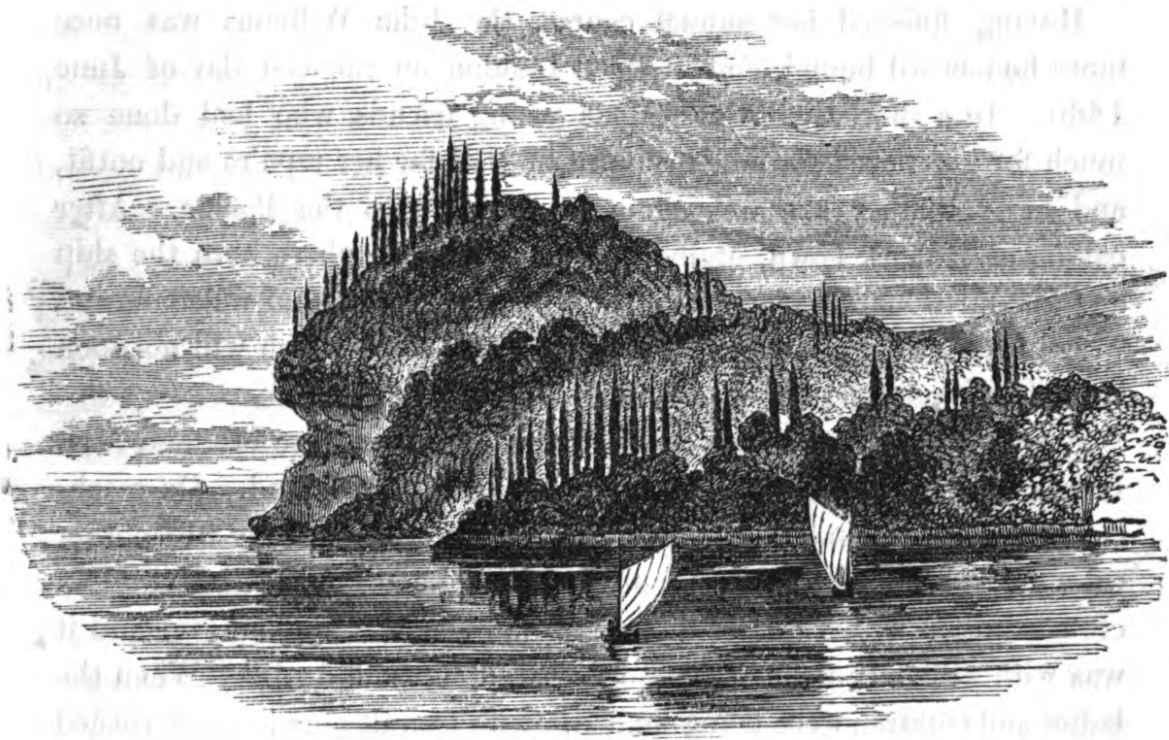
abandoned idols of their countrymen, reached Maré in time to exhibit the cast-away gods at the meeting.

After returning to Samoa, the John Williams sailed to Fakaafu, an island 300 miles distant, with a teacher, and a native, who had been brought by Providence to Samoa, and had there become a true Christian. The strangers were received as if they had been gods.

The visit this year to Danger Island showed how quick as well as powerful are the operations of Divine truth. On the previous voyage nothing was safe from the dishonest savages. "Pigs, ropes, nails, knives, saucepans, books, disappeared over the ship's side in a few minutes. But now things were very different." All the inhabitants of Pukapuka had embraced Christianity. Their behaviour was compara-

tively civilized; not an article was stolen, and they brought their chief idol to Mr. Gill as a proof of the change through which they had passed.

After paying her annual visit to Sydney, and taking in supplies for the various Missions, in 1859 the John Williams returned to Samoa, and thence conveyed Mr. Turner, with several teachers, to the west. Mr. Turner spent a Sabbath at Erromanga, and attended worship with about 150 natives in a small chapel erected not far from the spot where Williams fell. The chief who struck the fatal blow had come on board during the previous day, and when in the cabin was



LIFU.

shown the portrait of the beloved and honoured missionary whom he had destroyed. "He gazed with intense interest; said he thought he could recognise the full face, and was earnest in explaining it to others." Although one of the teachers at Vate had died, the two survivors were greatly cheered by the result of their labours; and so were the visitors, who witnessed some striking proofs of progress, and received from the chief and people many expressions of real kindness. After a pleasant call at Maré, they hastened to Lifu with Messrs. Macfarlane and

Baker, who had been appointed to labour there. Long had the good people waited for the promised missionaries, and great was the joy with which they were now received.

Mr. Turner's intercourse with the people at Uea left upon his mind a most favourable impression; and indeed the fruits of native labour which he saw were something very surprising. Here he was presented with abandoned idols—gods of the sea, gods of the land, gods of the plantation, war gods, disease-making gods, storm and rain-making gods, and many others. Five teachers were labouring here amongst 4,000 people, but a missionary was greatly needed.

Having finished her annual course, the *John Williams* was once more homeward bound, and reached London on the last day of June 1860. In a short time, the zealous young friends who had done so much for her raised the noble sum of £5,050 for her repairs and outfit, and in November she was again on her way to the Pacific. After calling at Hobart Town, Melbourne, and Sydney, where both the ship and the missionary party she conveyed received a cordial welcome, and where their visit gave an impulse to the good cause which will not soon be lost, she pursued her course to Polynesia.

Amongst the missionaries in the *John Williams* were Mr. and Mrs. Lawes, who had been appointed to labour in Savage Island. On reaching their destination, "the people," they write, "were ready to smother us with kindness. Old men and maidens, young men and children crowded upon us with every demonstration of gratitude and joy; and it was with difficulty we made our way through the crowd." When the ladies and children were being landed, "with tumultuous joy they rushed upon the boats, seized them, bearing them off upon their backs or in their arms as they happened to get hold of them." "As soon," writes Mr. Lawes, "as the excitement of landing had subsided a little, a joyful sound broke upon our ears in the stillness of the evening hour. It was the voice of prayer and praise ascending from around the family altars of a people but fifteen years ago degraded savages." "As soon as the good ship had gone, and I was able to look round upon my field of labour, I was amazed at the extent of the work already done." And well he might be. Never in the history of Evangelical efforts has a change been wrought more marked or marvellous than in this island.

In addition to a missionary, the ship conveyed 3,000 copies there of the Gospel by Mark, which, having been translated into the language of the people by the native teachers, had been printed at Samoa. This was the first translation made by natives. On proceeding to the west, Mr. Murray received the particulars of the massacre of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon at Erromanga, of which he had previously heard. That dreadful event was the act of the heathen party, who were prompted to it by a most abandoned foreigner, and the superstitious belief that Mr. Gordon had caused a disease from which they were suffering. Unfortunately he and Mrs. Gordon, contrary to the advice of their friends, had removed two miles away from the settlement in which they were safe, and gave no heed to warnings of their danger. But the blow was a fearful one, and it will long be felt. The day after their murder the missionaries were buried, amidst the tears and lamentations of the people. Mana, the good and faithful teacher, stood beside the grave and now delivered an address to his countrymen which powerfully affected the bystanders. Amongst those bystanders there was one man "who seemed," writes an eye-witness, "to be utterly overcome with grief." Strange to say, this was the chief of the district—the murderer of John Williams!

Wide as was the range of missionary enterprise which the John Williams had hitherto taken, and numerous as were the spots to which she had conveyed heralds of mercy, many noble and populous islands of the New Hebrides group had not yet been visited. It was resolved therefore that, on the present voyage, an attempt should be made to introduce the Gospel to some of them. With this intent she sailed first to Api, a very rich and fertile island, more than fifty miles in circumference. Here Mr. Murray found the people so mild and friendly that two teachers were left amongst them; and the ship sailed for Ambrym. "This," writes Mr. M., "is a magnificent island, the grandest and loveliest of any I have seen in the New Hebrides. The mountains are lofty and bold, and the whole is exceedingly picturesque." But the natives were shy, and it was with some difficulty that two were enticed on board. On reaching Malicolo, ten or fifteen miles farther, more than thirty canoes visited the ship, and the natives, who came on deck without fear, were anxious to trade. Mr. Murray states that he was not prepared to see so fine a race. A similar reception

awaited them at other parts of this large island ; but no natives could be persuaded to accompany them to Sydney. But the largest island at which they called was *Espirito Santo*. Here the ship anchored in a noble harbour, and left three teachers and their wives, with every prospect of their safety and usefulness. Large numbers of people crowded around the strangers. At first they looked startled and timid, but they soon gained confidence. The only misgiving which Mr. Murray felt arose from the reported unhealthiness of the island. At Uea they found the state of things encouraging, but the poor people were bitterly disappointed at not receiving a missionary.

During the voyage of the *John Williams* in 1862, Messrs. Wyatt Gill and Jones were distressed to learn that the reputed unhealthiness of *Espirito Santo* had proved too true, and that two of the teachers on that island had died. On the same voyage Mr. Gill visited the Penryhn and Maniki groups. On arriving at the former they were distressed to find that what they had heard was true—that, through the failure of the cocoa-nut, the inhabitants were suffering severe want. Contributions had been sent to them from Rarotonga and Mangaia, but these afforded only temporary relief. On the other hand, the spiritual state of the people was most cheering. More than one in every seven had become a church member, and numbers could read the Scriptures. Nine years before, they were all in deepest darkness. These were the people previously described by a naval officer who visited them while they were heathens, as “the wildest and most savage natives he had ever seen.”

Calling next at Rakaanga, they were delighted with the sight of a stone chapel and school, and, instead of the wretched huts, in which the people formerly lived, they counted about sixty habitations well built of stone. And there also, out of a population of between 500 and 600, a Christian church was found of more than 100 members. The chapel and the pulpit were richly ornamented with pieces of inlaid mother-of-pearl. Mr. Gill, having examined the children, was surprised at the fluency with which they read the Scriptures. Proceeding to Maniki, they were, if possible, still more delighted with the fruits of native labour. Though the population was not 500, here too was a church of 131 members, three of whom had just before sailed for Rarotonga to be trained as native teachers, while the good people, though poor, contributed, in pay-

ment for Bibles and subscriptions to the London Missionary Society, about £27. As at Rakaanga, the pulpit, the pillars of the chapel, and its interior were profusely ornamented with mother-of-pearl. Only twelve years before, when two teachers were landed on this island, they were robbed of their property, and had well-nigh lost their lives! Such are some of the fruits of Christian teaching and the Missionary Ship!

Amongst the information conveyed to the visitors while at Samoa was the important fact that during the year the people had contributed about £2,000 for the support and spread of the Gospel!

Although but indirectly connected with the visits of the John Williams, a deeply interesting illustration of the influence of the Gospel must not be here omitted. It was communicated by Mr. Gee. Nine natives of Maniki left their home in a boat for a neighbouring island, named Iakaga. As the voyage was short, they took with them merely a few cocoa-nuts, and no water. But unhappily they failed to reach their destination, and for six weeks were driven away from it. At the end of that time only six cocoa-nuts remained; and as but two of the poor fellows were able to bale the boat, and thus to keep her afloat, in order to sustain their strength, the other seven relinquished their share of the cocoa-nuts. Thus two more helpless and hopeless weeks passed by; the last cocoa-nut had now been eaten; no land appeared; and apparently their final day had come. It was just then, the darkest hour of their long trial, that an island, called Nukurairai came in sight. It proved to be 1,400 miles from Maniki. But, cheered though they were, their sorrows had not ended. One poor fellow died before they could reach the shore, and soon afterwards the boat struck upon a rock and was upset, when three of the survivors were drowned. Five, however, were saved; but only one of them had strength enough to crawl to the nearest hut. Happily the natives treated them kindly, carried them in their arms to their dwellings, and provided them with food. It is a most interesting fact that, throughout this time of deep suffering, the poor fellows had observed morning and evening worship in the boat. One day, after having been two months at Nukurairai, a boy came upon one of them as he was reading the New Testament. His curiosity was awakened by the strange sight, and in consequence the good man tried to explain to him what the book was, and taught him the first three

letters of the alphabet. The little fellow was too proud of his acquirement to keep it a secret; and soon two others, and then a larger number, desired to be taught. But the New Testament was the only book the teacher possessed; and this he was now obliged to divide amongst them, giving a leaf of it to each. Subsequently he formed them into classes; and so anxious were they to learn, that they would scarcely allow him to rest night or day. The people had now begun to value his instructions, and begged Elatine, for that was the good man's name, to become their teacher. To this he agreed; but, as he could not do so without books, he told them that he must first go to Samoa to get some, when he would return. After waiting five months, a ship took him to Fotuna; but there he had to remain nine months longer before an opportunity offered of reaching Samoa. There Elatine now is; and from thence it is hoped he will be conveyed back to a people so anxious to receive his instructions.

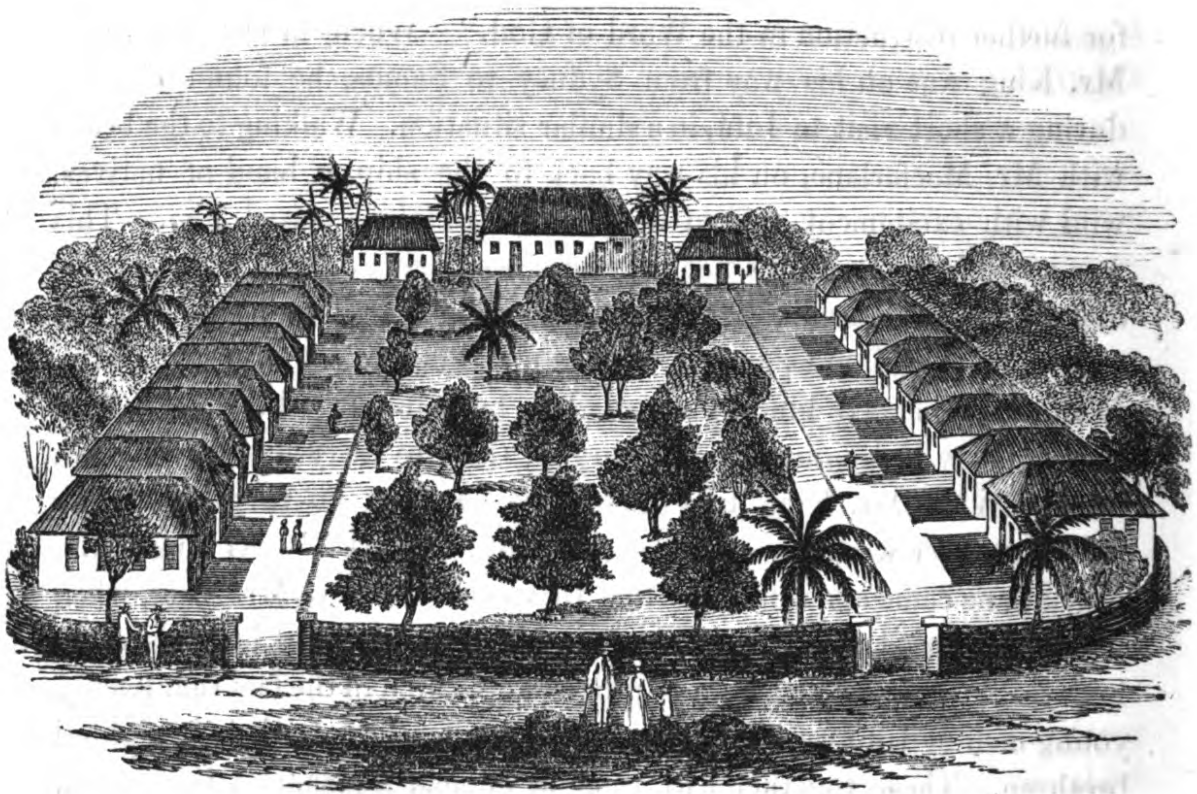
The state of things just now at Erromanga and Tana was depressing, but far otherwise what they saw and heard elsewhere. At Uea the desire for a missionary had been long and deeply felt. "Having been disappointed so often," writes Mr. Gill, "the people had somehow reached the conclusion that it would be impossible for the ship to come again without one, and seeing a young missionary, Mr. Vivian, on board, their hopes were raised to a still higher point, only to be again cast down." When a present was brought, the chief thus addressed the visitors: "This present is collected to bid a welcome to the missionary we have so long expected. Where is he? *You*, missionaries, have failed to fulfil your engagement; *we* have not failed to wait for him, and to expect him." This was very affecting.

At Vate they were met in a similar way. There a deputation from the church, headed by the chief, came off to the ship, when the chief said, "We have, on several visits of the John Williams, been promised a missionary; but still he is not come." "We are delighted with your earnestness," replied Mr. Gill; "but you must wait patiently, as other islands have to do." "Oh, yes," was the affecting reply, "we may wait; but before he comes many of us may be dead." On being told that few young men were willing to leave their homes to dwell in such a barbarous land, the chief, Pomare, said that he would himself go to

England, as he was convinced that if he could state his case to any of our young ministers, they would be sure to come. Some on board, pointing to Mr. Vivian, inquired why *he* could not stay; and having been told that he was appointed to another island, they resolved, if possible, to secure him for themselves. At first, persuasion was tried, but this having failed, they agreed together to kidnap and carry him off by force. Accordingly before day-break next morning six strong fellows paddled off to the ship, and took their stand at the top of the cabin stairs. In due time Mr. Vivian came upon deck; but he had scarcely reached it when he found himself a helpless prisoner in their arms. At length they were persuaded to let him go; but "every one of these poor fellows," he writes, "carried marks on his countenance of a deep desire for further instruction in the Word of God." When, in October 1863, Mr. King was on his way from Sydney to Samoa, he found himself, during a short visit to Lifu, in a similar situation. Walking to the beach with Mr. Macfarlane, on his way back to the ship, a band of natives, wild with excitement, rushed at him, one of whom seized him. This was a chief who, with his people, had come from a district twenty miles distant with a determination to obtain a missionary; and now that his strong hand had grasped one, he was unwilling to let him go. Mrs. Macfarlane begged him to do so, but he refused; while another of the company harangued the rest, urging them to carry him off by main force. When Mr. King told them that he must go to Samoa, their painful answer was, "Samoa all light! Lifu all dark!" At length Mr. Macfarlane came and told them that they could not have Mr. King, when the disappointed chief, "with tears in his eyes and a sad heart, gave up his hold." One striking sign of progress appeared in the fact that twenty young men at Lifu were studying to become teachers to their benighted brethren. These, together with those at Samoa, Tahaa, and Rarotonga, made no less than 154 who were preparing for missionary labour.

On the previous voyage two young natives of Ambrym had been taken to Samoa. These were now returning to their home. The youths had, of course, been kindly treated and had been well taught; but their friends in Ambrym believed that "the white man on the floating island" had cooked and ate them. The lads dressed themselves in European clothing; and as the boat which carried them approached the reef some

natives swam towards her ; but being afraid of coming too near, Mr. Jones requested one of the youths to stand up and make himself known. At first they did not recognise him in his new dress, and appeared to be startled at hearing a stranger speak their language, when Mr. Jones said to him, "Tell them who you are." No sooner had he done so, than a scene followed which language cannot describe. "The people," write the missionaries, "appeared mad with joy. They shouted to those on shore, splashed and dashed about in the water in all sorts of ways ; and then a desperate rush was made by those on shore, and the sea all around the boat soon became thick with human heads shouting and rejoicing." Though at first afraid of the white men,



MISSIONARY SEMINARY AT SAMOA.

having been told by the youth that they would do them no harm, the boat was soon filled with naked barbarians leaping, stamping, jumping, vociferating most violently ; while those who could not get into her hung on to the sides, so that she was almost upset. When the missionaries offered to shake hands, the natives did not at first know what was meant, and looked suspiciously into their white hands ; but when

assured that it was a sign of friendship, the visitors' arms and shoulders soon told them how cordial was their welcome. After landing the two natives, the boat returned; but early next morning one of them came off to land his property, and brought some friends with him. Everything called forth the curiosity and wonder of the new-comers, all of whom appeared to think they had a right to appropriate whatever suited them. Captain Williams and the missionaries then went on shore, and were most probably the first white men who had landed on that island. They therefore underwent a searching examination. Many came up to them very cautiously, and having just touched the white skin of their hands, started off as though they had touched a venomous serpent. But the "four skins" which some of the white men wore—coat, waistcoat, shirt, and flannel—were to the natives something very extraordinary. The passage into the pockets was soon hunted out in the most amusing manner, and the arms and legs and body handled very much as a butcher handles an ox. The pockets of the missionaries, with their free consent, were soon emptied. They were much excited by the ticking of Mr. Jones's watch; but nothing seemed to interest them half so much as when Mr. Jones sat down, and having taken off his shoe and stocking, he showed them his naked foot. The only things which they appeared to fear were the clothes worn by the visitors. This is a common prejudice throughout Western Polynesia, and, in the present instance, it led the missionaries to postpone the settlement of native teachers until the next visit of the ship.

Three natives of Espirito Santo, who had been to Maré, were now restored to their own island, and four others accompanied them to Maré and Samoa. Presents were also made to the chief for his very kind treatment of the teachers. Thrice while the ship was off Api she struck upon a sunken rock. But shipwreck was not the only danger from which they were mercifully preserved. "Just as the boat was being pushed off the shore," writes one of the party, "about two hundred of the most horrid, demon-looking creatures rushed out of the bush and stood upon the beach close to us in the attitude of attack, but providentially at this moment the breast of my coat, which I had kept buttoned, flew open and exposed my telescope, which I had

taken with me. The sight of this so frightened them that, in a second, they all vanished into the bush."

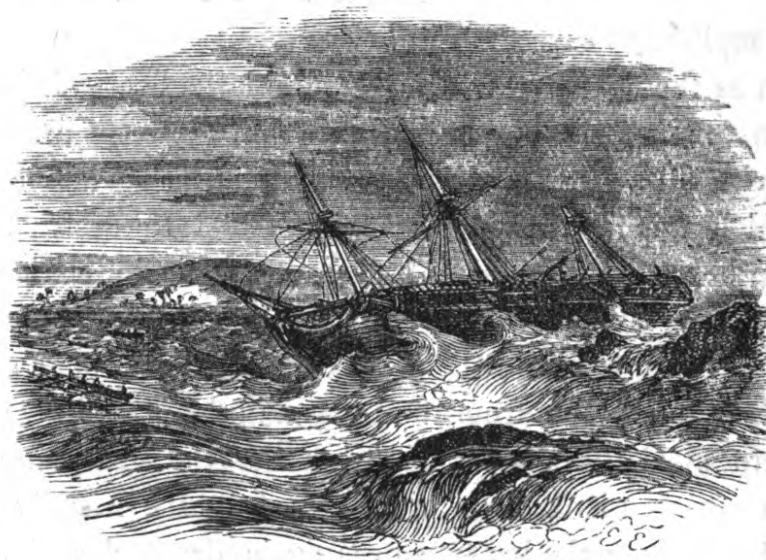
On reaching Savage Island, in December 1863, they were shocked by the intelligence that a hundred and thirty natives had just been kidnapped by a slave-ship from Peru; and when, two months afterwards, the John Williams proceeded to the Union and Penrhyn islands, it was found that man-stealers had preceded them, and had carried off nearly five hundred from those previously happy shores, to perish miserably in the crowded hold of the slaver, or, should they survive the voyage, in the deep mines of Peru. The accounts they received were to the last degree painful and affecting, the more so as many of the stolen natives were Christians and some of them teachers.

After revisiting Samoa and some islands in the west, and thus completing another annual voyage, the John Williams proceeded for the last time to Sydney, to take in supplies for the different Missions. Having delivered these supplies in the following summer, she would have returned once more to England. Much of the year's work had been performed: she had called at the Western Islands, at Samoa, at the Hervey, the Austral, the Society, and other groups, and was proceeding prosperously on her way. The bright month of May had now arrived—a period of the year hailed and honoured by tens of thousands in Polynesia, who know how much they owe to the missionary spirit, and who rejoice to act upon the injunction, "Freely ye have received, freely give!" After calling at the Penrhyn group, at Rakaana, and at Maniki, on the 11th of May, the John Williams left the last of those islands and steered for Danger Island, or Pukapuka. When about twenty miles from that island, she was placed in peril by a heavy gale of wind and the proximity of a rock. On the 16th of May, Danger Island was in sight, and those on board hoped to land there that evening. Good Mr. Royle was particularly pleased with the prospect of becoming acquainted with the simple islanders, and distributing amongst them the numerous presents which his own loving flock at Aitutaki had sent by his hand to their less favoured brethren. But the winds and the currents rendered it impossible to get on shore that night. Still they looked forward to the morrow with the assurance that their object would then be accomplished. There were now forty-one persons

on board, including the Rev. C. Barff, the Rev. H. Royle and his daughter, and two teachers with their wives and children. As danger never appeared more distant, and as no thought of coming evil had cast a shadow upon their prospect, the mission families retired to rest. At midnight, it became a calm, with only occasional light puffs of wind. But not long afterwards, the discovery was made that a strong current was drifting the ship fast towards the shore. Now these currents are not tides upon which the sailor may reckon; nor can it be even conjectured when or where they will be met with, or in what direction, and with what strength they will flow. This ignorance, however, is not of much importance if there is any wind; but when they occur during a calm, and in the neighbourhood of reefs, the danger is great. On several previous occasions, the John Williams had been drifted by currents, but either friendly breezes had come to her help, or she had been able to cast anchor. On the present fatal occasion such means of security were wanting. It was a dead calm, there were no soundings, and consequently there was no anchorage; and as the current set in directly towards the reef, and ran more than four miles an hour, the peril of their position was imminent. All, however, was done that human skill could devise, or human efforts could accomplish, to save the ship.

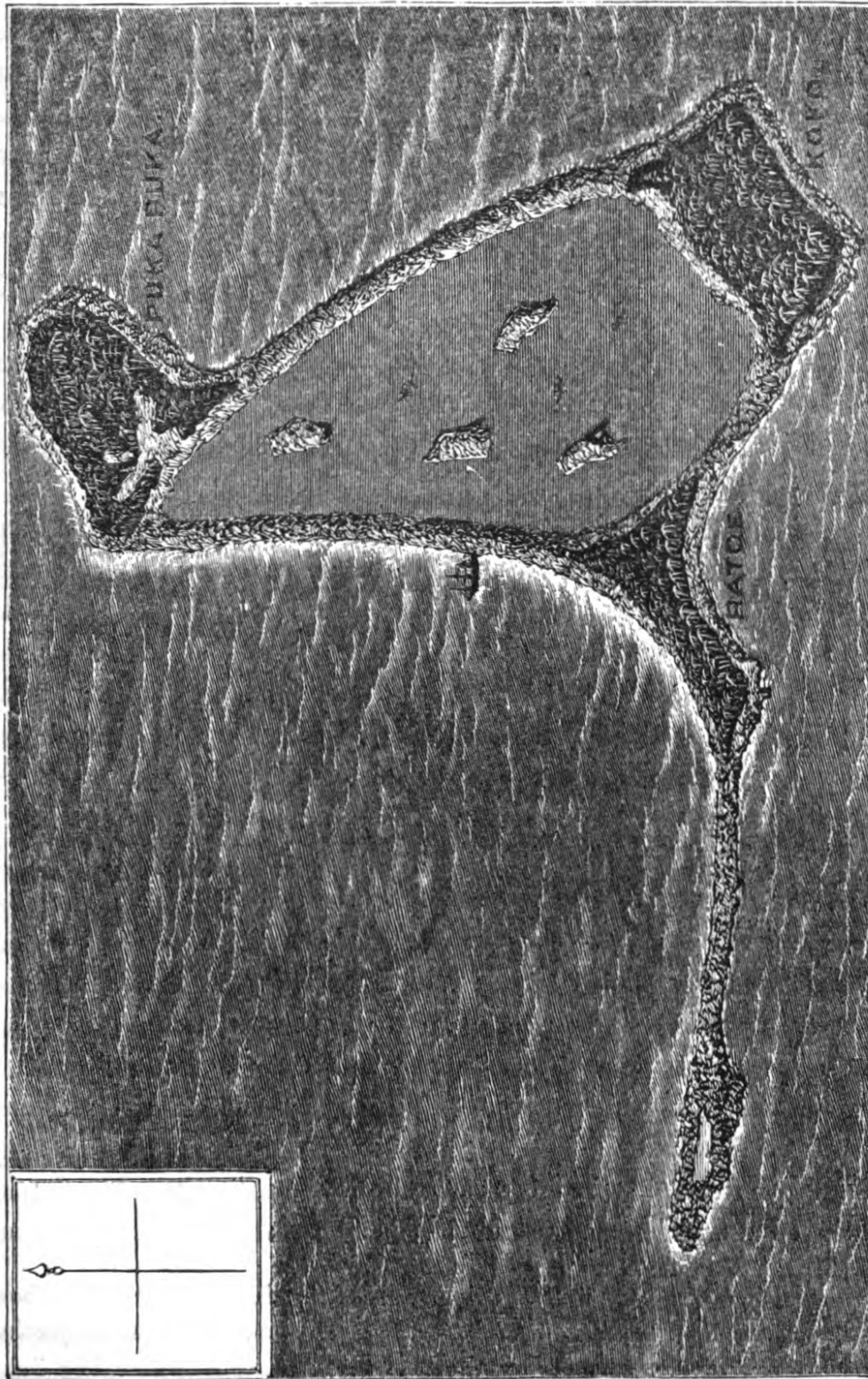
As soon as the danger was discovered, a large boat was lowered and manned to tow her against the current; but the stout arms that plied the oars with all a sailor's energy could do little against such a force as that which was fast driving the fated vessel to destruction. Still the captain hoped on, that, as in other cases so again, a friendly breeze might spring up and carry them out of danger. And once and again this hope appeared to be on the point of realization. The sails, which had been hanging loosely from the yards and flapping dully against the masts, were filled; the vessel moved under the gentle impulse; the captain and seamen looked up and rejoiced in the friendly visitation. But, alas! too soon the heavy canvas again dropped, and again they felt that on and on the beloved ship was borne towards the shore. To describe the anguish—the agony of those upon whom, under God, depended not merely the preservation of the ship, but the safety of the forty-one persons then on board, is impossible. They were helpless,

and they felt that they were so. In this state they continued until towards four o'clock, when all hope of saving the ship was abandoned. By this time the slumbering passengers had been aroused. "Mr. Royle, get up and pray!" was the cry which awoke and startled the missionary. They were now close in upon the reef. The heavy ocean waves, which came unbroken for hundreds of miles, were surging over it with a force which is fearful even when there is no wind to drive and break them against the rocks. Each succeeding billow as it rose, covered the reef, but on retiring, the hard and ragged summits of the rocks were left bare to some depth. Driven against such a barrier by such a force no ship could long keep together. Of course the deep-sea lead was thrown, but although the sounding-line was run out to 90 fathoms, no bottom could be found. Inevitable, therefore, was the fate of the long-preserved and greatly beloved vessel, and most affecting was the sight to those on board; but now the thoughts of all were centred upon their own safety. There, in the darkness of that dreadful night, stood the aged missionaries and the other passengers half dressed, exchanging hurried and excited words with one another, and ejaculating brief but earnest prayers to the gracious Preserver of men, when



WRECK OF THE JOHN WILLIAMS.

heavily, stern foremost, the ship struck upon the reef. The receding wave, however, lifted her off; but again, like a feather upon the foaming surge, she was raised and driven upon the rock, once more to be



VIEW OF THE DANGER ISLANDS, WITH THE ENCLOSING AND PROJECTING REEFS.

drawn back into deep water. Soon after she had struck, her rudder was broken. Meanwhile, at five o'clock A.M., three boats began to take in the passengers; and as soon as they were loaded, the boats were ordered to keep at a distance from the wreck, lest a falling spar or a sudden plunge should involve them in her ruin. "Out of the reach of immediate danger," writes Mr. Royle, "I looked around upon the affecting scene—we a half-naked throng, our pleasant home a wreck, and the tremendous crashes of the ship breaking on the silence of the night. Every blow the ill-fated vessel received sent a vibratory stroke to the ship's bell and a pang of sorrow to our hearts. At length the stern remained upon the reef, while her bow hung down into the sea; and as nothing more could be done, the boats proceeded towards a part of the reef over which they could be taken in canoes to the landing-place."*

Had the kind-hearted natives known what vessel was so near their shores, numbers would have hastened off to her rescue; but although they saw a ship, the fear that she might be a slaver kept them back, so that not a canoe was launched. When the boats came near to the landing-place, two native sailors swam on shore and apprised the people of what had happened. It was now the morning dawn, and never was light sweeter to the eyes than it was to these poor shipwrecked creatures. And, happily for them, they were not cast upon a desolate or upon a savage island. The previous visits of the now stranded ship had, through the blessing of God upon the labours of the teachers whom she had conveyed there, prepared a safe refuge and a warm welcome for our defenceless and destitute friends. Now they tasted as they never had done before the blessed fruits of missionary labour. Soon the canoes of the natives were dashing the spray from their bows as they were swiftly propelled towards the boats which lay outside the reef and could not pass over it. Transferred to these canoes, all were speedily conveyed on shore. "As soon as they saw us," writes Mr. Royle, "crowds of them hastened to our relief, embraced us in their generous

* The woodcut correctly shows the position of the three islands which bear the common name of "Danger Island," and of the encircling and projecting reefs, with the lagoon formed by the reef, and the spot where the John Williams was wrecked.

love, and carried us to their homes. Clothing they had none to offer us; but the best of their food they reserved for us, and brought daily to our table, generously denying themselves of the only food that we could eat—a sacrifice the more to be admired as they could evidently see we had been deprived of the ability to reward them for such service.” Amongst this food were the numerous descendants of two pigs which, a few years before, Captain Williams had left on the island, little imagining how much he and his ship’s company would be subsequently indebted to this endeavour to benefit the people.

The boats now returned to the reef to save what they could from the wreck. The ship was still there, but, as she lurched heavily, it was unsafe to board her until her masts had been cut away. This being done, the sailors went on board; but she was now so filled with water that but a small part of her contents could be reached. Having done what they could, and being in a situation of great danger, all hands returned to the boats, where they had been but a few minutes when, sliding off the reef with a desperate headlong plunge, the *John Williams* sunk in deep water. In a few minutes the sea had closed in upon her, and no trace of her previous existence could be found except a barrel of flour and a few pigs, ducks, and fowls. The captain, Mr. Barff, and others lost their all. Mr. Royle was rather more fortunate, as two Aitutakians, who loved their missionary, had risked their lives in recovering some of his property, together with a box of dollars subscribed by the people of their island for the London Missionary Society.

Though most kind and hospitable, it was obvious that the resources of the islanders were not such as to enable them long to support so many strangers. The grave question, therefore, for all parties was how they could get away. It was soon arranged that Mr. Turpie, the chief officer, and six sailors should proceed in a boat to Samoa. Though the risk of thus traversing 400 miles of ocean was considerable, it was cheerfully undertaken, and proved most successful. Through the exertions of Mr. J. C. Williams, the British Consul at Samoa, the name of whose honoured father the ill-fated vessel bore, a small ship, the *Lalla Rookh* was chartered; and on the 14th of June, scarcely a month from the day of the wreck, she entered, with her passengers, the harbour of Apia.

How they were received at that place, and subsequently at Sydney, to which they proceeded in the same vessel, and with what feelings those on board and their numerous friends on shore regarded their preservation from such a peril, may be easily imagined. The loss of the ship may be supplied, and will be, to the incalculable benefit of the young, and with great gain to the cause of Missions. But had those on board perished with the ship, how different, how dreadful would have been the calamity!

We have now completed our sketch of the ships connected with the London Missionary Society. It is believed that what has been written demonstrates the great value of such an agency, and will to some extent show the wonderful and almost matchless spiritual and social transformations which have been witnessed by those who have sailed in her amongst the islands, once the homes of superstition, cruelty, and cannibalism. And insensible must that heart be to the wants and woes of a fallen world, and to the claims of Jesus Christ, which is not fired with zeal for the universal diffusion of that glorious Gospel which, throughout the vast Pacific, has converted hundreds of spots which a few years since were dark, debased, and filled with the habitations of cruelty, into the peaceful and, in numberless instances, the consecrated homes of light and love, of purity and prayer and praise. May every reader of these pages possess the same sincere piety which now characterizes thousands in Polynesia, and manifest it by obedience as constant, and sacrifices as cheerful, and a martyr spirit as heroic as theirs!



