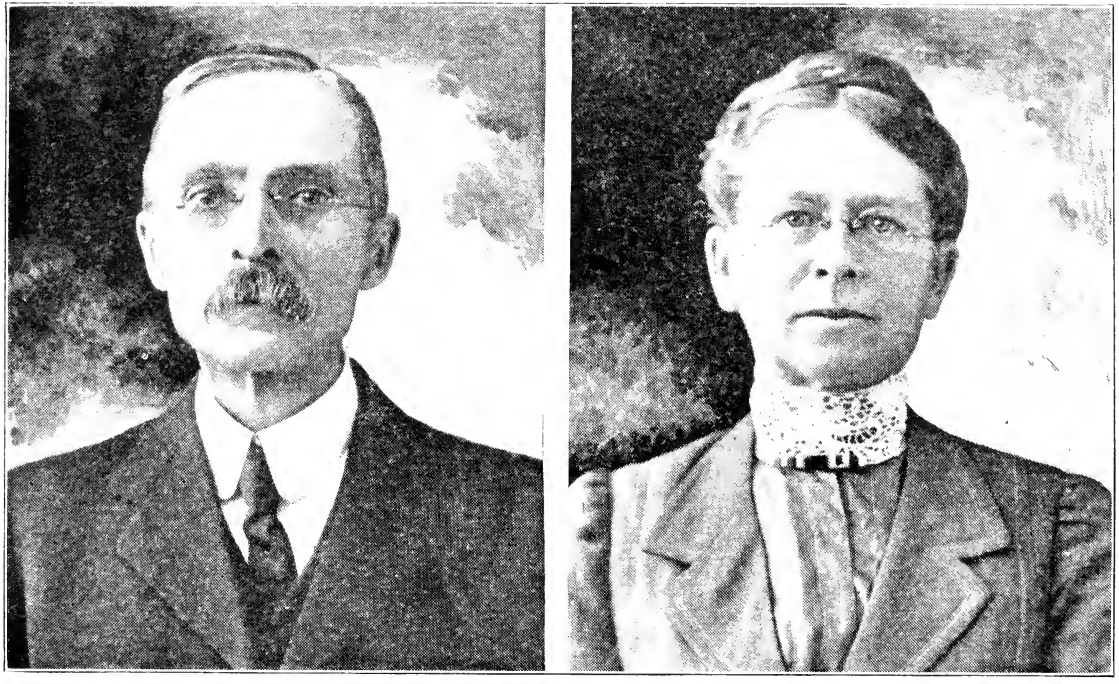
# In Coral Isles

GATES

To Papa
From
Melford and Norman
Dec 25, 1973.

# *In Coral Isles*



Elder and Mrs. E. H. Gates

# IN CORAL ISLES

By E. H. Gates

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"Where Every Prospect Pleases"

# Introduction

For thirty-five years now, ever since the visit of Brother John I. Tay to Pitcairn Island, and the loss at sea of Elder A. J. Cudney, en route to the South Seas on the ill-fated "Phœbe Chapman," all Seventh-day Adventists, young and old, have taken a deep interest in the great island field of the Southern Hemisphere. In answer to the Master's command to preach the gospel of His soon coming in all lands, and in answer to the calls from the isles that "wait for His law," many young men and women have dedicated their lives to service in these coral isles. Some of these islands are of marvelous beauty. One writer says that he who eats the fruit of these coral isles has a charm pass over him from which he never escapes. Perhaps this is overdrawn, but anyway a strange attachment is acknowledged by all who have labored in the islands of the South Seas.

Our work among these island groups has been carried forward with varying success. Of some of the people of these islands wonderful experiences can be related of God's transforming grace. Natives who were born in cannibalism, whose fathers and mothers were cannibals, have been redeemed from a life of terrible iniquity, and now rejoice in the knowledge of a personal Saviour.

Our young people will be greatly benefited by the perusal of books relating to missionary experiences.

In these days when light, questionable, and even pernicious literature is sought by many of the young, shall not their minds be turned rather to the thrilling experiences of what God has done and is doing among the children of men? Thus lasting impressions for good will be made upon the minds of our young people. Such books will increase the number of consecrated young men and women who are giving their lives to the lands whose people are still in gross darkness.

Elder E. H. Gates, one of our experienced ministers, and one who has served in many capacities in connection with our work, is the author of this little book, "In Coral Isles." He writes with authority on this subject, for he has spent many years traveling from island to island and from mission station to mission station throughout the South Seas, and in Malaysia and other mission lands. No one could be better prepared to give the facts relative to the missionary experiences of Seventh-day Adventists in Polynesia and Malaysia. Over thirty years ago Elder Gates and his wife went out on the first voyage of the "Pitcairn" to the South Seas. Most of their labors since that time have been in Australasia, and from "journeys oft" Elder Gates has gathered up valuable incidents and experiences which he relates in this little book. We commend the reading of the same to our young people everywhere.

J. E. FULTON.

# The Coral Grove

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with the falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine
Far down in the green and glassy brine.

The floor is of sand, like the mountain's drift,
And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea plants lift
Their boughs where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air.

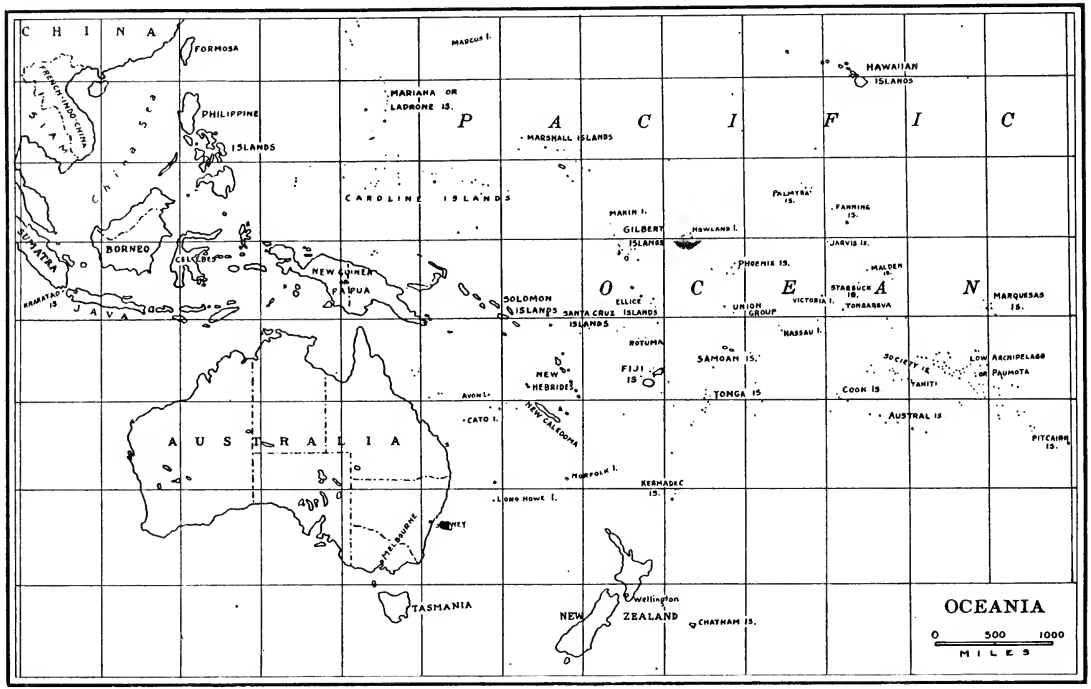
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter.
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea.

And life in rare and beautiful forms
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own.

* * * * *

Then, far below in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and goldfish rove,
There the waters murmur tranquilly
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

— *Percival.*




Map Showing the Islands of the South Seas

# Speeding the Message to Oceania

BETWEEN the western shores of the Americas and the eastern boundaries of Asia, lies Oceania, with its thousands of islands, inhabitated by about 50,000,000 people of several different races. Of this great multitude, many millions are Mohammedans, large numbers are pagans and savages, some being still cannibals. Interspersed with these are civilized people representing many of the European nations. While multitudes throughout this great island world are still waiting for the glad news of salvation, many honest hearts have been led to accept Christ as their personal Saviour, and no chapters in the story of missionary endeavor are more thrilling than those which tell of the struggles, the sufferings, and the victories of workers who have given their lives for the salvation of the lost in the islands of the South Seas.

This great oceanic field is divided into Polynesia, Melanesia, Micronesia, and Malaysia. Polynesia includes the island groups east of the one hundred eightieth meridian. The term Melanesia refers to the savage islands to the east and northeast of Australia. Micronesia, meaning "small islands," includes the islands between the Philippines and the one hundred eightieth meridian; while Malaysia comprehends the thousands of large and small islands between Australia and Asia.

In most of the islands in the division known as Polynesia, as far west as Fiji and including this group, the gospel was introduced many years ago; but in the general apostasy from the principles of true Christianity, the native races have suffered equally with other peoples. As far as we now know, the knowledge of the gospel as taught by Seventh-day Adventists was first introduced into Polynesia in 1876, when letters and publications were sent to Pitcairn Island by Elders James White and J. N. Loughborough. Years later John I. Tay went there as a missionary. In 1885 the California Seventh-day Adventist Conference sent Elder W. M. Healey to Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, and a church was organized. About the same time, a company of Seventh-day Adventist missionaries, headed by Elder S. N. Haskell, started our work first in Australia and later in New Zealand, which two countries are, by some authorities, counted a part of Oceania.

John I. Tay's experience in the South Sea Islands was one of the influences that led the church in America to lay definite plans for the evangelization of Oceania. Brother Tay, a member of the Seventh-day Adventist church of Oakland, Calif., had been a sailor in early life. When he first left home for his sea life, he was presented with a Bible and a copy of a book entitled, "The Mutiny on Board the Bounty," which tells the story of the mutineers of the British ship "Bounty" settling on Pitcairn Island, and is probably the most thrilling story of mutiny ever writ-

ten. After retiring from the sea, Brother Tay's attention was several times called to the people of Pitcairn Island, through meeting persons who had visited this lonely spot in the broad Pacific.

Believing that the whole world — the islands of the sea as well as the great continents — must hear the message of Christ's coming, Brother Tay, although now well advanced in years, had a great burden to carry to the people of Pitcairn the truths which he believed were due the world. It was difficult to send them publications, for ships so seldom stopped at that island. Brother Tay, therefore, determined to make an attempt to visit Pitcairn in person. Accordingly he arranged with the owner of a vessel plying between San Francisco and Tahiti to be carried as a passenger. He was to serve as ship's carpenter, and have the privilege of keeping the Sabbath.

July 1, 1886, Brother Tay sailed from San Francisco, reaching Tahiti the 29th. Here he was compelled to wait till September, at which time the "Pelican," a British man-of-war, entered the harbor on her way to Pitcairn and South American ports. Brother Tay immediately applied to the British consul for passage to Pitcairn Island, but was informed that as he was not a British subject, he would not be permitted to travel on an English warship except by special permission from the captain. The captain gave his consent, and on September 16 Brother Tay sailed for the island which he had so long desired to visit.

At the rate the ship was going, she would have reached the island on Sunday, the day which was religiously and strictly observed by the islanders. The captain therefore ordered the engines slowed down in order to avoid the disturbance which would be caused to the religious services on that day. On Monday morning, October 18, the island was reached, and soon two boatloads of the islanders came off from shore and boarded the ship. When the captain told the islanders that he had a passenger on board who wished to stay with them, he was told by the magistrate that there was a law on the island which forbade strangers staying on shore. However, the captain permitted Brother Tay to go ashore and stay while the ship remained at the island. When Brother Tay landed, he was told that he might at least stay on the island overnight.

The next morning all the people came together at the ringing of the bell to discuss the question of Brother Tay's stay on the island. The matter was thoroughly canvassed, and when it came to a vote, all were in favor of his staying. Tuesday the ship sailed, and Brother Tay was left on this little dot in the Pacific with no apparent means of getting away for a long time.

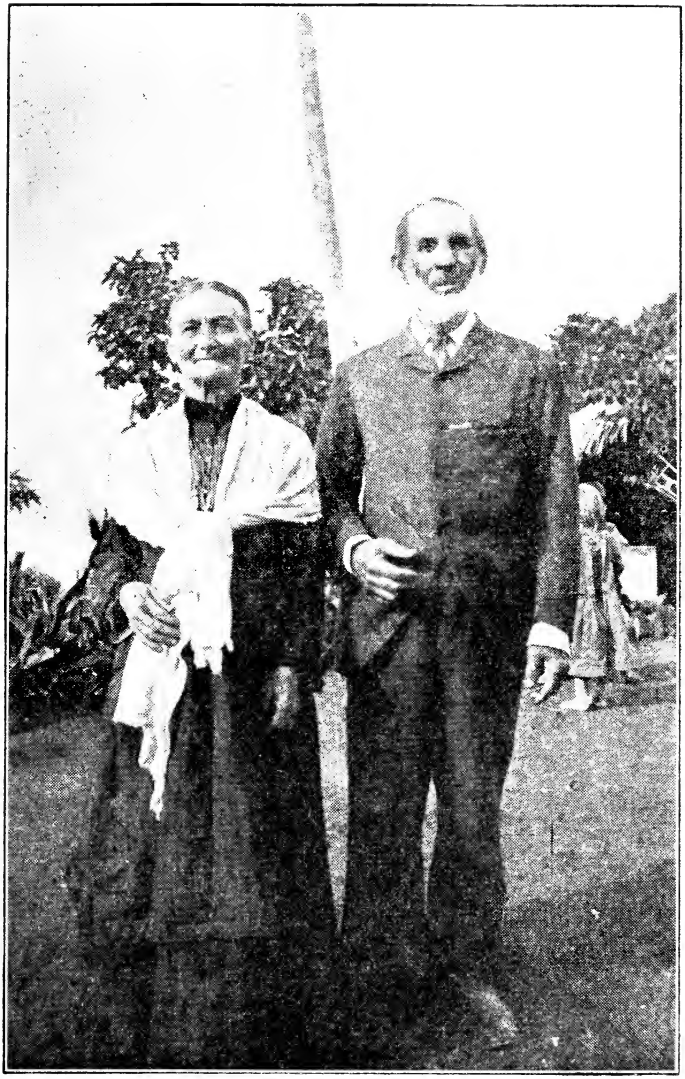
During the week following, he visited from house to house, and, by invitation, spoke at an evening service on the love of God for men. This seemed to bring a union of sentiment. Brother Tay then asked if they would like a Bible study at the home of the elder of

the church, at whose house he was staying. On their signifying their assent, he gave a study on the subject of the sanctuary. Other Bible studies followed, and then, as the house was too small to accommodate the company, the studies were continued in the schoolroom. Hanging up his prophetic chart, Brother Tay gave readings on the prophecies of Daniel two and seven. This awakened a wonderful interest.

On the first Sunday of his stay, Brother Tay attended the regular church service, and was asked to speak to the congregation. Standing near his seat, he spoke for half an hour on the question of the Sabbath of the Bible. On the next Tuesday evening, he again spoke by request on the same subject. As the islanders saw the force of his argument, one said, "I will keep the Sabbath," and then another said the same thing, and another, till several had promised to observe the seventh day of the week.

Brother Tay then planned that there should be a meeting held on the Sabbath for those who had decided to observe that day. But as he did not want to create a division in the little community, he went to the magistrate on Friday night, and talked with him for an hour on the subject of Sabbath keeping, till the latter was thoroughly interested in the subject.

The next morning — the Sabbath — the church bell was rung, and the entire population of the island came out to the meeting. Simon Young, the elder of the church, who had long been the spiritual leader of the



Simon Young and His Wife

congregation, took the pulpit and preached a sermon on the subject of Sabbath keeping. In the afternoon another meeting was held, the subject for discussion again being the same as in the forenoon. All were now satisfied that they were being led into God's truth, and when Sunday morning came, every one on the island went to work. Not another Sunday has been observed on the island to this day.

Five weeks after Brother Tay landed, a yacht from San Francisco came to the island. This gave him an opportunity to leave. But his work was not yet finished, and in the providence of God a heavy storm came on which kept the yacht at the island for a few days. This time was improved by Brother Tay in holding Bible studies on other important subjects. Many books, also a chart of the ten commandments, as well as a prophetic chart, were left for the use of the islanders. Several wished to be baptized according to the Scriptural method,— immersion,— but as Brother Tay was not an ordained elder, he told them he believed that under the circumstances the Lord would accept of them till some one authorized to perform the ceremony could be sent to attend to the matter. Before leaving the island, Brother Tay visited from house to house, encouraging the believers to hold firm to God's truth.

On the return of Brother Tay to America, the news of the reception of the advent message by the Pitcairn Islanders was received by Seventh-day Adventists every-

where with great rejoicing. To them it was a call to service. It seemed that the time had come to enlarge their borders by reaching out to the great island field of the Pacific. But how to reach the numerous islands scattered over thousands of miles of ocean was a perplexing question, since there was regular steamer communication with but few of the many large island groups, and none whatever with the larger number of smaller groups. However, a way was suggested of solving the difficulty. This soon began to take definite form. At a session of the California Conference held in October, 1887, the following action was taken:

"WHEREAS, We believe that the third angel's message must go to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people; and,

"WHEREAS, The islands of the Pacific, as well as other parts, demand attention from our people; and,

"WHEREAS, It is difficult to reach them at all by present means of transportation; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the brethren of this conference favor the purchase of a missionary ship adapted to the wants of the work among those islands, and that we request the General Conference to take the matter under consideration at its coming session."

The subject of the proposed missionary ship soon began to be agitated in the columns of the denominational papers — the *Review and Herald*, the *Signs of the Times*, and the *Instructor*. And in November of the same year, when the General Conference held its reg-

ular session, the following recommendation was presented:

"It is recommended by the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists in conference assembled,

"1. That a vessel of suitable size and construction for missionary purposes be purchased or built, and equipped for missionary work among the islands of the Pacific Ocean.

"2. That the cost of building and equipping said vessel for a two years' cruise shall not exceed the sum of $20,000.

"3. That such a vessel be ready for service early in the year 1888."

On this recommendation being carried, a committee of five was appointed by the chair to consider the matter more fully and to present further recommendations during the session of the conference. On November 22, the committee on the missionary ship made a report, recommending that in view of the fact that there was a pressing need for all the available funds of the conference for other enterprises, the enterprise of building a missionary ship be postponed till the next session of the conference, but that a committee of five be appointed to take charge of the matter during the year 1888, to report at the next annual session of the conference; and further, that donations for this purpose be received during the year from any who felt disposed to give.

At a meeting of the General Conference Committee held the following April, it was decided to send Elder A. J. Cudney, of Nebraska, in company with Brother Tay, on a visit to Pitcairn Island. They were to baptize and organize the believers there, and then to pass on to other islands. It was hoped that their experience on such a trip would enable them to advise more intelligently on the matter of the building of the missionary ship.

In May of the same year, Elder Cudney arrived in Oakland, Calif. Failing to find any means of sailing to Pitcairn, he proceeded, under instruction of the General Conference Committee, to Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, in hopes that some means of reaching Pitcairn might be found there. Finding no means of transport at that place, Elder Cudney accepted the offer of Brother N. F. Burgess to purchase a schooner, then offered at forced sale, if Elder Cudney would fit it up, man it, and use it in the islands. After securing a crew, Elder Cudney started for Pitcairn on July 31, intending to proceed first to Tahiti, and there take on board Brother Tay, who had sailed from San Francisco July 5.

At Tahiti, Brother Tay waited for six months, in constant expectation of the arrival of the ship bearing Elder Cudney. While there he sold a large number of books,—"Daniel and the Revelation," "The Great Controversy," "Home Handbook," etc. During his enforced delay he made every possible effort to get pas-

sage again to Pitcairn, but found that none of the captains of ships going that way were willing to carry him, evidently being influenced by the Roman Catholic bishop of Tahiti. Hearing later from an experienced seaman that the ship on which Elder Cudney had sailed from Honolulu was unseaworthy, Brother Tay felt sure in his mind that it had been lost, so he finally returned to California.

Brother Tay's worst fears were realized. Though Elder Cudney sailed away from Honolulu with the bright hope of soon being connected in labor with Brother Tay among the islands of the South Pacific, no tidings have ever been received of the ill-fated ship, which probably was wrecked in one of the terrible storms that often visit the Pacific. For many years Elder Cudney's devoted wife lived in hopes that some day her husband would be found, possibly on some lonely island; but now no reasonable hope remains that he is still living. Brother Cudney sleeps in Jesus, waiting the glad day when the sea shall give up its dead.

The next step in the effort to reach the islands had been taken before Brother Tay's return to America. At the session of the General Conference held in October, 1888, the following recommendations were passed:

"It is hereby recommended by the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists assembled:

"That measures be immediately taken to buy or

build and equip for service, a vessel of suitable size and construction for missionary operations among the islands of the Pacific Ocean.

"That a sum of money for this purpose, not to exceed $12,000, be raised by donations, and in such other ways as may be devised by the General Conference Committee.

"That the said missionary vessel be made ready for service early in the year 1890."

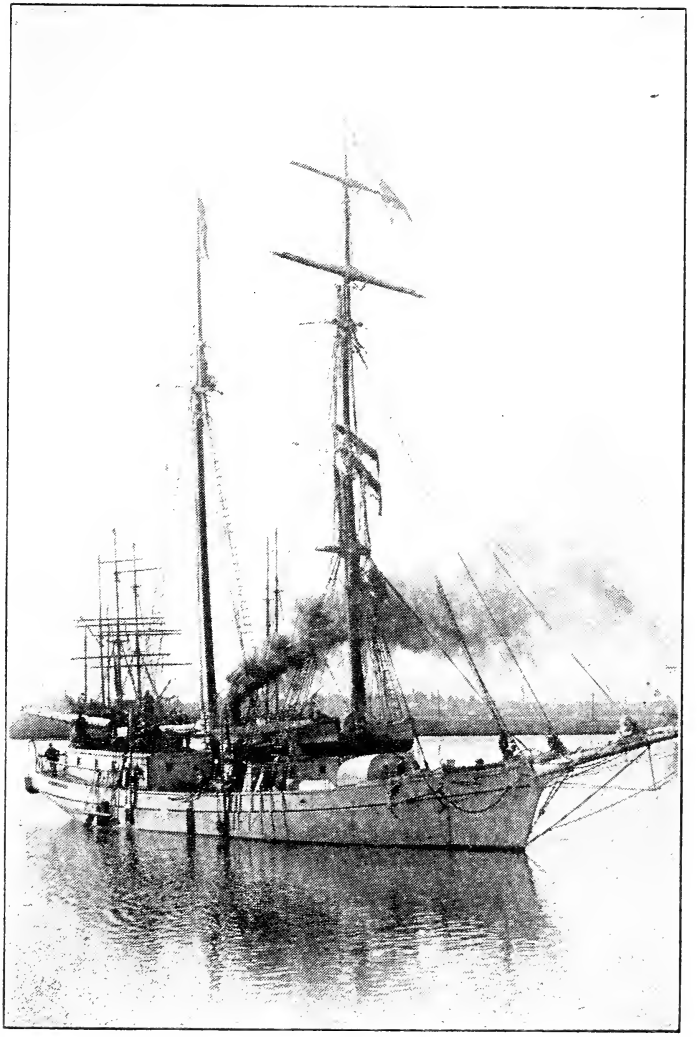
A year later another important step was taken, when the International Sabbath School Association recommended that the Sabbath schools throughout the whole world pledge their missionary contributions during the first six months of the year 1890 to the building of the missionary ship. From one end of the country to the other the Sabbath schools responded to this recommendation. Little children enthusiastically entered upon the project, saving their pennies that they might help raise the necessary funds to build and equip "our missionary ship."

A building committee was appointed by the General Conference Committee at a meeting held Nov. 9, 1889. It consisted of C. H. Jones, C. Eldridge, and J. I. Tay. As soon as possible, this committee began active operations. On the 22d of April, 1890, a contract was signed with Capt. Matthew Turner, of San Francisco. The vessel was to be a schooner, about one hundred feet long, twenty-seven feet beam, with ten feet depth of hold. The place of building was at Benicia, Calif., on the strait of Carquinez, about thirty miles north of

San Francisco. In the building contract it was specified that no work was to be done on the ship on the Sabbath of the Lord.

So reads the story of the beginning of our work in the widely scattered islands of Oceania. During the first years, the work in Oceania was directed from Oakland, Calif., but at a conference held in Australia in 1899 it was decided that it would be advisable to make Australia our island missions headquarters, seeing this was nearer to the mission fields and that steamer lines radiated from Sydney to many of the Pacific Islands. This change was effected, and the island work was placed under the direction of a large committee appointed by the Australasian Union Conference Committee, the writer being chairman. A few years later it came directly under the supervision of the union conference committee, and has remained there ever since.

As soon as the island missions headquarters was moved to Australia, plans were laid to begin printing the gospel in the native languages. Having no funds available, we solicited and obtained from the Bible Echo office in Melbourne an old job press, which we installed in a corner of the carpenter shop at the Avondale school. This was placed in charge of a young woman from Rarotonga, of whom we shall hear more later, and she was assisted by a lad. Our first publication was a two-page Rarotongan tract on the subject of the saints' inheritance. This was indeed the "day of small things."



The "Pitcairn"

# Launching Our First Missionary Ship

FINALLY the missionary ship built by the Sabbath schools was ready to start on its mission to the isles that had so long waited "for His law." On the evening of July 28, 1890, the launching of the ship took place. This was witnessed by a goodly number of the brethren and sisters from Oakland, as well as by two or three hundred persons from the surrounding communities who had manifested quite an interest in the building of the ship. Remarks were made by Elder J. N. Loughborough and others, after which prayer was offered for the prosperity of the new missionary enterprise. When it came to selecting a name for the ship, the committee in charge had invited the Sabbath school scholars in different parts of the country to suggest names from which to choose. A long list was sent in, and it was finally voted to call the ship "Pitcairn."

The next important matter to receive consideration was the selection of the workers who should have charge of the ship and sail with her on her first voyage to the distant islands of the sea; and in July the General Conference Committee selected J. I. Tay, A. J. Read, and Elder E. H. Gates for this mission.

The dedication of the ship took place at Oakland, Calif., September 25. As the California general camp-meeting was in progress at the time, there was a large concourse of Seventh-day Adventists in the city, besides

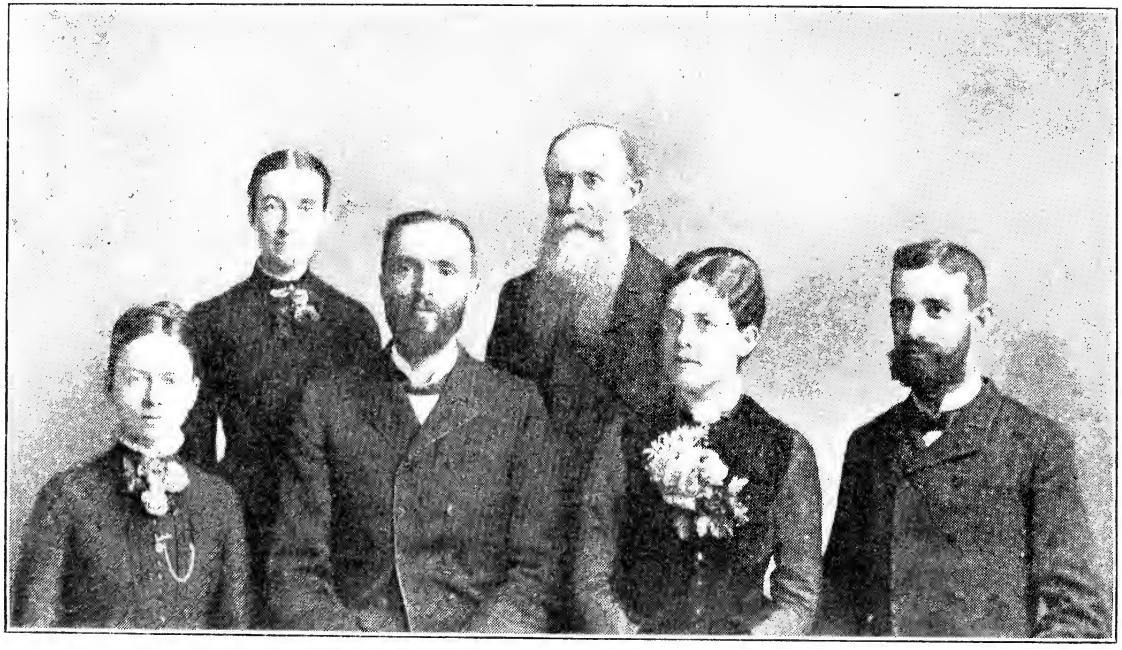
brethren and sisters from around San Francisco Bay. The day was delightful, and the "Pitcairn," lying at the wharf, decorated with her flags, ensigns, signals, etc., presented a beautiful picture. The dedicatory exercises consisted of songs, a Scripture reading, report of building committee, an original poem by Elder M. C. Wilcox, the address of the day by Elder O. A. Olsen, then president of the General Conference, and the dedicatory prayer by Elder R. A. Underwood. There was general rejoicing that at last the missionary ship was nearly ready to begin her long voyage.

The evening before sailing, a memorial service was held at the Oakland church, attended by a large number of the believers in the city, also by the outgoing missionaries and the sailors. This was a precious meeting, and all felt that this new enterprise was the beginning of a new era in the progress of the message, that was destined to reach the ends of the earth.

October 20, 1890, the day set for the sailing of the ship, was perfect. At 1 P. M. large crowds gathered at the wharf to see our first missionary ship put to sea. Many beautiful floral decorations were brought on board by the friends of the missionaries, and all rejoiced that God had thus far so signally blessed the missionary enterprise. At 2:45 the little ship weighed anchor, and, towed by a steam tug, started on her long voyage to Pitcairn and other islands of the Southern Seas. A number of the brethren and sisters accompanied the ship to the Golden Gate, returning by the tug.

After the tug left us, we had a good breeze for a short time, but at dark it died down, leaving us to roll all night in the Golden Gate, making very little progress. One after another of our company became seasick and retired, but not to sleep. The flapping of the sails, the pounding of the booms, and the rolling motion of the vessel, being unusual experiences for us, kept us awake most of the night. Toward morning, however, the breeze became a little stronger, and when we arose we were far from land, though the high cliffs on either side of the Golden Gate could still be seen dimly through the mist. These, however, soon faded from view, and nothing could be seen but rolling billows.

As soon as we were able, we went on deck to escape the odor of cooking food, which produced nausea, but were not able to escape seasickness. I felt very uncomfortable, but was not sick enough to pay tribute to Neptune, though I was very anxious to do so. I was able to eat nothing from the time we left shore till about four o'clock the next day, when a fresh breeze springing up made our vessel move a little more steadily. I then ate a little and felt better. But it was several days before the ladies were able to do anything but lie around on deck, and in fact they did not see a really well day till we reached land. All the romance that ever attached to sea life was removed from our minds long before we stepped on *terra firma* again. We felt that ocean traveling might be a very fine thing on land, but was quite another thing on the water!



The First Missionaries Who Sailed on the "Pitcairn"

Seated, left to right: Mrs. E. H. Gates, Elder E. H. Gates, Mrs. A. J. Read, Elder A. J. Read.
Standing: Mrs. John I. Tay, Elder John I. Tay.

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,"

sounds well enough to a person in his snug home on the shore where things stand still; but to us it was quite another story. However, with all our unpleasant feelings we had evidence of the protecting care of God from the time we left home till we landed at Pitcairn Island. We had but little stormy weather, and probably did not have a full hour in which we did not have enough wind to give us steerage way.

On account of our uncomfortable feelings, we did not accomplish as much as we had hoped in the way of study, though we had classes in Bible history, and also studied books relating to the islands we expected to visit. There was little to relieve the monotony of the trip, as we did not see another ship on our entire voyage. The day after sailing, we saw three whales, and occasionally we saw schools of porpoises and flying fish. One day our tablecloth was lost overboard, and when we tried to recover it, we saw a large shark following close to the vessel. When about 680 miles north of the equator, we saw a duck flying close to the ship. It lighted in the water and swam alongside of us. Later it came flying over the ship and lighted on one of the boats, and was easily caught by the steward. Several times it flew away, returning later, but finally left and returned no more.

Our first Sabbath on board was an interesting occasion to us all. We organized a Sabbath school, all

except one of our number being present. After Sabbath school Brother Read gave a Bible reading. A few days later we had our first evening worship on deck. It was an interesting sight to see twelve or fifteen workers bow together on the deck. The sound of flapping sails mingled with our prayers, while overhead the stars shone with a splendor seldom seen on shore. To stand on the deck of a swiftly moving ship, surrounded by the rolling waves, and see the glory of the stars and the "moon walking in brightness," is sufficient to inspire the Christian with feelings of the greatest reverence for his Creator.

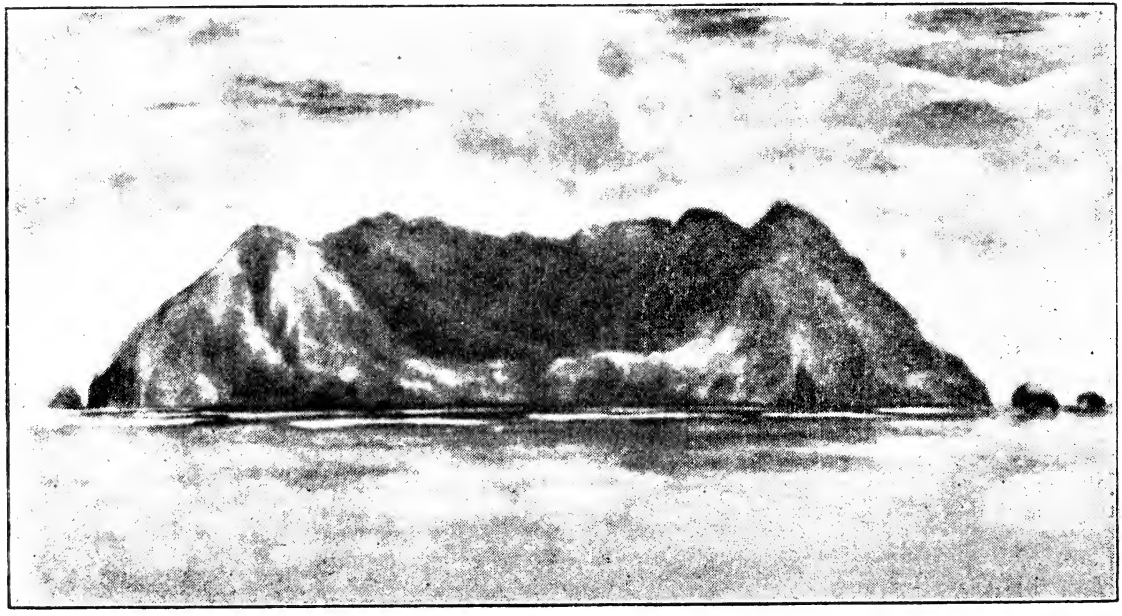
We entered the trade winds the eighth day out. This enabled us to make better headway. About the same time the weather became warmer, and one after another our heavy articles of clothing were laid aside. Early in November we reached the equatorial calms, and during the following week we sailed only about 350 miles. This was the hardest part of our trip, as it was very warm, and our vessel rolled in a disagreeable manner, while the rattling of the sails and rigging was anything but agreeable, especially at night.

When about 500 miles from the equator, we reached the southeast trade winds. After this the weather was much cooler, though we were nearing the equator every day. Four days later we crossed it. The day was beautiful, the wind was strong, and we all felt better than at any time since leaving land. From that time till we reached Pitcairn we had a good wind nearly all the

time and made good headway. On November 22, at noon, the sun was directly overhead, and we could not see our shadows.

On the 24th we were expecting to sight Pitcairn, knowing that it was not far off; and all day long our eyes were strained to get the first sight. Only those who have been away from land for weeks can appreciate our feelings at the prospect of seeing land. But the atmosphere was hazy, and a little before night, when we should have seen land if the weather had been clear, a heavy shower prevented our seeing any distance ahead. Soon after dark the captain ordered the ship put about and headed toward the north, knowing that the island was only a few miles away, and fearing to run too close to the land in the night. We soon went to our berths, disappointed in not seeing the island before retiring.

About 1:30 the mate awoke me, saying that Pitcairn was in sight. I went on deck, and there through the darkness we could see a mere speck of land on the horizon. To me it was a most welcome sight. In the morning, before light, when I again came on deck, the island was plainly visible, though the highest peaks were covered with clouds. All our company were soon on deck, and all eyes were strained to see the land, which appeared at that time like a huge rock rising out of the sea. As it became lighter and we neared the island, we could, by the aid of the glasses, see the whole island covered with green trees



Gilliams' Service, N. Y.

Pitcairn Island

and other vegetation. Never was any sight more welcome. We could not restrain our tears of gratitude to God.

Knowing it was customary for the people of the island to go out to all passing vessels, we began to look for their boats to come to us; but, seeing none, we proceeded with our morning prayer service and breakfast. As we united in prayer on the deck, our hearts were made tender by the thoughts of the goodness of God in keeping us in safety during such a long voyage. With full hearts we sang, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."

After breakfast we still looked for the boats from shore, not daring to go ashore in our boats on account of the dangerous landing. We waited till after eight o'clock, when suddenly one of the sailors called out, "There is the boat!" And sure enough, just a little distance off, we saw a large whaleboat containing several men. We had not seen it till then, on account of the heavy swells that hid it from our view part of the time.

Bounty Bay, Pitcairn Island

# On "The Lone Isle of the Sea"

In a few minutes the boat we had sighted was alongside, and the men were on our deck. Their dark hair and skin revealed their Tahitian origin, though some were nearly as white as Europeans. Such a handshaking as took place! They had seen us early in the morning, and had started at seven o'clock; but as we were several miles away, they did not reach us till after eight. Having heard from a passing vessel that our ship was under construction, and that it was to be finished in July, they had been looking for us for more than a month.

They had not had breakfast before leaving the island, so we took them into the cabin and gave them something to eat. And while they were eating the food that to them tasted so good, but which we could hardly tolerate by this time, we were regaling ourselves on the fresh oranges, bananas, and pineapples they had brought us. We had been without fresh fruit nearly thirty-five days, so this seemed the finest we had ever tasted.

After breakfast we prepared to go ashore. The men who came to meet us were all strong, able-bodied sailors, and the first strokes of their oars gave us confidence in them. It took us but a little time to reach Bounty Bay, which was their landing place. As we approached the shore, Brother McCoy, who acted as captain, gave the order to stop the boat while he care-

fully scanned the water to see if it were safe to go through the rolling surf which dashed on the precipitous rocks in a sheet of foam. It was necessary to seize the moment when there was a momentary lull in the sea, otherwise the boat would have been swamped. After a few moments the order was given by the captain, "Lay to!" and the men bent to the oars, and we went tearing through the boiling waters like a race horse. It was an exciting experience to us; but in a few moments we passed out of the surf, between sharp rocks, into a quiet little bay. A moment later strong men lifted the ladies from the boat and placed them on a large flat rock.

As soon as our boat touched the shore, we felt a peculiar sensation. Having been so long accustomed to the rolling motion of the ship, it was such a novelty to feel something standing still that we felt light-headed, and staggered like drunken men. The same sensation followed me the rest of the day. In fact, not until I had had a night's rest did I feel normal.

Leaving the beach, we began to ascend the steep cliff, and soon reached the houses, which were 400 or 500 feet above the sea. Nearly every one on the island came out to meet us. And what a royal welcome we received! We were taken first to the house of Brother McCoy, where all the people accompanied us. But we did not stay long inside, for there was such a wealth of loveliness to be seen outside. Everywhere were tropical fruits and flowers, besides beautiful roses and

geraniums like those that grow in California. To us who had never before been in tropical climes, the scene was nearer to our conceptions of Paradise than anything we had ever before seen. We spent most of the day looking about the island, and at night had the best, and only really good sleep we had enjoyed since leaving California.

Pitcairn is situated in latitude 25° and 4′ south, and longitude 130° and 8′ west. From the sea it has the appearance of a massive rock rising from the deep. It is evidently of volcanic origin, and unlike most of the islands of the southern seas, has no coral reef around it. During the whole year it is covered with green trees. The altitude of the highest peak is 1,100 feet above sea level.

There is no really level land on the island. The surface is broken up into hills and valleys, nearly all of which may be cultivated. The principal trees are the tall, graceful cocoanut palm, the orange, the lemon, the lime, the jack fruit, the candlenut, the breadfruit, the rose apple, the coffee, and the banyan trees. The island also produces bananas, pineapples, fei (of the banana family), plantain (also called mountain banana), and guavas, from which is made the celebrated guava jelly. In addition to all these, sweet potatoes, yams, Irish potatoes, Indian corn, arrowroot, sugar cane, pumpkins, cabbages, and watermelons grow abundantly. The pineapples and oranges are the best we ever tasted. The banyan is a remarkable tree, one of

James Russell McCoy

Pitcairn Island's Former Magistrate

those on the island spreading its branches over three or four acres. From the branches of this tree slender roots are sent down to the ground, later becoming trunks with branches, which in turn send down other roots.

There are no cows or horses on Pitcairn, but many wild goats and sheep. While the people have never suffered from lack of water, it is not found in abundance, and sometimes is quite scarce. There are a few springs quite a distance up the mountain, and from one of these, wooden spouts carry water to the different houses. There is one spring of excellent water away up on a high point, which has never failed; but the water from this has to be carried in cans. The weather on Pitcairn is never cold, and the constant sea breezes prevent the excessive hot weather experienced in many of the other islands of the South Pacific.

The island houses are plain, one-story structures, thatched with the leaves of the pandanus palm, and generally having no glass windows. None of the houses contain stoves, as no heat is needed. The cooking is done in an open kitchen standing a little distance from the house. The food is very simple, consisting largely of the vegetables, legumes, and luscious fruits grown on the island, prepared in different ways. Poi is made of sweet potatoes and the grated root of the taro stirred into cocoanut milk, then wrapped in banana leaves and baked, either in their stone ovens or in the underground ovens. A delicious cake is made of yams. Grated

cocoanuts or cocoanut milk enters into most of their food preparations. Baked bananas, or bananas fried in cocoanut oil, are excellent food, and are much used. Not being able to grow wheat, the islanders have bread only as they can get wheat or flour from passing ships.

The people are industrious. The men rise early and employ their time in the cultivation of the soil and in fishing, while the women prepare the food, and make hats and baskets, and thatches for the roofs. The hats are made from the palm leaves and sugar cane, and are trimmed with a native cloth called tapa, which is made from the bark of the breadfruit, or a sapling called the *aute*. This cloth resembles white lace, but may be pasted together and made into a heavy cloth, which is sometimes used as lounge covers or sheets. Even the little girls can braid the palm leaves into hats and baskets. The baskets are beautifully made, and are often sold to passing ships as souvenirs of the island.

Pitcairn has perhaps as thrilling a history as any island in the Pacific, but to get the setting we must go back to 1787, when the British government sent out a man-of-war to visit the South Sea Islands. The ship proceeded to Tahiti, took on a load of small breadfruit trees, and then started for the West Indies, its destination. Soon after leaving Tahiti, however, the crew mutinied; and after putting the captain and such of the sailors as stood with him, into a small boat, they put back to Tahiti. But fearing capture and punishment there, they left that island and started for Pit-

cairn, which had been discovered some years before. They were accompanied by a number of Tahitian men and several women. Though Pitcairn was only 1,200 miles from Tahiti, several weeks passed before they were able to find it, a mistake having been made in charting it. On reaching Pitcairn, they burned their ship, which was named the "Bounty," in order to prevent any passing vessel from discovering their presence on the island.

Fletcher Christian, the mate of the ship, was leader of the mutiny. He was a young man of considerable ability, but evidently without Christian principles. His companions in the mutiny were men of similar character, and it is not to be marveled at that troubles soon arose, especially as their Tahitian wives were heathen. In a few years all the mutineers were dead, except one named John Adams. Most of them had been killed in their brutal fights, or murdered by their heathen wives.

In the providence of God an English Bible and a Church of England prayer book had been carried on shore before the ship was burned. When John Adams, the sole survivor of the mutineers, saw himself surrounded by the children that had been born on the island, he began to realize that there was no bright future before them. Soon he began to read the Bible, and as a result became a converted man. The children begged him to teach them to read the Bible. To this he consented. So the Book of books was their primer

and their sole means of instruction. God blessed the efforts of Adams, and the principles and love of truth and virtue were implanted in the hearts of the island children.

In the year 1808, Captain Folger, of the ship "Topaz," from the United States, stopped at the island, not knowing that it was inhabited. Here he found John Adams and a number of the Tahitian women, also the children of the mutineers. All were carrying out the principles which had been taught them by John Adams. Now for the first time it became known to the world what had become of the mutineers of the "Bounty," who had been lost to sight for eighteen years. When the British government learned of John Adams' living there, and of the reformation in his life, a pardon was sent to him, and he was never called to account for his part in the mutiny. In 1829 he died at the age of sixty-five, sincerely mourned by all the inhabitants of this little community. I visited his grave on the day of our arrival, and found it surrounded by a dense growth of trees and bushes, but the grave itself was well kept. A headstone which had been brought out from England marked his resting-place. On it are the words, "In Hope."

In the year 1831, on account of the scarcity of water, the people, eighty-seven in number, were all taken to Tahiti; but on account of sickness caused by the change of climate, and because of the licentious and

intemperate habits of the inhabitants of that island, they returned after a year or two. However, as their numbers increased, it seemed necessary to remove them to a larger island, and in the year 1856 the British government, which by this time had assumed the protectorate over the island, sent a ship and took all the inhabitants, now about two hundred in number, to Norfolk, a very fine island about one thousand miles northeast from Sidney, New South Wales, Australia. Some of them, however, became very homesick for their old Pitcairn home, and after two years, sixteen of them, led by Moses Young, returned to that place. A few years later another company of twenty-five or more followed. Among these was Thursday October Christian, grandson of the leader of the mutiny, who at the time of our visit was seventy-two years old, the oldest man on the island.

There are a few relics of the "Bounty" left on the island, among them a cannon and a vise. After the destruction of the ship by fire, the cannon lay in the harbor for fifty-five years, and was then fished up and used for firing salutes. At present it forms the base of the staff of the English flag that floats from the cliff when vessels are approaching. The other cannon that was recovered was taken to Norfolk Island in 1856, and there it remains.

The following poem descriptive of the island was written by a lady in Oakland, Calif.:

"Thine is not like coral isles,
Ringed about the lovely miles
Of the smooth and wide lagoon,
Burning in the summer noon;
Never length of shelly strand,
Never breadth of shining sand,
But the waves with heavy shocks
Break against the beetling rocks;
For thine island, grand and free,
Is a mountain in the sea.

"Half way up the mountain spreads
Level space, and o'er the heads
Of the dwellers there we see
Tropic palm and banyan tree,
Hill and vale diversified,
Far above the rushing tide.

"Never taint of salty sea
In the sparkling purity
Of the precious upland spring;
Never fear of famishing
In the days when all the South
Faints beneath the touch of drouth;
Still the water springeth pure,
Never-failing fountain, sure,
Through the days when leaves of palm
Droop in stirless, sultry calm.

"We repeat and emphasize
All this scene, while sunny skies
Bend above protectingly,
And the shining of the sea
Sends no glare to this calm height,
And the flowers blossom bright,
Garden fair and fruitful field
All their varied produce yield.

"When the breezes seek the height,
How refreshing the delight
Of the pure, health-giving air,
For the salty vapors sink
Ere they reach the lofty brink
Of the lifted island fair.

"Pausing for a pleasant space,
Then the mountain's lofty grace
Lifts above the plateau wide;
On the rugged mountain side,
Creeping green each path enshrouds
To the summit in the clouds,
Far above the ceaseless flow
Of the tide that sweeps below,
So far lifted as to hush
All the din of thund'rous rush
Rising from the frantic swirl
Of the breakers when they hurl
All their strength in useless war;
For the strong foundations are
Built of rock, which shall not sway
Till the sea shall pass away.

"Oh, the lifted island height
That may teach example bright!
For the world is like a sea,
And the lifted Cross the height
That can reach above the care
And the sorrow everywhere,—
Lift our hopes, and bless each life,
Triumph over sin and strife!"

Landing Place and Boathouse at Bounty Bay, Pitcairn Island

# A Whole Island Converted

At the time of our arrival, there were one hundred twenty-six persons living on Pitcairn. Generally they were strong and able-bodied. Most of them went barefooted, except on the Sabbath. The community was governed by a magistrate, assisted by two counselors, who are elected the first of each year. There were no taxes, police officers, or jails. The laws were models of simplicity. A neat church building, eighty by eighteen feet, one end of which was used as a schoolroom, stood in a central location.

Great reverence was shown in the house of God. On entering, all, both old and young, knelt for a moment in silent prayer, after which they seated themselves without noise or whispering. All took part in singing. The house contained an organ sent to the islanders by Queen Victoria, of England. The school was taught by Simon Young, one of the older men of the place, assisted by his daughter, Rosalind. Considering their isolation, they had done remarkably well in the education of their children.

After our landing, we took a good rest, explored the island, and then began to hold meetings. The Lord blessed from the very beginning. I never saw people so hungry for the gospel truth as were the inhabitants of Pitcairn. No matter how long a meeting was held, it was not too long for them. We found that the ma-

jority of the youth had not experienced conversion, and also that some of the adults had not made a public profession of faith in Christ.

The first Sabbath service was greatly blessed of God. Many said this was the best meeting they had ever enjoyed. From this time we had a series of victories till the close of our stay on the island. The next Monday morning we rose early, and all, from the least to the greatest, went over the mountain to a large banyan tree, which covered probably three or four acres. The day was perfect, the spot was a second Eden, and we seemed a little nearer heaven than at any other period in our lives. Before breakfast, which was taken at nine o'clock, we spent the time in looking at the lovely scenery on this part of the island, and enjoying the innocent sports of the children. On the top of a hill a little above us was a spot that had once been used for idol worship by the natives (whoever they were) occupying the island before it was discovered by the Europeans.

At ten o'clock a meeting was held under the wide-spreading banyan tree. The people all sat on the ground. In a short sermon we tried to call the minds of the congregation to Him who made the heavens and the earth, contrasting the condition of those who had a knowledge of the true God with those who worshiped dumb idols, as was formerly the custom on the spot where we were then worshiping. The sermon was followed by a social meeting. Quite a number of the

youth told of the new love that had sprung up in their hearts, while the older brethren rejoiced, with tears of gratitude, that their prayers for the conversion of the youth had been answered.

Feeling a burden for the youth and children, we appointed a meeting for them the next morning at six o'clock. These early meetings were kept up during most of our stay, though not in every case were they conducted exclusively for the youth. At these meetings, hearts that had not known Christ were made tender by His love. When those who especially desired prayers were asked to take the front seats, the people crowded forward till there was room for no more.

In addition to this early morning meeting and a five o'clock meeting in the afternoon, we also had meetings for the instruction of the church officers, tract society meetings, and women's meetings. Still the people were hungry for more. The school was closed during our stay, and nothing except the necessary work was done, for all wanted to give their time exclusively to worship and to the study of the message.

As none of the islanders had ever been immersed, we studied the subject of baptism with them. Then followed an examination of those who desired baptism. One afternoon at five o'clock the baptism took place. On account of the heavy waves at the landing place, the rite was administered in a natural pool under the cliffs. The old cliffs echoed back the songs of praise. That afternoon Elder Read and I buried sixty-four

persons in the likeness of Christ's death and resurrection. Old brethren and sisters who had served God from childhood, for the first time saw a Scriptural baptism, only one or two ever having witnessed the ceremony before.

The next day was the Sabbath, and after Sabbath school a meeting was called for the organization of a church. The organization, however, was not completed till the next day. At the five o'clock meeting, the ordinances were celebrated, the occasion being a very impressive one. Meetings for the unconverted were still continued, till not one remained who had not submitted his heart to the Lord. At our second baptismal service, eighteen more followed their Lord in the sacred rite. This made eighty-two in all.

At the completion of the organization of the church, officers were elected, and elders and deacons ordained. A tract society of about seventy members was organized, and $65 in membership fees was paid to the librarian. About $60 was handed to me to be used in the foreign missionary work.

As the time approached for us to close our meetings and sail to other islands, the brethren carried off to the ship boatload after boatload of potatoes, oranges, cocoanuts, bananas, limes, lemons, and arrowroot for our use on the trip.

The time set for our departure was December 16; but on account of the rough sea, which made it dangerous to go out through the surf, we did not leave till

the following day. At an early hour we ate breakfast, but were not ready to take the boats till eleven o'clock. Before going down the cliff to the landing place, we gathered the people together under the trees and had a precious season of prayer. Before prayer a few remarks were made, and the following verses, composed for the occasion by Sister Rosalind Young, were sung to the tune, "Ho, reapers in life's harvest:"

"We welcomed you with gladness,
With thoughts too deep to tell;
And now, with tears of sadness,
We come to say, 'Farewell.'
To other fields of labor,
At duty's call you go,
And richly may the Saviour
His help on you bestow.

"May He attend your pathway
Across the ocean wide,
And while you bear His message,
Be ever at your side.
His Spirit's power will aid you;
The truths you will proclaim
Shall end in praise and glory
Unto our Master's name.

"Go, then, 'neath His protection,
And earnestly we'll pray
That you may reap rich harvests
In islands far away.
May many souls be gathered,
And garnered for the Lord,
And His approving sentence
Shall be your rich reward!"

When we rose from prayer, nearly all were weeping, and hardly a word was spoken till we reached the landing place. As we parted from them, these dear friends fell on our necks weeping. There was a rough sea rolling, which made it difficult and dangerous to board the ship, so the boats were rowed around to the leeward side of the island, where the sea was smoother. Two or three boatloads of passengers accompanied us to the ship, desiring to be with us as long as possible. It was so hard to part with these dear friends that it was five o'clock in the afternoon before we were ready to start on our journey. Finally the last boatload of weeping islanders pushed off from our ship, and a few moments later, favored by a stiff breeze, all sails were set, and we were flying toward the Society Islands, 1,200 miles away. As we started, the British flag was dipped in a parting salute, and ours was dipped in a return salute. Though several miles away, by means of our glasses we could see the people on the cliff waving their handkerchiefs. Slowly the beautiful island faded from sight.

Not long after leaving Pitcairn we received mail showing the good results of the meetings held there. It was evident that the Lord was doing a good work. The Brother Christian mentioned in the first letter from which we shall quote, was one who had never tried to serve the Lord, though past middle age. The Brother Coffin was a shipwrecked sailor who reached the island some years before, but who had never given

his heart to the Lord. The old man seventy-two years of age was Thursday October Christian, the grandson of the mate of the "Bounty," and the oldest man on the island. The girl named Adela was the little Spanish girl from Mangareva. Extracts from two of the letters received follow:

"PITCAIRN ISLAND, MARCH 3, 1891.

"DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER GATES:

"It is with feelings of deepest gratitude to our heavenly Father that I write to inform you of our condition here. Truly God has blessed our island. We have had quite enough rain to plant all we want, but the wells are not all full yet. We will soon have more oranges than we know what to do with; for the trees are loaded, and bending under their weight.

"But what I want to speak about is the spiritual blessings which we are enjoying. We have social meetings each Wednesday at 5 A. M., also on Sabbath afternoon, when every one takes part, either in bearing testimony to the goodness of the Lord, or addressing the meeting, the hour always being too short.

"It does one's heart good to meet our old Brother Thursday. He said to me the other day, 'My heart overflows with love to God for what He has done for me, in giving up His only Son to die on the cross for my sin, and I want to serve Him all the days of my life.' He is seventy-two years of age, and he learns his lessons for Sabbath school so well, each verse, also the references, so correctly, that really I missed him

in the class when he could not attend through sickness; for that is the only thing that keeps any one from meetings. Some of our social meetings were held in the grove under the banyan tree by the mill house.

"Prayer meetings are held each Monday evening, in four divisions. Brother Alfred conducts a meeting over here, father at the church, Brother Edward at his house, and Brother Daniel at Moses' home. . . . Really, dear brother and sister, I can truly say of our people in Pitcairn, when we walk by the way, or sit in the house, or wherever we meet with one another, the topic of conversation is the love of God, the soon coming of Christ, the new earth, etc. The Spirit of the Lord is working among the people, and God grant that the work may be forwarded till the coming of Christ, when we shall all rise to meet Him in the air, and be forever with the Lord. I believe that Brother Elias Christian, also Brother Coffin and others are really converted. May they endure to the end. Elias said, 'For forty years I have been serving the devil, and now I want to serve the Lord the rest of my life, God helping me.'

"In one of the society meetings the question was asked, 'It is a little over two months since many of you decided to be on the Lord's side; who of you are tired of it?' A chorus of voices answered, 'Not I.' Some of them answered, 'My home life is happier and better every way.' And I believe it is the truth, from what we see and hear about them.

"*March 10.*— On Sabbath last, in the social meeting, we had a precious season. An illustration of the Saviour's dying on the cross was hung on the platform where all could see it, and it affected many to tears. Our young people especially were anxious to know if their sins were pardoned; for some of them said that they believed the Saviour died for them, but they could not *feel* that their sins were forgiven. They were told it is not the feeling, but simply trusting in what the Lord has said concerning the blood of Christ. They were told to get behind the blood; for God could not see sin through the blood of His Son. Adela wept bitterly. She said, 'I feel so much for papa and mamma. I wish some one would go and tell them about these things, that they might be saved.'

"There is nothing else to tell you about. Our work is going on about as usual. We have planted enough potatoes for this season. Much more time is spent to learn the word of God than there used to be, and I believe the Lord is helping us to understand.

"Affectionately your sister in Christ,

"ELLA MCCOY."

The following letter was written to Brother McCoy, who accompanied us, by his daughter Ella, a young girl sixteen years of age. It is of more than ordinary interest, for it shows the work the Lord was doing in the lives of the youth and children on the island:

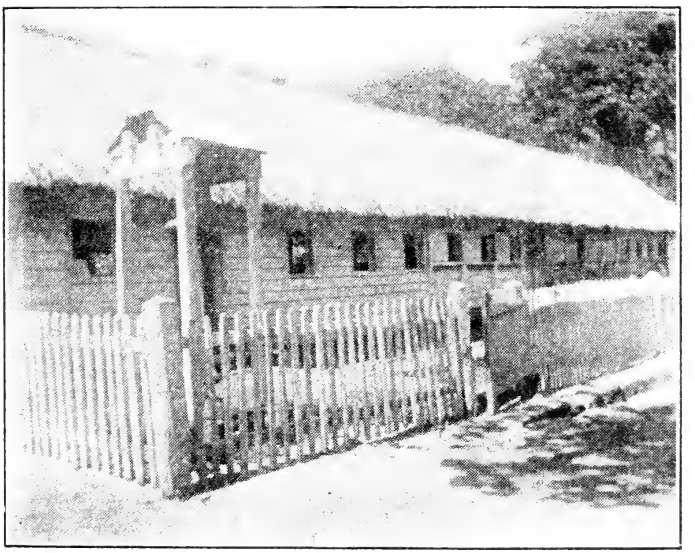
"DEAR PAPA:

"When we left the other side of the island on the day you went away, we all came up crying — all of us except auntie, Emily, and Aunt Wood, who stayed behind. We came up to the end of the long ridge where we could see the ship, and made a little group and spread our handkerchiefs in the wind to bid the 'Pitcairn' and her crew farewell. We were all crying, but especially Thomas and the other boys. . . .

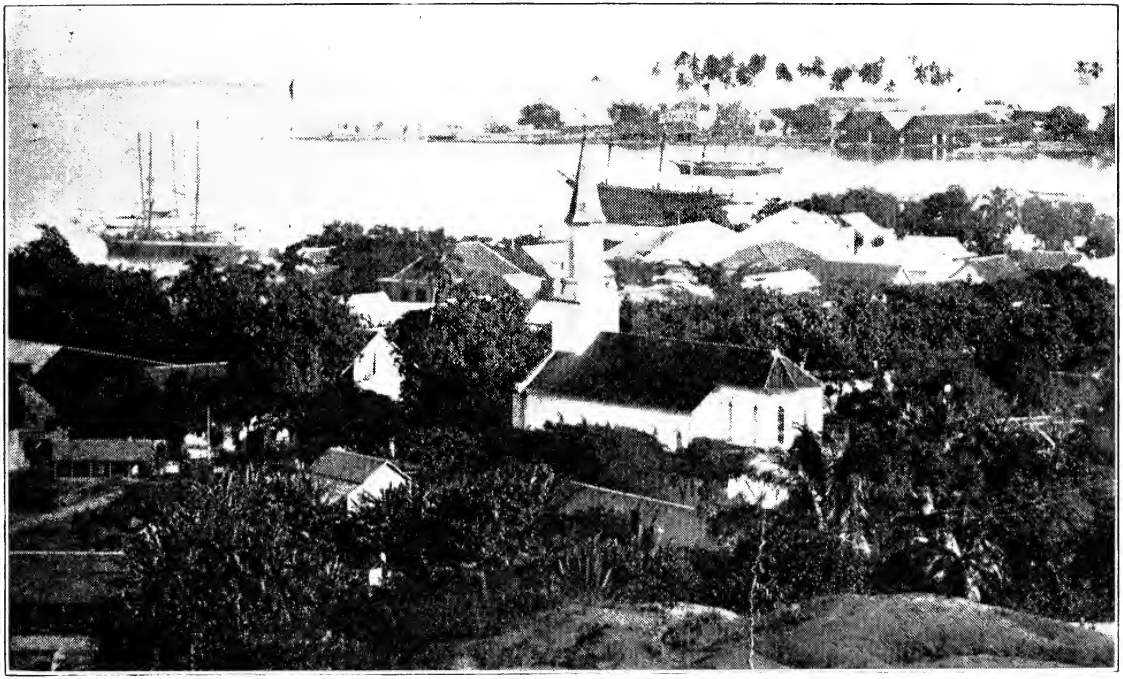
"Dear papa, there is good news from home; for all your dear family are on the Lord's side and still pressing forward, except poor Addie. She is trying to be the Lord's too, but, poor child, she finds it so hard to conquer her temper. We all pray for her, and I believe we shall see our prayers answered. You know, dear papa, that formerly I had an exceedingly bad temper, but, thank God, He has helped me, now I can truly say our home is rather a paradise of love than a place of unkind words. As for me, I am living in the fulness of a Saviour's love, and experiencing God's goodness every day. In fact, all who have come out on the Lord's side are still pressing forward, and our community is far different from what it was formerly. . . .

"Dear papa, may God bless you in all your work, and give you many souls for your hire, and my very earnest prayer is, that we may all so live that we may be a family united in the love and fear of God, so that we may all rise to meet Him in the air. And I know,

dear papa, that your prayers that have been offered in my behalf are answered. O bless and praise the Lord all that is within me! Dear father, be faithful to your mission, and then God's approving sentence will be your just reward. ELLA MAY MCCOY."



Chapel and School, Pitcairn Island



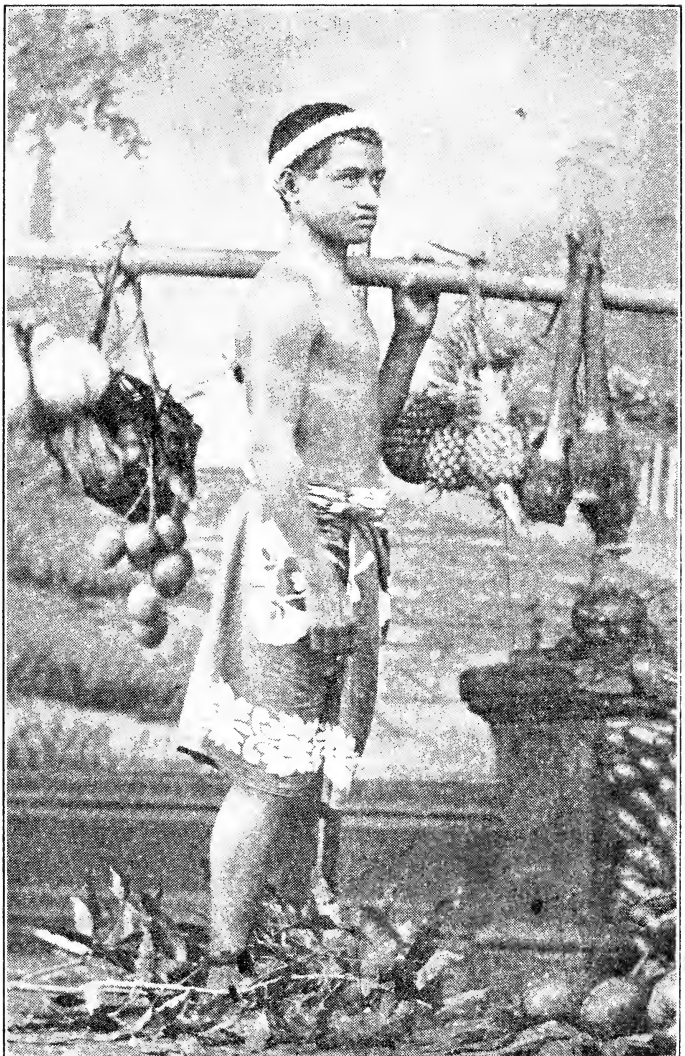
Papeete, Capital of Tahiti

# Laying the Foundation in Tahiti

THE trip to the Society Islands from Pitcairn was a remarkably quick one, being accomplished in a little more than six days. The weather was perfect all the way, and the moonlight nights were grand beyond description. But notwithstanding that, the ladies were sick all the time, and all of us suffered more or less.

The evening of December 23 we were only a few miles away from Tahiti where we were planning to stop, but as the island is surrounded by a coral reef, and ships must pass through a dangerous opening in the reef to reach the harbor, we had to wait till morning to land. In the morning we signaled for the pilot, who soon came aboard; and in a little while, with the aid of a good breeze, we passed the reef and anchored in safety. Before going ashore, we assembled in the cabin and gave special thanksgiving to God for our prosperous voyage.

The day after our arrival at Tahiti was Christmas, and we were invited to take breakfast with one of the leading merchants of the town of Papeete. This was due to the fact that this man had been acquainted for some years with Brother McCoy, of Pitcairn, who accompanied us on this voyage as an assistant in our missionary work. The breakfast was served at eleven o'clock, which is the hour the French people take their morning meal.



A Native Tahitian Fruit Vender

As far as outward appearances are concerned, we found Tahiti a very beautiful island; for, like "Ceylon's isle," over which the "spicy breezes blow," even in this lovely spot,

"Every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

Tahiti is the largest of the islands of this group. The other important islands are Raiatea, Morea, Bora-Bora, Tahaa, Huahine, Maupiti, and Matea. The city of Papeete, the capital city of the group, is located on Tahiti. This large island occupies a central position in the Pacific Ocean. High mountains, with very steep peaks, form the center. Around most of the island, between the lagoon and the hills, is a level belt of land, varying in width from a quarter of a mile to several miles. Tahiti is very productive, and is covered with all manner of tropical trees, plants, and vegetables, including cocoanuts, bananas, fei, oranges, breadfruit, limes, avocados (alligator pears), guavas, the vanilla bean, etc. The mountains are covered to their very peaks with rank vegetation. The higher peaks, which in some places rise to a height of 7,000 feet, are much of the time covered with clouds; and innumerable rills, fed by these clouds, pour down the mountain sides, forming large streams which run to the sea.

Among the interesting features of these tropical islands are the coral reefs that surround most of them. These reefs are built only in comparatively shallow water, and are found at varying distances from the

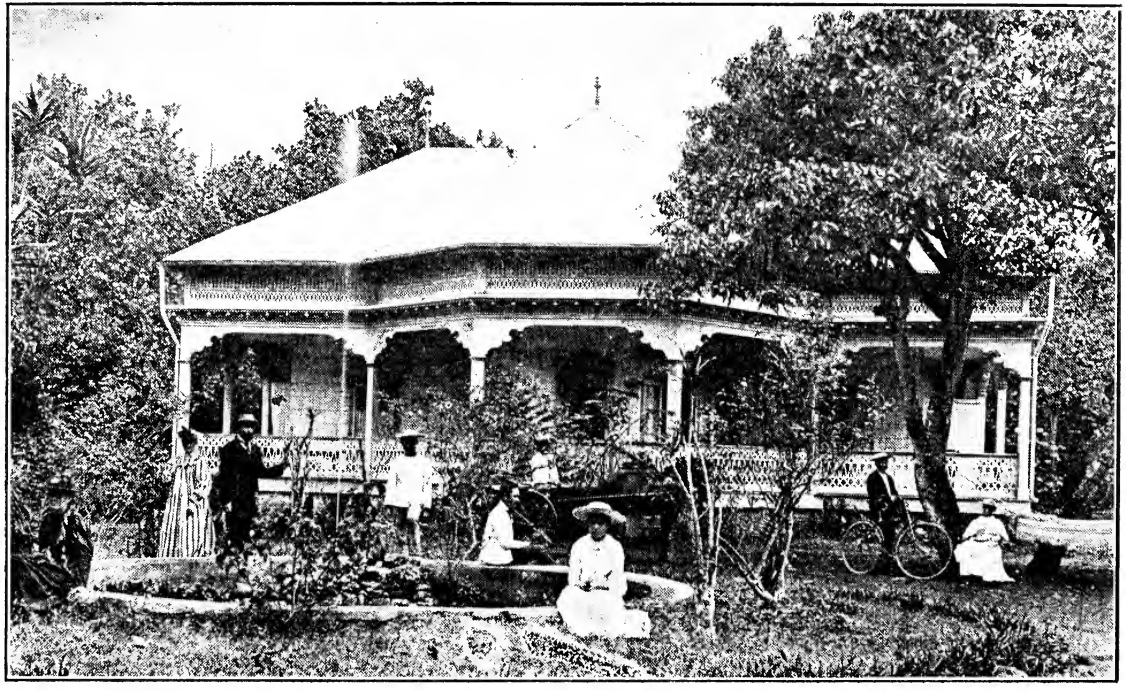
shore,— some a few rods, and others several miles away. Usually there is a body of water called a lagoon between. Off the east coast of the northern part of Australia is found the Great Barrier Reef, one thousand miles or more long, and many miles distant from the shore line.

All these coral reefs are built by little sea animals, mere specks of animated jelly, called coral polyps, which attach themselves to the rock. This little creature, the polyp, has a sacklike body, at one extremity of which is a mouth surrounded by a row of radiating tentacles. With these tentacles the polyp takes in its food from the water. Not only does it take its food, but it takes up lime which is held in solution in the water, and converts it into a solid substance. This lime is deposited in part at the bottom of its body, next to the rock to which it is attached, and also in the tissues of the body itself. When the lime hardens, the part of the polyp inclosing the solid mass dies, and the coral becomes the framework and tomb of the polyp. The upper part of the creature still lives, and continues to grow upward, multiplying itself by a process of budding. A bunch appears on the side of its body, which soon becomes a distinct and perfect polyp. This self-propagation goes on indefinitely; and all these polyps are united by the solid secretions, till vast reefs are formed, as above stated. These formations assume a great variety of shapes, some even fantastic in the extreme.

One day in Tahiti we went out in our boat into the lagoon. Looking over the side when the water was smooth, we could see, many feet below us, great coral forests of most wondrous beauty. To add to their attractiveness, fishes of every shape, color, and size were darting in and out among these branching corals. There were red fish, blue fish, green fish, purple fish. Some of them had brown, red, or purple stripes. These we named the convict fish. Some had no tails, and some had tails on their backs. The interesting little sea horse, the *Hippocampus hudsonius*, could also be seen.

Besides these branching corals, there are the hard, compact varieties which resemble rocks. To make lime for building purposes, blocks of this solid coral are quarried out by the natives and burned in their kilns.

One of the interesting coral formations is the lagoon island, or atoll. Here the coral builders have constructed a reef in circular form, with a diameter varying from a mile to one hundred miles. The width of this reef varies from a half mile to one mile, and there is usually on the leeward side an opening through which ships may pass. When the polyps, building from the bottom of the sea, have reached the surface, they cease to build. Then the tops of the reefs thus built become broken by the action of the waves, and to some extent become decomposed by the air and sun. Seeds carried by birds and by waves lodge on the reef, and in time vegetation springs up. Cocoanut trees and other



First Tahitian Mission Home

trees grow, and eventually the atoll becomes fitted for human habitation. Within this encircling reef there may be one or more islands, but often there is water only.

The majority of the inhabitants of Tahiti are natives and half-castes, besides whom there are many Frenchmen, some English-speaking residents, a few Germans, and a considerable number of Chinese who are traders and small merchants. The French have controlled the islands for seventy or eighty years, and have a garrison of soldiers there, and generally one or two men-of-war in the harbor. The natives of this group were formerly a fine race of men, but have been badly demoralized by the vices introduced by Europeans. Many diseases, including the dreaded elephantiasis, abound. In appearance these natives resemble those of other groups of Polynesia, having a complexion which varies from a light olive to a dark brown. It was from this island that the mutineers of the "Bounty" sailed in 1789 for the settlement of Pitcairn Island.

Before the introduction of Christianity into the Society Islands, all the natives were idolaters. Captain Cook, the great discoverer, visited Tahiti about the year 1767. When the news of the discovery of this and other islands of the South Seas reached England, the officers of the newly formed London Missionary Society decided to send a company of missionaries to those islands. This was practically the first missionary

venture of that great society. In the year 1796, a ship was purchased by the society. This was named the "Duff," and sailed from England for Tahiti with thirty missionaries. Only a few of them were ministers, the larger number being artisans, farmers, etc. When this ship left England, it sailed south through the Atlantic Ocean, with the purpose of rounding Cape Horn, and then sailing northwest to the Society Islands in the Pacific. But at Cape Horn were such terrible storms and head winds that after struggling against the elements for three weeks, the company headed about and sailed eastward to the south of the Cape of Good Hope, Africa, past Australia and New Zealand, finally making Tahiti from the southwest.

On reaching Tahiti, the missionaries on the "Duff" first landed at a place called Matavai Bay, a few miles from Papeete; but though they at once entered upon their duties, sixteen years passed before a single native professed conversion to the gospel. During these years the missionaries suffered much from the heathen natives. Some of them were treacherously killed, and at times the way looked dark and gloomy.

But at last the opposition partly ceased, and a wonderful work was done. The reigning king, Pomare, professed conversion, and a large church building, six hundred feet long, was erected. Wherever the missionaries went, either in Tahiti or the neighboring islands, success attended their efforts. Among the missionaries were a Mr. Nott and a Mr. Henry. The former trans-

lated the Bible into the Tahitian language, which is the Bible still in use in this group. The son of Mr. Henry still lived on the island at the time of our first visit. One day while walking on the beach near Papeete, I discovered the old weather-beaten, moss-grown tombstone of Mr. Nott, whose death took place in 1844.

For some unaccountable reason the navigators of the "Duff" brought with them into East Longitude their West Longitude reckoning of the days of the week, and when the natives began to observe the weekly rest day, they literally "kept Saturday for Sunday!" This continued in the Society Islands till the group came under French rule, when the change was made to Sunday. Most, if not all, of the natives of the Polynesian groups, after their acceptance of Christianity, observed Saturday, supposing it to be Sunday. At this time, practically all of them have changed to Sunday.

When we consider the depths of superstition and wickedness to which the people of these islands were formerly sunken, we cannot be too thankful that these men of God endured great suffering, even risking their lives, to bring the knowledge of the true God to them. Were it not that these men thus suffered and toiled, the natives of these islands might still be worshiping degrading images and offering human sacrifices.

None of our people should get the idea that missionaries in past years have not worked in the providence of God to rescue the heathen from their slavery to sin, thus making it much easier for the entrance of

the present truth in these last days. Men not of our communion, who labor to bring the knowledge of the true God as revealed in the Bible, to the nations still in heathenism, should receive our hearty sympathy; for were it not for what they have done, the work of warning the world would be much harder than it is now.

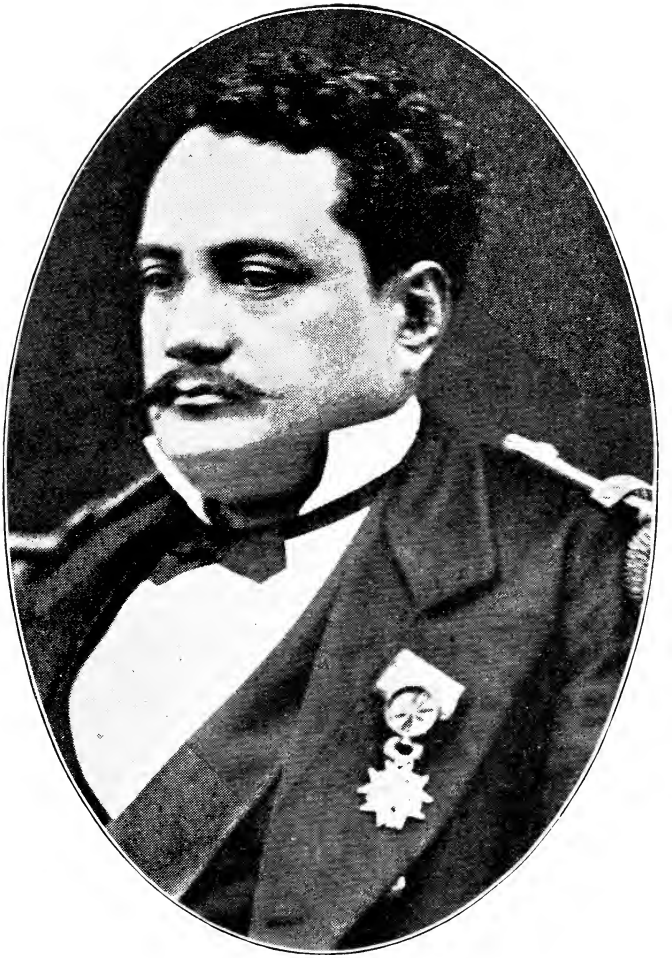
When we first landed on Tahiti, we were regarded with considerable suspicion, but later there was a change, and some of the leading families invited us to their homes. We found some Europeans who had read our books and thus become interested in our teachings, and so we decided to remain on the island and hold some meetings. Before we were permitted to hold religious services, we were obliged to obtain permission from the government, which we did by applying to the director of the interior. A gentleman, formerly from America, and at one time United States consul, granted us the use of a large room for our services. This we fitted up as pleasantly as we were able, decorating it with flags from our ship.

At our first meeting a large crowd assembled, some evidently with the purpose of disturbing the meeting. A French soldier yelled out something in opposition to what I was saying, but others, indignant at the disturbance, cried, "Put him out!" As the evening was exceedingly hot, and the crowd of natives who were unable to get into the room were very noisy (not, however, intending any harm), we thought it best to close the meeting before I had half finished my sermon. So

we dismissed by announcing that the next night we would hold the services on board our ship, which lay at anchor in the harbor. There was great indignation among the better class of people toward the disturbers. One of them got a thrashing from the people who attended the meeting, and the French soldier got a month in the guardhouse. These things served as advertisements for our meetings, and we felt very much encouraged.

The next day we brought our ship as close as possible to the shore, connecting the two by means of a gangplank. At the first meeting there was a good attendance, one in the audience being a prominent French judge. The song service which we held each evening on the deck, before time to begin, attracted large numbers of the natives, who are great lovers of music. But the interest died down, and the meetings were soon closed. However, we were all the time becoming acquainted with the people, and selling our books in the different European tongues. This helped to break down the existing prejudice. The better class of the English-speaking people were friendly to us, and some of the French families invited us to their homes. These things encouraged us to continue our efforts, and our daily prayer was that God would raise up some one to stand as a representative of the truth when we should leave for other islands.

One day as Brother Read was visiting the French minister, showing him the book, "From Eden to Eden,"



Pomare, the Last King of Tahiti

a native minister from the country a few miles away, saw the book and desired to buy one. A few days later Brother Read went to his home in the country and delivered the book, at the same time selling him a copy of "Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation." Later he bought other books, and had Bible studies conducted in his house. Soon he and his family and one of the deacons of his church began to keep the Sabbath. This man was a half-caste, his father having come from the United States. No sooner did he accept the truth than he began to preach it to his congregation, which numbered about two hundred natives.

The king of Tahiti, Pomare V, resided in Papeete, but had a country residence near the home of this native preacher, and attended his church. As soon as this minister became interested in our books, he began to explain their contents to the king, borrowing our prophetic chart to use in explaining to him the prophecies of Daniel. Through this minister the king sent us an invitation to visit him, which we gladly accepted. We enjoyed a pleasant visit, the minister acting as interpreter. One of the princes, and also the queen of Bora-Bora, were present. The latter was as shy as a country schoolgirl.

As the islands of the group were in the hands of the French, the king was such in little more than name. He received $12,000 annually from the French government, and lived in a manner similar to the royal families of other nations.

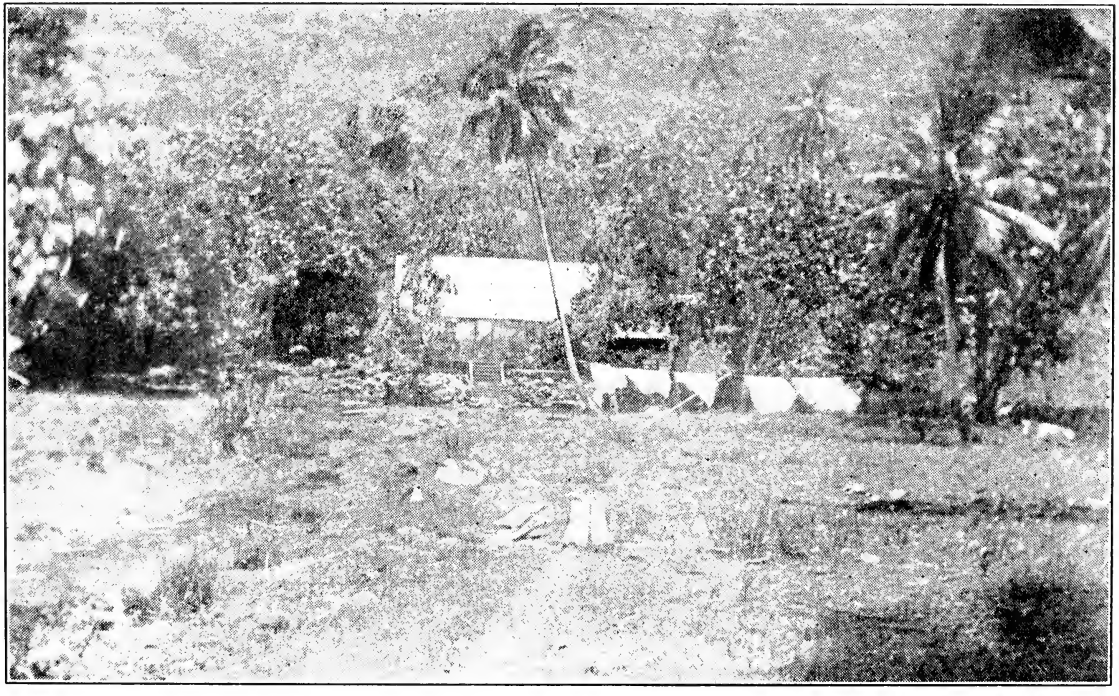
As King Pomare had made request for some of our literature, we presented him with one of our books, with which he was greatly pleased. Seeing a prophetic chart in our possession, he decided to buy one, which we ordered from our house in California. He wished to frame it and hang it up in his house. He then presented us with his own photograph, with his autograph on the back, also photographs of the members of the royal family of Tahiti as far back as Pomare I. The prince's mother gave our ladies some beautiful wreaths. They were all greatly pleased with the hymns which we sang from our own hymn books. The king's mother, who died a few years before our visit, was the Queen Pomare who showed kindness to the Pitcairn people when they came to her island in 1831. The king promised to visit us on board our ship, which promise he fulfilled a few days later. We took his photograph and that of his staff of attendants.

Before we left Tahiti, we became acquainted with another half-caste Tahitian, a brother of the minister already referred to, whose home was on the island of Raiatea, 120 miles to the westward. He was a deacon in the native church of Raiatea, also acting as a lay preacher. Later he became a Sabbath keeper, with part of his family. We shall speak more fully of him a little later. Another elderly half-caste man, on Tahiti, and his wife embraced the truth before we left. Later these both died in the faith. Two half-caste women who attended our meetings began the observance of the

Sabbath. One of these was interpreter for the queen of Huahine, an island to the westward, and with the queen had been banished from Huahine by the French, when the queen protested against their occupancy of her island. This woman wrote a letter to her mother, who lived on Huahine, and asked us to deliver it to the mother when we should go to that island. In all there were about nine Sabbath keepers on the island of Tahiti when we took our departure for Raiatea.

Later when we returned to Tahiti, after visiting other islands, we had planned to sail to the other end of the island from Papeete, to visit a Mr. Parker whom we had previously met, and who showed an interest in our work. But the wind died out, and we ran into Papeete again. Here we stayed nearly a month, laboring for the people and finding a fair interest. Though the Mr. Parker just referred to never embraced the truth, at a later date his wife and four of his daughters became Sabbath keepers. One of these daughters was in 1922 connected with the publishing work on Tahiti, another was nursing in Samoa, while two of the daughters of the third one had been graduated from the Australasian Missionary College at Cooranbong, Australia.

While in Tahiti we became acquainted with the parents and a brother of Elder H. H. Dexter. This brother later embraced the message. These fruits of our labor are tokens that the seeds of truth are not sown in vain.



House of John Williams, Apostle to the South Seas

# Soul-Winning in Raiatea and Huaheine

On our way to Raiatea, we visited Morea, a small island about ten miles from Tahiti. This island was formerly called Eimeo, and it was here that the great missionary, John Williams, first labored on his arrival from England in 1817. We received a hearty welcome from the natives who had heard of our work at Tahiti. They met us in crowds, with warm handshakes, and the native salutation, "*Eorana.*"

We had a pleasant visit with the French minister at this place, who, though he could not speak English, received us with great courtesy, his wife acting as interpreter. On leaving, we supplied him with a number of our books in French. Just before night we went to our ship, which was "standing off and on" outside of the reef. A large company of natives accompanied us to the wharf, and waved handkerchiefs as long as we could see them.

We had a good trip to Raiatea, about one hundred ten miles to the westward, but were overtaken by a heavy rainstorm before we reached the island. Our captain was unacquainted with the coast, and so signaled for a pilot to take us through the reef. But the storm was so violent that our signals could not at first be seen, and the captain, rather than stay outside in the storm that was increasing every moment, decided to run through the reef without a pilot.

Stationing one of the sailors on the mast as lookout, and the others at such places as would enable them instantly to obey any order that might be given, the ship was headed toward the dangerous reef, and urged on by a strong wind, we were soon inside the reef, sailing on the quiet waters of a beautiful lagoon. Just as we passed the reef, the native pilot came alongside and climbed over the side of the ship. When we were past the reef, we found ourselves breathing more freely than we did a few minutes before. It is these terrible reefs that make it so dangerous to sail among the islands. Every year many ships go down through striking hidden rocks.

Raiatea is the largest of the Leeward Islands, which comprise the western part of the Society group. There is a decided similarity between this and the other islands of the group, nearly all of them consisting of high mountains in the center, sloping each way to the sea, surrounded by a belt of level land, covered with cocoanut and other tropical trees and plants. Here are the plantations of the natives, their houses being near the beach, and sometimes built over the sea on piles.

Three of the other islands of this group are in plain sight, Tahaa being within the same reef and but two or three miles away, Bora-Bora and Huaheine twenty or thirty miles in the distance, while the peak of Maupiti may be seen in clear weather.

Sometime between 1796 and 1818, several chiefs from this part of the Society group had gone to Tahiti

to assist King Pomare to recover the sovereignty that had been wrested from him. While there, they had acquired some knowledge of the gospel. A few years later, a vessel that had been driven from its moorings at Morea, reached Raiatea, and the missionaries on board taught the natives more fully the truths of the gospel.

The people built a chapel, and requested that a minister should be sent to them from Tahiti. This request was complied with by sending John Williams and another missionary by the name of Osmond, to Huaheine, where they started a printing press for the publication of religious books and tracts. A little later Mr. Williams moved to Raiatea, at the request of the chiefs, and was cordially received.

His labors there were crowned with great success, nearly all the natives of the island becoming Christians. But the gospel was not accepted without much opposition. The king, Tamatoa, being one of the first to renounce heathenism, met with much opposition from the chiefs, who were not willing to become Christians. The chiefs of Tahaa made war against him and the Christian party, intending to burn alive all who should be captured. But they were defeated by Tamatoa, and those taken in battle were treated with great kindness instead of being killed. This made such a deep impression on them that they immediately became Christians, and the following morning both parties went out and destroyed every idol on Raiatea.

Of course this renunciation of idolatry did not make all the natives of these islands full-fledged Christians. John Williams found a great work before him, and faithfully did he do it. One of the first things that he did was to erect a house for himself, which he fitted up with all the conveniences at his command. This he intended to be educational, showing the natives the civilizing results of accepting the gospel.

Believing it to be to the advantage of the people to live together in villages, he persuaded them to form themselves into a settlement. No less than a thousand were thus brought together, most of them building for themselves homes in imitation of Mr. Williams'. The house built by Mr. Williams was standing at the time of our first visit, and for aught I know is still standing. It was not so large as when first erected, part of it having been torn down; but enough remained to show that it was a well-constructed house. A few rods from this house was the spot on which King Tamatoa built his house, following the example of the missionary. A large chapel, 44 x 191 feet, was built by Mr. Williams, which was opened for worship May 11, 1820. Twenty-four hundred persons assembled at the dedicatory service.

After the work had been placed on a good footing at Raiatea, Mr. Williams felt that he could not content himself on a small island like this one. In 1823 he wrote to the directors in England, "For myself I cannot content myself within the narrow limits of a single reef." Encouraged by the fact that the inhabitants of

Rurutu in the Austral group, away to the south of Tahiti, had accepted the gospel, he visited the Cook Islands, discovered Rarotonga, the chief island of that group, planted the gospel seeds in the Samoan Islands,

A Marai at Opoa, Raiatea

Upon this great rock human sacrifices were offered.

and in 1839 was killed by the natives of the New Hebrides. Such energy and faithfulness should be an incentive to all living in these days, when the everlasting gospel is to go to "every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people."

Soon after we landed at Raiatea we made a visit to Opoa, about fifteen miles from our anchorage. This

was the place where, in former days, the great religious festivals of heathenism were celebrated. On a low, sandy point of land reaching out into the sea, we saw the mournful evidences of the depravity of humanity when not enlightened by the truth of the gospel. The cruelties which were there perpetrated in the name of religion are terrible to contemplate. Hundreds of wretched human beings were put to death to propitiate the wrath of the gods. These places, where the lives of men were sacrificed, were called *marais,* five of which, in a fair state of preservation, we saw at Opoa. The following description of a *marai,* taken from Smith's "History of Missionary Societies," though referring to one on the island of Tahiti, gives a correct idea of these places in the days of heathenism:

"This marai, or place appointed for the worship of the *eatooa* (god), stands on a sandy point of land, a little way out toward the sea, and forming a small bay on each side. I arrived in company with an Otahitian priest, between eleven and twelve o'clock in the forenoon. Before we entered, my guide gathered a bunch of green leaves that grew upon the beach, and as soon as we came to the accustomed place for making offerings, he threw them upon the pavement, and repeated, in a careless manner, a few words soliciting the favor of the deity supposed to reside there. . . .

"At the south end are set up five stones, three of which are larger than the other two. These are designed to mark out the places of the officiating priests,

both of superior and inferior rank, who sit cross-legged on the pavement, supporting their backs against the stones, and in this posture they present their prayers. The middle space is where the human victims are slaughtered, by being knocked on the head with stones and a club; after which a principal priest scoops out the eyes of the murdered person, and, holding them up in his hand, presents them to the king, who opens his mouth as if intending to swallow them. When this ceremony is concluded, the carcass is thrown into a pit and covered with stones; and from the number of pits surrounding the place, as well as from the expressions of my conductor, I apprehend that many hundreds of men and women have been here sacrificed by the abominable superstition of these idolators. Besides the captives taken in war, the bodies of those slain in battle, or those cut off by command of the king, or that are purposely immolated in other parts under his jurisdiction, are brought to this *marai*, that prayers may be made over them previous to their interment.

"A little to the right of this pavement of blood, and nearer to the point, is an altar to Oroo, raised upon three rows of wooden pillars. . . . Upon this altar was a large pig, with other offerings of fish, breadfruit, and mountain plantain. A little to the right was the frame of an altar going to decay, dedicated to an imaginary deity named Oramadoa; and a few yards farther, toward the extremity of the land, appeared a pile of stones, ten or twelve feet high and about twenty feet

in length, sacred to a marine god called Tupah, and said to be the scene of an occasional human sacrifice. By this time, however, I was tired and disgusted with these awful proofs of man's apostasy, and of Satan's power over him, and therefore desired my guide to withdraw."

The altars which we saw during our visit to Opoa were of various sizes and shapes, some being nearly square, while others were long and narrow. Their sides were built of flat rocks set up edgewise, some of them being ten or twelve feet long, six or seven wide, and two feet thick, between which we found several human bones. Many bones have been carried away by curiosity seekers, and few now remain. No wonder that a people who were subjected to such cruelties should gladly receive the good news of salvation, which proclaimed peace on earth and good will to men.

As the people at this place were unacquainted with our work, we were at first regarded with some suspicion. This was caused by the fact that the French minister at Tahiti had sent a letter to the deacons here, advising them not to give us the use of their church, and intimating that we were Mormons. The extent of the knowledge of some here concerning America was that it had produced Mormonism. But we learned again the lesson that they "can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth."

We had letters of introduction from a man at Tahiti to some of the leading citizens of Raiatea, who

received us kindly. The half-caste man whom we met in Tahiti, but who resided on Raiatea, followed us to the latter place a few days after our arrival. In the providence of God he had become favorably impressed with the truth before he left Tahiti, and at once corrected the false impressions which the natives had obtained of our work.

Like the people on Tahiti, the natives of Raiatea formerly observed the true Sabbath. The younger generation knew nothing of that fact, but the older people remembered well when the French made the change to Sunday. There were two political parties on the island, and two sets of laws, one party being the French and the few natives who sympathized with them, and the other the great body of natives who were opposed to French occupancy of the island. The latter were well armed, and would not allow a French sympathizer to go outside of a certain limited territory; consequently we found the island to be to all intents and purposes under military law.

As the natives of these islands had desired the United States to assume the protectorate of their territory, we were regarded with some suspicion by the French Resident (practically governor), who thought we might have political designs; but after he had, by our request, visited our ship and dined with us, his suspicions seemed to be removed. When we visited the principal chief, who was the leader of the native party, we were closely questioned as to our reasons for visiting

the island. When we were taken into his presence, he eyed us critically; but before we left, he treated us in a friendly manner. Our conversation with him was through an interpreter. We sang songs from our hymn book for the natives who crowded into his bamboo hut, and left behind us the best of feelings. The next time we visited his settlement we were allowed to go without a soldier escort, which was demanded the first time.

On the first or second Sabbath of our stay on this island, we appointed a meeting on board our ship in the harbor. A few minutes before the time of service, I saw a small canoe coming toward the ship, containing two white men and a native. One of these men was an American, who years before had attended one of our camp-meetings in Minnesota, and who had heard Mrs. E. G. White speak. He became very friendly, attended some of our meetings, and bought our books. The other man was a Dane who had two brothers in Iowa who were Sabbath keepers. This man bought some of our books, and subscribed for the *Signs of the Times*. We visited this man at his home, and before parting enjoyed a sweet season of prayer with him and his half-caste wife. A few years later, when we had established our mission on this island, this man and his family became Sabbath keepers. While in Raiatea we also met a Mr. Brodein, son of a former Swedish consul to those islands. Later he and his family became members of our church on Raiatea.

The half-caste referred to on previous pages, attended our meetings, bought our books, and invited us often to his home. Later, he too became a Sabbath keeper, with a part of his large family, and a few years ago died in the faith. Though there were but few Europeans on this island, we sold $60 worth of our books, besides giving away a large number of tracts and other publications.

On account of this being the hurricane season in the Cook Islands, we did not think it safe to go there, so we decided to visit next the little island of Huaheine, thirty miles away. We found Huaheine the prettiest little island we had seen in the Society group. On landing we were conducted at once to the house of the queen, who received us very graciously. On making known our work and asking the privilege of bringing our books ashore, we saw that our request was not received with favor and might be denied. A native woman who could speak English was brought in to act as interpreter. She told us that the natives had their missionary and the Bible, and that was good enough for them. We were at a loss to understand the prejudice that seemed to exist, but it was explained later when we were told that a letter of warning against us had been read in the church the Sunday before. This was from one of the ministers on Tahiti.

While wondering how we were to overcome this new difficulty, we learned that the woman who acted as interpreter for us was the mother of the woman who

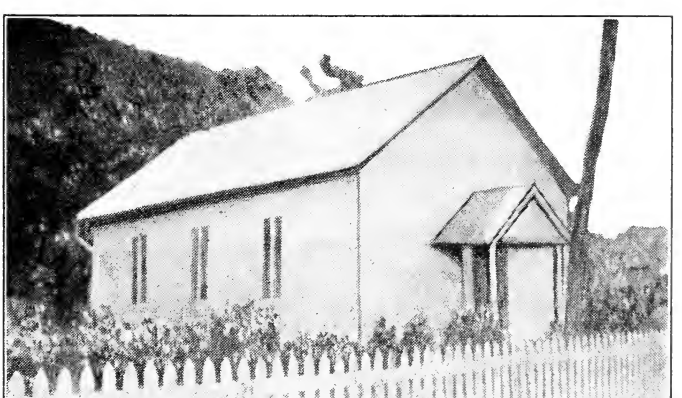
had begun to keep the Sabbath in Tahiti. We at once told her that we were acquainted with her daughter, and gave her the letter of introduction that her daughter had sent by us. This changed the current of public sentiment, which was soon running as decidedly in our favor as it had been against us. The native minister was sent for, who, learning the nature of our work on the other islands, and seeing our books, told us to sell as many as we wished. We were invited to take dinner at the queen's house, which we were very happy to do. This queen was the daughter of Tamatoa, the king of Raiatea, who embraced Christianity under the labors of John Williams in 1818.

The Europeans on this island were few, and we visited all of them except one family. Having no native literature, our work was confined largely to the white people. The best families welcomed us to their homes, which was surprising in view of the warning from the minister at Tahiti. One man bought $14 worth of books, including "Home Handbook."

The wife of this man, a half-caste, had formerly, when sailing with her father, visited Pitcairn Island, and was greatly pleased to meet Brother McCoy and his sister, from Pitcairn, who were with us. Before we left, she promised to give up the habit of cigarette smoking, a habit indulged in by nearly all the women of the islands. She and her husband showed their appreciation of our visit by presenting us with a number of beautiful shells, and some China cups more than

one hundred years old. The native woman who interpreted for us was the wife of a noted conchologist from Albany, N. Y., who had spent thirty-five years in the South Seas collecting shells. His collection of shells, which was in his widow's possession, was valued at $6,000.

Before leaving the island we called on the native minister, and enjoyed a pleasant hour with him. We remained here but one day and a half, as the head winds encountered in going back to Tahiti might prevent our reaching there in time to send mail to America. When we left, some of the men of the place accompanied us to the ship in their own sailboats, carrying quantities of melons, mangoes, limes, and other fruits. As we left them, we "thanked God and took courage."



Seventh-day Adventist Church at Raiatea

Native Family and Hut, Rarotonga, Cook Islands

# Seed-Sowing in the Cook Islands

Mangaia, the first island we visited in the Cook group, is peculiar in one respect. It is surrounded by a reef with no opening through which ships, or even canoes, can pass. The only way the land can be reached is by "jumping the reef," as it is called. To do this, one must go over on the rolling billow when a great wave dashes onto the reef. No one can do this except those who have been accustomed to it from childhood. Now I must tell you about our experience in "jumping the reef."

Our ship was sighted by the natives when we were off several miles, and soon we saw a canoe containing a white man and two natives approach us. The natives thought us to be traders, and came off for business. We told them our object in visiting the island, and they offered to conduct us ashore. So a few of us boarded our small boat and followed their canoe. As we came near the reef, the sight to us was an appalling one. The great waves of the Pacific dashed on the reef with the sound of thunder, throwing the spray many feet in the air, at times entirely hiding the shore itself. To us it seemed an impossible thing to go through without being wrecked. But we had read in a missionary book only the day before that the natives seldom made a failure of going over the reef in safety, so we screwed up our courage for the ordeal.

The man in charge of the canoe now told me to get into his canoe to go over the reef, after which the canoe would return for the others. Well, I thought, if we are to be sacrificed, I may as well be first as last. The canoe was very small, scarcely more than a foot wide. When we had approached within a few feet of the reef, the steersman told the two natives who were paddling, to stop while he looked behind to see what kind of wave was coming. A moment later he told them to go ahead. Then we could see, more clearly than before, the dangers about us. The receding wave left the reef bare for a moment, and we could see under its edge large caverns into which we seemed to be rushing at high speed, as the natives paddled with all their might. Apparently in another moment we would be in those caverns, buried many feet beneath the edge of the reef. But it was not thus to be. The next instant a great rolling billow lifted us and carried us clean over the reef into the quiet waters of the lagoon, where some natives, standing in the water nearly up to their necks, caught us and drew us to the beach on the leeward side of the lagoon.

The natives, having learned the object of our visit, at once conducted us to the residence of the white missionary. As we proceeded toward the missionary's house, the natives who piloted us called out to the crowds that by this time had gathered to see the strangers, *orometua Amerika, that is,* "American ministers."

At the mission house, which was a well-built English structure, elegantly furnished, we found Mr. Harris and his wife, and were given a warm reception. We briefly explained our work and our object in visiting the place. When Mrs. Harris learned that there were ladies on board the ship, she insisted that they be brought ashore at once. Natives were sent off in a large canoe, who brought the rest of the missionaries ashore in safety. That night part of us stayed with Mr. Harris, and the others with one of the deacons. We were happy to take part in family prayer with the missionary's family, with whom we had a long talk about our work and travels.

Mr. Harris then urged that we speak to his congregation. Invitations were sent out to the natives; and at an early hour the next morning they came from all directions, many of them carrying Bibles under their arms. The large house was filled. The Spirit of God was manifestly present as we preached the gospel. Mr. Harris acted as interpreter.

After the sermon, in which I suppose there were things said that seemed novel to the people, many questions were asked by the natives. After each answer they would call out, "*Metuki!*" which meant, "Good!" Mr. Harris showed them on the map our starting place, also where we had been on our voyage, and the places we were still planning to visit. He told us that our visit was greatly appreciated and good had been accomplished.

After breakfast at the mission house, we spent the forenoon looking about the island. One feature of this island was different from anything we had ever before seen: A little distance back from the beach was a great coral wall, many rods across and extending a good part of the way around the island. It seemed to have been heaved up by some convulsion of nature. Behind this were gardens where the natives grew large quantities of the finest taro (a root vegetable) we had yet seen. We were told that there were on the island some very fine caves, which we did not have time to visit. The island is small, and the population numbered but a few hundred. King John, who ruled the island, was a very ordinary-appearing person, dressed in workman's clothes.

When the time arrived for us to leave the island, the natives brought us an immense pile of eatables to take to the ship for our own use, among which was a fine, fat pig. When we explained that we did not eat swine's flesh, the natives were perfectly satisfied, and the little porker was carried away squealing lustily.

Before leaving we gave Mr. Harris a good supply of our books, including "Home Handbook." To take us to the ship, the largest and best canoe on the island was brought out, and Mr. Harris and a number of the islanders accompanied us. As soon as the company had returned to the island, our vessel was headed toward Rarotonga, the largest island of the group, about one hundred twenty miles to the northwest.

Rarotonga was the last island in the group to accept the gospel. Sometime between 1785 and 1790, natives in a canoe drifted to Rarotonga from an adjacent island, and gave the first information concerning white men with large ships. The Rarotongans were so much interested in the wonderful stories of the power of the foreigners, their guns, monster ships, etc., that they offered special prayers that these men might visit their shores. Not long after that a large English ship was seen approaching, and shouts of joy were heard from all sides. However, no one dared at first to go out to the ship, but at last a chief more courageous than the others, paddled out in a canoe. The ship went on her way without stopping, and the chief returned and told the astonished natives of the wonderful things he had seen on board, the groves of breadfruit, cocoanut, and bananas, as well as rivers of water. John Williams, who later labored on this island, believed that this ship was the "Bounty," whose mutineers settled Pitcairn. If so, the chief had probably seen the breadfruit plants that she was carrying, as well as streams of water running out of her scuppers at "washing-down" time.

Several years later some natives in a canoe from a small island near Tahiti were driven onto this island. They told the Rarotongans of the missionaries, who had been preaching the gospel in the Society Islands. Their story created a deep interest to know more of the wonderful strangers who had such power, and who

Island Workers

Seated, left to right: Vai Kerisome, Niue; Mrs. Frances Waugh, Rarotonga; Mr. Fred Hunt.
Standing: Miss M. Williams, English; Mrs. Agnes Dean, Tahiti.
Front: Vai, of Tonga.

worshiped Jehovah. But nearly twenty years passed before another vessel visited Rarotonga.

About 1820 an English vessel visited the island. The crew who went ashore treated the natives with the greatest barbarity, their stay being a series of shameful cruelties. So disgraceful was their conduct that the captain, who was really the discoverer of the island, never reported its latitude or longitude. On leaving, the crew forcibly took on board several of the women, one of them being a chieftainess, and sailed away for Aitutaki, one hundred fifty miles north. For some reason the women were put ashore at Aitutaki. Here they heard the preaching of the gospel, and soon embraced Christianity. At once they desired to carry the knowledge of Christ to their own people.

By this time John Williams had succeeded in planting the gospel in nearly all the islands of the Cook group, and had learned that there was an island called Rarotonga, though none of the natives could tell its location. Now hearing of these natives on Aitutaki who had become Christians, and who desired to return to their own island, he determined to make a search for it. Taking the young chieftainess, whose name was Tapaeru, with his company, he spent many days searching for Rarotonga, and finally, just as they were about to abandon the effort, the long-sought island was sighted from the masthead.

On coming near the shore, the natives were seen to be in great excitement, no doubt remembering the

cruel treatment received from the crew who stole their women. The missionaries on board did not go ashore, but sent Tapaeru and the native teachers who accompanied the ship. When it was learned that Tapaeru had returned, there was great rejoicing, a feast was made, and the night was spent in feasting and *ḳavæ* (a native grog) drinking. Becoming inflamed through the drink, they talked of killing the teachers, and even prepared to do so. Tapaeru did all in her power to protect the teachers, but they nearly lost their lives. Returning to the ship the next morning, they reported their terrible sufferings. Under the circumstances it seemed that the plan to leave teachers must be abandoned for the time.

But at this point, Papehia, a native teacher of Raiatea, volunteered to go ashore, even if he lost his life. Leaving everything on the ship but his clothing and a copy of the Tahitian Bible, he swam ashore. Having a protector in Tapaeru, he was allowed to live. And so successful was he that within fifteen months a large number had renounced idolatry, and a chapel three hundred feet long had been built. A few years later John Williams and other missionaries from England located on Rarotonga. An educational institution was established for the purpose of educating natives to act as missionaries in other islands. At the time of our first visit, r. and Mrs. Hutchins had charge of this school, in which twenty-five young men and women were being trained as missionaries to New Guinea.

When we reached Rarotonga, we were kindly entertained by the white missionary of the place. The landing place was at Avarua, the capital of the group. During the few days we remained there, we were invited to preach to the people. Our meetings were held in the large church building where the queen of that part of the island worshiped. She and many of the leading natives and white people attended. The white missionary interpreted for us.

We had the pleasure of meeting one of the old natives who remembered the time when the gospel was brought to the island, as related above. He was the son of Tapow, an old cannibal chief. His account of Papehia's landing from the ship and his first labors, was very interesting. We saw the large rock on which Papehia stood when he first preached to the people. It stands in the grounds of the large church building of the London Missionary Society. We were also shown the tombstone of Tapaeru, who lived till 1881; also the grave of Makea, the king who ruled the island when the gospel came, and who became a convert. Queen Makea, a direct descendant of this king, was still living at the time of our visit. She attended our meetings, and invited us to visit her home. Though this island is not more than thirty miles in circumference, there were two queens and one king ruling the different divisions of its territory.

We were specially interested in the school that was educating workers for the mission fields. One of the

young men, named Henry, who was able to speak a little English, visited us often and showed a special interest in our work. A few days later he sailed for New Guinea on the "John Williams," the London Missionary Society ship. Later we found this ship in Samoa. Henry was on board, en route for New Guinea. He was still interested in the truths we were teaching; and we gave him a copy of the "Bible Readings" in English, on condition that he would read it and teach its truths to the other missionaries on the "John Williams." About ten years after this, when visiting Rarotonga, I met Henry, who had lately returned from his missionary labors in New Guinea. He told me he had carried out his promise to read this book to those he met on the ship and in the islands. He still had the now badly dilapidated "Bible Readings" in his possession.

After staying at Rarotonga a short time, we sailed for Aitutaki, one hundred twenty-one miles north, leaving Brother and Sister A. J. Read and Sister McCoy to follow up the interest while we were gone. We reached Aitutaki the second day after sailing, and were made welcome at the home of Mr. Lawrence, of the London Missionary Society. Only one white man besides the missionary lived on the island, and having no native literature, we could do little at the time. However, we left reading matter with Mr. Lawrence, and sold a few dollars' worth to the other man. The natives treated us with great respect, and when we left,

gave us a large quantity of native fruits and vegetables. This island was the first in the group to accept the gospel. It differs but little in physical appearance from the other islands of the group, except that its coral reef on one side of the island extends out about seven miles from the shore. When we sailed, the missionary accompanied us to the ship and gave us a cordial invitation to return when we should again visit these parts.

When we reached Rarotonga the next day, we found the "John Williams" in port, just ready to start for the other islands included in its itinerary. We did not have time to visit the ship, but Brother Read had done so, and had enjoyed a pleasant visit with the captain. After a few hours here, we sailed for Samoa, several hundred miles northwest.

Our work in the islands, on our first trip, was largely seed sowing, but at the same time we were permitted to see some fruitage. As we circulated our English literature on Rarotonga, Brother McCoy met a young part-native woman to whom he showed our books. Though she had no interest in the books, she finally bought one to get rid of the canvasser, as she afterward said. The father of this girl was an Englishman, her mother a New Zealand Maori. The girl had a fairly good education, and had assisted the British Resident (governor) as secretary. She also had some knowledge of printing. As she became more familiar with the truths of the message for this time, she was induced to go to Australia to attend our missionary college. A

Rata and His Family, First Native Converts of Rarotonga

few years later, when we began to print our native literature for the islanders, this young woman, mentioned in a previous chapter, became our first printer. On a little hand press, which we set up in the corner of the college carpenter shop, she printed our first leaflet in the Rarotongan language — a two-page Bible reading on the "Saints' Inheritance." Later she became editor of our Rarotongan monthly paper, and also assisted in the editorial work of some of the other island periodicals.

Later, when visiting the island, we found the work progressing nicely. At Avarua, the principal town of the group, Dr. J. E. Caldwell and his family were doing medical and evangelical work for the natives, while in another village Brother J. D. Rice was conducting a school. The work of these brethren had already borne fruit. One case was of special interest. The wife of a native named Rata, was afflicted with a foul disease, and for years had hardly moved from her hut. The queen advised that he let her alone that she might die, but Dr. Caldwell took her to his own home, amputated her limb, and thus saved her life. She and her husband were the first of the natives to be baptized, and to the day of their death were humble, consistent Christians. About the same time a refined, intelligent English lady was brought into the truth through the work of Brother Rice.

As our work prospered, an effort was made by the Catholic clergy to induce Parliament to make Sunday the legal Sabbath, and finally a Sunday law went into

force. A fine of ten shillings was imposed for violating the new law. Very few of the natives were in favor of this law, and a good number of them at first refused to obey it; but through fear of fines, and threatened loss of their lands, which were held at the mercy of the chiefs, most of them soon submitted.

The leading native minister was fined five pounds because he insisted on his right to keep the Sabbath which the London Missionary Society missionaries had brought to the island, and which the natives had all observed for seventy-seven years. Several deacons were fined four pounds each. Many lay members were fined lesser sums. These officers were degraded from their positions in the church, and excommunicated. A boy sixteen years old, who was overheard by a chief's wife to say that the old Sabbath and not the new one was the true Sabbath, was fined four pounds and threatened with imprisonment, though he himself was not keeping the seventh-day Sabbath. The fine was afterward reduced to thirty shillings, and was paid by his mother.

At Titikavika, a native village half way round the island, forty natives refused to keep Sunday, and sent a request to our brethren to come and teach them. Dr. Caldwell complied with their request, and for several months visited them regularly. On my arrival, the doctor requested me to go to this place and render assistance, which I did the first Sabbath.

The next Tuesday I went to attend the early morning meeting. Before going, however, I felt that I must

do what I could to ward off the danger of having the authorities interfere with these brethren, for there seemed to be a prospect that our meeting would be broken up and the brethren fined. So I went to the house of the British Resident, and had a long talk with him. I knew he had seen a good deal of clerical interference in governmental matters from both Catholics and Protestants, and I felt no hesitation in telling him what I believed to be the true position which the gospel minister should occupy. I told him I had been to Titikavika with Dr. Caldwell, and was going again, and that we expected to have a general meeting there. I also told him I did not come to ask any governmental favors, but to tell him where we stood, and what we were doing in his island. He treated me with genuine courtesy, and talked with me freely and frankly as to his position on the Sunday law, assuring me that we need have no fears about going on with our meetings; for he would see that the rights of the people were respected. He told me further that if at any time I wished to set matters before him, to be free to call.

The next morning I went to Titikavika, and, through Dr. Caldwell, I told the brethren what the Resident had said. They were greatly pleased, and were now willing to have a general meeting, which we decided to hold in two weeks.

Before telling of the proposed general meeting, I will speak briefly of the persecutions which these brethren had been compelled to endure because of their

Seventh-day Adventist Church, Rarotonga, Cook Islands

decision to keep the Sabbath. Not only were they compelled to pay fines, as has been stated, but some were forced to work out their fines by building a public road. During the persecution there was a certain white man, who, though not specially religious, busied himself in the effort to intimidate the poor, illiterate natives. Among other things, he told them that unless they gave up their ideas and were willing to comply with the new law for Sunday observance, within a certain period they would die. As the natives are generally rather superstitious, this warning deeply impressed them, and some approached the date with fear and trembling.

On the day of the expiration of the time, a large meeting of the natives and white men of the island was held, at which hundreds were in attendance. Among other things done to entertain the crowds, fireworks were set off. The white man who had threatened the native brethren was active in the entertainments, and sent up a rocket. This rocket, instead of going out over the sea as was intended, rose in the air a little distance, then for some unknown reason turned and came back into the dense crowd, striking this white man and killing him almost instantly. It was generally felt that this was a judgment on him, and the brethren were greatly encouraged to faithfulness in what they believed to be their duty to their Creator.

On Friday night of the time appointed for the general meeting, Dr. Caldwell and I went to Titikavika, that we might hold a meeting at the beginning of the

Sabbath. The brethren had no place for meeting except in a native house, as the little meeting house had been nailed up by the chief of the district when they left the London Missionary Society body. There were about sixty present at this meeting, though not more than twenty-five or thirty were keeping the Sabbath, as the fear of fines and the love of sin had led some to give up.

On the Sabbath we had excellent meetings. Among other subjects, we set before them the subject of baptism. A few who desired to be wholly on the Lord's side, expressed a wish to be buried with their Lord. On Sunday I spoke on John 12:35, 36 (walking in the light), Dr. Caldwell interpreting. Nearly all the believers on the island were present, also some from the outside.

At the close of the service, we asked all who were considering the matter of baptism to meet with us. Twelve or more were in attendance. An opportunity was then given for those who desired baptism to speak. At once a young man arose and told us that he had been guilty of stealing, whisky drinking, adultery, and many other sins; but that his heart had been touched by the Spirit of God, and he now intended to live a new life, and show his faith by receiving baptism. Others followed in a similar strain.

After our dinner under the trees, we assembled at the water's edge, and buried eight of these repentant natives in the likeness of Christ's death and resurrection. On the last Sabbath of the series, at another meeting

of those who wished to give themselves to Christ, ten more offered themselves for baptism. Most of these had already given up the use of tobacco, and the others promised to do so. The women wore a great profusion of gold and silver jewelry; but when they were shown that this was a relic of heathenism, and forbidden by the Scriptures, they at once promised to lay it aside. In the afternoon, baptism was administered to ten more candidates, and we organized a church of twenty members. As there was no prospect that the building which was nailed up would again be opened, we advised the brethren to take steps to get a house of their own. They at once began to plan to that end, but on account of the difficulty in securing a piece of land, and the opposition of the other churches, the work of building was not finished until two or three years later.

In the meantime, school work was started by Miss Evaline Gooding, from Australia, who conducted a successful school for a few years. Later other workers came from Australia to hold the fort and extend the message into new territory.

A Samoan Belle

# Among the Samoan Islands

On our voyage to the Samoan Islands from Rarotonga, we had some of the worst weather of any since leaving California. For two days the storm was very fierce. The waves rolled up like mountains, and often the bulwarks would go under water. At such times, everything that was movable, such as dishes, books, and boxes, were shaken from their places, and went flying across the cabin with a crash. Of course, as usual, all the passengers were dreadfully sick. But we had learned to have confidence in our good ship, and more than that, in the One who made and rules the seas. So we did not fear.

Finally we reached Tutuila, one of the islands in the Samoan group. What a contrast to the angry ocean was the harbor of Pago Pago (pronounced Pango Pango)! In this lovely, landlocked harbor, surrounded by high mountains, the water is as quiet as a mill pond in all kinds of weather.

On this island we found only a few white persons, but these seemed interested in our work. One of them was a sister of a half-caste brother on Tahiti. While in Tutuila we disposed of about $25 worth of books. One man at first did not want any books, but afterward bought several dollars' worth. The Catholic Church has a strong hold on the natives in this place. A large school is conducted for boys. One day the priest and

most of the boys came on board our ship and stayed two or three hours. On this island, and on nearly all the other islands, we found the priests and "Sisters" ready to buy our health publications.

Many were the opportunities we had to minister to the sick and suffering. I had the privilege of treating, according to our sanitarium methods, the leading chief of the place. Word was sent that he was dying, and we were urged to visit him at once. As we visited him day by day and gave him treatments, he began to improve slowly. He was not able to speak English, but his wife could speak it a little. After we had given him a few treatments, and no drugs were used, the wife began, in her broken English, to suggest that it was time to give medicine. But we went on with the treatments. Still she talked about the medicine. I soon saw that it was a case that required the "mind-cure" treatment, and going to the ship, I filled a bottle half full of water, put in some sirup, then from the medicine chest I got some stuff that was very bitter, but harmless. These I mixed well together, and at my next visit gave explicit directions how and when the medicine was to be administered. Needless to say, the directions were carefully followed, and the patient made a good recovery.

After leaving Tutuila, we had a pleasant trip of eighty miles to Apia, capital of the group, on the island of Upolu. Here we found waiting for us about a bushel of mail, the first mail of any size since leaving home about six months before. All the remainder of the day

we spent in reading the good letters from the homeland. Never was news more welcome.

Upolu is one of the fine islands of the Pacific, as far as material things are concerned. We had read in books of the beautiful "landlocked" harbor of Apia; but we found that instead of being land locked, it was simply a triangular indentation in the coast, filled with reefs, and open to hurricanes that swept in with terrific force. Two years before our arrival one of these convulsions of nature had taken place, resulting in the destruction of nearly every ship in the harbor. At the time of that storm, there were English, German, and American warships lying in the harbor. As we sailed into the harbor, we saw piled up on the reef the wrecks of the "Trenton" and the "Vandalia," United States warships, while high and dry on another reef lay the "Adler," a German man-of-war. All around the harbor were seen the scattered wrecks of other ships. The only warship to escape was the "Calliope," a British war vessel, which, having more powerful engines than the other ships, steamed out in the teeth of the storm.

Here we visited the house where Robert Louis Stevenson, the noted writer, spent many years, and from which he was carried to his grave overlooking the ocean.

A few days after our arrival we rented a house in the town, that we might be nearer the people we were trying to reach. A conference of ministers of the London Missionary Society churches was in progress at the time, and so we attended some of the meetings; but we

Samoan Scenery

found that our presence was not desired, the resident minister especially manifesting his displeasure that we should come upon his territory. But we prayed earnestly and constantly that God would overrule matters so that we might do the work which we had come to do.

The next morning a letter was brought to the ship for me from the chairman of the conference, saying that he and the secretary would be pleased to come aboard and talk matters over with us concerning the jurisdiction of the London Missionary Society in these islands. This was what we wanted, and so answer was immediately returned, inviting them to make the proposed visit. A little later they came on board, and we enjoyed a pleasant time explaining the purpose of our visit to these islands. This seemed to be entirely satisfactory to them, and they left in a very friendly mood. A little later, another boat was seen coming from shore, this one containing the resident minister. His feelings toward us had evidently undergone a radical change, for he made a kind of half apology for the shabby treatment we had received from some of the clergymen, and invited us to call at the mission house. We felt to thank God that such friendly relations had been established between us and the leading men of the place.

Later we were invited to visit the large mission school at Malua, twelve miles from Apia, presided over by the chairman of the conference just referred to. This was a beautiful place, and great credit was due to the society for erecting such a fine establishment for

the education of the youth. We were shown over the premises and through the school buildings, and ended our visit by partaking of a good lunch with the principal and some of the teachers.

By this time we were ready to begin our work of selling books, all our company turning canvassers. As Apia was a good-sized town, with many white residents, we had good success in putting out our publications. Our books were in English, German, Scandinavian, French, etc. The "John Williams" came into port about this time on her way to New Guinea. We placed on board a supply of books for the use of the captain, who was very friendly to us, and also many more that the captain promised to distribute among the missionaries on New Guinea. Not having native literature, our chief work was literature distribution for the English-speaking residents. Besides disposing of two or three hundred dollars' worth of books on this island, and taking orders for $17.25 worth of periodicals, we gave away 10,000 pages of tracts and 560 periodicals.

This island group was one of the fields where John Williams labored so successfully. After remarkable success at Rarotonga, Raiatea, and other islands of the Cook group, about 1833 he built a little ship with his own hands at Rarotonga, on which he made a trip to Samoa. Before his arrival there, others had sent the gospel to this place, and many were awaiting the arrival of Mr. Williams to renounce their heathenism. King Malietoa and his principal chiefs had accepted the gos-

pel, and had built a chapel capable of holding seven hundred persons, which was always full. When Mr. Williams arrived, he preached to a congregation of a thousand hearers, and was followed by the chief, who urged all his people to embrace the new religion. When Mr. Williams proposed to return to England to get more missionaries for these fruitful fields, the chief replied: "Go with all speed, get all the missionaries you can, and come back as soon as you can; but many of us will be dead before you return."

In 1834 Mr. Williams returned to England, where he spent four years publishing his Rarotongan New Testament and doing other work, after which he returned to Samoa, from there sailing for Erromango, in the New Hebrides, where he met his death at the hands of those whom he had come to benefit. In 1889, the fiftieth anniversary of his death, a monument was built to his memory on Erromango, and the man who laid the corner-stone was the son of the man who clubbed him to death.

Burial Place of the Ancient Tongan Kings

# Gathering Fruit in the Tonga Islands

The Tonga, or Friendly Islands, are about three hundred miles south of Samoa. These islands comprise three distinct groups: the Vavau, the Haapai, and the Tonga, or Tongatabu. Tongatabu (sacred Tonga) is the largest of the three divisions, and gives its name to the whole group. Vavau, the first island at which we stopped, is the principal island of the Vavau, or Haafaluhoa group, and is surrounded by a number of small islands, a few of which are inhabited. This is a lovely spot, and the harbor is perhaps the finest in the South Pacific.

After reaching the island, we sailed for several miles among beautiful little islands, and at last dropped anchor at the village of Neiafu. Here we found a very agreeable change of temperature, for we were now coming into tropical winter. On the evening of June 21, the shortest day of the year, the mercury was down to 70° above zero, which, in comparison with the extreme heat of Samoa, felt cold. At times it was one or two degrees lower, which gave a climate almost ideal. In this village we saw thousands of orange trees loaded with the most delicious oranges imaginable. Though large quantities were shipped to New Zealand at ridiculously low prices, hundreds of bushels were falling off, only to be eaten by the pigs.

The natives of this division of Polynesia were the most intelligent and civilized of any we had met. Every man carried himself with the bearing of a king. All were lovers of music. We had seldom heard better singing than we heard here. Their deep, rich voices blended in beautiful harmony. Quite a number of the natives bought copies of our "Hymns and Tunes," the notes of which they sang without the slightest difficulty.

It was in 1797 that the first effort was made by the London Missionary Society to introduce the gospel to these islanders. The same ship that brought missionaries to Tahiti, left several gospel workers in this group. But they abandoned the field after a three years' trial. One of the missionaries apostatized, three were murdered by the natives in one of their wars, and most of the others returned to England. Twenty-two years passed before anything further was done to send the gospel to these parts.

In 1822 a Mr. Lawry, from New South Wales, Australia, hearing of the failure of the first missionaries in Tonga, and moved by conversations with the widow of one of the members of the ill-fated expedition in 1797, offered to go to the same field, and even bore personally a large share of the cost of fitting out a vessel for the trip. He went, but on account of the failure of his wife's health, Mr. Lawry was compelled to retire from the field after having been there only fourteen months.

It was not till four years later that another effort was made in the field, this time by Mr. John Thomas, of the Wesleyan Church, from England. Mr. Thomas with his wife landed in this group in 1826, and immediately took up work at the town of Hihifo on the island of Tongatabu. Great difficulties faced the missionaries, and within a year from the time they landed they had decided that they would abandon the field, and even went so far as to send part of their goods away to Sydney, Australia, intending soon to follow. But within four months, a ship came which brought reinforcements to them, and so all thoughts of leaving were given up.

Mr. Thomas applied himself to the work with new courage, and in spite of the almost overwhelming difficulties, the gospel began to gain headway.

Sometime in 1828 a noteworthy event took place, though its importance was not understood at the time. There came to the mission a high chief from the island of Lifuka, which is the principal island of the Haapai group. He came to ask that a missionary be sent to his island. Speaking of this visit, Mr. Thomas wrote in his journal: "It might appear, sometime, that God, who overrules all things to advance His own glory and the good of His cause, has something to accomplish by this man." This chief afterward became King George Tubou, the Christian king, who ruled over the whole group; for he was converted, and was also a gospel worker.

It was not till 1829 that the missionaries were permitted to reap any fruits of their labors. On the first Sunday of that year, as is shown by the records of one of the ministers, "seven persons were admitted into the church by baptism." These were the first fruits of their efforts. About this time Mr. Thomas and his wife were transferred to Haapai, where they opened a large school for boys and girls. Thus Christian education went hand in hand with the preaching of the gospel.

The time and resources of the missionaries were heavily taxed by the appeals of the natives for medical help. Writing on this phase of Mr. Thomas' work, his biographer said:

"His scanty knowledge and very slender pharmacopœia reduced his system of treatment to a wonderful simplicity. The cardinal point in his system appears to have been that, as a rule, the first thing to be done in every case was to bleed the patient. After this, the remedies were almost entirely confined to Epsom salts, calomel, an opiate, and half a pint of sea water, with opodeldoc and bread poultice for external application. The quantity of blood the good man shed day by day was appalling; and the general success of his treatment goes far to confirm one's faith in the comforting doctrine of a special providence."

By the year 1831 the prospects began to brighten materially. In August the king received baptism. This gave a great impetus to the work in the field. Two

years later Finau, the chief of the Vavau group, died, after having accepted the gospel. Before his death he named King George Tubou his successor, which gave the latter the supreme power over two thirds of the whole group. The year 1834 brought to the mission the greatest encouragement of anything yet seen. In every part of the group the Spirit of God was poured out in a remarkable manner. At Vavau it was reported that 2,200 were converted to God. At Lifuka, in the central division of the group, two thousand received pardon. In Mr. Thomas' diary he records the following: "It [the revival] has extended to every island in the group; and almost every individual, high and low, saint and sinner, young and old, has more or less felt the blessed influence." At the end of the year 1835 there was reported a gain of nearly four thousand in church membership for the whole group.

A few years previous to our visit to these islands, the Wesleyan Church had been split in twain, and a new organization, called the "Free Church" of Tonga, had been formed. There were also a few Catholics in the islands. We formed a pleasant acquaintance with the Wesleyan white missionary of Vavau, and, at his invitation, spoke to his congregation. There were but few Europeans in this division of Tonga, but we found them hungry for reading matter. In the two weeks that we remained there, we sold $226 worth of our publications, one man buying $40 worth. The health

books were valued very highly by the people. In the past some of these books had been brought to these islands by trading ships and sold at exorbitant prices, one "Ladies' Guide" having been sold for $17.50. When the people found that the books could be purchased at reasonable prices, nearly every family took one or more. In addition to the books sold, we put a good supply of tracts and periodicals into the hands of all the Europeans in the island, and left them, feeling that we had done all we could at that time.

On one of his canvassing trips in this place, Brother Tay met a man past middle age, and made an effort to sell him a book. The man was irreligious, a heavy drinker, and evidently (according to his own acknowledgment) rather a hard case. Previously he had been a trader in the Solomon Islands, living among the savages and cannibals of that group. On one occasion he had offended the natives by his wicked actions, and they determined to wreak vengeance on him. They seized him and bound his arms, and dragged him to the beach, there intending to tomahawk him and serve him up in a feast. Placing him on the sand of the beach, they formed a ring and danced around him, brandishing their tomahawks and spears. Then one of them left the ring and advanced to his side with uplifted tomahawk, evidently intending to cleave his skull at one blow. Feeling that his end had come, the man closed his eyes, expecting the next instant that the blade would be in his brain. But just at that

moment, by some means unaccountable to him, he managed to loosen the cords that bound his arms, and as quick as a flash escaped from his captors.

When Brother Tay presented his book, this man said to himself, "Old man, you don't catch me." But in the end he bought the book, neither he nor any one else suspecting what the outcome would be. Some years afterward, when Elder E. S. Butz had located at Nukualofa, Tongatabu, this man also became a resident of that town. Little by little, as he became familiar with the truth of the gospel, his heart was softened, and in the end he fully accepted the truths of the last message to the world.

To see the change wrought in the life of this former unbeliever, and to hear him tell of what God had done for his salvation, was an inspiration to me and to all who knew him. All who had formerly known his manner of life, could testify that he was a changed man. At the time of my last visit to his home in Tonga, he was still holding fast to God, though enfeebled by age and many infirmities. Such results of efforts in the mission fields inspire the missionary to sow the gospel seed beside all waters.

Leaving Vavau, we sailed for Lifuka in the Haapai group, seventy miles farther south, passing in sight of two volcanoes, from one of which smoke was issuing. Before we had gone far from our anchorage, we passed the island of Hoonga, which has a very interesting and romantic history.

In my childhood days, when attending district school, I used to read in the old McGuffey's Reader of a remarkable cave in the Tonga Islands. I read this story with keen interest, never thinking that I should ever have the privilege of visiting the location of this cave.

In June, 1891, when we made our first trip to the Tonga Islands in our missionary ship "Pitcairn," we learned that this interesting cave was in the island of Hoonga, a few miles from our anchorage at Neiafu, the principal town of Vavau. One day we visited the spot, but none of us had the courage to attempt to enter the cave; for the only way by which one can obtain access to it is to dive into the sea, swim under the overhanging rocks, then rise into the cave. An English officer from a man-of-war attempted to effect an entrance in this way, but lost his life through rising too soon, his body being torn and mangled by contact with the sharp, jagged rocks. The cave is about fifty feet wide, its average height about the same, and it is hung with stalactites. It is lighted by the reflection of the sun's rays from the bottom of the sea. Its discovery was accidental, being made by a young chief who was diving after a turtle.

Many years before our visit to the island, there was a tyrannical governor who ruled at Vavau, against whom one of the chiefs plotted an insurrection. The plot was discovered, and the chief, with all his family and relatives, was ordered to be destroyed. He had

a beautiful daughter, betrothed to a chief of high rank, and she was included in the sentence. The young chief who was the discoverer of the cave, and who had kept the matter secret, was in love with this damsel, but had not told her of his affection. He now came forward and suggested a plan by which her life could be saved, telling her of this hidden cavern of which no one else knew. She consented to his plan, and was taken by him in his canoe to the cave. He dived into the sea, telling her to follow him, for the women there swim like fishes. She did follow, and soon both rose in the cavern.

In this place she was supplied by the chief with food, mats for her couch, and sandal oil with which to perfume her body. Here he visited her as often as was prudent, and here he wooed and won her. In the meantime he, with all his dependents, prepared to emigrate to Fiji, two hundred miles or more west, till the threatened danger should be ended.

His plans for the departure were so well concealed that the company embarked in safety; but as they were about to depart, his people asked him if he would not take with him a Tongan wife. He answered by telling them that he would take a wife from the sea. On starting, he had the canoe steered close to the rock that concealed the cave, where he sprang overboard, telling them to wait while he went into the sea to fetch her. Just as the company were beginning to be alarmed at his long delay, he rose with the damsel from the

The Haamoga

water. The company arrived in Fiji in safety. There they remained till the death of the governor, when they returned to Vavau and enjoyed a long and happy life.

As we approached Lifuka, we sailed among little islands, with reefs on all sides. These make sailing very dangerous, but we passed them all in safety, and anchored at the village of Lifuka on the island of the same name. This island differs from all others we have so far seen, in that it is low and flat, rising but a few feet above the sea. There were several small islands in the group, but not more than twelve white families on all of them. We found the people on this island as eager for our books as were those we had just left in Vavau, and in the first three days we sold about $100 worth of religious and health literature. There was no white minister on the island, and nearly all the residents were traders. We made an effort to visit all the white families in the islands, and practically accomplished our aim, though it involved much sailing from island to island in our small boats.

Hearing that there was a certain young trader who lived on another island of the group, a number of miles away, Brother McCoy and our ship's mate started to visit him. This man had heard of our visit to the island, and wanted nothing to do with us or our religion. So when he heard that the brethren were coming to visit him, he slipped out of the house and escaped them. But several years later he moved to Nukualofa, the same town in which the brother lived whose story was told

on a previous page. Here an acquaintance was formed between these two men, with the result that the young trader was converted to God and became an earnest Christian. At the time, his wife was visiting in New Zealand, but soon returned, and also became a believer. Wishing to give his little boy an education, he sent him to Australia, where he lived in my home for a year or two. At a later date he attended one of our schools in New Zealand, then passed on to the Avondale College, Australia, and later took charge of our large school in Buresala, Fiji. For a few years the father was an evangelical worker in the Tonga Islands, and still gives some time to religious work. Little do we know at the time the full results of our seed-sowing.

Having, with few exceptions, visited all the white residents in the group, and wishing to reach Nukualofa, Tongatabu, the capital of the whole group, before the adjournment of the native parliament, we set a day to sail; but the night before sailing, the wind veered around directly ahead, and we took it that the Lord had further work for us to do here. The next day we sold $80 worth of books, and though we stayed in the group but little more than a week, our sales amounted to $217, or about $20 worth to each white family. By invitation we held three meetings for the residents of the place.

In one of the towns of this island, we had the privilege of meeting with a native minister and his wife, who were well educated, and who spoke English fluently.

This man distinctly remembered the days of heathenism before the gospel came to the group. His home was fitted up with all European conveniences, and we were permitted to enjoy his hospitalities at our pleasure. Before we left, he had secured a good supply of our publications, which he was studying diligently. Another man had by some means obtained a copy of "The Great Controversy," which he said he had read many times. He purchased a copy of nearly every book we carried on the ship. Our medical books sold readily, nearly every family buying one or more of them.

Then we visited Tongatabu, landing first at Nukualofa. This town presented quite a European appearance. Here was the residence of the king, and here the Tongan parliament was held, which was in session at the time of our arrival. The members were with few exceptions fine-looking, well-built men. Several of them came forward and greeted us warmly. The premier, dressed in European clothing and presenting quite a dignified appearance, called on us on board our ship. The residence of King George Tubou was quite an imposing structure, being built after the European style. Close by it stood the king's church, which was used but two or three times a year. This was as fine a building as is usually seen outside of large cities.

King George was the chief of whom I spoke, who sixty-three years before came to see the missionaries, to ask that a missionary might be sent to his home at Haapai to teach his people the gospel. Speaking of

him at that time, Mr. Thomas said: "He is a very stout man, six feet high, and about twenty-five years of age. He looks like a savage, and is reported to be very skilful in war." For many years this man was king of the Tongan group, and it is largely through his influence that these islands are more advanced in civilization than many others. He was, as Mr. Thomas said of him when a young chief, a "skilled warrior." When war was made upon the early Christians by the heathen party, it was the skill and bravery of this king that brought victory to the believers. At one time he came near conquering the Fiji Islands.

A few days after our arrival we called on the king at his royal residence. As he could not speak English, we were compelled to speak through an interpreter, his chief of police acting in that capacity. He was pleased to accept some of our large books, and raised no objections to our work among his people, though he understood the faith of our people. Through his chief of police he told us we were at liberty to go where we pleased on the island, and establish our work as we saw fit. When asked his age, he was not able to give it, there being no registration of births in those early days; but he gave us facts of history which enabled us to arrive at his probable age. He told us that he remembered the arrival in these islands of the "Port-au-Prince," a Spanish ship, which in the early days of the nineteenth century was captured by the Tongan islanders, who slaughtered nearly every member of the

crew, and confiscated the ship and its cargo. There seems to have been a large quantity of Spanish money on the ship, of whose value the islanders were ignorant, for they used it for decorating their graves. Knowing, as we did, the date of this occurrence, we thought he was ninety-five years of age at the time of our visit.

Here at the capital we had our first sight of the kava ring. Kava is a root which is used in most of the tropical islands of the South Seas. In some islands it is called *ava*. In Fiji they call it *yangona*. In earlier times, and in some of the less civilized islands, the kava was prepared in the following manner:

The men sat on the ground, forming a ring, in the middle of which was a man with a large wooden kava bowl between his knees. Small pieces of the root were given to him, which he placed in his mouth and chewed up, till his mouth was full. This mouthful he ejected into the bowl, then chewed another mouthful, then another, till he had enough for his purpose. Water was then poured in and the mass thoroughly mixed, after which it was passed around in kava bowls made of the half of a cocoanut shell. As the men drank of it, the bowls were thrown back to the center of the ring with a spinning motion. This drink has some intoxicating properties, or as some expressed it, it "goes to their legs," and they lose, to some extent, the use of their limbs, though they may not become insensible.

The kava ring which we saw was formed in front of the parliament house. At the close of the afternoon

meeting of the parliament, a number of the men formed the ring. Then a large number of the Tongan women appeared, fantastically dressed in their native mats, and decked with other trappings, marching in single file, each one carrying a basket of fish, yam, taro, sucking pig, or some other food, which they deposited in a pile before the august parliament. In this case the kava was not chewed, but was bruised with stones, then placed in the bowls, after which it was mixed by the hands of the women. With some fibrous material they strained out the pulp. Then the drink was ready for use. One who did not know what was being done, might have supposed from the appearance of the liquid that the women were washing out some fibrous material in dirty soapsuds. One writer described the drink as tasting like "medicated soapsuds." When all was ready, the women came forward and passed around the kava in the cocoanut bowls, which from long use had become bronzed in color. Some of the women were really fine looking, and carried themselves with much grace as they waited on the parliament men.

Among the interesting sights of the island are the burial places of the ancient Tui-Tongas, or sacred kings of Tonga. There are several of them, the largest being about 195 x 95 feet, and rising like a pyramid, several feet high, in three terraces. Others are much higher. They are built of coral rocks. One of these rocks that I measured was twenty-two feet long, six feet wide, and four feet thick. No one living knows

their history, but evidently they are very old. Another structure resembling a huge gateway, called the *Haamoga,* is quite remarkable. It has large side pillars, fourteen and a half feet high, ten feet wide, and three or four feet thick, with a slab seventeen feet long reaching from the top of one pillar to the top of the other, and mortised into them. No one knows when or for what purpose it was built.

The white clergymen of the place were friendly, exchanging visits with us. One of them, who was the king's minister, bought $18 worth of our books, and at the time manifested an interest in them. In this part of the Tonga group we sold books to the value of $225, having called on nearly every white family on the island. We held a few meetings on board our ship. These were attended by a fair-sized company from the shore. Our Scandinavian sailors held some meetings on board a Norwegian bark lying in the harbor, and sold $25 worth of books to the members of the crew. The wife of the captain had some of our books which had been put on board the ship in New York harbor some time before. Just before we left, another Scandinavian ship came into the harbor. We had met this ship in Samoa, where it had been supplied with books by our sailors. The carpenter told our men that he had been reading the books, and that he had decided to obey the truth of the advent message. In this way the truth is being carried to all parts of the earth.

Fijians and Their Houses

# When the Gospel Entered Fiji

Hauling up our anchor, we sailed away from Tongatabu for Fiji, about three hundred miles to the westward. On this voyage we had our first experience in crossing the international date line, which is located on the 180th meridian. August 1 we kept the Sabbath "according to the commandment," and about midnight crossed this meridian. The next morning when we arose it was Monday, August 3, Sunday having disappeared completely. Just at dusk of the same day we reached Viti Levu (Big Fiji), the largest island of the group, and entered the harbor of Suva, which is the capital of the Fijian archipelago.

This group lies between 177° east and 178° west longitude, thus being at the antipodes from Greenwich. There are about three hundred islands, large and small, in the group, though only eighty are inhabited. The area is about 7,400 square miles, and in 1906 the population was 125,000. The surface is mountainous, some of the peaks rising to a height of 5,000 feet above sea level. The islands were discovered by Tasman in 1642. Later Captain Cook saw some of the outlying islands, but for a long time nothing was known of their history or condition.

Before the introduction of Christianity in these islands, there were almost constant wars among the natives. Cannibalism flourished here till the middle of

the nineteenth century, and it was considered an unsafe thing for a white man to land on the group. At the time of the introduction of Christianity, the islands were ruled by old King Cakoban, a fierce cannibal, who, I was told, boasted that he had eaten at least a part of one thousand human victims! In 1858 this king offered the sovereignty of the islands to Great Britain, an offer which was accepted in 1874, though the native king retained nominal authority. Today Fiji is a crown colony of the British Empire, with a governor appointed by the crown, assisted by an executive council of five members. The laws of the island are enacted by a legislative council consisting of eighteen members.

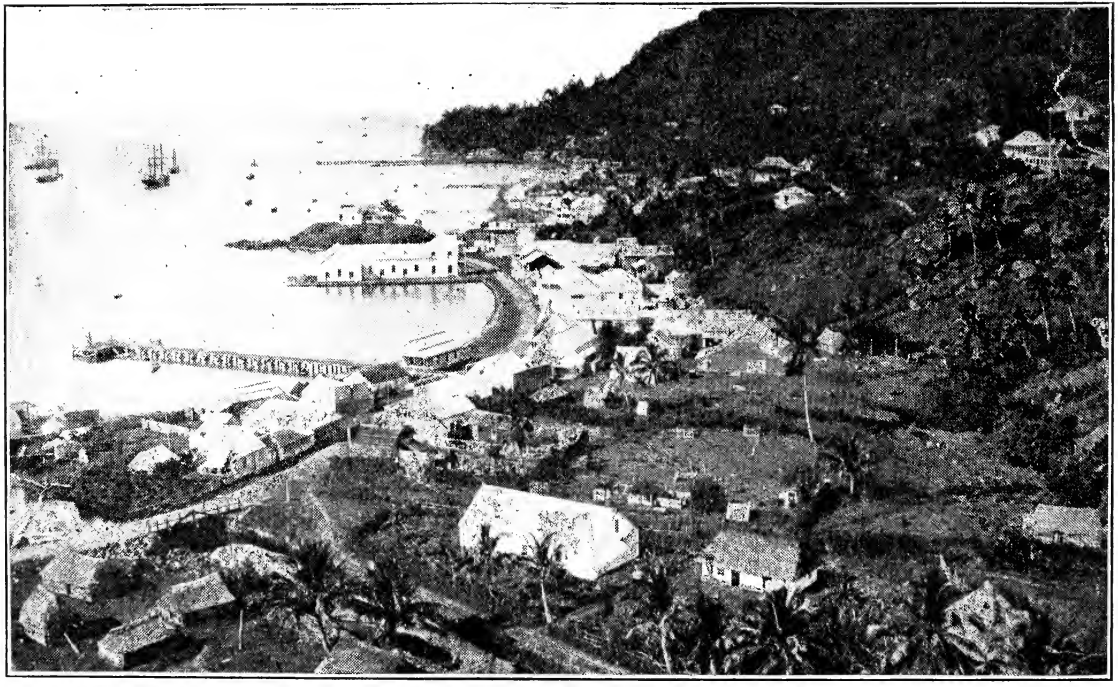
On landing at Suva, the capital, we found it a good-sized town, with neat European cottages and large business houses, more nearly resembling our American towns than anything we had seen since leaving America. The white people of the town were friendly to us from the time of our arrival, and soon we had invitations to visit their homes. At our Sabbath meeting on the ship there were several visitors, though we had made no public announcement of the service. From some who attended we learned that others were anxious that we should hold some meetings on shore. We informed them that if a house could be obtained in the town, we should be glad to hold religious services.

One who heard this immediately went on shore and secured the use of the Mechanics' Institute, a large building, and before we knew it, had circulated an ap-

pointment for a meeting on Sunday afternoon. At the appointed time the house was well filled, and the best of attention was given to the word spoken. In the course of our sermon we told the congregation our object in coming to the islands, and that we were circulating literature treating on our doctrines. A few days later the Fiji *Times* came out with a favorable notice of our meetings, and in an article almost a column long told of our work in other groups of the Pacific. This article helped to give us a favorable reception in the other islands of this group. The following is an extract from the editor's notice of our meetings:

"The Seventh-day Adventists held a public religious service on board their schooner on Saturday afternoon, which several on shore attended.

"On Sunday at four o'clock, a special meeting was held in the Mechanics' Institute, which was crowded. The services were conducted by Elders A. J. Read and E. H. Gates. The worship consisted of prayer, hymns, and a sermon, the latter being preached by Elder Gates, who took his text from Luke 19:10, 'The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.' The sermon was very effective, exceedingly well delivered, and evidently made a deep impression on the audience. The singing was superlatively good, those who were present declaring it to have far exceeded anything heard at the ordinary places of worship here. The proceedings lasted for an hour and a quarter, and all went away much gratified."



Levuka, Fiji

The editor then made a comment on the character of Seventh-day Adventists, which is peculiarly suggestive:

"There is one incident, however, which requires notice, and which would lead one to doubt the perfect Christianity of the sect referred to. No collection was taken up, either during or after the service! Evidently the Seventh-day Adventists cannot be regarded as among the rigidly orthodox. Of course, they may improve in this direction, and so claim to be of the highest."

After remaining a week at Suva, we left our anchorage and sailed up the coast to the town of Levuka, on the little island of Ovalau, sixty miles farther north, leaving Brother and Sister Tay in Suva to circulate our literature there. Levuka is a lovely little town nestling under the high hills that form a beautiful green background, and was, till eight or ten years before our visit, the capital of the group. Ovalau is one of the small islands of this group, and is located a few miles to the eastward of the island of Viti Levu, the large island of the archipelago.

In order to be nearer to the people, we rented a house. An American family living near us did everything in their power to make our stay in the town pleasant, even sending us milk and other eatables every day, and lending us furniture. The United States consul and his wife, who had known our people in Michigan, extended many courtesies. A day or two after our arrival, a wealthy planter from another island, who had

attended our meeting at Suva, came to Levuka, and at once interested himself in our behalf. The use of the large Mechanics' Institute was offered us for a religious service the next Sunday, at which time a large audience assembled to hear what we had to say. One person told us that it was the largest religious meeting held in Levuka for many years. Nearly every white person in the town was in attendance, and good impressions were made. The white Wesleyan minister was present, and told us later that he could see more clearly than before the relation of the law to the gospel.

For several days we made no effort to sell our books, but when we did so the people were eager to purchase. Our medical books were taken with the greatest readiness. I never saw people so anxious to purchase that class of books. In the first twenty-four hours, more than $100 worth of religious and medical books were sold, and within three or four days we had sold the last of our medical books and begun to take orders for them. We soon had $300 worth of orders, which were later supplied by the New Zealand tract society. The people were all hospitable and friendly, and we had invitations to visit the leading families of the town. Though we found much skepticism among them, some who at first said they had no interest in religious matters, later bought many dollars' worth of our books.

After a stay of about ten days, all except Brother and Sister Read and Brother McCoy, who remained at Levuka to carry on the work, sailed for Savu Savu

Bay, on the island of Vanua Levu, sixty miles to the northward. There were but a few white families in this place. The news of our work in the islands had gone ahead of us, and we met with the same kind reception as at the other places. The people wanted our books, and in a few days we had sold $68.50 worth, and taken orders for $40 worth, to be sent from New Zealand. We formed pleasant acquaintances with some of the leading families of the island, who bought a good supply of our books. Several years later, one of these families sent a son to our school in Australia. We held two public services, one on board our ship, and one in the native courthouse, which was kindly placed at our disposal by the English magistrate.

In this place we saw some remarkable boiling springs. In the days when the natives were cannibals, probably not more than twenty-five or thirty years before our visit, this was a kind of contested ground where their battles were fought. When the fight was ended, the victorious party would carve up the dead bodies of their victims, and after cooking them in the boiling springs, would engage in their horrible cannibal feasts. At the present time, the springs are used by the natives for cooking their yams and taro.

After a brief stay at Savu Savu, we sailed across the Soma Soma Pass to the island of Taviuni, which is called the most beautiful island of the group. It is on the 180th meridian, which separates between east and west longitude. We carried letters of introduction to

Mr. Slade, the Wesleyan minister, who kindly invited us to make his home our abiding place while on the island. We carried our books ashore and obtained permission to sell them, which privilege we improved to the best of our ability, though there were but few white people on the island.

At this point I may speak of the confidence which the customhouse men seemed to repose in us. There were but two ports of entry in the Fiji group, and it was the practice of the authorities to require all foreign ships like ours to take a customhouse officer on board while visiting islands beyond the port of entry, to see that no dutiable goods were landed. The foreign ship was also required to pay the officer for his time on the ship, which would have been quite a tax on us. But at Levuka the officials told us to go where we pleased without this attendant, but to land no goods except our books.

Our purpose was to stay at Taviuni for several days, but the anchorage was poor, and in case of a change of wind, our ship would have been endangered. The second night of our stay the anchors dragged, and not being able to anchor again in the darkness, we put out to sea, intending to run in again in the morning. Toward morning the weather became so threatening as to make it dangerous to stay in the vicinity of the island, and it was decided to run back to Levuka, eighty or ninety miles away.

In passing through the Koro Sea, where the force of the wind and waves were not broken by other islands,

we had about the roughest weather we had yet seen. The wind blew a gale, and with reefed sails we flew through the water, beating the record for fast sailing between the two islands, by three or four hours. Nearly everything that was movable was thrown out of place, and the passengers were a sorry-looking company; but in a few hours, we passed the reef and came to anchor in Levuka. During our absence, our brethren who remained here had sold a large number of books, and taken orders for medical books to the value of $250, besides distributing thousands of pages of tracts. A real interest had been aroused to know more of the truth. In a little more than three weeks, we had sold and taken orders for $675 worth of our books.

On Sunday morning Brother Read occupied the Wesleyan pulpit, and in the evening I spoke in the same church on the subject of the second advent of Christ, showing that this doctrine is as much a part of the gospel as the truths of His first advent. Brother Read had twice occupied the same pulpit in our absence.

The night before leaving Levuka, at the request of the people of the town, we held a song service, using our own hymn books. The people were greatly pleased with our songs, and a number of the hymn books were sold. At this gathering the house was full, and all listened to our songs with undisguised interest. At the close, the Wesleyan minister arose and expressed his pleasure because of our labors among them. He told the people that we held some doctrines which he did not believe, but

that he believed we were sincere Christians, and trying to work for the good of the community. He was sorry we were to leave so soon, and hoped we would soon return. This was said with the knowledge that we had filled the town with our literature.

The next day we sailed to Suva, where we found that Brother Tay had been having good success in disposing of the books, having sold more than $200 worth in our absence. Brother Tay was greatly encouraged, and had strong hopes that fruit would be seen later.

Many years are required to lift a race of people from the depths of ignorance and superstition in which the Fijians were found, to the level of more enlightened nations. For ages, no one knows how long, brutal passions were indulged without restraint; murders were committed daily to furnish food for their cannibal feasts; gods of the most filthy and despicable character were worshiped; while degrading superstition, fostered by an ignorant priesthood, gave its sanction to these wicked practices. This state of things continued till a short time previous to 1835, when some Tongan natives, who had accepted Christianity, reached Lakemba, a small island in the eastern part of the group, bringing with them a knowledge of the gospel.

In the year 1835 Mr. Cargill and Mr. Cross, Wesleyan missionaries from the Tonga Islands, began missionary efforts on Lakemba. These devoted men of God came to that place with their wives and children on a merchant ship, and were put ashore, the ship passing on.

There was no way for them to leave the island if they had wished to do so, nor was there any protection for them against the murderous natives except in the God they loved. Considering the terrible state of savagery on the islands, the action of these devoted men of God presents one of the brightest examples of heroic self-denial to be found in the history of missionary effort. Not having a ship of their own, they were often obliged to go from island to island in frail canoes, encountering terrific storms in the same seas where we had the roughest weather of any we had experienced since we left America.

Great were the sufferings of these and other laborers who came later. But the results are seen today; for there are few now in these islands who are not connected with the church. Mr. Cross died a few years later, from incessant labor, and was buried at Soma Soma on the island of Taviuni. Before his death the sufferings experienced by him and other missionaries were enough to appall the stoutest heart. One night the cannibals planned to murder the whole mission company, and were assembled for that purpose. The hours of the long night were spent by the missionaries in importunate prayer to God, who turned aside the purpose of the heathen and spared His servants.

But long years passed before cannibalism ceased to be practised on some of the islands of this group. In fact, as late as 1867 a Wesleyan minister, by the name of Mr. Baker, was killed and eaten by these savage men.

In the interior of Viti Levu, in a place called Colo, lived a tribe of natives that were of a different type from the other tribes. Mr. Baker, with his native assistants, tried to open up this district to the gospel. But he was attacked by a native chief, named Wawa Balavu, and clubbed to death. His body was then dragged several miles, placed on a flat rock, quartered, washed, and baked in a native underground oven, and eaten by chiefs only, this being a special occasion. A monument of stones marks the spot where this murder took place.

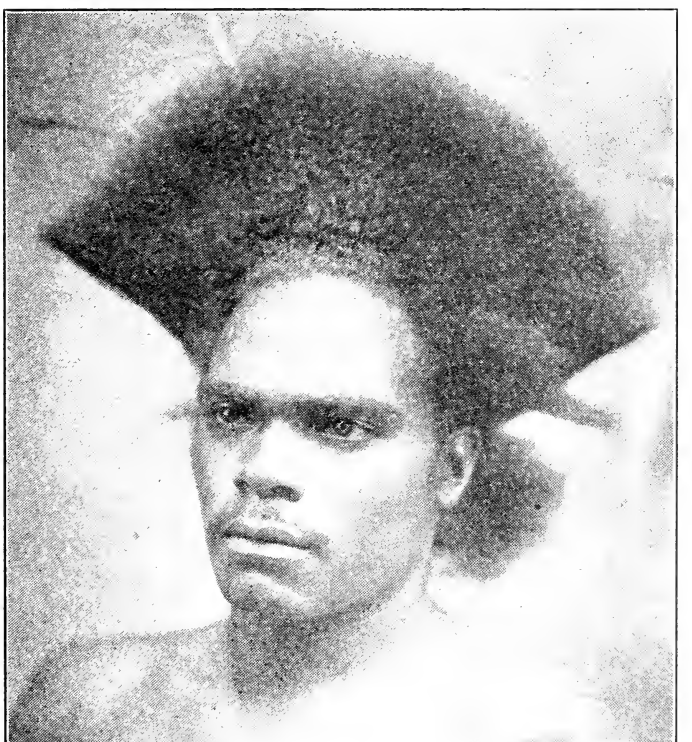
Now for the sequel: A few minutes' walk from the scene of this tragedy, lives at the present time Ratu Wiliame Wawabalavu, the chief of this district, who is the grandson of the native who killed Mr. Baker. This chief, Ratu Wiliame, is not only the leading man of the district, but is an earnest Christian, and a diligent student of the Bible, and elder of the Seventh-day Adventist church in the near-by village of Nubutautau. In the adjacent village of Bia Levu, reside two old natives, sons of chiefs who feasted on the body of Mr. Baker fifty-four years ago.

Since returning from the islands, I have been asked if I think it pays to spend so much time and money, and run so much risk to health and life, to carry the gospel to such degraded creatures. Let the following incident answer this question:

"A frivolous traveler on a visit to the Fiji Islands, conceitedly remarked to the Fijian chief, 'It is really

a pity you have been so foolish as to listen to these missionaries. No one nowadays believes in the Bible.'

"The chief's eyes flashed as he said: 'Do you see that stone? There we killed our victims. Do you see that oven? There we roasted their bodies for our feasts. If it had not been for the missionaries and the Bible, you would have met the same fate.'"



A Typical Fijian

Pauliasi, Our Native Fijian Minister, and His Wife

# A Perilous Cruise

On our second visit to Fiji, we were given a warm reception by Pastors J. E. Fulton and C. H. Parker, who met us at the steamer. They were accompanied by Brother Ambrose, the *roko,* or high chief, and by Brother Pauliasi, formerly an ordained Wesleyan minister. Brother Ambrose was a near relative of old King Cakoban, the last Fijian king, who, in 1874, turned the government of the island over to England.

After a short stay in Suva, we sailed across the bay to Suva Vou (New Suva), the location of the mission. The most of our native Sabbath keepers live at Suva Vou. After dinner, we visited the cemetery near by, where lies Brother J. I. Tay, our first missionary to the South Pacific Islands. He died Jan. 8, 1892, soon after our visit to the islands on the first trip of the "Pitcairn."

During the week we were in Suva Vou I held some meetings with the brethren, Pastor Fulton acting as interpreter. On the Sabbath there was a morning meeting at six o'clock. At ten the Sabbath school was held. Half an hour earlier the *lala* was rung to call the people together. This *lala* is simply a log hollowed out. Two of these are generally used together, a native with a heavy club in each hand striking each log, producing a kind of rhythmical sound. Promptly on time, the native brethren and sisters took their places — not in

chairs, but on the floor, crossing their legs before them.

The children occupied the space directly in front of the stand. The only chairs in the room were those occupied by the members of the mission family, and by such other white persons as were present.

On entering, each one, old and young, knelt a moment. No sound was heard, for all were barefooted. All were quiet and orderly, more so than I have usually seen in more highly civilized countries. Let it be remembered that a few years ago the grandfathers of these children were savages, killing and eating one another. A little before the Sabbath school began, the mission family sang one or two English songs, or, as Brother Fulton's little girl called them, "white songs."

Ordinarily nothing is worn by the natives but a *sulu*, which is a strip of some kind of figured cotton cloth reaching from the waist to the knees or lower. A few clothe the upper part of the body at all times, but on the Sabbath the whole body is clothed. Brother Ambrose, the *roko*, wore a neat, light-colored, tailor-made coat, with *sulu* of similar material, starched shirt, standing collar, and red tie. Brother Pauliasi, the native preacher, usually wore a white shirt and long white *sulu*, which was very neat indeed; but at this time he wore a black, clerical-looking coat. The women wore, in addition to the sulu, a sort of pinafore reaching nearly to the knees. This was made of some kind of figured cotton cloth. Two or three of the women wore white dresses, quite short, which in my estimation did

not look half so well as their native costumes. One little boy wore a bath towel for a *sulu,* and carried a big handkerchief. Having no pocket, he seemed not to know what to do with the handkerchief, and so after using it he would roll it up in a wad and crowd it down inside of his undershirt (which was also his overshirt).

To begin the school, a Fijian song was sung, then prayer was offered in the native language, after which all together chanted the Lord's Prayer. This is a kind of monotonous singsong, brought by our native brethren from the Wesleyan Church, but not at all pleasing to English ears. Before class recitation another hymn was sung. In singing, the Fijians do remarkably well, and it did us good to hear our old hymns sung with so much earnestness by dark-skinned natives in these far-off islands, which have been so lately reclaimed from savagery and cannibalism. Brother Fulton had translated thirty or forty of our hymns, which had been typewritten and bound together in book form by Brother Parker.

After the singing of the second hymn, the school separated into classes. The adult class was taught by Brother Pauliasi, the members sitting on the floor of the room in which the meeting was held. A class of nine young men sat on the floor of the veranda, and were taught by Brother Parker. In the dining-room, Sister Parker had the boys and girls ranging in age from twelve to fifteen, while Sister Fulton and Edith Guilliard taught a good-sized class of little ones in a

large bedroom. The subject studied was the change of the Sabbath. The lessons were typewritten by Brother Parker. Having learned a few Fijian words, I was able to catch enough of the recitation to get the drift of the subject. At the close of the class recitation, Pastor Fulton reviewed the previous lesson, a hymn was then sung, and the school closed.

After a short intermission, the *lala* was again sounded to call the people in to the preaching service. Again every one knelt a moment on entering the room. Behind the table used as a pulpit, and at the side of it, sat the members of the mission families. A little forward of the table, on the left, sat Brother Pauliasi, and near him sat the *roko* and his wife. The latter is usually called the *marama* (the lady), as she is the first lady of the native town. The *roko* and the *marama* are large, fine-looking natives. The children were all again grouped in front of the pulpit, the older people occupying the space behind them. Brother Pauliasi opened the meeting with prayer, in which many joined with fervent amens.

Again the whole congregation chanted the Lord's Prayer, after which I preached to them through an interpreter. The very best of attention was given, and several took down the texts used. Though the brethren and sisters were dark skinned and comparatively illiterate, I felt that God had as high a regard for them as for any congregation that assembles on the Sabbath day anywhere in the world.

After about a week's stay with our native believers at Suva Vou, during which time we held several meetings with them, also council meetings with the workers, besides looking up the matter of passage for some native youth who wished to go to our school in Australia, we decided to visit several other islands of the group.

The "Cina," a sailing boat twenty-eight feet long, was the only means available with which to make the trip. The passengers consisted of Brethren Fulton, Parker, Pauliasi, and Ambrose, also a native evangelist worker named Alipati, two or three native boys, and myself. The first part of the journey was up the Rewa River to a town, where we spent the night in the magistrate's house, one of the fine structures of Fiji. Then working our way through the Rewa delta, we spent the next night in a native village on the island of Ovalau. Vainly we tried to sleep with no netting over us, while tortured by myriads of hungry mosquitoes.

The second day we reached Levuka on the east side of Ovalau. Our plans were to sail the next day to Savu Savu Bay on Vanua Levu, the second largest island of the group, situated about sixty miles to the north of Levuka; but there being scarcely any wind, and what there was a head wind, we decided to visit Batiki, Ngau, and Nairai, small islands lying a few miles east of Levuka, and wait for a better wind. Profitable visits were made at these places, and a few days later we were ready to proceed on our journey to Vanua Levu.

Miliani and Esata, Daughters of Pauliasi

A little before sunset on Friday, we were a mile or more from Vanua Levu. Dark, threatening clouds were gathering, and we knew that in a few minutes we should be unable to see the way into the entrance. This was due to the fact that in the tropics there is no twilight, as we in the higher latitudes understand the term, but the darkness drops down like a stage curtain. Therefore, in the few precious moments of daylight we set our course toward the middle of the opening of the bay. We then engaged in a short season of prayer, both to usher in the Sabbath and to ask for guidance in our perilous undertaking of trying to find the entrance through dangerous reefs in the darkness, and in a place where we were all practically strangers.

In a few moments the darkness settled down on us like a pall, the wind increased in violence, and the outlook was indeed alarming. To add to the gravity of the situation, we found that Uriah, our native pilot whom we had hired at Batiki to help us in such an emergency, knew nothing of this reef, not having been here since he was a child. He asked Brother Fulton if he was familiar with the passage, and besought him to take charge of the piloting of the boat.

Brother Fulton, of course, knew no more than the rest of us, and in the darkness could only guess as to the course to be taken. We continued to steer in the direction we had begun, in the hope that we would soon be inside the bay. After sufficient time had elapsed, as we supposed, to clear the reef, we changed our course,

and began to head in a direction at right angles to our former course, believing that we were inside the bay, and that we would soon be safe behind the reef. But after sailing for some time in that direction, we discerned from the roaring of the surf on the rocky coast, that we were still on the open sea outside the reef, with the storm increasing in intensity. Something must be done and that quickly.

At this juncture Brother Fulton called on Pauliasi to act as pilot, which he reluctantly did, as he, too, was unfamiliar with the passage. He first asked Brother Fulton the general direction to steer, the distances, the approach of the reefs on either side of the passage to each other, ordered the natives, and especially the old pilot, to cease their talk, and then applied himself to the task before him.

He listened to the distant roar of the waves on the reef, then changed the course of the boat in order to pick up the sound of the surf on the reef that jutted out from the other side of the entrance to the bay. By sailing back and forth a few times, he decided on the probable direction to steer, in order to find the middle of the entrance to the bay, and then set his course. After sailing in this direction for a time, to our great joy we found the sea subsiding, and at 2:30 Sabbath morning we came to anchor in a little bay surrounded by coral patches, devoutly thankful to God for our escape from the dangers of the night. In an old diary in which I recorded this experience, I closed

my entry with these words, "Praise God for deliverance!"

The next morning (Sabbath), we had a meeting under the overhanging trees. In the afternoon we visited a near-by family, to whom we had sold books nine years before, and were invited to take supper with them. One of our principal objects in visiting this particular place was to secure for our Australian school a boy who could speak the Fijian tongue. So the next day we sailed across the bay to the home of a family to whom we had sold books in 1891. The father of this family was a Scotchman. After some talk with them, they decided to let their boy go with me to Australia.

We stayed there a few days visiting among the people of this island, then started on the return journey to Suva. When we sailed, there was a very light wind, but by ten o'clock it freshened, and soon we had all we could conveniently use. Our little craft literally flew over the waves, causing nearly all on board to suffer from seasickness, including such seasoned sea travelers as Brother Fulton and Brother Pauliasi. The spray dashed over us almost constantly, keeping us drenched to the skin till nearly night. Part of the time we were almost on our beam ends. The sick ones had no desire for food, and the jumping and plunging of the boat prevented us who were well from preparing or taking any refreshment.

The middle of the afternoon we passed close to Mokogai, an island with reefs extending out some dis-

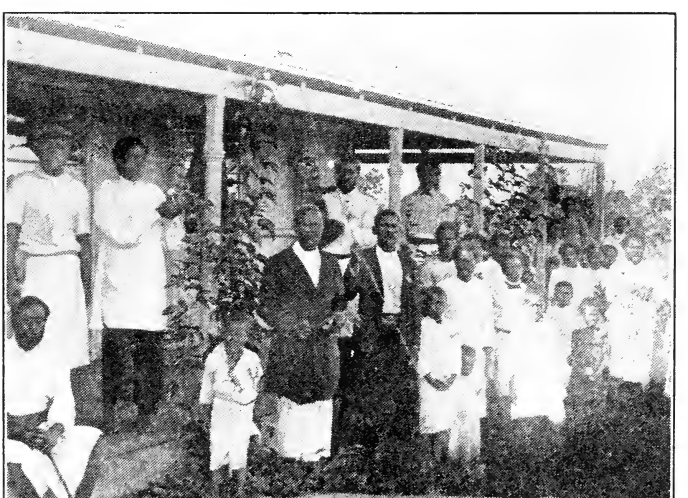
tance from the shore. Here we were again in great peril from hidden reefs. The water was shallow, and patches of coral, a few inches below the surface of the water, came to view every few moments as we flew over the sea. Had we struck one of these, our boat would have been shivered to pieces in a moment, with probable loss of life.

At this juncture, although still sick, Brother Fulton dragged himself to the bow of the boat, where he shouted orders to the steersman to steer this way or that way, in order to escape the dangerous reefs. But we passed them all in safety, and at sunset anchored at Ovalau, where we refreshed ourselves with food after our all-day's fast. At night we slept on board, or at least tried to, but found that sleep and mosquitoes were not specially companionable.

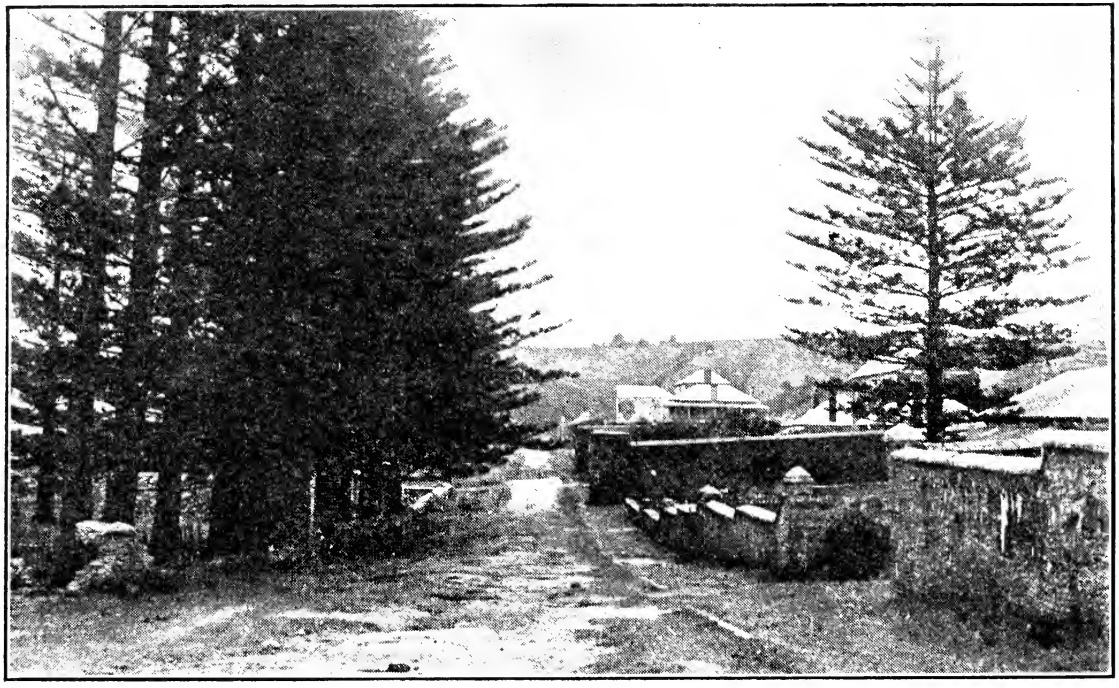
The next day we reached Suva Vou in safety, and enjoyed a good rest at the home of Brother Fulton. Here I stayed a week, visiting old acquaintances made on the first trip to the islands, and holding meetings of council with the missionaries. Then with my young protégé I sailed for Australia, and a week later landed at Sydney.

From then until the middle of July, my time was largely employed, in conjunction with Pastor W. C. White and others, in planning our island printing, getting illustrations for our native tracts, purchasing and setting up our large printing press in the new quarters at the Avondale food factory, and visiting the churches

in the interests of the island missions. Today, in marked contrast to those early days when we had one job press in the corner of a carpenter shop, with one woman and a boy in charge, which was the beginning of the island publishing work, we have at Cooranbong, as an adjunct of the Australasian Missionary College, a fully equipped printing office, doing thousands of pounds' worth of work every year.



Mission House of Elder J. E. Fulton, Suva Vou, Fiji



"Quality Row," Norfolk Island

# A Light Kindled on Norfolk Island

Our original plan had been to go from Fiji to the islands of the Melanesian group — New Hebrides, Santa Cruz, Loyalty, and New Caledonia. But we changed our plans, and when leaving Fiji after our first visit there, we steered for Norfolk, about eight hundred miles southwest of Fiji and one thousand miles northeast of Sydney, Australia. As we sailed south and left the tropics, we found ourselves suffering from the cold, though the mercury was sixty-four degrees above zero.

Norfolk Island is one of the beauty spots of the South Pacific, being like a park from one end to the other. It is about seven miles long by five miles wide. The beautiful Norfolk pines, specimens of which are seen in many countries, and which formerly covered the entire surface of this island, are now found only in clumps. Good roads cross the island in all directions. For a number of years previous to 1856, when it was turned over to the people of Pitcairn Island, Norfolk was one of England's convict settlements, and sometimes as many as two thousand prisoners were confined there at one time. The old prison walls, barracks, and officers' quarters were still in existence at the time of our visit, though the former were badly dilapidated. Most of the buildings were in use by the present inhabitants, though many of the people had built homes in the interior of the island.

Though the island is outside of the tropics, some of the tropical fruits grow there, such as bananas, guavas, pineapples, etc. The oranges were among the finest we had ever tasted, being like those we had on Pitcairn. Thousands of bushels of lemons were hanging on the trees, no use being made of them at that time, though in later years the juice has been bottled and shipped abroad. Most of the vegetables and fruits that grow in America are raised in abundance, though but little grain is produced. Large numbers of fine cattle, horses, and sheep are seen on every side, no cutting of grass or stabling being necessary at any time of the year. Whales are found in the waters around Norfolk, many of which are harpooned by the men of the island.

The larger number of the inhabitants are descendants of the people of Pitcairn, who came to the island in 1856. The Melanesian Mission, under the jurisdiction of the Church of England, had its headquarters there. The mission vessel, the "Southern Cross," visited the island from time to time, going from there to the different islands of Melanesia, gathering up boys and girls who were to be educated. At one time this mission was in charge of Bishop Patterson, the noble missionary who was murdered in 1871 by the natives of Santa Cruz. In the memory of this man, a beautiful chapel was erected, named St. Barnabas Chapel. Connected with this missionary in his work for the heathen of Melanesia, were two young men, Fisher Young, son of Simon Young, elder of the Pitcairn church, and a

Mr. Evans. A few years before the murder of the bishop, these two young men were also killed by the poisoned arrows of the natives, and in nearly the same place. Memorial windows in their honor are seen in the St. Barnabas Chapel just referred to. Much suffering was endured by these self-sacrificing men in carrying the gospel to the benighted peoples of Melanesia.

On reaching Norfolk, we were met several miles from shore by a number of whaleboats loaded with the men of the island. They had heard of our intended visit, and for several months had been on the lookout for us. Their resemblance to their Pitcairn relatives, and their whole-souled manner of receiving us, made us almost feel that we had again reached the shores of Pitcairn. On landing, we were taken to the home of Mrs. Jane Quintal, a sister of Brother McCoy, and entertained in a royal manner. As soon as our arrival was known, the people came from all parts of the island to see their Pitcairn relatives, and to bid us all welcome. They felt that it was really an honor to them that we had named our ship "Pitcairn." Here we had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Sarah Nobbs, widow of the late George H. Nobbs, who for fifty-six years had acted as pastor and teacher of the Pitcairn and Norfolk communities. Mrs. Nobbs was eighty-five years old, being the oldest descendant of the original settlers, and the granddaughter of Fletcher Christian, the leader of the famous mutiny of the "Bounty." We also met John

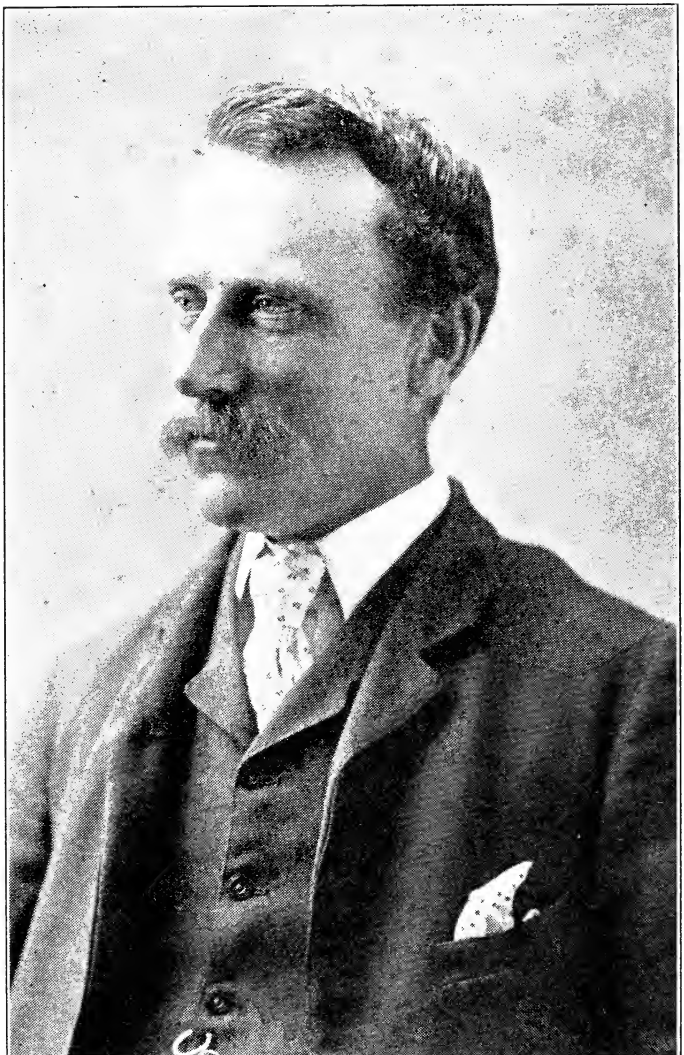
Adams, grandson of the John Adams who was one of the mutineers. This man told me that nothing since his residence on Norfolk had given him greater pleasure than this visit of our company to his island. Here we also had the privilege of meeting Capt. Frank Bates, nephew of Elder Joseph Bates, who had lived on the island nearly thirty years.

Three days after landing, we held a Sabbath meeting in the home of Mrs. Quintal. It was the first Sabbath meeting ever held on the island. The writer conducted the services, which were attended by a goodly number of the islanders. We found the people to be warm hearted and generous, and were invited to visit them at their homes and enjoy their hospitality. When, after a six days' stay on the island, we sailed for New Zealand, large quantities of food — fruits and vegetables — were put on board for our use on the trip. Probably two hundred of the islanders, including the minister of the Church of England and the pastor of the Wesleyan church, assembled at the wharf to see us off. Elder Read and his wife stayed on the island to follow up the interest that had been awakened by the meetings which we had held.

The first man to accept the message of truth was the head master of the public school, Brother Alfred Nobbs, son of the Mr. George H. Nobbs referred to above. A few years later this brother was ordained elder of the church which had been organized. An old church building which had done service in convict days was

given to our people, and was put in repair by Elder J. M. Cole, who at that time was living on the island. Later a church was built in the interior of the island, also a mission house, on a plot of twenty-eight acres of land. In 1921 there were forty or fifty Sabbath keepers on the island, with Brother M. R. Adams in charge. In 1912 the light from Norfolk kindled a spark at Lord Howe Island, midway between Norfolk and Sydney, Australia.

From Norfolk we went to New Zealand, where we decided to have quite extensive repairs made on our ship. All our company had suffered more or less from being compelled to be shut down below the deck, and so we gave the contract to a shipbuilding company to place the cabin and forecastle on deck. As the repairs would require considerable time, we decided to accept the pressing invitation given us to visit Australia.



Capt. J. M. Marsh

# Returning from the First Cruise

FINALLY the repairs on the "Pitcairn" were finished, but Captain Marsh was dangerously sick. Not knowing how long our homeward trip would be delayed by this sickness, we sent some of our sailors into the country to canvass for our books, while the mate, Brother Christiansen, accompanied Elders A. G. Daniells and W. C. White to Sydney, to canvass for our books in the ships lying in that harbor. While we were fluctuating between hope and fear because of Captain Marsh's condition, our stay in Auckland was prolonged more than two months. At last, on June 3, after months of extreme suffering, the captain died, and the next day was laid to rest in the Purewa cemetery.

The death of Captain Marsh was a shock to us all. He was a man of few words, quiet and undemonstrative, but a competent navigator, a safe and trusty sailor, and a genuinely good Christian man. He had won the confidence of the business men of the city during his prolonged stay, and on the day of the funeral the flags on nearly all the ships in the harbor were flown at half mast, while the city papers spoke of him in eulogistic terms.

After the death of Captain Marsh, we began at once to prepare for our return to California, by taking in stores of food and fuel, cleaning the bottom of the ship, and doing many other things preparatory to a long

voyage. As the mate was now to take command of the vessel, we had to await his arrival from Sydney. He arrived about June 20, but for various reasons we were delayed till the twenty-seventh, when we sailed away from Auckland with a fair wind.

As it was wintertime in the Southern Hemisphere, we expected rough weather, but we thought that the wind would be quite steady from the south and southeast, and that we would reach Pitcairn Island in fifteen or twenty days; but in this we were mistaken, for the journey occupied thirty-one days.

In some respects this was one of the most disagreeable trips we had ever taken, but in others it was quite comfortable; for though we encountered terrific storms for days at a time, we were fairly exempt from seasickness, as our cabin was now on the deck, where we were free from bilge water and galley odors.

Two days after sailing, we crossed the international date line the second time, and had the novel experience of having eight days, two Wednesdays, and two June 29's in one week.

July 9 and 10 we met the worst storms we had yet experienced. The wind rose to a tempest, and was directly ahead. The whole surface of the ocean was covered with foam like snow, and the air was filled with blinding spray. All of one day no sail could be exposed except a little corner of the mainsail. Great mountain waves that looked as if they would roll over our very masthead, were rolling for two whole days.

As a precaution, the captain had life-lines stretched around the deck above the bulwarks, to save us from being washed overboard, in case we should ship a heavy sea. An oil keg was kept out to windward, which served in a measure to prevent the waves from breaking over our deck.

Our highest expectations concerning the safety of our ship at sea were more than realized. It was a constant surprise to us to see her riding the billows like a duck, taking scarcely any water on the deck except the spray. The officers said they never saw a ship brave a storm better. Notwithstanding the fury of the storm, we had no mishaps except the loss of our patent log and having one of our small sails blown to pieces in a gale. Never did we realize more vividly the presence of the angels of God than during the height of this storm.

Our experiences at this time were like those of the ancient mariners mentioned in the 107th psalm: "They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet."

Finally we reached Pitcairn in safety, grateful indeed to God for His protecting care, and happy to

meet once again the friends who had become so dear to us. We found everything usually well. No deaths had occurred since we left the island nineteen months before. We were glad also to see evidences of spiritual growth. We had the privilege of baptizing two more persons soon after our arrival. One of them was a woman who had just returned from a two years' stay in Tahiti, and the other was a young Englishman who had taken the place of one of our sailors who remained in New Zealand. Profitable meetings were held during the short stay of our ship. Among the important questions considered were the matters of starting a school for the training of the youth, so that they might become missionaries to other islands of the Pacific; and the starting of industries for utilizing the valuable fruits of the island. All were favorable to the project of having a school, and it was decided to send to America for a teacher.

I was in a run-down condition, so it was decided that Mrs. Gates and I should stay on Pitcairn for a year at least, and help with the work there; and that Brother and Sister Read should locate on Tahiti in the Society group, while the ship proceeded to San Francisco for more missionaries. On October 8 (1892), she sailed through the Golden Gate, and early the next year left again on her mission among the South Sea Islands.

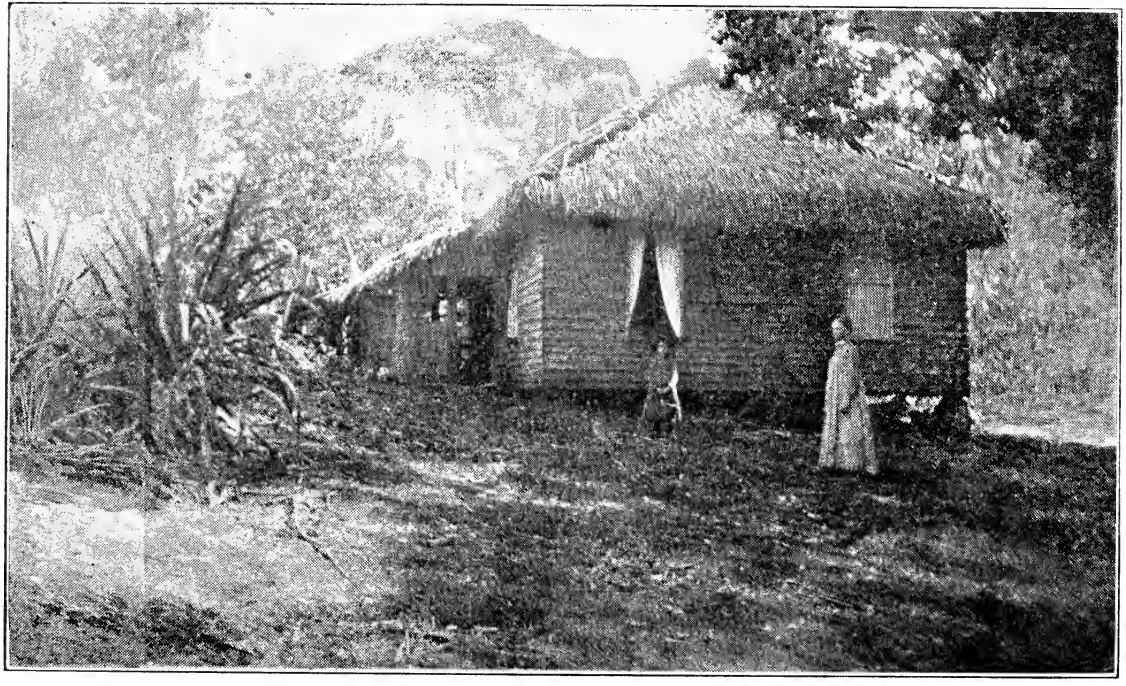
On June 19, 1894, the "Pitcairn" began her third cruise to the islands, carrying a number of missionaries

to the mission fields already occupied by our workers. Two more trips were made, the last one in 1899, after which the ship was sold to be used as a cargo vessel. My last view of her was in the Pasig River, Manila, Philippine Islands, Jan. 30, 1907, as I was about to take the steamer for Hongkong, China.

Crew of the Pitcairn

Left to right, upper row: A. Anderson, H. Garthofner, C. Kahlstrom, P. Hanson.

Lower row: G. Turner, Capt. J. M. Marsh, Mate Christiansen, J. I. Tay.



"Shady Nook" Mission House, Pitcairn Island

# A Pleasant and Profitable Year

After the departure of the ship for America, our first work on Pitcairn was to lay plans for the proposed school for the youth. For a beginning we took up a few studies, such as grammar, Bible, and history. One of the young ladies made a large map, which was a real credit to the island. Most of the youth manifested an interest in their studies, and made fairly good progress. In order to teach them to write, and to speak in public, a literary society was organized.


A few months later we started a monthly paper. Herewith is shown a copy of the heading of the first page of Volume I, Number 1, and a short description of the *Monthly* as it appeared in the *Youth's Instructor* shortly after it was started.

"We are glad to be able to present to our readers this week an exact duplicate of the first page of the first number of the first periodical ever issued on the

island of Pitcairn. The whole number consists of nine pages of original matter, divided into six departments, as follows: Editorial, Moral and Religious Topics, the Home Circle, News Items, Pleasantries, All Sorts. The whole number is done with a pen, the work of which is fairly represented by the facsimile page given in this number of the *Instructor*.

"In glancing through the editorial department, the very suggestive motto, 'Despise not the day of small things,' catches the eye. E. H. Gates is editor, R. A. Young, assistant editor. Contributors: M. E. McCoy, E. S. Young, V. Young, M. A. McCoy, Ida Gates, Sarah W. Young. The following is a reprint in full of the introductory editorial:

"'Nearly thirty centuries ago it was declared by the wisest man that ever lived, that "there is no new thing under the sun," but today the inhabitants of Pitcairn Island can say in truth that there is one new thing beneath the lowering cliffs of Point Lookout. For more than a century the dwellers on the "lone isle of the sea" have jogged along their beaten pathway, satisfied to be at peace with God and all mankind, never dreaming of the advent of anything larger than a British man-of-war or a full-rigged merchant ship. But it was not decreed that the nineteenth century should close over this little continent without seeing some manifestations of the revival of learning and inventive genius which have characterized the older and more populous countries.

"'A few months ago there was heard "the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees," in the shape of the organization of a literary society, a prelude to the revival of intellectual life and activity. This has culminated in the formation of a company having for its object the publication of a monthly journal called the *Monthly Pitcairnian,* the first number of which we herewith send out under the date of Dec. 14, 1892, with the hope that it will be appreciated by the readers into whose hands it may perchance fall.

"'Besides the editor and assistant, a competent corps of reporters has been engaged, and it is the purpose of the managers to make the periodical first class in every respect. All are invited to contribute short, spicy articles for the paper, with any news items of an interesting character. As it cannot be reasonably expected that the *Pitcairnian* will at once assume the proportions of the New York and London dailies, it is hoped that none will "despise the day of small things," but will remember that "tall oaks from little acorns grow." Verily, the world does move.'"

Rosalind Young was the printer of this little paper. Only one copy was made, and that we read aloud at the monthly meeting of the literary society.

To show that isolation, even on such a lone spot as Pitcairn, does not necessarily disqualify one for study, thinking, and writing, I am inserting at this point some verses written by one of the native sisters for use in the literary society. While this lady was not at that time

one of the "youth," she had spent her whole life on Pitcairn and Norfolk Islands, and had had no training but that received in the island school and her home study. Her poem reads as follows:

## "God's Works in Nature

"I sing the wondrous, the almighty Power,
That gently speaks in opening bud and flower,
Or loudly bids us listen to its voice
In roaring cataract, or thunder's noise,
Or in the lightning which, on swiftest wings,
From east to west, in tireless motion springs.
I love to think upon this wondrous sphere,
And trace the imprint of my Maker here:
The ocean, in its ever-varying mood,
Its calm, still peacefulness or rushing flood,
Or gently rippling waves, that ever seem
Like the soft music of some far-off dream;
Or when the rolling surge in grand display
Tosses in myriad drops its foamy spray,
Or dashing in its mad, resistless strength,
Recedes, and sinks to quietness, at length,—
Proclaims aloud, with every passing hour,
'Witness the tokens of almighty power!'

"Upward I look, and view the archèd skies
That bid my heart in reverent praises rise.
I see the glorious sun in splendor fair,
Coursing his way above the viewless air;
His brightest rays dispense the noontide glow,
And light the dulness of the world below.
He travels onward to the distant west,
And sinks in golden glory to his rest;
His parting beams, more lovely and more bright

Than were his rising charms, enchain my sight.
Full oft I've gazed upon a sunset scene,
The shifting clouds in matchless splendor seen;
And when these beauties fade before my sight,
The moon, resplendent in her silvery light,
Or the bright stars that gem the distant heavens,
All show God's gifts to man so freely given;
While on my ears the words would seem to fall
In whispered tones, 'My Father made them all.'

"The mountains that in stately grandeur stand,
The tree-decked hills by heavenly wisdom planned,
The trees 'mong which the zephyrs softly play,
Awakening gentle echoes night and day;
The flowers that deck the valley and the field,
Painted by hands divine, rich perfume yield;
The grass, earth's carpet, woven in softest green,
The lovely moss by human vision seen;
The birds that fly the lofty trees among,
Enlivening the air with life and song,
Warbling God's praises from their tiny throats,
Inviting man to join their gladsome notes;
The finny tribes, the fishes, great and small,
The insect life in teeming myriads, — all
Proclaim this truth, freshly renewed each day,
Compelling us who know our God, to say,
'O Lord, how wondrous are Thy mighty works!
In wisdom hast Thou made them, every one;
The earth is of Thy matchless goodness full!'

"R. A. YOUNG.

"*Pitcairn Island, Sept. 4, 1892.*"

Not only did we organize classes for the youth, but Mrs. Gates conducted a kindergarten for the little tots, also mothers' meetings, and once a month gave instruction in cooking and treatment methods. She also taught

shorthand to some of the young people, a few of whom were making good progress when the class was unfortunately broken up by an epidemic that reached the island, as will be narrated later.

Another thing we decided that Pitcairn should have

Banyan Tree, Pitcairn Island

was a park, so we began to plan, and soon it was laid out by the members of the literary society, and named "Society Park." The object held before the members was to stimulate a love for the beautiful in nature, and to encourage in the youth habits of neatness and taste

in their homes. Once a week the members spent a little time in clearing the grounds, the company being thoroughly organized, with a captain over the whole society, and leaders over divisions. Many flower beds and walks were laid out, which, with the overhanging cocoanut fronds and other palms, made a lovely place.

Tuesday afternoon of each week the division prayer meeting was held, sometimes under the overshadowing trees, sometimes in private houses, or in the church or school building, nearly all on the island being in attendance. Occasionally division leaders' meetings were held.

About the end of the year (1892), the plan to build a mission house for us began to materialize. Up in the hills, trees were cut down, a saw pit built, and soon the work of sawing the logs into boards began. On December 1 the foundation of this house was laid on a beautiful spot, which we called "Shady Nook." Soon it was completed, and there we spent the remainder of our time on the island. Two or three rods from the house was a banyan tree that covered about an acre of land. Here in this lovely place, surrounded by the handiwork of the Creator, we endeavored to regain our health, which had been impaired by the long voyages under unfavorable surroundings.

School of Miss Hattie Andre, Pitcairn Island

Miss Andre stands, with hat in hand, in the center of the group.

# When the "Pitcairn" Returned

Though Pitcairn Island is far out of the regular course of vessels, we sighted ships from time to time, and received mail occasionally. Ship captains would sometimes go a long distance out of their route to see the "Lone Isle of the Sea," or to get a supply of fresh fruit and vegetables. When a ship was sighted, the men on the island always went to it in their boats with a good supply of oranges, pineapples, bananas, melons, pumpkins, and other island products. These were exchanged for wheat, flour, soap, clothing, etc., and on the return of the boats, these things were distributed among the members of the community.

One day the "Champion," a British man-of-war, as is customary once a year, came to the island to inquire after the welfare of the community, to adjust any difficulties that might have arisen, and in the present instance, to suggest a change in the government of the island. At the suggestion of the captain, it was voted that a parliament of seven members be elected to hold office for one year, these members to have power to elect a magistrate, who should be the president of the parliament. The outcome demonstrated the value of the change; for this gave the island a stronger government.

As the captain had learned of the islanders' accepting the advent doctrines and observing the seventh day

of the week in place of the Sunday which they had observed when members of the Church of England, he questioned them quite closely as to their object in making the change. To all his questions the brethren gave clear-cut Bible answers, and the captain did not press the matter further.

At our invitation, the chaplain dined at our home, and at the table he asked questions concerning our religious beliefs. Among others, he asked if we believed in keeping the old Jewish law. I answered that we kept the law which was read in the Church of England service every Sunday,— the church of which he was a clergyman,— and to which all the members responded after the reading of each of the ten commandments (the fourth included), "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law." No more questions were asked.

We enjoyed the visit of the "Champion," but the arrival of another ship that came later gave us far deeper thrills. It was early one morning when I was aroused from sleep by a sister coming to the door and saying excitedly, "Brother Gates, the 'Pitcairn' has come, and is standing off here." In a flash I was out of bed, and there saw the little ship, which had arrived during the night, standing a little distance off the landing. All were excited, wondering who was aboard. A boat was soon ready, and I was off for the ship. As I clambered over the rail, the first man I saw was Elder B. J. Cady, who was accompanied by his wife. Next

appeared Dr. M. G. Kellogg, then Elder J. M. Cole and his wife, Brother and Sister Elliot C. Chapman, and Miss Hattie Andre, our long-waited-for teacher. Soon we were all ashore, and the rest of the day was spent in visiting.

In the days that followed, much time was spent in planning for the work on other islands. We decided to visit Mangareva in the Gambier group, three hundred miles to the northwest. Accordingly five days later, Elder Cady, some of the islanders, and I started for that place. We spent eleven days there. Mangareva is a fine island under French control. From the French resident we learned that at one time the population of the island numbered ten thousand, but that it had dwindled till at the time of our visit only a few hundred were left, and they were in a state of extreme moral degradation. All professed the Catholic faith. Here we saw an immense church building, capable of accommodating thousands, built of blocks of coral. The services of this church were attended by a mere handful of the natives.

We visited all the white men of the island, and sold a number of our books. The French resident secured one, "The Two Republics." On the Sabbath, several came aboard our ship and attended the services. Sunday night the natives crowded our deck till there was hardly standing room. They listened respectfully while Elder Cady preached, though they did not understand a word of English. On the second Sunday a meeting

was held in the home of one of the white residents. The Europeans on the island showed an interest in our message, but were utterly ignorant of the Scriptures. One intelligent French woman whom I visited had never seen a Bible. I presented her with a copy, and a day or two later learned from her that already she had read half of the New Testament. She seemed literally starved for something substantial.

One day we called on the two French priests and enjoyed a pleasant half hour with them, although one of them could speak very little English and the other none at all. As we rose to leave, the former, evidently wishing to do a little missionary work, called our attention to a painting on the wall which represented Christ and the apostles on Galilee, with Peter sinking in the sea. Quoting the words of Christ, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church," the priest sought to impress our minds with the dignity of a church built on the great apostle Peter. I did not attempt to argue the question with the priest, though to me it seemed most absurd to think of building a church on a man sinking in the sea because of unbelief.

The lagoons around Mangareva were very rich in pearl shells. We went out in our boat and saw the natives diving for shells in the shallow lagoon. They swam around with their faces in the open end of a box that had a glass bottom. This smoothed the water and made it possible to see the bottom of the lagoon. When shells were seen, the natives would leave the box float-

ing, and dive to the bottom to secure them. The best shells, however, were found in the deep water outside. In preparing to dive there, the natives stood for a few minutes in their canoes, taking deep breaths. Then after crossing themselves, they dived over the side and disappeared. Here the bottom could not be seen from the surface. Without any weights, some of these men descended seventy feet, remaining under the water seventy seconds, and returning with shells in their hands. This we found by timing them and taking soundings.

Our return to Pitcairn occupied four days. The few days the ship remained at that place were spent in planning with the missionaries concerning their future fields of labor and their work. Five days after our return, the vessel sailed for the Society Islands, where Elder Cady and Brother Chapman with their families went ashore and began their labors. Elder Cole and his wife went on to Norfolk. Dr. Kellogg later began work in Tonga.

Now that the ship was gone, the principal event to occupy all our minds was the opening of the new school, or rather, the reorganization of the old school under its new head, Miss Andre. As my health was much impaired, I turned over most of my work to the new teacher and her assistants, who conducted it with marked success for more than two years.

A few months after the arrival of the "Pitcairn," we passed through a time of sore affliction. A large

ship was wrecked on the small island of Oeno, seventy miles to the northward, and its crew came to Pitcairn in their boats. One of these men had been sick with a fever, which proved to be typhus in a malignant form. The disease was communicated to the people of the island, who being unacquainted with the disease, knew not what to do, and we were compelled to be both doctors and nurses. Not more than two or three of the islanders escaped the sickness. At times there were hardly enough well persons to care for the sick. We instructed the well ones how to give treatments, and set them to work for others. The school was closed for weeks, and for three months we did little else than care for the sick and bury the dead. Fortunately, Miss Andre and Mrs. Gates and I escaped. At different times during these dreary months, it seemed that we had conquered the disease; but perhaps the next day there would be ten or twenty new cases.

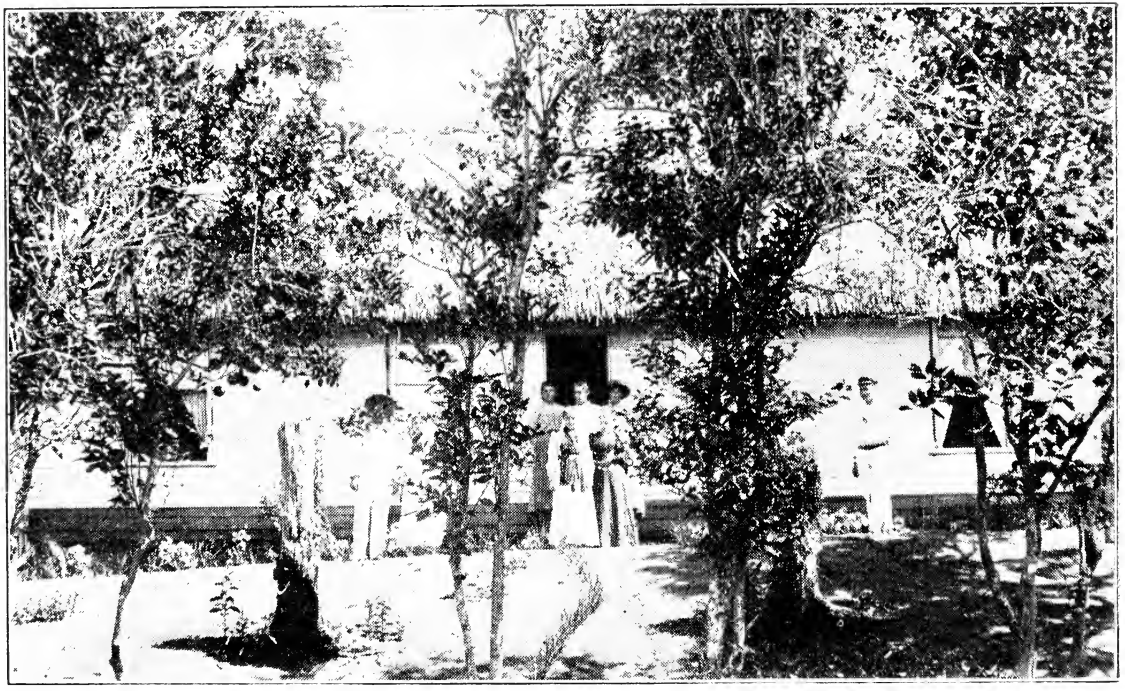
From August 26 to October 19 there were twelve deaths. Brother Simon Young, who for twenty-nine years had been pastor of the church, as well as teacher of the school much of the time, died, also his two sons, and his married daughter, Mrs. McCoy. Five of the most promising of the students were laid to rest.

Never did I endure such physical and nervous strain. In other lands where there are many inhabitants, one could have seen persons who were not sick, and the change would have relieved the strain; but here every home was a pesthouse, and death stalked abroad every

week. Only as we prayed to God did it seem possible to keep life within us. In fact, we lived for weeks by prayer.

From the close of the epidemic till Feb. 6, 1894, when the "Pitcairn" returned from her second trip among the islands, nothing special occurred. At that time we decided to return to America for medical help and change of environment, Miss Andre remaining on the island in charge of the school till the summer of 1895, when she returned to her home.

In the years that have intervened, Pitcairn has been visited by a number of our missionaries. Elder Cady, while in charge of our work on Tahiti, visited the place once or twice. Brother Cary, from Australia, spent a few years in labor for the islanders. Brother and Sister M. Adams, from the same country, acted as spiritual leaders and teachers on the island for a few years, and the believers there have expressed their gratitude for help received by covenanting with God through sacrifice. Faithfully have they served in their little island home, and strenuously have they endeavored to help finish the work in the regions beyond that "lone isle of the sea."



Mission Home, Pitcairn Island

# Helping to Finish the Work

So much did the people of Pitcairn come to love their Master, and so eager were they to help finish the work in all the world, that they decided to build a small ship in which they could carry to other islands of the briny deep the glad news of salvation. Almost insurmountable difficulties were met in this undertaking. All the timbers and boards had to be shaped by hand under great difficulties. Even some of the nails were handmade. But at last the work was finished; and the little boat, named the "Messenger," was launched. As there was no harbor or anchorage, it was necessary to keep the little craft constantly afloat with some one in charge.

Successful trips were made to Mangareva, and also to Tahiti, twelve hundred miles away. On these voyages the sailors were often in great peril. Sometimes fearful storms threatened to overcome this frail ship. At other times the men were becalmed for days at a time, and ran short of food and water. The following letter, written by Sister Adams in 1917 to the Australian Union Conference office, tells of one of the trips of the "Messenger:"

"APRIL 20, 1917.—I have delayed writing until now because we expected to hear some news concerning the little 'Messenger,' but so far none has reached us. This morning at half past five we met for united prayers

for some tidings of her, and for our heavenly Father so to control the elements that she may return to us quickly and in safety. It is just three months since she left us.

"During this time we have had many evidences of our Father's love and care. It is possible that you have heard of the contribution sent by the S. S. 'Port Hardy' from America. It seems as if every need has been supplied. The Review and Herald office supplied us with files of our papers, and sufficient books to start a library for the church. Our Sabbath school also received much needed help from the Picture Rolls and *Sabbath School Workers*. And in addition to the large supply of clothing for women and children, also oil, nails, and soap, $80 was distributed. This enabled the people to give a thank offering as well as to pay tithe on the goods they had received. Their true gratitude was revealed in the spirit of the offerings. The whole amount distributed came back in the tithes and offerings.

"It seems that conditions are reversing with us; for prosperity is now attending us in every way. The fields are yielding abundantly, and the cocoanut trees have revived to the extent that there are sufficient cocoanuts to lay by in store. This change has taken place since the people have endeavored faithfully to pay every tenth nut into the Lord's storehouse.

"We can see also that the Spirit of the Lord is at work, causing some to consecrate themselves more fully to the Lord, and bringing the unconverted to sense their

need of Christ's pardoning grace. We are conducting meetings on a different plan, taking the boys and girls separately and studying for a short time the last portion of 'The Great Controversy,' beginning with the chapter entitled, 'Snares of Satan.' Already we see good results from these meetings, and we do believe that greater good will follow.

"APRIL 29.— Since starting this letter to you, another vessel with a similar contribution to that which came on the 'Port Hardy,' has arrived. I received by this one also kind letters from Sisters Graham and Gregg, which gave much news and encouragement. The people were supplied at this time with more nails, many useful tools, cooking utensils, and garden implements, also candles, oil, flour, rice, and clothing. I think there is no other whole community of people anywhere in this world at the present time better provided for than we are, and our hearts are filled with gratitude to our kind Father who is the giver of every good and perfect gift. A beautiful new organ was also sent to the community.

"MAY 2.— It is now May 2, and still no news of our little boat. Sometimes the suspense would be overwhelming, but at such a time Jesus is so precious to me, and I do not doubt His care and protection over our loved ones. There are eight married men on board, and seven of these have families. It is quite pathetic at times to hear the children talking of their fathers.

Little Paul sometimes says to me, 'When is my dear father coming back? I'd like to see him.'

"The night after they left, a fearful storm came up. Never in my life have I witnessed such dreadful lightning. It continued for hours, and there was scarcely a second between the flashes. It seemed as if there was a fearful conflict between unseen agencies over the little boat. She was far out of sight by that time. It thundered also with loudest peals, and the very hills seemed to shake. The wind turned to all four points of the compass in a few hours. Then the rain came, and the wind turned back into the favorable quarter again. Some of the people decided that the boat could not have lived through such weather, and are inclined to believe that she was lost that night. But I do not. Prayer must and will prevail, and for the glory of Christ's own name He would not suffer it. True, the little boat was poorly fitted. The masts were made of very brittle wood, but it was the best that the island offered. The sails were small and made from patches of canvas. The false keel and rudder were smashed in launching, but not beyond repair. The rudder was mended before they left, but the keel could not be mended until they reached Mangareva. It is possible that they were delayed there longer than they anticipated.

"JUNE 16.— We have not had an opportunity to send any letters away since April 20, so your letter is still on hand. You will rejoice with us, I know, when

you receive the news that the 'Messenger' arrived home safely on the fourth of this month, bringing mail and papers from Tahiti. They were away just four and a half months. We had not received any news of them during their absence, so you can imagine our joy when the little boat was first sighted about sixteen miles away. For a whole week before they landed they could see the island, but could not make it on account of the calm, although there was a breeze on land. But we all believed that we had received a message of comfort that they were coming, because we had prayed that if all was well and they were returning, the Lord would send a favorable wind; and from the day we started to pray unitedly until the day they arrived, which was just one month, the wind was favorable. They were just one month returning.

"The Lord has been so precious to me in this experience. My dear husband is so much better for his trip, and it was so refreshing for him to meet with the brethren. I suppose before this reaches you, the news of our new appointment to Mangareva will have arrived. We do desire an interest in your prayers, that we may carry forward the work there in an acceptable way. The people are Catholics, and as far as we can see, it will take a considerable time to establish the work. But nothing is too hard for the Lord, and I feel confident that He will give sustaining grace and heavenly wisdom and ability. You will be glad to know that we get mail twice a year from Tahiti. . . .

"We are sending one young man to Tahiti, who in due time, the Lord willing, will join Brother Jones in the interests of the work in the Solomons and New Hebrides. We trust that more will follow."

After the last-mentioned trip, the "Messenger" continued from time to time to visit the other islands. But early in 1920 she made her last voyage, and today lies at the bottom of the ocean. The following letter, written to Pastor Lyndon, of Tahiti, by Brother Walter Fisher Young, the church elder and school-teacher of the Pitcairn community, tells of the wreck of the boat and the miraculous deliverance of those aboard her at the time:

"Pitcairn Island, April 18, 1920.

"Dear Brother Lyndon:

"Your letter of February 11, 1920, I received with gladness, and first of all I thank you for it. It seems as if the more we communicate, the closer we come to each other. How good to be in such a place where we can address one another as brothers!

"It may surprise you to know where I was when I received your letter. I was at Mangareva. I took a trip to Mangareva on the 'Messenger,' the first time since we made our first trip to Tahiti when Brother Adams was on the boat.

"The church council gave me the privilege of taking a trip to Mangareva, returing to Pitcairn as soon as possible. Seeing I have charge of the day school,

and am also leader of the church, I did not decide to go at once. I told them that if it were the Lord's will for me to go, and if I could do any good by helping the natives there, I would go. So I prayed over the matter, asking the Lord to show His will either for me to go or not. Finally I made up my mind to go. As Brother Fred was my assistant leader in the church, he took charge of the church work during my absence. Sister Rosa Nield took my place as school-teacher until my return. You know that she was our school-teacher here many years ago. After her arrival from New Zealand, she stepped in and helped me in the work of educating the children. So you see she was working in the school for some time before I left on the 'Messenger.' I can tell you that some of the children have been doing well in their studies.

"You will remember when we left Tahiti for Pitcairn on the 'Messenger,' Brother Adams took a good many of the Tahitian papers with him to distribute at Mangareva, but seeing he did not go to Mangareva, these papers were left here on Pitcairn. My plan on going to Mangareva was to enable me to distribute these papers among the natives, thus helping them to know something of the soon coming of the Lord. From four to six hundred papers were distributed. Some said, 'How good and true they are — just like the Bible!' Besides my English Bible, I took a native Bible, and gave it to some of the natives, and we compared different texts, and I tried to explain things as best I

Pitcairn Islanders and Their Dwellings

could in their language from what little I know of it. One man said, 'Yes, the seventh day is the right day to keep.' Another man desired to have my English Bible, so I told him I would use it until I left, and then he could have it. The day we left, he gave me a dollar for the Bible. I gave him the book, but the money I will put into the cause of God.

"We stayed at Mangareva only seven days, and then left for home again. If Seventh-day Adventist missionaries could be found to go to Mangareva and there teach and live the truth, there would probably be some who would come forward and accept the truth and be saved.

"Now I will tell you of our trip home and a miraculous deliverance. We were in sight of Mangareva for about four days, owing to a calm; then a light wind blew, but not fair for Pitcairn. Afterward the wind increased to a strong head blow, and it lasted for a long time. This seemed to strain the boat, and it began to leak very badly. On account of the strong head wind we made very slow progress. We sought the Lord, asking that He would favor us with a fair wind, that we might soon reach home, but it seemed as if the fair wind would never come. Still we kept on pleading with the Lord to remember and help us. Our food supply was fast running out. We were fifteen or sixteen days out before we sighted Pitcairn. The day we sighted land was Sunday, and we were that evening many miles to leeward of the island. Our last

known food was cooked and eaten that evening. Though many miles from shore, our captain lowered the boat and sent five men to row ashore to let the islanders know of our present condition on board. Floating on a leaky boat, without provisions, the few men left on board having to be at the pump day and night to keep the water from overwhelming the ship, and working without food, we were growing weak and feeble.

"Day and night the boat from the shore tried to reach us, to bring relief, but this was all in vain, for they never found us. From Sunday till Tuesday we were there in an almost helpless condition. The wind was contrary for us to make the land. In our distress we sought the Lord. Those on shore assembled in the house of God to seek help in behalf of those left on board the 'Messenger.' On Wednesday morning we sighted a steamship. We put up the distress signal, but the captain of the steamship did not see it, so it passed us by. That same steamer passed close by Pitcairn. The boats made for her, and succeeded in getting on board. They presented the condition of the 'Messenger' to the captain, and God used that captain to answer the prayers of His people. The captain turned his ship around and went in search of the 'Messenger' until he found it. He saw the condition of the ship as well as of those of us on board, and he took it in tow, trying to get it to land. But the 'Messenger' was fast filling with water, and would not be able to get to land. All cargo was taken from her and placed

on board the steamer, and all hands left the 'Messenger,' not a life being lost. The 'Messenger,' which was now nearly filled with water, was set adrift, and has probably gone to the bottom. But how much we have to thank God for in using this sea captain to save our lives! Surely God sometimes waits till all human help has failed before He answers prayer. Is not our experience something like that of the apostle Paul?

"Last Sabbath a special thank offering collection was taken. Praises to God as well as prayers were offered in the service. At that service there were those who had long kept their seats without standing up and bearing a word of testimony to the goodness of God, but during that service the Spirit of God came into our meeting, and quite a good number of both men and women took their stand for the Master anew.

"W. F. YOUNG."

In 1921 we received the news of a tragic occurrence on Pitcairn by which the writer of the foregoing letter met his death. A steamer with the high commissioner of Fiji on board, was approaching the island, and an attempt was being made by the islanders to launch a boat in the face of a terrific sea that rolled in at the landing place. A large wave struck the boat as it lay broadside on against the sea, wrenching it from the hands of the men, and dragging under its great weight the mangled body of Brother Walter Fisher Young. An aged uncle of Brother Young was also killed, and a brother-in-law seriously injured.

Pitcairn Island has passed through many vicissitudes, and has had a checkered experience; but God still has His representatives there who are holding up the light of the gospel in this "sweet, lone isle amid the sea."

The report of the tithes and offerings on Pitcairn for the year 1920 and the first three quarters of 1921, is a remarkable one. When, years ago, I first set the matter of tithe paying before the believers there, they said, "We are willing to pay a tithe of our income into God's cause, but do not know how to turn our island products into cash." I answered, "Do as the prophet Malachi commanded, 'Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse.' Build a storehouse, and there place a tithe of all your cocoanuts, bananas, potatoes, kumeras, arrowroot, pineapples, etc. Then see if the Lord will not devise a plan for marketing your tithe products."

The next time I visited the island, I found that these suggestions had been carried out. My attention was called to their cocoanut trees. On the bark of every tenth tree were cut the letters, "L. X.," meaning the Lord's tithe, or tenth.

For many years ships passed the island only at long intervals, which made it difficult to dispose of these products; but since the finishing of the Panama Canal, steamers arrive with some degree of regularity. The following is the report of the tithe which was paid during 1920:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Cash .... | £94-16-9, | or $461.83 |
| Produce .. | 57- 5-8, | or 279.00 |
| Total ... | £152- 2-5, | or $740.83 |

The treasurer says: "The foregoing report does not include a few hundred pounds of arrowroot, dried bananas, etc., which we sent to Pastor Lyndon at Tahiti. These things were sold in Tahiti and the money credited to our church, which amounted to a number of pounds more. All the cash reported is what we got from trade with passing ships. I think we are favored more than any others on earth, and I know God will require much at our hands."

Tithe Report for 1921

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| First Quarter | Cash ..... | £43- 7-10, or | $211.36 |
| | Produce ... | 17- 6- 2, or | 84.33 |
| Second Quarter | Cash ..... | 60-19- 1, or | 296.78 |
| | Produce ... | 9-15- 1, or | 47.45 |
| Third Quarter | Cash ..... | 58-15- 8, or | 286.22 |
| | Produce ... | 18- 1- 7, or | 88.04 |
| Total ..... | | £208- 5- 5, or | $1,014.18 |

A portion of the amount contributed in 1921 is for offerings as well as tithes, but the treasurer does not indicate how the amount should be divided. In addition to the tithes and offerings paid into the treasury, the Pitcairn church made the following offerings during the year 1921:

| | |
|---|---|
| To the China Famine Relief | £8- 0- 0 |
| To Queen Mary's Limbless Hospital | 4-10- 0 |
| To India School Building Fund | 2- 0- 0 |
| To England "Save the Children" Fund | 11- 0- 0 |
| For the Naked Poor of Europe | 13-10- 0 |
| Total | £39- 0- 0 |
| | or $189.93 |

This report shows that for twenty-one months the Pitcairn church paid in tithes and offerings the handsome sum of $1,944.94. Today (March 1, 1922), another letter came from Pitcairn Island, from which I make the following extracts:

"CAMP-GROUND, FLATLAND, PITCAIRN ISLAND,
Jan. 18, 1922.

"DEAR BROTHER GATES:

"You will notice that I am at Flatland. We are having our annual camp-meeting. All the families are here. We cleared the place years ago, and most of the families have nice little wooden houses made around the grounds. Others are in canvas tents. Our meetings started on the fourteenth, and will close the twenty-fourth. The Lord is coming very near in our meetings, and the Spirit of God seems to move on hearts. We only pray that God will work mightily to the saving of souls, as everything, even here on our little island, shows that all things earthly will soon pass away, and God's eternal kingdom be set up.

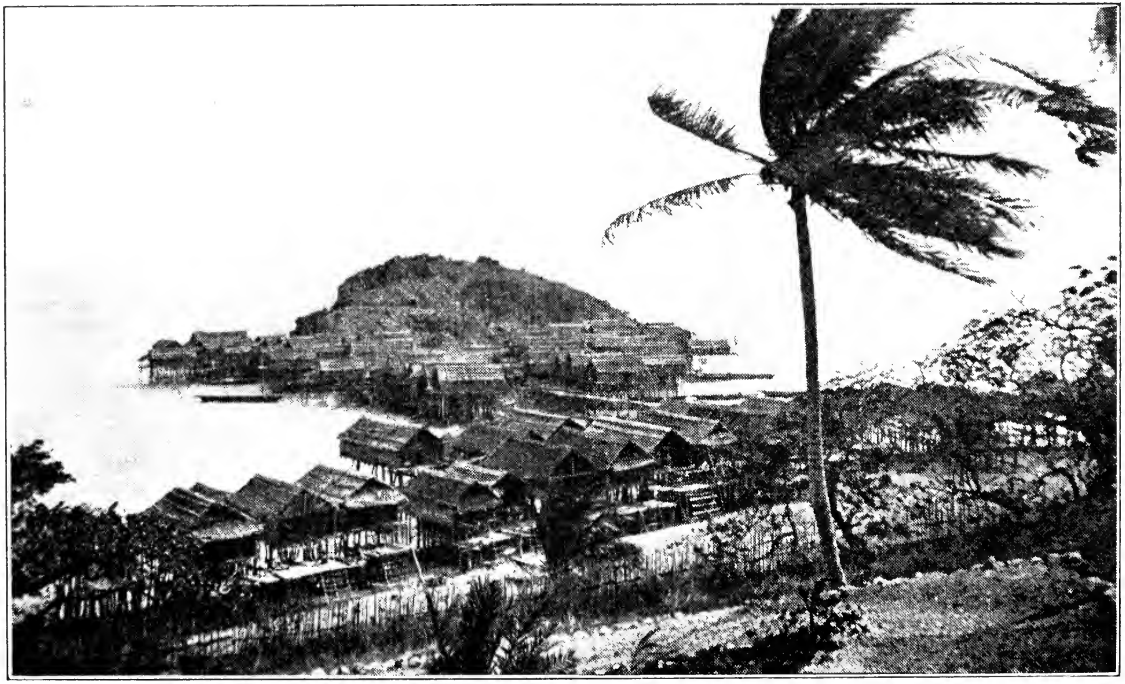
"Now in regard to our tithe: We have the same tithe brand, "L. X.," yet on trees. We also brand our chickens and goats. We built a house for the tithes, 24 x 24 feet, which is known as the tithe store.

"Each six months we select six men and six women to tend to the house and tithe products in general. Four years ago I was made church treasurer, and Fred Christian, chairman of our committee. He and I must be in the store every Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday from 4 to 5 P. M., to receive the tithe produce, which the people bring at that hour. You will remember telling the people here to bring their produce into the storehouse, and the Lord would look after the rest. Well, they remember it yet.

"We now have a better chance of getting money than when you were here, as steamers pass here from the canal [Panama] quite frequently, and some are passenger boats with nearly one thousand passengers on board, who buy much of our fruits and curios.

"Last year forty-three ships visited the island, which is more than the average; and I think God has blessed the people with the spirit of liberality.

"M. E. McCoy,
*"Church Treasurer."*



On the New Guinea Coast

# Pioneering in the East Indies

THE latter part of the year 1901, while in Australia, I began to plan a pioneering trip to the East Indies. On November 30 I boarded the steamer "Stettin," of the North German Lloyd line, booked for Singapore, a large city on a small island just off the most southern point of Asia. While going up the Queensland coast, we were for hundreds of miles inside of the great Barrier Reef. Among the passengers and crew of our ship were representatives of a number of nationalities,—English, Germans, Americans, Scandinavians, Scotch, Austrians, Malays, Japanese, Hindus, Chinese, half-castes, etc. The religious denominations represented were Lutheran, Church of England, Catholic, and Seventh-day Adventist, besides Mohammedans and Buddhists.

After leaving Townsville, Australia, we made no stop till we reached New Britain, a good-sized island just northeast of New Guinea. At Herbertshöhe, the capital of the then German possessions in that part of the Pacific, lived the governor of these islands. These possessions included German New Guinea, New Britain, New Ireland, Admiralty, New Hanover, and a few islands of the Solomon group.

That part of New Britain which has been improved by the white settlers is very pretty. Thousands of acres have been set out to cocoanut trees, besides which cotton

and *kapok* are grown. The island, except the few places which were under German rule, is still in a condition of primitive savagery. To quite an extent cannibalism is practised. Centuries of paganism have reduced the natives almost to the condition of beasts. Many have a dull, stupid look, and seem to possess but little energy. They wear scarcely anything, and probably in the interior they go entirely naked. Their food consists largely of taros, yams, bananas, and some fish. All chew the betel nut, which is slightly intoxicating. This nut, which is mixed with powdered lime and a very peppery seed, makes the teeth as black as ebony. All use tobacco. The first and last requests made of me by these natives was for tobacco. Sticks of tobacco constitute their money. I tried in vain to buy some fruit of them for silver coin; but some of the passengers who offered tobacco, bought all they wished.

A few missions have been located in these islands by the Catholics and Wesleyans. At Herbertshöhe, where the Catholics have a fine establishment, are a large church building with its two steeples, and the fine residence of the bishop, that would do credit to a more highly civilized community. Monks and "sisters" have charge of the school, and, as usual, everything is conducted in a way to captivate the senses of the ignorant natives.

As the Wesleyan mission was several miles from our anchorage, I did not visit it; but I learned that the majority of the workers in that mission were native

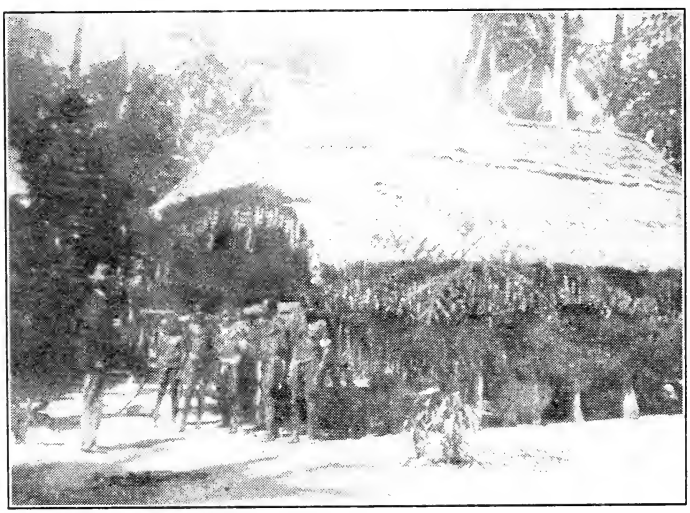
teachers from Fiji. This is the island in which our native minister, Pauliasi Bunoa, of Fiji, labored as a Wesleyan missionary for ten years. Before leaving, I sent a good supply of our literature to the man in charge of the Wesleyan mission. Others who seemed inclined to religious matters were supplied with books and tracts.

All the white inhabitants use intoxicants. A person who abstains is counted almost a monstrosity. A Catholic "brother" at whose mission I called, laughed derisively when I declined to take a glass of wine with him. As I saw the primitive heathenism of these islands, and the same heathenism partially disguised under the sugar coating of professed Christianity, and then saw the intemperance and ungodliness of the only ones who could do anything to remedy this condition, I felt a sense of utter helplessness at the prospect. But God had done wonders in near-by islands of other groups, and I felt that He would yet do this same gracious work in New Britain.

After leaving New Britain, we reached German New Guinea in thirty-six hours. Here we spent several days at different points along the north coast. This is the second largest island in the world, only Borneo being larger. This island has few inhabitants except the native population. Only missionaries, planters, and traders, or men exploring for gold, go to these fever-stricken shores. Nobody expects to escape malaria, and in some localities a majority of the white men die. The drink habit is responsible for many deaths. Liquor,

flesh meats, biting condiments, pepper, curry, and mustard are considered indispensable. I ordered health publications to be sent to the missionaries and others in these islands.

At different places I went ashore and visited the



Elder E. H. Gates Talking to a Group of New Guinea Cannibals

native villages. Never before had I seen such wild-looking men as I saw here. Scarcely a shred of clothing is worn by them. Some have well-shaped bodies, others are small. Some have short hair, but most of them have long, bushy locks, which resemble brush heaps. All

are as black as coal. Some wear around their necks strings of beads, and ornaments made of shells. Others have rows of dogs' teeth strung together quite artistically. Attached to the necklace, and hanging on the breast, are decorations made of hogs' tusks and sea shells. Most of the natives have their ears slit. In some cases the slit was stretched till a child could put his fist through it, and in it were hung strings of shells, or tortoise-shell rings, or gold ornaments, or in some cases flowers and bright-colored leaves. Having no trousers, and of course no pockets, others use these slits as a receptacle for their roll of tobacco! Some of the men had four or five holes in their ears, even to the top of the ear, in which were hung their trinkets. Besides these, some wear ornaments in their noses. Others have ornaments on the arms above the elbow, and on the wrists. Still others have feathers of the cassowary, or the bird of paradise, stuck in their hair.

The houses of the natives are of the simplest construction, the floor being four or five feet above the ground on piles set in the ground. The upper part seems to be the place for sleeping, while the ground floor, which is simply white coral sand, is the place where they spend most of their time. I did not see a single cooking utensil, or anything like a plate, knife, or fork. A fire of sticks seemed to be their only stove.

As on New Britain, so here, all use the betel nut mixed with pulverized lime and a very peppery seed. When this is chewed, the lining of the mouth at first

looks as if it were stained with blood; but in time this results in coloring the teeth as black as coal.

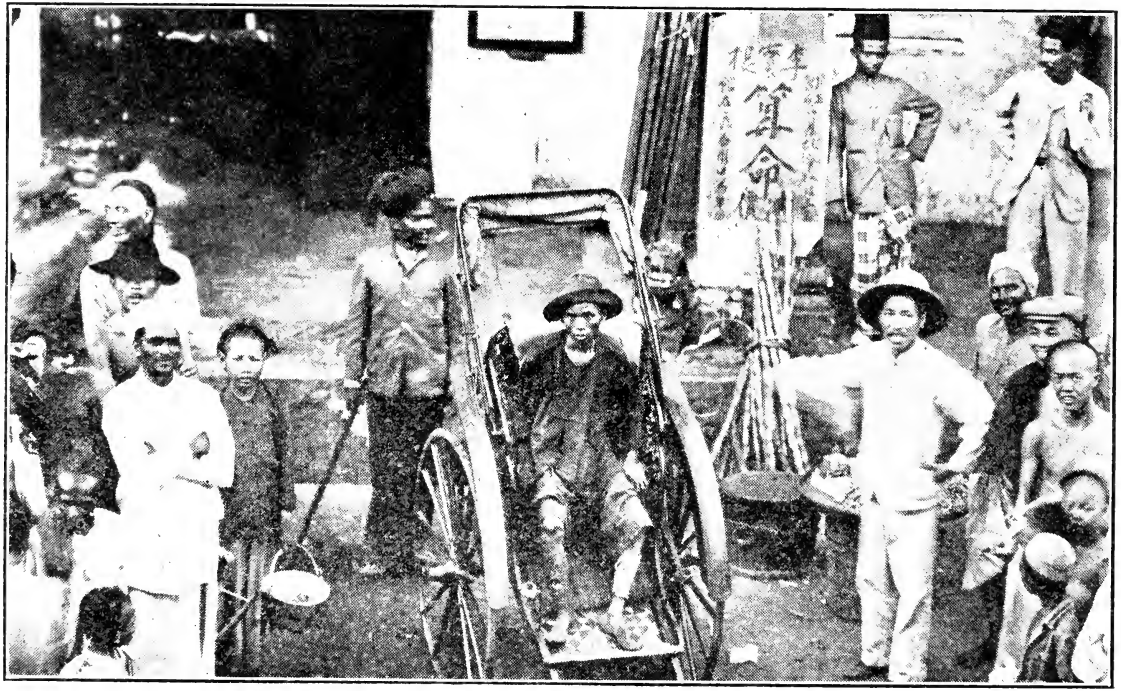
In one place which we visited, I was invited to take a ride into the country to see a large plantation where tobacco, rubber, cocoa, and cocoanut trees are grown. Here I saw large numbers of Chinamen, and Malay and Javanese women, at work sorting tobacco. They were paid about six pence a day for their work. Thousands of acres of valuable land were here utilized for the cultivation of tobacco. It seemed inexpressibly sad to me that these simple-minded heathen should have their first ideas of Christianity and civilization so mixed up with tobacco and liquor, for, of course, their simple minds do not always differentiate between the trader and the missionary.

At Berlinhafen, our last stop on the island, we visited another village. When we came near the place, the women picked up the children and ran like so many rabbits, and we could not get sight of them afterward. In this place we saw a building which had a slight resemblance to an Indian pagoda. In it the natives had deposited the skulls of their enemies killed in battle or otherwise. The space about this building was considered sacred, and we were not allowed to go near enough to look within. A white man who accompanied us told us that the natives feared that if we looked at the skulls, an epidemic of sickness would kill them all.

There are few places where the gospel is needed more than on this island. But I am glad to say that a

few years after my visit there, we sent missionaries from Australia, who began work on the opposite side of the island. A mission property was purchased, and many acres were set out to rubber trees, which are now bringing in a good revenue. Though the natives are very slow to accept the gospel, a beginning has been made. Some will be in the kingdom of God from New Guinea, for the revelator saw before the throne some from all nations, and kindreds, and tongues, and people.

After leaving Berlinhafen, we coasted along the northern side of New Guinea for hundreds of miles, then turned to the southwest and passed among the Molucca Islands, passing Macasser on the south side of the Celebes Islands, on Christmas Eve. Here we entered the Java Sea, sailing west and northwest, till on the evening of December 30 we sighted the Johore hills back of Singapore, my first sight of Asia, and at 7:30 we anchored in the harbor of Singapore.



Street Scene in Singapore, Straits Settlements

# In the Straits Settlements

To a person wishing to see representatives of all the Eastern nations, Singapore would seem to be an ideal place. But the Christian, who sees the world just on the verge of the final catastrophe, and realizes the awful moral degradation of the heathen nations at their best, looks at things from a different viewpoint.

The day after landing was New Year's Day, and all the principal offices and shops were closed. In the afternoon I went out to see the vast crowds that had gathered to see the sports on the esplanade. Singapore is probably one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world. Here could be seen natives from different parts of India,—Singhalese, Tamils, Bengalese,—each dressed in his peculiar garb, though some were hardly dressed at all. Next would be seen men wearing turbans, and dressed almost identically as was the custom when Christ was on earth. Some were dressed entirely in white, others in silk garments richly ornamented. The turban was usually yellow, but some were white, and some red. The next turn probably would bring to view an Arab or a Turk wearing the Turkish fez, which is really a badge of Mohammedanism. Thousands of Malays were seen on every side, Eurasians, Siamese, Japanese, and also the prosaic-looking Chinaman. Representatives of the white races were there, but in small numbers.

Crowds of Indian children played on the green, most of them bright, happy-looking little creatures. Occasionally I saw little Indian girls begging; and such little mites they were. But instead of being dressed in rags, as I had been accustomed to seeing beggars, they were clothed in purple or green silk, and wore much jewelry. Jinrikishas dashed about in every direction. Beautiful carriages drawn by prancing horses and carrying finely dressed pleasure seekers, drove up by the side of the esplanade; while the great humpbacked Indian bullock plodded slowly along through the crowds, drawing his immense load of merchandise.

For the first few hours, these surroundings were really bewildering to one unaccustomed to such sights. But in the midst of these novel and interesting sights, I was oppressed with the thought of the dreadful moral condition of the crowds around me; for almost every one I saw was either a pagan or a Mohammedan. If I had not had years of experience among strangers and foreigners, I think I should have been thoroughly homesick. I had to keep praying the Lord to lift me above the terrible depression; and He did help me and give me courage. I was the only Seventh-day Adventist in the city, and the only one who had ever visited the city, except a canvasser who came down through the Malay Peninsula to the city a few years before.

By the side of one of the esplanades of the city I saw a monument, on the top of which was an elephant carved in marble. Below it I read: "His Majesty, Somdech

Phra Paraminder Maha Chulatonkaru, the Supreme King of Siam, Landed at Singapore, the first foreign land visited by a Siamese Monarch, on the 16th of March, 1871." It seemed to me that the Siamese kings were a little late in getting away from home, and that they were not very venturesome when they did move out. But they have done better in late years.

My stay in Singapore, before going to the East Indies, was very brief; but after finishing our work in Medan, Sumatra, Brother R. W. Munson returned with me to Singapore by way of Penang. This is the most northerly of the English settlements on the Malacca Straits, known as the "Straits Settlements." The other provinces included in these settlements are Wellesley, Dindings, Malacca, and Singapore. Wellesley is a narrow strip of country on the peninsula opposite Penang; Dindings comprises a small territory and some small islands farther south than Penang. Malacca, the name of a small province, is also the name of a city one hundred ten miles north of Singapore. Singapore is the name of a small island, as well as of a city.

When proceeding to Singapore along the west coast of the peninsula, we passed close to the city of Malacca, which is the oldest European settlement in the Far East. This place was settled by the Portuguese in 1511 A. D., during their splendid era of discovery. The inhabitants are a mixture of Malays and Portuguese, and are mostly Catholics. St. Francis Xavier, who was sent to India by Ignatius de Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, soon

after the formation of the organization, labored here with his burning zeal for the conversion of the Malays. From our ship we could plainly see on the hill the old cathedral where Xavier carried on his work, and where, after his death (which took place on the coast of China), his body lay in state before being carried to India for burial. A silver tablet marks the spot in the old church where his body lay.

Malacca has had a checkered history. After being held by the Portuguese for more than one hundred years, it was captured by the Dutch in 1640 A. D., passed into the possession of England in 1795, was restored to the Dutch in 1818, and in 1824 again became an English possession, being exchanged for territory in Sumatra.

The principal political divisions of the Malay Peninsula are the federated states of Perak, Selangor, Pahang, and Negri Sembilan, known as the Federated Malay States. These are administered under the advice of a British resident general, but are governed by native rulers. The inhabitants are principally Malays, and the religion is Mohammedanism. The peninsula contains some extensive tin mines; gold is also mined to some extent. The exports of the country are tea, coffee, rice, sugar, pepper, sago, gutta-percha, spices, tobacco, gums, etc. At the time we were there, railways had been built in some parts of the country, and plans were on foot in Singapore to run a railroad from that place through the whole extent of the peninsula into Burma

and India. Thus the way is prepared for the rapid spread of the gospel message among the millions of Malay Mohammedans.

In the extreme southern part of the peninsula, which is the most southern point of Asia, is the state of Johore, still ruled by a native Mohammedan sultan. Just before leaving for my home, I had the privilege of spending a few days in the town of Johore, the guest of one of the leading English citizens. Johore is a lovely spot, located on a narrow strait that separates the peninsula from the island of Singapore. My host called Johore the most pleasant spot in the world. It certainly was not so hot and enervating as Singapore. The wife of my host was the daughter of Mr. Keasberry, one of the very first English missionaries to open up gospel work in Singapore; her mother was an American.

While at this place, I visited the palace of the sultan, and also the magnificent mosque erected by him. This is by far the finest one I have seen. The palace grounds are beautifully laid out with all manner of tropical trees and flowers, while the interior of the building is splendidly furnished with all that wealth could purchase. I was permitted to visit the room containing the sultan's regalia and treasure, and there saw jewels and ornaments of gold worth probably millions of dollars.

During this stay in Johore, I had the pleasant privilege of associating with the venerable Admiral Harry Keppel, who had left England to escape the London winter, and who was a guest in the home of my

Seventh-day Adventist Chapel, Singapore

host. This old warrior was the senior admiral of the British navy, though retired from active service, and at the time was ninety-three years old. He had seen service in many parts of the world, and his father was a brigadier general at the Battle of Waterloo.

The old man was as modest and unassuming as a child, and always knelt with us in prayer at the worship which was conducted in the home of our genial host. He seemed interested in what I told him of our mission enterprises in the South Seas, and spoke of his visit to those parts many years before. He had just been summoned to return to London to take part in the ceremonies connected with the coronation of King Edward. At the time of his death, a few years later, the queen referred to him as " my dear little admiral."

But although I have noted many observations, my visits to the Straits Settlements and the East Indies were solely for missionary reasons; and I was fully occupied in studying the field with a view to locating laborers there in the future. I realized that Singapore was a strategic point for the carrying forward of the message of truth in the many large and small islands of Malaysia.

At this point I will anticipate. While in Singapore, after returning from Sumatra, I boarded with an old Eurasian widow, who had a widowed daughter living with her. After my return to Australia, I had some correspondence with the mother, and sent literature to her. Later, at different times when in Singapore, I

visited the family, and had fond hopes that the present truth would be accepted by them. A few years later the mother died, and the daughter, who was crippled with rheumatism, decided to visit our sanitarium in Australia. For a time no special interest was shown by her in our distinctive doctrines. But later, as she looked into the future from the standpoint of a crippled body and limited resources, she began to desire the peace in Christ which she saw others possess. Many prayers were offered in her behalf, and finally light broke into her mind as the promises of Christ were read to her. As a result, I had the happy privilege of burying this sister in the waters of baptism. Exactly eight years from the day I first met her in Singapore, she sailed for her East Indian home, happy in the knowledge of God's truth. Thus the seed sown upon the waters was found "after many days."

I had hoped to see workers located in Singapore at once, but for various reasons, nothing definite was done for two years or more. At the General Conference of 1903 we asked that the East Indian field be added to the Polynesian Mission, which request was granted, and the territory was placed under the supervision of the Australasian Union.

In 1904 we arranged for Pastor G. F. Jones, of Rarotonga, and R. E. Caldwell, a canvasser of Australia, to open the work in Singapore. Success attended their labors from the start. The canvassing work has been specially blessed in all the years since we began work

there. A few years after this, a neat church building was erected in a good location in the city.

At the beginning of 1910, the Malaysian field was transferred from the Australasian Union to the Asiatic Division. In 1912 it was organized as the Malaysian Mission, which includes Singapore, the headquarters, British North Borneo, east and west Java, Malay States, north and south Sumatra, and Siam. Today hundreds are rejoicing in the knowledge of God's last message, where in 1902 it was unknown. "What hath God wrought!"

A Family Group of Baba Chinese Converts, Singapore

Malays, and Malay House, Sumatra

# A Trip Through Sumatra

Desiring to see Elder R. W. Munson, I sailed for Batavia, a city on the west coast of Java. At Batavia I took a Dutch steamer for Padang on the west coast of Sumatra. The first part of the trip was through the Sunda Strait, which separates Java from Sumatra.

Here I saw the island of Krakatao, where the terrible convulsion of nature, known in history as the Java Earthquake, occurred in 1883. As this constitutes one of the signs of Christ's coming mentioned in Matthew 24:7 and Luke 21:25, 26, I will notice some of the details connected with it.

One writer calls this upheaval the greatest and the grandest of the kind on record. Two hundred years before, there had been an eruption on the same spot, but not on such a grand scale. For three months before the time of the latest outburst, clouds of steam were seen issuing from an opening on the island, and rising thousands of feet in the air. Then came the explosion. Into the chasm formed by the eruption the ocean poured, and coming in contact with the intense heat in the bowels of the earth, was turned to steam. Another explosion followed, or rather series of explosions, which were heard hundreds and even thousands of miles away. The captain of our ship told us he heard it at Surabaya, Java, probably four hundred fifty miles away. The Encyclopedia Britannica says the report was heard at

Bangkok, Siam, fourteen hundred miles from Krakatao; at Ceylon, two thousand miles away; and at Rodriguez, in the Indian Ocean, which was three thousand miles from its starting-point.

Before the eruption, the island was evidently conical in form, not sharp pointed, however, but rounded at the top. Its height was 2,623 feet. We were but a few miles from the island, and from the ship I could see the results of the upheaval. The whole of one side of the island was blown away, and other islands were formed a few miles distant. From the crater great quantities of ashes, pumice stone, and dust were ejected. For years, the pumice stones were seen floating on the surface of the ocean. In fact, I saw small quantities still floating around, though nearly twenty-five years had passed since the eruption. A historian says that ashes fell over an area as large as Germany, and that all the fish within a radius of five miles were killed. A reddish dust was thrown to such an amazing height — the Britannica says seventeen to twenty miles — that it remained suspended in the atmosphere and produced red sunsets for months. This dust was carried as far as North and South America, Europe, and Australia. At Batavia, Java, one hundred miles distant, the dust floating in the air produced a darkness that made lights in the houses necessary. The same condition was seen at Bandong, one hundred fifty miles away.

The awful convulsion created mountainous seas which flooded the adjacent shores of Java and Sumatra,

utterly destroying whole towns and villages, with every living thing in them. On Java, thirty-six thousand lives were lost. A ship at anchor at Telok Betong, Sumatra, was carried inland by the waves, and left on a hill forty feet above sea level. This was told me by the captain of our ship, who said he had seen it there within a few years. I also saw a picture of the same ship in that position. It is stated by one authority that the seas formed by this eruption were so great that they passed twice around the earth before they ceased to be perceptible.

On the Dutch steamers, and in fact wherever I stopped in the Dutch East Indies, I had difficulty in getting food that I could use without great suffering. On steamers and in hotels there was a great abundance of food, and a large variety, but there was scarcely a thing that a vegetarian cared to eat. A meat eater could find a great variety; but take meat away, and there was little left for the poor vegetarian. The heavy meal of the day, and the one that furnished the best variety, was the dinner, which was served between eight and nine at night. But I could not think of eating at that time. In the morning there was nothing for breakfast but some exceedingly white bread, strong butter, cold meat, a cup of tea, possibly some jam or jelly, and this not served until nine o'clock.

In all these Eastern countries food is prepared and eaten with the most fiery condiments, the very taste of which would draw floods of tears from my eyes. At

one meal I unwittingly tasted and swallowed some curry, which caused severe pain in my stomach for days. When I saw the wretched trash eaten by the people, I ceased to wonder that their poorly nourished bodies clamored for stimulants,— tea, coffee, tobacco, and alcohol. And when I saw all their health-destroying habits, I no longer wondered at their moral depravity.

My journey to Padang took me along the west coast of the island of Sumatra, where we stopped at different points to discharge cargo. The general appearance of Sumatra is not unlike that of tropical islands in other parts. It is one thousand miles long, its greatest width being two hundred fifty miles. Its population is four million. The inhabitants are principally Malays and Battaks. The latter were formerly wild, fierce pagans, but for many years the German missionaries have worked among them, and many now profess the gospel. They reside in Battakland, in the north part of the island. It is said by those who have studied the matter, that in early days, before the introduction of the gospel, cannibalism was practised among them. Even aged parents, after they had outlived their usefulness, were killed and eaten by their children. Truly, "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

Tribal wars were the almost constant practice of the men, while the women, as is the case always under such circumstances, were greatly degraded, and were obliged to do the hard work. Polygamy was common, the men

taking as many wives as they could maintain. The stature of these natives, as far as I could ascertain, was somewhat less than that of the Malays and Polynesians, and their complexion slightly fairer. The Battak language is said to be the most ancient on Sumatra, and is the root of the various dialects that overspread the island. Many thousands of these natives have become Christians, at least nominally, and most of the cruel heathen practices have passed away. I had hoped to visit Battakland, but as the missions were in the interior, much time would have been lost, and heavy expense incurred, had I attempted to do so.

The Malays, who make up the great bulk of the population, are Mohammedans. This religion was first introduced here in the beginning of the thirteenth century, and has since spread over the larger part of the East Indies. Wherever there is a collection of Mohammedans, there is a prayer house, or, as the large one is called, a *musjid,* or mosque. Some of the mosques are very fine. At Kota Raja, where Brother Munson and I later spent a day, we visited a mosque on Friday, which is the Mohammedan sabbath. As Christians are counted infidels by these religionists, we did not know whether we would be permitted to enter the building. The attendant waved us back as we were about to enter, and told us to remove our shoes, after which we were allowed to go in. But there was really nothing to see but the bare walls, and a kind of throne, or seat, on which the priest sat during the service; for the Moham-

medans, unlike the pagans, have no images, nor even pictures, in their mosques.

The follower of Mohammed is very devout in his religious services. No matter where he may be at the hour of prayer, in the crowded street, on board ship, or at his home, the hour is strictly observed. On board our steamer I saw Mohammedans praying in the midst of the crowd. Sometimes one prays alone, but often there are five or six together. At sunset, they would go out on the forward deck and go through all their forms of worship. First, they stood with clasped hands and downcast eyes, mumbling their prayers, then they bowed halfway down to the ground, then knelt down, still praying, after which they placed their forehead on the deck for a moment, and then rose to their feet. There were many other movements, such as raising their hands to their heads, turning the head from one side to the other, etc. These motions and prayers were repeated again and again for a long time.

The products of Sumatra are varied. Of minerals there are gold, tin, lead, coal, marble, and slate. There are vast forests of valuable timber, including teak. Gutta-percha, rattan, and kapok are exported in considerable quantities. Among the articles of consumption are rice, coffee, sugar, copra, tobacco, quinine, vanilla, pepper, ginger, nutmeg, and cloves. Then there are several native fruits which are peculiar to the East Indies, as the durian, mangosteen, rambutan, pomelo (grapefruit), and jambool.

In the jungles, back from the coast, are found lions, tigers, elephants, rhinoceroses, bears, orang-utans, monkeys, and the carabao, or water buffalo. The last is tamed and used by the natives to haul their two-wheeled wagons.

Some of the natives have a peculiar style of building which is different from anything I have seen in this part of the world. The houses have four gables, and are very neat and pretty. Their paddy (rice) houses are quite tastily built.

After a four days' voyage from Batavia, I reached Padang, and with but little difficulty found Brother Munson and his family. After traveling seven thousand miles without seeing a person of like precious faith, it was delightfully pleasant to meet this family in their far-off home in Sumatra. A small company of believers had been brought out by the labors of Elder Munson from among the large number of Chinese of the place. To this company I spoke several times, Elder Munson acting as interpreter. One Sunday evening I addressed the English-speaking people in a public hall. The evening was stormy and the attendance small, but I never saw a more interested audience. The subject was the second advent as related to the Eastern Question. At the close of the sermon I told them that I had publications bearing on the subject presented. At this they made a rush for the stand, and took every book I had, and wanted more.

When I left Padang, Brother Munson accompanied

me. Our next stop was at Penang, a beautiful little town on a small island just off the west coast of the southern point of Asia. Here we were entertained by the pastor of the Methodist church, an old friend of Brother Munson's. This gentleman and his wife did all they could to make our stay pleasant. At night we attended the Tamil Conference which was in session, and met a number of converted Indians who were engaged in gospel work. The pastor reported having found about seventy-five Christian converts from Burma who had come to the Malay Peninsula to work in the tin mines. They were Baptists, and were probably the descendants of those who accepted the gospel in the days of Judson. The friend who entertained us was much interested in our health foods, and it was arranged that Brother Munson should order him health foods from our factory at Calcutta. Everywhere we went we found persons interested in health foods and health publications; and I know of no place in the world where the knowledge of health principles is more needed than in these Eastern countries.

Leaving Penang, we sailed in a southwesterly course across the Strait of Malacca to Medan on the east side of Sumatra. Being strangers there, and not wishing to put up at the high-priced hotels, we made the matter of accommodation a special subject of prayer. While on the steamer, we prayed that we might be able to find accommodations in a private family at moderate rates. The Lord heard us. Within a few minutes after our

landing, a Eurasian gentleman invited us to stay at his home, and for three weeks entertained us without money and without price.

As soon as possible we visited the Dutch resident, and secured his consent to our starting a Chinese school. At first he was unwilling, but in answer to our prayers, the way was finally opened for the school. Many became interested in our project, and several Chinese expressed a desire for such a school. But on account of certain unforeseen circumstances, over which we had no control, our plan for the school never materialized.

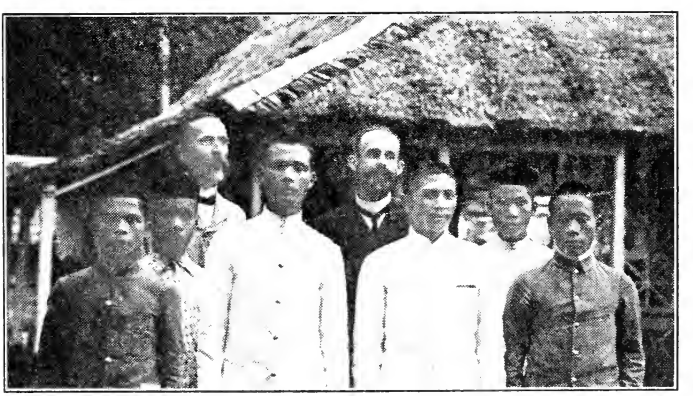
But our labors were not lost. The gentleman who entertained us showed great interest in the truths we carried to him. He was the manager of a large mercantile establishment. One evening he came home, saying he had to raise a large sum of money within a few days, but was unable to make collections of sums due the firm. As each day he met with fresh disappointments, he was much cast down. On the third night, we suggested to him that we make it a subject of prayer, for our God was not unmindful of our financial needs. This suggestion brought light into his heart, and he consented to put the matter into the hands of the mighty Deliverer. That evening we met in the sitting-room, and after reading from the word of God the promise of help in time of need, we told the Lord of the critical situation, and asked Him to help this man to collect the sums necessary to meet his obligations. The man also prayed. Before we had finished, his younger brother, who probably had

never prayed in his life, was weeping and praying. The next evening when the man came home, his countenance was lighted up, and he told us he had been able to collect sufficient to pay off his obligations. Of course, we all rejoiced with him.

This man also showed much interest in health reform. Nearly everything he ate was filled with fiery condiments. But before we left him, he had given up meat eating, and had adopted the principles of reform as far as he could see at the time. A few years later, when we had opened our mission at Singapore, this man and his family were living in that city, and there Elder Jones met them. The mother at once became a Sabbath keeper. Shortly afterward the family moved to Java, where later the father and the younger members of the family embraced the truth of the gospel, and they were thus the first Sabbath keepers on that populous island. Three of the children attended our college in Australia for a few years, and two of them were for a time on the teaching staff in the East India schools.

A few years after my first visit to Sumatra, Elder Munson met a young Battak, and gave him a number of Bible studies. Later we learned that this young man, whose name was Immanuel, had begun the observance of the Sabbath. He was invited to come to Padang to stay a while with our missionary there. Somewhat later I received a translation of a letter from Immanuel, in which he said that there were twenty-three Battaks who had begun to keep the Sabbath.

A few days later a cablegram came from Brother Wantzlick, our representative in Padang, asking me to go to meet six young Battak men who were waiting to see me. I was at this time in Singapore, and left at once on this mission. A few days later I met these young men. The oldest, and the leader among them, was Immanuel, who had a fair education and good abilities, and was the son of a leading native missionary among them, being also the first native convert under the labors of the Rhenish missionaries. Immanuel had been active in teaching the truth to his acquaintances, with the results indicated above. After visiting with these boys, it was decided to take three of them to our school at Singapore, and accordingly a few days later we were aboard a steamer, and in good time reached Singapore, where the boys entered the school.



Battak Boys, Padang, Sumatra

Lady Missionaries, Java

Left to right, seated: Miss Petra Tunheim, Mrs. Anna Wood, Mrs. Hoeke.
Standing: Mrs. May Hungerford.

# Seeking the Lost in Java

SOMETIME between the close of 1899 and the beginning of 1902, my wife, in behalf of the Polynesian committee having the direction of affairs in the island missions, wrote to the United States consul at Batavia, Java, asking for a list of the names of citizens of that city, for the purpose of supplying them with literature bearing on the advent message. The request was speedily answered, and a good supply of books and periodicals was sent on to these men. As far as known, this was the initial step toward publishing the last-day truths among the people of that populous island. On Jan. 8, 1902, at the time of my first visit to Singapore, I spent a few days in Batavia, and had some pleasant interviews with the consul, who showed much friendliness toward our work.

Nothing else, however, was done for Java till 1906. At the session of the Australian Conference that year, the matter of sending workers to Java was discussed. Sister Petra Tunheim, who had recently arrived in Australia, was present, and had been impressed with the importance of opening the East India field. At a morning meeting, where the subject of the Malaysian field was being considered, a sister who had been liberal in her gifts to missions, quietly asked me the cost of steamer fare to Java. On being told, she rose and made

an offer of £25 ($125) for transportation of Sister Tunheim to that island.

November 1 of the same year we sent off quite a large company of missionaries to the East Indies. Of this party Pastor George Teasdale and his family and Sister Tunheim were booked for Surabaya, Java, where a mission was soon opened. Here they found a Sabbath-keeping family from Singapore. It was the family who had so kindly entertained Brother Munson and me at Medan, Sumatra, in 1902. Since that first meeting most of the family had embraced the advent message. Thus a little nucleus for Sabbath services was quickly formed.

The next year, on my way to Singapore, I visited Surabaya, and found that nearly all the members of the mission family had been suffering from malarial fever, that Pastor Teasdale's son, a fine boy of twelve, had died, and that Miss Tunheim had almost miraculously escaped death. On the Sabbath we all visited the cemetery and saw the new-made grave of Lawrence Teasdale. As this was during the Week of Prayer, we found a retired spot at one side of the cemetery, and there held the closing service of the week, and also made our offerings for the mission field. To all, this was a precious occasion.

On April 13, 1907, accompanied by Pastor G. F. Jones, I started for another trip through Java. In Surabaya we found a growing interest, and that a Eurasian gentleman, the editor of a local paper, had

become deeply interested in the gospel message. A few months previous to this, we had learned from the pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist church in Shanghai, China, that a Seventh Day Baptist lady from Holland, was conducting a mission in that part of Java, so we decided to make a visit to her place. Our missionaries in Surabaya had already come in contact with this lady. At her earnest request, Sister Tunheim had united with her in her work for a large number of poor and ignorant Mohammedans.

We found this mission located on a high point of land near the north coast of the island. The government had granted the mission a large tract of land, on which had been built a number of small huts. These were occupied by a large number of the poorest and most needy Javanese she could find. Each of these men cultivated a small piece of land, growing rice and other products of the tropics. A school was conducted for the children, who were taught the simple branches of education, also singing, and the truths of the gospel. Sick and afflicted natives came each day to be treated for their ailments. The influence of the gospel could be clearly seen on the faces of these ignorant and degraded Mohammedans. When Mohammedan strangers came onto the premises, the contrast between their dark, gloomy countenances and the bright faces of those who were under the influence of Christianity, was very apparent.

On the Sabbath we spoke to a large company, the lady in charge acting as interpreter. The singing of the

children was excellent, the hymn, "Father, I stretch my hands to Thee," being remarkably well rendered.

When we took our departure for the west end of the island, many of the natives came to bid us good-by, some even falling on their knees and grasping our hands with a warm handclasp. The owner and a large company of children accompanied us some distance, and as we turned to leave them, they sang a plaintive song as their farewell to us.

Perhaps at this point I may digress a little to give a brief description of the island, and tell of its physical features.

Java is six hundred sixty-six miles long, with an average width of about one hundred miles, being one of the most populous islands in the world. Many parts are mountainous, and there are forty-five volcanoes on the island, with altitudes ranging from two thousand to twelve thousand feet. The average rainfall is eighty inches. The population is now about thirty-five million. The majority of the native Javanese are Mohammedans, the missionaries of whom began their active propaganda in the fifteenth century.

Many centuries before the advent of Mohammedanism, the Buddhist religion prevailed over the island. Ruins of temples built by the Buddhists — some of the most remarkable in the world — have been discovered and unearthed, after having been lost to sight for centuries. One of these is Baro Buddor, an immense structure, pyramidal in form, six hundred feet square, and

rising like steps to a considerable height. Hundreds of statues of Buddha, some very large, others small, are found at the top of the structure and in niches, some of very fine workmanship. Other temples found are much smaller than this one.

Soon after this visit to Java, I returned to Australia to attend the union conference council and to secure more workers. On my return to Singapore, three recruits accompanied me, one of whom, Miss Anna Nordstrom (now, 1923, Mrs. G. A. Wood, of Padang, Sumatra), stopped at Surabaya to assist the workers there. A young Chinese girl, Gee Nio, from Singapore, had already come to Java to help in the mission work. This girl had been converted through the labors of Pastor Jones, and was able to speak Chinese, Malay, and English. Our Chinese brethren at Singapore took an offering to pay her way to Java, feeling that they were honored in being able to send one of their own nationality from this new mission field to one still newer.

In May, 1908, I made another trip to Java, the principal object of which was to secure a resthouse in the mountains, to which our workers could flee from the extreme heat, filth, and malarial mosquitoes of the coast cities. In this I was successful; for in the mountains, forty miles from Surabaya, we found a place which seemed to have been held in reserve for us. The main building was a solidly built brick house, forty by sixty feet, cemented without, plastered within, and having an iron roof. There were also a cookhouse, storerooms,

servants' rooms, a large bamboo house, fowl house, and swimming pools. Connected with it were three and a half acres of good land on which are grown bananas, oranges, pineapples, and cocoanuts, besides kapok trees. The view over the sea is grand, while the landward view reveals great mountain piles which catch the clouds and send down streams to water the country below. The name of this beautiful place is Soember Wekas, a Javanese term meaning "well of blessing." For this property we paid the miraculously low price of 2,000 guilders (about $800), and felt very grateful to God for thus providing for our workers in Java such a delightful resthome.

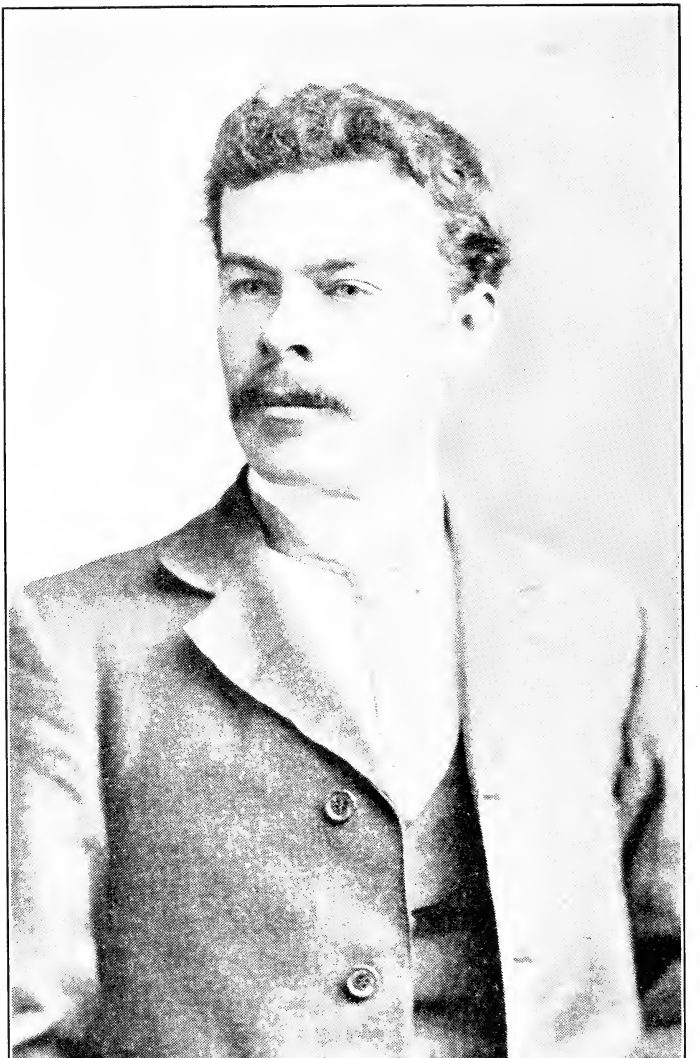
The three sisters, who were then the only workers in Surabaya, gave their time largely to the circulation of literature. Two hundred copies of "The Ministry of Healing" were quickly sold, after which we cabled for as many more. Malay tracts were also sold to the natives, most of whom could understand that language. Sister Tunheim's canvass for the native tracts, while she was learning the language, was very short and simple. It consisted of four words, "*Buka bai; lima sen,*" a free translation of which could be rendered, "I am selling a good book, the price of which is five cents. Will you buy one?"

The white people of the island, principally Hollanders, are quite indifferent to the claims of the gospel; but some of the natives are yielding themselves to God, and even remarkable conversions are seen among the

Mohammedans. Truly the difficulties in this heathen and Mohammedan field are many, but God has greatly blessed our workers here, and in 1921 we had two organized mission stations: one at Surabaya in eastern Java, with a staff of eight workers, and one in Weltevreden, a suburb of Batavia, with a staff of five missionaries. Weltevreden is the headquarters of the West Java Mission.

For several years, Brother Richard Sisley, an aged brother from America, conducted a self-supporting work at a station in the hills above Batavia, and from his earnings as a teacher, he not only supported himself, but two or three native workers. He died in May, 1920.

On account of the enervating climate in Java, which is very close to the equator, and the filthy condition of the cities on the coast where our work is largely carried on, it is difficult to maintain health and vigor for any length of time. All expect to suffer more or less from malarial fever. But God has a people in Java, and in the glad time of the harvest of the earth, some seed will be garnered from this dark land; for the writer of the Revelation saw "a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues," stand "before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."



Robert Caldwell, Pioneer Canvasser in the East Indies

# Miracles of Missions in the Philippines

When the news was flashed over the wires that Admiral Dewey had destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay, May 1, 1898, the missionary societies of various churches felt that this was a call to enter at once this great missionary field, which had been closed to Protestant propaganda ever since the discovery of these islands by Spain in the sixteenth century. While we felt that we should at once spring into this providential opening, the way was not clear for us even to visit these islands till 1905. In the fall of that year, Brother R. A. Caldwell, who had done excellent work in Singapore, the Malay Peninsula, and Siam, went to Manila, the capital of the Philippines, to canvass for our literature. A number of Spanish books, which we furnished him from Australia, were sold, though he was not acquainted with the Spanish language.

After attending the 1905 General Conference at Washington, D. C., I decided to visit Singapore again, going by way of the Philippines and Hongkong. After a very pleasant voyage of twenty days from Sydney, Australia, I arrived in Manila, Dec. 1, 1905. At the wharf I was met by Brother Caldwell, who had been canvassing there for three months.

The Philippine Islands are bounded on the north and west by the China Sea, on the south by the Sulu and Celebes Seas, and on the east by the Pacific Ocean.

Gilliams Service, N. Y.

Business Section of Manila, Philippine Islands

The general outlines of the group approximate a right-angled triangle, with the base to the south, and its right angle at the southwest corner. The large island of Luzon, four hundred eighty miles long, is in the northern part; while Mindanao, the second in size, lies in the southeastern part of the group. Between these two lie a number of smaller islands called the Visayas. Extending from near the western end of Mindanao, almost to Borneo, are the numerous islands of the Sulu Archipelago. The area of the Philippines is larger than that of the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware. The population of the group in 1921 was not far from ten million.

The people of the Philippines divide themselves naturally into three grand divisions: First, the pagan tribes of the mountains. Upon these the Catholic faith and Spanish civilizations made but little impression. Of these tribes may be mentioned the Negritos, who are the aborigines of the northern islands; the Indonesians, who are the aboriginal tribes of Mindanao; the Igorots of Luzon, who are the finest of the wild tribes; and a number of smaller tribes. Second, the seven tribes, all of Malay origin,— the Visayan, Bicol, Tagalog, Pampangan, Pangasinan, Ilocano, and the Ibanag,— who accepted Spanish rule, adopted Spanish civilization, in part at least, and were converted to the Catholic faith. Third, the Mohammedan Malays, called Moros, who occupy certain parts of Mindanao and the Sulu Archipelago.

With the exception of the Negritos, there is good evidence that all these tribes came originally from the Malay Peninsula, and ethnologists believe that they came here six hundred or seven hundred years ago. Of the civilized tribes the Tagalogs are the most numerous and the most intelligent. At some time before their migration to these islands, they had come in contact with Hindu civilization, which, prior to the Christian era, had flourished in Java and the Malay Peninsula. Wonderful temples had been built, which may still be seen in the tropical jungles of Java. When the Spanish came to these islands, the Tagalogs had a knowledge of some of the arts of civilization. Though the educated Tagalogs speak Spanish, the tribe retains its mother tongue, and has quite a literature, even newspapers being published in that language. This tribe is the most numerous of the native people.

The natives of the Sulu Archipelago are all Mohammedans. For centuries their name was a terror to the islands for a thousand miles north and south of their stronghold at Jolo, which was the religious and commercial center of the race. They were fierce fighters and pirates, and though their progress was checked by the Spaniards, they were never reduced to obedience to the Spanish crown. There are also many half-castes scattered throughout the provinces,— *mestizos*, they are called.

In the early part of the sixteenth century, Portuguese sailors found their way to the Malay Peninsula,

and there learned of the far-famed "Spice Islands," but knew not where to find them. After the discovery of the Pacific Ocean by Balboa in 1513, Ferdinand Magellan went to the king of Spain and offered to head an expedition in search of those islands. Sailing down the eastern side of South America, Magellan passed into the strait now known as the Strait of Magellan, found the Pacific Ocean, and with his little fleet of ships sailed across the great ocean, and in 1521 discovered the southern islands of the Philippine group. The Spanish flag was raised, and the country claimed for Spain. The Spanish friars who accompanied the fleet, at once began to teach the natives the Catholic religion, baptized the king of one of the smaller islands, and also many of the people. Soon after this Magellan was killed in a battle which he was waging to assist one of the tribes against another. Several years later some of the small islands received the name of Las Islas Filipinas, in honor of the crown prince of Spain, Philip by name, who afterward became Philip II.

In 1564 another expedition sailed to the Philippines for the purpose of establishing Spanish rule there. This was headed by Legazpe, a Spanish nobleman, who was accompanied by Andres de Urdaneta, a friar of the Order of St. Augustine, the captain of the spiritual forces of the fleet. As showing the ideas of the Spaniards in this expedition, there is today on the Luneta in Manila a monument on which stand the figures of these two men, the friar holding aloft the cross, Legazpe

Legazpe Monument, Manila

bearing at his side a great sword. The principle here expressed, religion enforced by the sword, is the one that has actuated the Spanish in their rule here of nearly four hundred years.

Until the war of 1898, which liberated the islands from Spanish rule, the history of the Philippines was a checkered one. The governors sent out from Spain ruled the country, not for the good of the people, but for the benefits to accrue to the home government in the way of revenue, and for the sake of the church rulers. The Filipinos were taxed beyond endurance, but were given no representation in the government, except for a short period in their later history. Terrible cruelties were practised by their rulers. In some instances the governorship was held by the archbishop. After long years of oppression the people learned to have no faith in their rulers, and in consequence uprisings and insurrections were frequent. These were usually put down with horrible cruelties, thousands of lives being sacrificed.

In Manila the streets are always crowded with people who seem to have abundant leisure. Catholic feast days are frequent, and are attended by vast crowds. Processions, attended by priests and brass bands, carry images of the Virgin and other saints through the streets with great pomp. During the continuance of the feasts, the spaces surrounding the churches are filled with booths, where men sell everything eatable, drinkable, and smokable, as well as all manner of trinkets.

In most of these booths, gambling is carried on, such as raffling, shooting for prizes, etc.

The sad thing about it is the fact that the poor, ignorant natives are fooled by their religious leaders into thinking that this is Christianity. As one passes through the vast crowds around the churches, and into the building, and hears the chanting priests, sees the burning lamps, and the people kneeling before the images of the saints, hears the clanging bells and the discordant notes of a wretched brass band, he feels the same reverence for the performance that he does when he sees the devotee of the gods of India go through essentially the same exercise in the heathen temples of Asia. The latter service is as good as the former, and no better. From either service the worshiper receives no spiritual help.

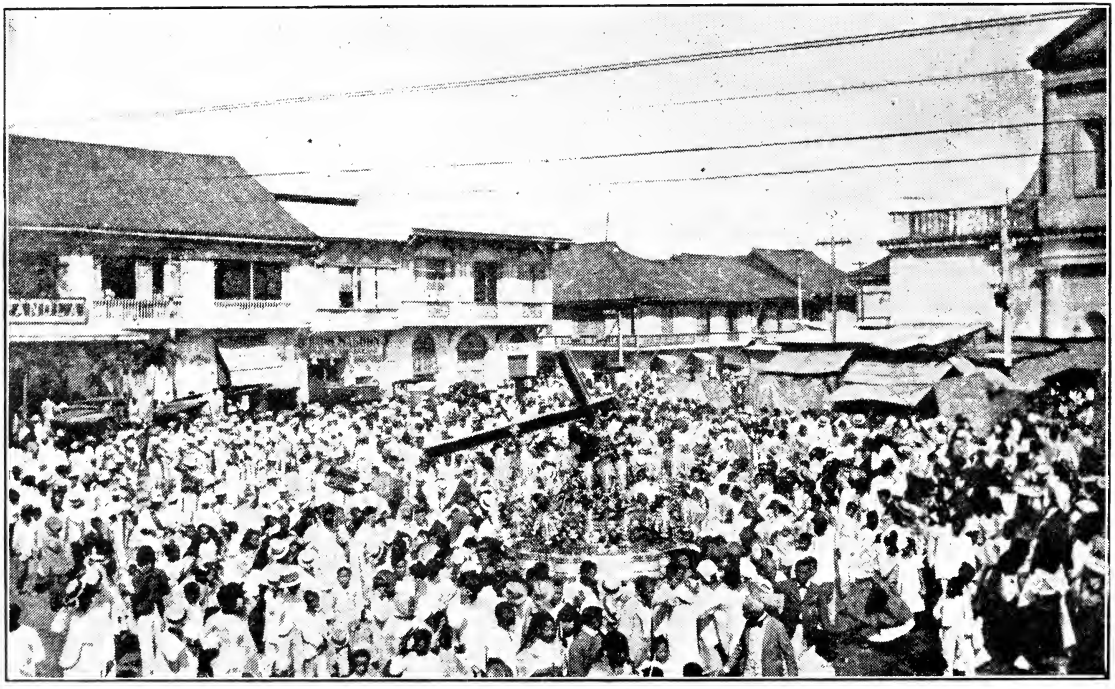
Though the Catholic Church is the author of Sunday observance, not the least reverence is attached to the day in these islands. With the exception of a few large establishments conducted by Americans, and the government workshops, all kinds of business are in full swing on Sunday. True, *all* do not work *all* day, but after they have satisfied their conscience by hearing mass in the morning, they spend the afternoon in going to cock fights, horse races, gambling dens, and other places of amusement.

During the nearly four hundred years of Spanish rule in the Philippines, Protestants were absolutely forbidden to circulate the Bible or propagate their doctrines

in the islands. A few years before American occupancy, one or two missionaries who attempted to circulate the Bible, lost their lives through being poisoned. But God in His providence overruled matters in the war of 1898, and as far as the laws of the state are concerned, the Filipinos are now as free to receive Scripture truths as are the people of any Protestant country.

At the time of my visit, the Methodist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and other churches had established strong missionary centers, and the American Bible Society was doing a grand work in circulating the Bible far and wide. At that time the men at the head of the religious bodies seemed friendly to our work, and I was offered favors in our efforts to distribute the Scriptures. Elder G. A. Irwin, who spent a short time in Manila about the time of my first visit, was invited to assist in the Presbyterian church service, and was told by one in authority in a government position that our missionaries would be welcome there, and that the work we were doing was the kind of work needed by the native races.

In the month I spent in Manila, I found the people responsive to efforts made in their behalf. True, we had no native literature at that time, and so could communicate with those only who were able to speak and read English; but the hundreds of public schools already conducted by American teachers, had qualified thousands of intelligent natives to make a study of our literature.



Religious Procession, Manila, Philippine Islands

In the spring of 1906, Elder and Mrs. J. L. McElhany were sent by the Australasian Union Conference to this field. They located at Manila, but their work was largely confined to English-speaking people. A large club of the *Signs of the Times* was used, and an interest developed. In the latter part of that year I spent a month with Brother and Sister McElhany, studying the situation and planning for the future. As these workers were living in two upper rooms in the native part of the city, we decided to rent a part of a large house in the American part of town near the Luneta, or city park. On the return of Elder and Mrs. McElhany to Australia, Pastor and Mrs. L. V. Finster were appointed by the Australasian Union Conference to take up the work in that field, which they entered upon late in 1908.

One of the important victories of the first year of their labors was the acceptance of the truths of the message by a native translator, through whose aid Pastor Finster was able to learn the Tagalog language, and secure the publication of tracts in that tongue. In 1911 a church of eighteen members was organized in Manila, tent-meetings were started, and within a year's time there were one hundred Seventh-day Adventists in that city. The next year other workers entered the field, training classes were conducted for the native converts, and several colporteurs and evangelists were developed, who did excellent work in preaching the message far and wide. In the meantime the canvassers,

who by this time had publications in the Tagalog as well as in the Spanish language, sold many books outside of Manila, and in other islands beyond Luzon.

In the year 1914 our first church building in the group was dedicated. Since that time this work has gone by leaps and bounds. Pastor Finster, in 1921, reported three thousand Seventh-day Adventists in the Philippine Islands.

In 1917 the Philippine Union Conference was organized, and is today carrying on its various enterprises with a full complement of officers and department secretaries. The same year the Philippine Academy came into existence, which is preparing many of the native youth to extend the last gospel message to the missions of this benighted but deeply interested people.

Since 1914 the Philippine Publishing House has been issuing literature in several of the various languages of the group — Tagalog, Panayan, Visayan, Cebuan, Ilocano, Pampangan, Bicol, and Ibanag.

As we contrast the present status of the field with the day less than seventeen years ago when our first canvasser landed at Manila, we praise God for the great progress made. But greater things are yet to be seen, when further facilities shall be provided, and additional laborers shall enter this needy but most fruitful mission territory.