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Missionary life in Samoa



MISSIONARY LIFE IN SAMOA.

EDINBURGH: PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND BUGHES,
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MISSIONARY LIFE IN SAMOA,

AS EXHIBITED IN THE JOURNALS

OF THE LATE

GEORGE ARCHIBALD LUNDIE,

DURING THE

REVIVAL IN TUTUILA IN 1840-41.

EDITED BY HIS MOTHER,

AUTHOR OF

“MEMOIR OF MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN,” &c.

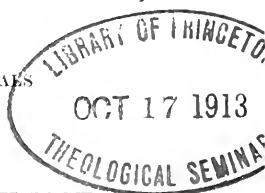
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“Thou visitest the earth and waterest it; thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water.”—Psalm lxxv. 9.

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MISSIONARY LIFE IN SAMOA.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Editor of these journals had spent many hours over them, which generally were begun with mourning, but led gradually to thankfulness and praise, when the idea arose, that like the lepers regaling in the deserted camp of the Syrians, we ought not to feast alone. "We do not well: this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace: now therefore come, that we may go and tell the king's household."* The idea became more vivid, till by degrees conscience was enlisted in the cause, and the result is, that to the household of Our King this little work is humbly and affectionately offered. The mixed character of the subjects may require some apology. In attempting to strip the missionary intelligence of all the private matter, it was found to be deprived, not only of its verisimilitude, but also of much of its interest. For the observations of one who was not a member of the mission band, are less

* 2 Kings, chap. vii. ver. 9.

liable to the imputation of being a defence, or anxious justification of their measures; while the mingling of private feelings and efforts gives a natural and simple interest to the impressions produced. If, then, the observer's private feelings must appear, it becomes necessary to propitiate the reader, by introducing him to, and making him in some degree personally interested in, the invalid who is to be his guide, while he inspects the progress of the Samoan mission.

The dark and troubled struggle of the young wanderer's own spirit, could not be concealed without an act of hypocrisy; and who can tell whether the exhibition of that struggle may not be employed to arouse some who are crying "Peace, peace!" under erroneous views of their state, by showing them that there are sincere souls who find it needful to *strive* to enter in, and make a serious trial of their saving interest in Christ. With respect to the brethren of the mission, we can easily conceive that the bold and inexperienced may feel impatient over an expression of sympathy with them, too mournful, as they may think, for the occasion. We honour and admire the self-exiled. We know they would not change their post of hardship for one of inglorious ease in Zion. We should think it one of the first privileges to be united with them. But we must bestow on them more than distant admiration, for they are *our* deputies: for us they execute the commission of the Lord our Saviour: for us they bear the burden and heat of the day. It is easy to give a portion of our substance which, it may be, we have not even the satisfaction to feel

a privation. It is pleasant to wave a kerchief in Exeter Hall, or to moisten it with tears at a missionary's farewell. But is this all? I feel that the Church is not sufficiently laden with its responsibility to its missionaries. We ought to consider minutely their temptations and snares, as a Christian parent does the case of a son in a heathen land; and we should apply, by ceaseless petition on their behalf, to Him whose resources cannot be exhausted, and whose fountain of pity cannot fail. We ought to count up their necessities that we may minister to them, and their privations that we may alleviate them. We ought to deem of them as men of like passions with ourselves; and therefore, great as may be their fortitude and boldness in the Lord, and for his cause, to act by them as men who feel the want of human sympathy and human gratitude. Well are they entitled to ours; and if we are slack in paying this heart-tribute to our faithful messengers, we are, in truth, robbing Christ Jesus, for he counts them as his own brethren; and if his eye is swift to mark the cup of cold water given to a disciple in his name, will he not also be swift to mark every slight and every withholding of love and sympathy which is his due? The Church is exalted by the manliness, faithfulness, and untiring exertion of her missionaries. The Church rejoices in their successes, and claims their victories for her own. The Church must then be a nursing mother to her missions, and cause each individual labourer to feel that his success or failure, his health or sickness, his depression of spirits or joy in his Master's service, is also her own. If the missionary ought, as the young invalid expresses it, to have for

his *ruling passion* the glory of God, so ought the Church who sends him forth. This ruling passion in the missionary strengthens him to do the Society's work zealously and faithfully. This ruling passion in the Church strengthens her to hold her messengers in watchful regard, and to esteem them highly in love for their works' sake.

It may be necessary to apologize for errors in the orthography of Samoan words, and perhaps in the exact meaning of a few of them. The only plea that can be urged is inevitable ignorance. Should the journal be conveyed back to the Church of which it treats, and fall under the eyes of those men of God whose occupations it describes, their forgiveness is affectionately entreated for any errors which they may detect, and for the freedom that has been used with their names and engagements. They will surely bear with one who has adopted this method of making the Church at home partaker in the joy produced by their success in the work of the Lord.

CHAPTER I.

OUR WORLD.

THE Author of all things has appointed a great work to be wrought on this little planet. We know so little of ourselves, that the phases we exhibit to our neighbours in the system are only conjectured. We suppose that we shine to Jupiter and Venus as they shine to us, and imagine that our earth greets, with diamond-like splendour, the eyes which from them may gaze on us. But we know not that there are in these bright orbs intelligent eyes to gaze on us. We are ignorant whether or not they are tenanted by living souls, and whether or not the praise that arises from them be that of intelligent beings. In vain do we ask of them if they be now the homes of holy spirits, or if they be as yet void of immortal souls, the spare chambers of the Creator, which he will occupy as the wonderful scroll of his providence unfolds. But from one idea the heart instinctively shrinks; and even the vanity and conceit of man refuse to entertain it. That idea is, that any orb of our system may be inhabited by a rebellious race, such as dwells on this earth. Our world bears the stain of early disobedience, and all the gloomy

train of ills which has followed upon it. Our world is distinguished by having had on its surface God manifest in the flesh. Its mountains have been marked by His footsteps—its ocean has been stilled by His voice—its chosen city has been witness to His blood. An ensign has been lifted up on our globe, which renders it unlike all other spheres in all other systems. The Wonderful—the Counsellor—has dwelt among us—He has died among us—He has been lifted up that he may draw all men unto him. This earth is the only speck amid the shining throng which is ransomed by blood—bought back from the Wicked One, to be purified at last, and made the holy home of the redeemed of the Lord.

We could imagine, if outward tokens were to be exhibited to our sister orbs, of the progress of our moral and religious condition, that at one time our poor earth would seem a ball of darkness rolling its rayless round, except when in its revolutions the one beam which shot from the imprisoned patriarch in his tossing ark, reached a neighbouring planet, and evinced that the knowledge of the Living One was not extinct. At another era, each circle that the earth made might exhibit an expanded brightness, streaming from the captive labourers in the Egyptian furnace; and again, a still broader and more steady ray from the tabernacles of the wilderness, and from the mystic pillar which ever hovered there as a parent bird brooding over her beloved nest. How changefully, and how unsteadily the light would shine from earth, during all the period of Israel's history, till that solemn day when the sun refused to look upon her, and made darkness

at noonday. The moon then was as blood, and the sky as sackcloth of hair, and the inhabitants of our fellow-orbs might suppose for a season that earth was blotted out of the system. But again, and more brightly, did the living light stream out, a broader and more ardent glory, which has continued to spread, to brighten, to vary, to expire, and again to kindle, till all sides of the globe have by turns emitted its ray.

At times it has seemed as if the brightness were to expand till it embraced the globe, when again a curtain of obscurity has been dropped, and the promise of *all men* being drawn is delayed. The children of the kingdom look watchfully forth for the morning—their eyes have long been strained in the twilight. Their hearts cry out, How long, O Lord, holy and true! how long! When wilt thou pierce the thick darkness that covers the people? When shall thy glory arise upon us, till every circle of our globe present a faithful reflection of the pure beams of the Sun of righteousness? When shall the gathering of the people be to our Shiloh? When shall all kings fall down before him, and all nations serve him?

The great work *is* to be accomplished on our earth. He whose promise is firm as the everlasting hills, hath said, that “the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord;” and we know that it shall come to pass. But by how slow a process is it coming to pass! It must first be proved that man by wisdom knows not God—that when left in his natural state, his wisdom is to depart and hide himself from his God. It must be proved that laws cannot

restrain him ; for he only breaks them, and that continually. It must be proved that forms and ceremonies cannot purify him ; for though he wash with nitre and take much soap, yet is he plunged again in the mire of sin, until his own clothes abhor him.

Yet the great work *is* to be accomplished. He for whom nothing is too hard, could do it in a day, but such is not the plan of eternal wisdom. Even the return of Christ to the right hand of the throne has not wrought out this great work—even the effusion of the Holy Spirit has hitherto only partially effected it. The messengers are sent forth with a commission to proclaim the message of reconciliation to every creature, but hitherto only a few have received it. He who sent them forth contemplated this, stating in the commission itself the result to him that believeth not, as well as to him that believeth. He hath, moreover, said, that “ this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations ; and then (not till then) shall the end come.”

We have never yet seen any entire nation converted to Christ, though we have seen many assuming the name of Christian. But, as it is His holy will, that all nations shall have the offer of the gospel, and the end shall not come till that is accomplished, it becomes the duty of believers speedily to send forth their messengers, their witness-bearers, to proclaim his redeeming love to all men ; and not till this great command is obeyed, can the Church expect the coming of her Lord.

CHAPTER II.

THE CONFLICT.

WHEN we trace the world's history from the Christian era till now, we find the conflict incessant between the powers of earth and Him whose right it is. If Jesus, in the days of his pilgrimage, would have bowed down before the Arch-tempter, he might have had all the kingdoms and glories that earth contains, as far as it was in the power of the Prince of this world to bestow them, without paying the costly price of suffering. The Tempter failed in his assault on the glorious head—nevertheless he has not ceased his attempts upon the members; and through various wiles, under many plausible assumptions, has he but too successfully gained his point. But his master-stroke has been the dominion of the Man of Sin, under the daring title of the viceroy of God; by which title he has deceived the nations. Christ has been preached among many peoples, who have fallen into that Satanic snare, and fancied themselves secure and saved, while they were but sinking more hopelessly into the toils of the Wicked One. His diligence, his covered modes of assault, his Jesuitical mildness till he has secured

his victims, his virulent animosity against Him whose kingdom is not of this world, his craving for spiritual domination, and his trampling on truth, conscience, and liberty, when he has attained it, have often made the Church to tremble, and ought to fill all with a spirit of watchfulness in walking closely in the truth.

One approach of this fell enemy, which has penetrated the hearts of the faithful, is his artful and vigorous assault on the Polynesian Isles. No sooner had the standard of the Cross been somewhat established in the Sandwich Islands, than the American missionaries became aware that two persons, simulating a desire to establish themselves in the unpretending office of mechanics, were exercising their functions as members of the "College of Jesus"—sowing tares among the wheat—not aiming at the conversion of the remaining heathen, but directing all their force and skill against the professed members of the Christian body.

Again, when grown bolder by means of the absence of suspicion among the unwary, we hear of the Jesuits baptizing a few heathen, accompanying the ceremony with a grand display of fire-works; and, on finding the show delight the poor savages, holding out the bribe, that whenever others would come for baptism, their eyes should be dazzled with a similar display.

Tahiti! we cannot speak of it. Here was a nation yielding itself to Christ. Here was a Queen wielding her sceptre under his sway. What could be more offensive to the ruler of the darkness of this world! Was he to leave this speck on the ocean in

peace? No; Tahiti is now suffering for Christ's name's sake. There is oppression, and tyranny, and all injustice, perpetrated, because it has bowed to the sceptre of the Lord. England has looked on—she has seen her sister Queen persecuted and her people outraged—she has seen them bleed and die, and heard their cry for help, and she has sat still. Nay, she has even kissed the hand of the persecutor, and smiled as though all were well. Ah! we forget that the Lord is jealous for his people, and that he takes account of those who arise for their help. Let us rejoice, however, that the sense of justice, so strong in the English bosom, is awakened. As a nation, we eminently abhor oppression, and in the absence of the still more elevated principle, that would lead us to sustain a people because they believe in the same God, and are saved by the same atonement, the Church receives with thankfulness the lower degree of sympathy excited in thousands by outrage and oppression.

The London Missionary Society comprises supporters of more varied denominations than any other religious society which our country has produced, and is animated by a truly Catholic spirit. It, as is well known, has the happiness of being the parent of Christianity in Tahiti, and in many more of those lovely islands which gem the Pacific Ocean. Nature is beautiful, but "man is vile," in all those thickly-peopled spots. We know not whence the race sprang. Their aspect bears a family likeness, and so does their language; and, alas! they bear the marks of their descent from a corrupted parentage. Dark have been the understandings and hearts—

dark the superstitions and lives of these dwellers amid the fastnesses of the deep. Those who have scarcely seen any specimens of the human race except themselves, and whose knowledge of the extent of their globe reaches not beyond the report of the poor savage, whose canoe has drifted to their unknown and unfriendly shore, are all alike in this sad state of depravity. The enterprising Williams, and those lovers of souls who have followed in his wake, have found it so. Not one excepted region—not one isle of the blessed—not one happy valley has escaped the taint.

If all too much like ourselves in the ungodly condition of their nature, and so ignorant that the task of teaching them any of the humanities of life was long and discouraging, it is gladdening to reach, at length, the satisfying proof, that Divine grace can here, as in other countries, be victor over human corruption. The dusky savage, rising from the dross of his carnal heart, stands forth a sanctified and renewed man, melting in all the charities of human brotherhood, and reflecting in mild radiance the holy characteristics of Him whom he now recognises and embraces as his Redeemer and his righteousness. Alike in evil and alike in good—alike lost and unable to deliver himself—alike capable of salvation when Divine power is applied to the work, man marks his fraternity on every shore, in every clime; and among the many subjects of praise which the soul finds in the scheme of salvation, this one stands prominently forth—that it is applicable to all men; and that, wherever it is applied, its fruits are civilizing, quieting, and assuring.

Such have been its fruits in Tahiti—till now that the wild-boar from the wood hath wasted it—and such in many other islands; as well as in the group of which our little narrative chiefly treats, which is the Samoan or Navigator. Samoa was discovered May 3, 1678, by Bougainville, a French navigator. La Perouse visited it in 1787. M. de Langlé, his second in command, and ten of his men, lost their lives by an attack of the natives, when they landed to procure fresh water on Tutuila. The impression of the ferocity of the inhabitants, produced by this event, for many years formed an impediment to other visitors. This impression, however, was erroneous; the Tutuilans being a people of rather a mild cast of character, who were probably excited to their attack on the French navigators by outrage on their part. At length, Williams found his way thither in the *Messenger of Peace*, in 1830. All was dark when he arrived, and by degrees the light has penetrated. But he left some native teachers on Tutuila, so that the missionaries, on their arrival in 1836, were welcomed; and now, through their means, some isles have but a scanty district still avowedly heathen, and these begin to speak of casting away their idols. Eight years of consistent missionary labour have turned the wilderness into a fruitful field, and the waste into the garden of the Lord; for their prayer hath ascended unto Him with whom is the residue of the Spirit, and He hath bestowed a gracious answer.

CHAPTER III.

THE MISSIONARY.

IN the course of thirty years and more of earnest reading of missionary reports, along with careful examination of other sources of information as to what is passing on the missionary field, we have generally felt the want of the means of individualizing the characters of converts, and of filling up the picture of human life there—the want, in short, of an inside view of the missionary's home. His own delicacy and willingness to sacrifice personal comforts in his Master's service, without even mentioning his sacrifice, and the necessary compression of all details into the briefest statement of the progress of the work for the reports, have prevented the missionary from dilating on the scenes and movements around him. To gratify the Christian public, we require more works like Williams's *Enterprise*, and more like Harriet Winslow's descriptions of her daily occupations and visitors. We wish to read the temptations of the Christian teacher, and of those whom he teaches. To see the mode of the Arch-enemy's warfare against the rude and unknowing, as well as against the civilized and experienced. We desire to

sympathize with the man of God in his resistance to the lust of pride, superiority, ambition, and a life free from outward restraints on the one hand, and to the faithlessness of despondency, impatience, irritation, and mournfulness, on the other. We need such knowledge to give direction to our petitions on his behalf, and to make up to him by a double portion of brotherly love, and high esteem and regard, what he has sacrificed of civilized life, of domestic comforts, and of outward ordinances and privileges. We want to know how his soul is sustained in the hour of domestic sickness, when he has no other resource than his stock of medicines, and his own imperfect skill. We want to know, when his eye rests on the olive-plants which haply encircle the table spread for him in the wilderness;—if his thoughts about their education trouble him much, if his heart wanders to his early home, and a painful contrast arises between his past advantages and the privations to which his choice of a missionary life has subjected his offspring. We want to know if his wife is mournful or faint of spirit, and weighs him down and deadens him; or if she, through strength of faith and prayer, is as Aaron and Hur to sustain his hands in the heat of battle. In short, we want to be awakened to a clearer perception of the missionary's temptations and sufferings. We require to have him presented before us as Paul at Ephesus, who “served the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears and temptations, which befell him by the lying in wait of the Jews,” and who “ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears.”* We

* Acts xx. 19, 31.

long to behold him, like his gracious Master, that leader and exemplar of his followers, who came from the unseen dwellings of the excellent glory, a missionary to this ungrateful world; we long to behold him toiling, suffering, wrestling in prayer, with scarcely a foot-hold on earth, sustained by faith's grasp of aid from his God. With what intense interest do we follow a Brainard toiling through the swamps of Delaware, sleeping on the damp swards, passing nights in prayer, and days in preaching and ministering to wounded souls; till the well-worn thread of existence was spun out to its feeblest fibre, and snapt while it was yet the noon of his age. Or a Johns, preaching the gospel in Madagascar, with the sword, reeking with the blood of martyrs, suspended over his head by a hair, which human cruelty or caprice might snap in a moment. Or a Duff, expending his powerful and sanctified mind in finding means of reaching the hearts of the pupils among whom he rules—or struggling in prayer for the deliverance of a trembling convert from the meshes that his heathen kindred are winding around him—or dropping a farewell tear of resignation on the threshold of that building, the rearing of which cost him so much pains and care, and whose halls had become endeared as the scene where light has irradiated the mental darkness—or perambulating the city in search of a spot where a FREE College might be erected, till the heat, throng, and solicitude well-nigh quell his indomitable spirit. How eagerly do we accompany a Williams, contending against all manner of difficulties to build his little sloop, and by its means carry his message of peace—or perishing

as a Cook or a La Perouse, or rather slain like the Lord himself, by those he went to save!

The steps of such men we cannot too minutely trace—on their labours of love we delight to dwell; and with a similar feeling we contemplate the position of those whom we are about to portray—pleading, struggling, wasting into attenuation by means of incessant solicitude, speaking to enquiring and mourning souls, when every syllable seems to leave a cavity in the aching breast, and every limb quivers with feebleness; till at last, if life is to be preserved, the sunken-eyed labourer must flee the field, and obtain rest by absence from the objects of his solicitude.

Ah! little weet those who dwell at ease among their own people, what the missionary endures! They may give of their leisure to listen to a platform speech, or trace the pages of a report—he gives his labour of soul, body, and spirit. They may cast of their abundance into the treasury—he casts in himself. They may enjoy as a luxury the encouraging their offspring to unite in building a missionary ship—he rears his dear ones amid the snares of a heathen wilderness, or the deadlier abominations of a heathen city. The missionary, as he trembles, observes the proud bearing of his children on account of attainments superior to the natives around them, yet he has not the means to restore them to the bosom of their grandsire, that they may learn how ignorant they are; and when he sinks into his early—it may be, his untimely grave, he leaves the mother and her children in a position which the feeling heart shudders to consider.

O Britain! Britain! what are thy other heroes compared to the man made heroic by longing for the glory of Christ, and by love for perishing souls! Which of thy sons are so brave, and yet which so lightly esteemed! Which of all thy schemes for civilizing the savage have succeeded in comparison with this scheme of the Missionary? Before the civilized mercantile and agricultural settler, the native becomes a bondman—a slave—and is finally trodden down to earth and exterminated; before the messenger of the news of salvation, he arises into an industrious citizen, an intelligent trafficker, an honourable dealer, a domestic patriarch, and a servant of God. Our world, now the scene of incessant conflict between the powers of darkness and the dominion of light, will one day be all civilized, but it will be by means of the Cross. Let us, then, wipe away the dust of worldliness from our eyes, and see the matter clearly as it is; let us hail, and sustain, and further the missionary on his way—and when he returns to us worn-out and sore broken, or when those dearer to him than his life-blood return to us bereaved, let us receive and cherish them in our bosoms.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NATIVE CONVERT.

THE success of the missionary quickly expands and varies the objects of our interest. The native savage excites only fear and concern—the native convert, hope and sympathy. The Church rejoices over the new members when regarded as a body ; but she profits more when enabled to sympathize with them personally. We want more of individuality in our knowledge of the effects of Divine grace on the souls of the heathen—so that our hearts may be drawn towards them, not in a blind general love, but in a minute, particular, and prayerful affection. We obtain a new sight of native trial when we see, as in India, the missionary dwelling beset by threatening kindred—when we see the new convert torn away to the hall of judgment by force—see him prove that he is of the legal age which emancipates him from parental control—or see him, with his streaming eyes turned back on his Christian friends, tread with reluctant feet the path that leads to his father's idol. We mourn with the Christian teacher when we read the history of Ramanoojooloo, overcome by the tears

of his mother and other relations, wilfully breaking his baptismal vow, and departing with them. But we are called forth into deeper emotion, when, at the end of two weary years of banishment, Ramanoo-jooloo returns to Madras, and in presence, not only of the missionary band, but of the whole Church, confesses, with tears and sobs, that he fell at the feet of his mother's idol, and denied that he was baptized, or that he had broken caste. His confession of the subsequent dulness of his spirit—of his feeling it to be an evil thing to forsake Christ—of his misery—his apprehension that he was followed by God's judgments—of the absence of peace—all convey solemn lessons to the reader who receives the tidings at home. His encouragement to return to the Lord on the simple ground of gospel invitation—his return also to the mission-house—his bringing his wife with him—not a converted soul, but one who felt that her idol was nothing; and who, from conviction of that truth, and love to her husband, had broken caste, and thus wilfully separated from all her friends—are lively and arousing pictures of the state of things in the home of the ambassador of Christ.

Such a case as that of little Dada, the boy who has had grace to be faithful, and has endured much from his love to Christ, excites the mind to earnest longing and prayer on his behalf. While his blinded friends force him to go through their vile ceremonies of purification, will his soul be held close to his Saviour? will he not consent in the least to all their entreaties, blandishments, and threatenings? will he be kept pure of heart and single of purpose in the

furnace? and when the day of his emancipation arrives, will he flee back to his brethren in the faith of the gospel; or, will he have drooped and died before? and shall the Church never know if he died in peace? or will they learn that the gentle boy, for whom they besought the Lord, enjoyed consolations, with which the frowns and scourges of the enemy could not intermeddle?

A few more such minute delineations of the growth of faith among the heathen, and of the temptations peculiar to their circumstances, annually dispersed over the Churches at home, would not fail to stimulate exertion, quicken prayer, and bind more firmly the bonds of love which must unite all the members of the body of Christ.

In the journal and diary which it has pleased God to place at the disposal of one of the feeblest friends of missions, it appears that some such sketches of heathen converts are to be found, and it may be possible to employ them to his glory. The specimens of the mighty work of the Holy Spirit on the hearts of the far distant heathen of the Samoan Isle of Tutuila, are too precious to be hidden from the Church. They are put down in the unadorned language of observation, as they occurred day by day, and their prominent attraction is the simple statement of facts, by an intelligent and deeply-interested observer. There is nothing in the method of the narrative to withdraw the attention of the reader from the great fact, that God was subduing sinners to himself—convincing them of sin, and leading them to Jesus.

The revival in Tutuila, under the ministry of the

Rev. A. W. Murray, bears the marks of all other revivals; it is a work of THE SPIRIT, upon the spirits of sinners; and the evidences of its truth as such a work are conclusive and satisfactory. It is attended, however, by some accompanying circumstances, arising from the untutored state of its subjects, which resemble closely the work under Brainard, among the Indians. The passion, strong and deep, is alike in both. The unrestrained and unrestrainable weeping and groaning on account of sin, the yearning after Christ, are alike. But one difference is observable: the American Indian, by nature and habit, solitary, gloomy, and silent, casts himself on the earth alone;—there he mourns apart—he is so absorbed as to be unconscious that the world furnishes one spectator of his woe—his soul is swallowed up with the thought of Him whom he beholds on the accursed tree, laden with his sins—his intercourse, in the midst of the congregation, is with his God alone. The Polynesian—by nature social, affable, conversable—after the first struggle of new perceptions and alarming convictions is past, and the agony of his spirit, which had prostrated all his physical powers, over, enters at once into frank communication with his brethren, and the voices of social prayer and praise quickly mark the spot in the bush, or the cabin, where two or three of them are met together.

With respect to the pungency of emotion and violent outward exhibition of it, if we were better read in the solemn work, or more penetrated with the eternal results of revivals, we should less wonder. It appears to me, that the effect of a sudden awaken-

ing to a sense of a lost condition, ought to be the same on the savage and the civilized; and though the gulf seems wide between the man of letters and the wild man, their standing-ground is the same when they are considering their responsibility to the Judge of all the earth; or, if there be a difference, the cry of the instructed man ought to be more bitter, lest the woe of Chorazin and Bethsaida fall on him. In the days of John Berridge's success in England, the outward signs of the inward conflict were as marked as those in the Samoan Isle. The herculean frame of the scoffing Stapleford farmer, whose horsewhip was designed to chastise the man of God, and all the mad people who should betray any strong emotion, was prostrated on the earth, trembling and groaning as well as that of the mighty Samoan chief, Manga, about whom the question was with simplicity asked, should he be seized, how shall we hold him, or how shall we carry him out?

About all that part of the description we feel no responsibility, as it is stated exactly as it reached us; we honestly think it is no subject of wonder. When the Spirit of the holy God enters into the soul that he hath formed; when a ray from his eye is lent to the corrupt and blinded creature, wherewith to survey himself; when a view is opened into the dwelling-place where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched; or when the sweet voice of redeeming love is first listened to, recalling the wanderer, seeking the lost, and promising pardon to the chief of sinners—is it to be wondered at that the earthen vessel should be nigh to bursting, and the stunned

faculties nigh to extinction? We want to know more of it—we want to have the experience in our own souls ; and when we hear of the converted heathen joining his distant incense of praise and prayer to the cloud that ascends from the temple of Britain, we rejoice over the new trophy of the Redeemer's victory, and humbly plead that his quickening Spirit may be poured out also among us.

CHAPTER V.

THE SON OF THE MANSE.

He, the young, the strong, who cherish'd
Noble longings for the strife,
By the wayside fell and perish'd,
Weary with the march of life.

WHEN that which was very pleasant to the eyes in the tabernacle of the daughter of Zion is cut down, it is not easy to write of it. But it is due to the reader to tell something of the character and pursuits of him whose hoarded journal of facts is about to be laid before him, that he may know the principles and temper of mind of the observer.

George Archibald Lundie was a son of the manse—one of the middle olive-plants who surrounded the table of the Rev. Robert Lundie of Kelso—a man whose eye beamed love, not only on the smiling circle of his offspring, but on all who came within reach of its benevolent glance. This honoured pastor lived in times when truth's conflict with error was waxing hot in the Church of his fathers, and he was ever found ranged on the side of evangelical truth. His children were trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and their souls' welfare was the object of his greatest solicitude. Among the

many juvenile instances of the success of this training which rise to memory, one example we may mention as relates to George, because, unknown to his family, it was inserted by a friend in the fifth volume of the *Youth's Magazine*, and has been sent back to them at a time when all remembrances were but as fragments saved from the wreck of their fondest hopes. In the Magazine it is entitled, "Reproof conveyed by a Child," and runs thus:—"Last summer two young children and their nurse were sent to the seaside in a public vehicle. By the way, little George fell down suddenly on his knees, and cried out, 'Oh, B——, I came away and forgot to say my prayers!' and he could not be satisfied till he supplied the omission, heedless of the observation of his fellow-travellers. One of them, a young woman, was conscience-stricken, and thought to herself—Here is a babe rebuking me! How seldom in all my life have I tried to pray! It pleased the Holy Spirit to employ this incident as the instrument of awakening that sleeping soul. She returned from the seashore deeply concerned for her salvation. The parents of the little boy waited on her during a lingering sickness, and had the joy of seeing her embrace Christ as all her salvation, a considerable time before she expired."

George's affections were the strongest and most powerful chords in his moral mechanism. It seemed as if he should die if he had not something to love: even in childish play, a feigned withdrawal of kindness, though he knew it to be feigned, would make the tears spring to his eyes; the reality would have been too dreadful. Among the playful fictions and

projects of the nursery, was one which appointed George to a mission to the Kennawau Indians; when he heard it, he sprung to his mother's side, and clung to her, crying, "I will stay with you, mamma." It was he who found his father's lifeless remains prostrated on the dull bosom of their mother earth. It was he who claved to his mother by night and by day, through all the pangs of early widowhood, and at the removal from their beloved home. It was he who knitted to him the tenderest sympathies of his sisters, and whose frank, confiding communications led them to feel that he was all their own. And it was he, that tender one, who was destined to wander, in his years of bodily suffering, far from the hands which used to cherish him, and the bosoms on which he loved to lean, and to learn the humanizing power of the gospel, by receiving sympathies from those who erewhile were strangers, and friendly attentions from those who erewhile were savages.

Ah! how little is the heart sometimes aware how painfully its childish fictions are to be realized! The little missionary to the Indians was called to exercise his fading energies in a still more distant mission. How gradually does the heart become acquainted with the strength, the elasticity, the perpetuity of affection's cords. Time! Distance! Death!—feeble are your powers against a love which, because it is spiritual, must be eternal.

We do wrong to speak of affection as if its treasure-house were this world, and as if it expired here. The spirit's-land, wheresoever it be, is full of love. The millions of loving souls who have removed thither, with hearts bursting with tenderness

for those they have left behind—have they changed their nature?—do they not love us still? How much richer, purer, more disinterested than any this world contains, is the love of the departed! They died loving, and their love is unchanged, unchanging—no passing cloud can dim it—no misapprehension can shade it—no coldness can deaden it. It ever looks on us with the same tender eyes, and ever waits for a reunion. The condition of the soul, its affections, its impulses—death hath fixed them all for eternity. The living spirit changes, but not the departed; and we know its love is for ever, because we know that the Holy Spirit loves, and all in whom he has dwelt on earth must love in the dwelling-place of spirits. Bodies die—their actions perish with them; but the more lively, and pure, and strong the soul's emotion, the more sure is it to be abiding. And if souls here cleave to that glorious hope of the appearing of the Lord, even though seeing through a glass darkly, how much more must the holy souls, freed from the dross of clay, be looking out for the period of reunion in His presence where there is fulness of joy, and at His right hand where there are pleasures for evermore.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BANISHED.

WHEN a youth at Glasgow College, George offered himself as a Sabbath teacher, and was engaged to take charge of some young people, who were of the lowest grade of manners to be found among the offspring of the drunkard and the Socialist. Some idea of the difficulty and disagreeableness of his task may be formed, when it is stated that a stout fierce lad of the number, retorted a rebuke of his teacher by catching up a wooden candlestick and striking him with it. He turned out the culprit on that occasion, but did not leave him. Seeking him on a week-day in the noisome place of his abode, he had the satisfaction of so far subduing him, as to have him return to school, and conduct himself in a more becoming manner. When it was suggested to George that he might find more pleasing subjects for his instruction, which would not be so harassing and exhausting to himself, and perhaps be attended with more success, his reply was, "Shall I forsake them for my own ease, because they give proof of having more need of teaching than others?" It would be a great satisfaction to his family to know if there have been any permanent spiritual fruit of his labours in that school; especially as he imputed the commencement of the disease which deprived his friends and the

Church of his ardent love and willing services, to the crowded state and heavy atmosphere of the school-room being succeeded by the damp chill night-air as he returned to his residence, which was at a considerable distance. However pulmonary disease was founded in his constitution, it soon advanced from its insidious and but half-suspected stages to a decided and inveterate form.

It was truly as a sentence of banishment when medical advisers said, that if George was to live, it must be in another clime, and that a brief sojourn there, or a short voyage, would be unavailing. We knew not, when the idea was first entertained, whether the hidden springs of Providence were guiding: and the minds of all the interested were by slow degrees prepared for a separation which threatened, in the gloomy distance, to be for life. Madeira was too near, its hot summer would drive him home again. The Cape was dubious in its climate and suitableness for invalids. But Australia!—In 1838 and 1839, the current of emigration set to that region, and all the young and enterprising regarded it as the Eden of their hopes. The voyage to it was sufficiently long to be salutary; its clime was such, that even medical men suggested that a delicate youth had best “rough it”—make a station, and sleep, if he liked it, on the open ground for months in succession. It were long to tell the consultations, the tremblings of heart, the prayers, before the dearly cherished one was yielded up. All *that* is over. But the point that led to the decision was the society of a beloved brother and his wife; and thus it came to pass that we were separated, and he embarked in a crowd, to try for life at the Antipodes.

Now, therefore, we have reached the period when the only portion we could tangibly possess of him was that portion of his mind which he put on paper. From his journals and letters we select some extracts, furnishing means of acquaintance with his views and principles, before he entered on missionary ground ; and then we shall have fairly reached the point which draws this little volume into existence at all—we mean, the state of the work of the Holy Spirit in the island of Tutuila.

The morning of the 26th of April 1839, was the time marked by that sad parting, when the dear banished one bade the farewell which had but one balsam—*it was not for ever*. As they sailed down the Solway, on the way to join the emigrant ship at Liverpool, he writes—“I stretched my neck and strained my eyes, to get a glimpse of the shores of Ruthwell—but nothing was very distinguishable. I wonder in what the satisfaction I should have felt, even in being sure that I saw the Brow-well, would have consisted, for I could not have seen any that were dear to me. To be sure the spot was sacred, often pressed by friendly feet, the scene of many pleasant hours gone by. What should I not give in a few weeks to traverse such a spot for an hour !” In June, after being a month at sea, they met a homeward-bound ship in lat. 6, north. A few hurried lines conveyed something of his mingled feelings and longings.

“My dearest Mother,—I have longed to tell you how highly we have been favoured, and what cause we have for thankfulness. Alas, for Sundays !—alas, for religion on board ! Oh ! how I rejoice

to know that so many dear ones are daily praying for us and *me*, and I sometimes—nay, often—have thought that I have received answers. The voyage to Madeira would have done me no good. I trust, however, that my health may ere long be restored.—Farewell, dearest of all. Love to all from each. How often I think of you!—Ever your own son,

“G. A. L.”

His next letter from Rio Janeiro was in an altered strain as to the favourable type of the voyage—a mutiny among the crew, arising from the detection of misconduct in one sailor, who was joined by other turbulent or discontented spirits, led to midnight alarms, the use of fire-arms, and of multitudes of words of blasphemy—a kind of ammunition which Satan does not fail to furnish in plenty to his subjects on such occasions. The mischief was quelled at the expense of placing a part of the crew in irons, and laying their duties on the willing and teachable of the passengers. Such a scene, to a youth educated amid the proprieties of a Christian home, was afflicting, and the more that his frame was not in a condition to encounter agitation and hurry without injury. That, however, did not deter him from adopting his daily four hours' watch, and he seemed to enjoy the exercise and new skill thus acquired. He was also engaged in study, and mentions his pleasure in having Fisher on the Shorter Catechism, from which he supplied himself with ready proofs for doctrines, which his associates at times called into question. “There are more than two hundred souls on board, and I sometimes fear, were our fate to be like

Sodom's, there would not be found ten righteous to save us. There is one light in the darkness, a good old man named Armstrong, who conducts family worship in the steerage, and is called Jesuit, hypocrite, &c. How I long to be with you on Sundays—how I long for a quiet chat with any of you—how I long once more to hear a good, stirring, soul-reviving sermon! We are very comfortable as to food in the cabin, but I am weary of hearing people talk of eating and drinking, as they incessantly do. My pains are not so bad as when I left you, but still they trouble me. It seems that I need a continual impulse to keep me in mind, that I am only a pilgrim here journeying to a better country. You may be sure that, amid the worldliness that surrounds us, any serious feeling is apt to be choked. As good old Armstrong says of himself, 'Formerly I could bask in the sunshine of Divine love, but now religion in my heart seems to have dwindled to a spark.' Still there is always something happening that stirs one up again, so merciful and long-suffering is our heavenly Father."

The mutiny was for the time the agent employed to stir up, and the lonely light of the steerage was he who was called to the exercise of submission and patience under a hasty calamity. Armstrong's son, a pleasant boy, was on the deck when a pistol was fired during the mutiny, and its contents passed through his body, with such force as to disable the arm of a seaman beyond him. He lingered out some hours of agony, and expired. The father, the praying man, was enabled to bow in mournful silence to the will of God.

CHAPTER VII.

VISITS OF MERCY.

THE young Christian, faint both in health and in spirits, did not feel at rest without telling to those who were visited with affliction, in that crowded dwelling on the ocean, something of the great salvation. From a journal, commenced soon after he sailed, we make a few extracts:—"The man (an emigrant) was worn to a skeleton, and his voice sounded like that of one who had not much longer to live. His wife, who sat in the adjoining berth, gave testimony to the truth of his complaints. On his wife's saying that he was quite resigned, I asked him what was his hope in the near prospect of death, and was rejoiced to hear him say, that all his resignation arose from a conviction that it was God's hand that dealt with him, and that his trust for salvation was only in the merits of Jesus Christ. He told me, that last night he had made a resolution that, if he were spared now, he would live more near to God than he had ever yet done; and that he had begged of God to enable him to keep it. Then his wife interposed, and told me, that last night when he was so ill, he had been forced to leave his bed and

creep up-stairs to the deck, for he felt the air below so suffocating. She was much alarmed at the delay he made, but dared not stir to see how he was ; for she was surrounded by her children, her infant asleep on her breast. ‘But,’ she continued, ‘I was most thankful to see him again come down-stairs, and observed with joy, that instead of going immediately to bed, he knelt down by one of the boxes and prayed to his God.’ Here the poor woman was overpowered by her feelings, and the man added, ‘Yes ; I prayed to God to relieve my agony, and to spare me to my poor wife and children.’ I remarked that God has said, ‘that He is a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow.’ The woman shuddered at the anticipation of her bereaved condition, and said something about a foreign land ; but he seemed to rejoice in the promise, and exclaimed, clasping his hands, ‘Glory to his name ! glory to God for that !’ After saying something more, I was turning to leave him, when a rough-looking man, who had been listening, accosted me—‘Well, sir ! I thank God to find that there is such a person as yourself in the ship ; I feared that they were all *wild men*, but now I see that God has his servants in every station.’ I stammered out something, I hardly know what, for I felt so utterly unworthy of the name which he applied to me. O God ! grant that I may be more closely united to thee, and that I may henceforth be a better ‘servant ;’ and oh, let me not, by any part of my conduct, bring dishonour upon the holy name which I bear !

“*May 26.*—Though there was much to give good hope in what the poor man said yesterday, yet there

was something about his manner which made me fear that his words were no true reporters of his inward feelings, and that he might perhaps be labouring under a delusion. To-day I am more satisfied that he seems sensible of his sinfulness and depravity, and that Jesus is his *only* hope. He spoke less to-day, but gave a joyful assent to what I said of the freeness and sufficiency of Christ's salvation, and of his great love in dying for sinners. I thought I could catch the words, 'O Jesus! sweet Jesus!' I asked his wife if, when at home, they had been accustomed to hear the gospel. He answered, 'Yes; we had it in its purity.' His wife said, 'If we had been at home, he would not have been long without some kind friends coming to speak to him;' and he interrupted her, saying, 'But I have a friend to speak to, and even in the darkness of midnight, when no one else is thinking of me, I can speak to my God—glory to his name!' I feel almost sure, from all this, that here is a true work of the Holy Spirit. In spite of the bustle and noise of the steerage, I offered to pray with him; and he seemed delighted, and appeared to join earnestly in all that I said. I left him to return thanks to God, that here was an opportunity of serving him, and that here I might be instructed in spiritual things."

To a surly boatswain he continued his visits, reading passages of Scripture, whether he would hear or whether he would forbear. That unhappy man's mind was so dark, that he professed never to have injured any one in all his life but himself, and never to have done any thing that God would not forgive. The young messenger, after one ineffectual visit,

writes—"Oh, how ignorant am I! how unfit for an instructor of others! Gracious God, teach me also by thy Spirit; for thou alone canst! Oh! make me thine own in Christ, and give me a mouth and wisdom to carry this precious message to other perishing souls!"

After another discouraging visit, he writes—"What can I do? How reach that poor man's heart? Perhaps God intends to show me more clearly that he alone can change the heart. 'Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.' So be it. Lord, increase my faith, and oh, prepare that poor man for the change that seems not far distant!"

"The tracts with which my beloved mother furnished me, are most valuable. I regret more than I can tell, that I did not bring a supply of Testaments."

While thus seeking to act as a leaven on the mass around him, his bodily infirmity increased to such a degree, as to add another obstacle to those presented by the ignorance and hardness of heart of such as he endeavoured to impress. He says—"I felt the weakness of my chest very much in reading and speaking to the boatswain to-day. I trust God is not going to silence me more still. Oh, how I sometimes long to be able to proclaim the word of life! Yet my zeal continually gives way to carelessness. God grant me now to seek and find a thorough repentance, and conversion and ardent love. How pleasant a Sabbath and daily class of children would be! But I am debarred from all this—God's will be done—but oh, let me have a constant and ardent desire for his glory!"

Various other entries in his journal indicate the same solicitude, and similar engagements. Among others, several conversations with a lady, who, though so much concerned for her soul's welfare as to read good books, had not attained courage sufficient to produce her Bible in the cabin ; and as her sleeping-place was dark, she thus, from fear of man, deprived her precious soul of instruction and consolation from the word of God. Oh, when shall souls learn that God is above all, blessed for ever ! When shall the time come when the majority shall be Bible-readers, and the feeble and fearful have encouragement from human countenance to persevere ? When shall we be impressed with the belief that, awake or asleep, on land or at sea, we are all moving on, with silent rapidity, to the world of spirits ? Mortals are borne along on their endless journey by the current of time, which lingers not. Our course is not even interrupted by the river of death. That is crossed in a moment, and onward proceeds the soul through the track of interminable ages. How ignorant, then, are souls of the momentous results which rest on the use of time on earth's side of that dark river, which is crossed but once, and for ever !—how ignorant they who dare to abstain, by reason of the fear of man, from the use of means provided by the Holy Spirit himself for guiding us on the way, so that we may cross into the region of perpetual safety !

Enough has been quoted to mark the decided bias of the young pilgrim's mind. We see his affectionate and anxious smile while he communed with the afflicted. We see his serene and thoughtful brow—his countenance of concern, when his efforts encoun-

tered the hardness of human perverseness, and his self-reproach on account of the method in which his mission of mercy was executed. We see him diving into the fore-castle, to the obdurate sailor, among the profane, and penetrating the unwholesome steerage, where his feeble chest felt its sufferings increase—longing after souls of men, and mourning over the dishonour done to God.

Such were his disposition and occupations, during a voyage of nearly five months, which embraced many events that could not fail to shock a delicate temperament. Besides all the horrors of the night of the mutiny, there were several deaths, both of adults and children, with the solemnity of committing the ashes to ocean's keeping till the day of restitution, together with the painful carelessness of most of the witnesses of the dispensations. And, to crown these agitating and mournful circumstances, the wretched steward, when detected in a series of thefts of the captain's goods, to which he was prompted by a passion for gambling, cast himself into the sea, when it was running very high, and perished.

George, young as he was, was one of three gentlemen whom the captain selected to search out the series of dishonesties. He says—"The steward, a black, stood by in silence while his chest was searched, growing paler and paler, as one piece of villany turned up after another. When we had done, I had not proceeded many steps on the deck when the cry was raised, '*He is overboard!*'—and so it was. We rushed to the poop, and saw him swimming high out of the water astern. The life-

buoy was cut away, the ship was rounded, &c. ; but a man in the mizzen-top saw him go down very soon, and the ship resumed her course. This was a plausible and smooth-tongued villain, so that almost no one suspected him. Poor fellow, he is gone—gone to his long account—hurried by himself into the presence of his offended Judge—an awful warning !”

Like other voyagers, pent up in little room, on a restless element, he greatly enjoyed a few days at Rio ; and even of the small volcanic rock, St Paul’s Island, he says, “ The sight of it was really interesting. I felt, on leaving it, almost as if I were leaving a place that I loved.”

On the 21st September he writes—“ I have been on the giddy mast many times to-day, looking out, like Moses from Pisgah, to view the promised land ; though I trust that the sight, in my case, is not, as in that of Moses, to be substituted for possession. Oh, may it be to me a good land—a land of which it may be said, that God sets his name there ! May my heart be a temple where God, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, desires to dwell.”

Approaching Sydney, he remarks—“ The harbour is magnificent, not unlike that of Rio, though inferior in point of beauty, on account of the absence of a background of lofty mountains. On Sunday, came on shore to St James’s Church, and heard a neat and correct little moral essay, from the bishop’s assistant. My Sabbath was not either very pleasant or profitable. In the evening, had some useful and interesting conversation with Miss —— . I hope she may be enabled to persevere ; her mind

seems in search of truth and peace at present. On Monday, completed packing, and came off finally to our lodging. And now, blessed be God for all his goodness past, and may he mercifully assist us in getting through the uncertain wilderness before us!"

CHAPTER VIII.

SYDNEY.

WHEN settled in Sydney, this was the course of his reflections.

“The great overturn in my circumstances is calculated to show me the uncertainty of all human things, and the necessity of instant reconciliation to God. All the fondest pictures of my heart are dashed to pieces—all the happy scenes, the useful and noble employments, so fondly anticipated, have melted like hoar-frost from the face of nature. Instead of eagerly studying the nature and attributes of the Almighty, and his revealed will, in the Scottish metropolis, with a view of becoming a bearer of glad tidings to sinners, I am now setting about learning to make and title plans of docks and bridges for my brother ; having within me the seeds of what may send me to an early grave, and all this on the other side of the terraqueous globe—parted from friends and all that most I prized. But God’s will be done.”

Letter to his Sister J—.

“Yes, my darling J—, I can well imagine you wandering in the garden alone, and your hymn-

book forgotten amid thoughts of a poor brother far away; for well do I know the affection of your fond heart. You, too, could imagine me pacing the narrow deck, and dwelling on the remembrance of the dear ones whom I had left—the best of mothers, sisters most tenderly and deservedly beloved, and a young brother, whose companion, and in some degree whose guardian, I hoped to be, in a course of useful study. I have dreamed that we were together gratefully admiring the setting sun, as he dipped his burning disc beneath the clear waters of the west; and often have I delighted in the thought, that you were perhaps drawing aside the blind of the parlour window to admire the brilliant moon, at the time when all the waves around me were sparkling in its beams.

* * That my little cabin was not always to me a ‘Bethel,’ was my own fault; but yet I did enjoy in it many pleasant hours, and none more so than when, on a peaceful Sabbath evening, I met you all at the throne of grace. How often, also, has my uneasy spirit been quieted, by thinking that so many dear to me belong to God! When I know this, what more can I wish? And oh, how often has the tear started in my eye, when I thought that while I lay tossing and discontented, sleep might also have left my dear mother’s pillow, and she might be praying for her poor boy! I am, indeed, the child of God’s mercy—would that my heart were truly his! I could then lie quiet in his hand, and be at peace. I am glad that you remember Friday night with me. I find it both pleasant and useful to have, amid constant general remembrances, a particular night for

particular remembrances; and when I feel cold in prayer, the thought that you will not be drowsy in asking blessings for me, stirs me up again. Thursday is M——'s night, and that of her little ones, with me; will you please tell her so, and ask her to make it mine with her. * * I was at a Baptist prayer-meeting last night, at Mr Saunders's, and found it both interesting and refreshing. Several laymen prayed. I shall go again.

“YOUR GEORGE.”

He had tried some of the Church of Scotland ministers in Sydney, and writes:—“I found them so empty of all affection, and so meagre, that I would rather be alone in the desert with my Bible on the Sabbath, when ‘man is distant, but God is near,’ and sit and listen to the winds, than sit under the care of such shepherds.”

An entry in the journal, December 17, mentions his thoughts on present and past things. “I did not much enjoy the communion service. My mind (to mention the reason which attaches least blame to myself) was fatigued before I went to the table. I do think, however, that I had been enabled really to lift my heart to God in the early part of the day. The service was cold, and I could not help contrasting it with many which I could recall at home in dear Scotland. The last time I was privileged to partake this ordinance in my native land, my mother was on one hand, my sister on the other, and my dear friend, G. P. P., who was also a ‘young communicant’ with me, was then not far away. This time I was *alone*, and truly I felt it sad and dreary. How often do I, with Kirke White, ‘sigh that I am

all alone! How often do I long to communicate all I feel to those who used to be my close and confiding friends—to weep upon their bosoms! How sweet is sympathy! Yet I do not long only for sympathy in sadness and sorrow. I have of late felt myself longing to tell of God's great goodness, and desiring to mingle my joy with theirs. But my dreams of speedy companionship perish—darkly perish, with the conviction that not for a long time, if ever, will my bodily health permit my return to England. My chest seems getting worse instead of better. Perhaps my occupation of plan-drawing injures me. I nearly always feel as if I should never recover, sometimes as if my end would be speedy—and, oh, my heart sinks at the thought of being sick, and ill, away from *my own!* Yet I thank God I have been enabled to be more earnest in seeking Christ, since receiving my home letters. This gave me a new impetus, which has been added to by other means. One of these is Mr Saunders's preaching and prayer-meetings. I do trust I have been enabled to look to Jesus, more than ever, as *my Saviour*—to venture to trust in God as my *reconciled Father*.

“I have sometimes been enabled to feel very great pleasure in attending Mr Saunders's meetings. It has seemed so sweet to be among Christians. I have known God's Spirit was among them, and have felt quite drawn to them, and trust I have, in some measure, been made partaker of their blessings.”

At this time, his regrets for distant friends were aggravated by the absence of his brother on business engagements, so that he was literally “all alone.”

His attachment to the Church of his fathers, and his longing to find spiritual nourishment there, kept him suspended during his abode in Sydney, though the state of his feelings and spiritual discernment were evinced in various ways. Thus, in his journal, "I think myself quite justified in at least dividing my attendance between the Baptist and Presbyterian Churches. Into the former, I go as into a company of Christians bound to each other, and to their beloved and loving pastor, by ties of heavenly union, and all eagerly waiting for the supply of spiritual food which God has prepared for them. A sort of solemnity creeps over me, and, almost unconsciously, I imbibe somewhat of a similar spirit; hungering for the Word, delighting in it when it comes, and feeling really in the presence of God. Into the other, in spite of all my efforts to the contrary, I go with a feeling of hopelessness, as going to be tantalized rather than fed. There is no oneness of affection and desire, but a drowsy vacancy seems not uncommon in the people. This arises, I think, partly from Mr ——'s manner of address. He seems to have no comfort in the idea that any of his congregation are children of the Spirit. His applications are generally in a threatening tone, and commanding to *begin*, seldom encouraging to press on. Even at the communion-table he used language to this effect—'I think I may venture to hope that at least some of you have enjoyed this ordinance, and been holding communion with Christ; and those who have not,' &c. Thus, the standard to which we are expected to have attained is far too low, and there is no incitement to pass it. On the other hand, Mr

Saunders takes delight in his Christians : shows that himself is continually feeding on Christ, and yet hungering for more—his very spirit is love and eagerness. Press on—on to perfection, and joy in the prospect of perfect holiness. This makes me ashamed to see others so far before me ; it draws me to them, and incites me with zeal. I once felt something like malicious envy on hearing one of his young men earnestly engaging in prayer ; but now I only (I hope) love him.”

Thus the ministrations of Mr Saunders were as waters in the desert to the thirsty soul of George Lundie. The introduction which he carried to that affectionate and liberal-minded Christian, formed the slender link in the chain of providences which ultimately removed him from his position in Sydney, where his health was not promoted. But, before entering on that subject, his character may be developed by the review he takes of his early life on New-year's Day.

“*Jan. 1, 1840.*—A new year has dawned upon me. The last is numbered among the things that were—yesterday was my *twentieth birthday*. I had great pleasure, though softened by much sadness, in running over the leading events of my past life. How much has occurred since I was a helpless infant, entirely dependent on the care of others, to excite the deepest gratitude to God !

“I was born in a Christian land, and of kind and Christian parents. There is much in that one thought to call forth praise ; and, on the other hand, what a responsibility does it carry with it !

“It has often seemed strange to me, and I look

upon it as one of the gracious dispensations of a benevolent Creator, that, in a retrospect of bygone hours and years, every thing recurs to the mind in a sort of halo of pleasure. However bitter the particular event may have been when it occurred, or however accompanied with sorrow or distress, the bitterness is lost, and the sorrow in its poignancy forgotten. Memory seems to love to dwell chiefly on the pleasing parts of the scene ; or so skilfully to shade the sad parts, and give prominence to every alleviating and cheering circumstance, that agony is deprived of its sting, and burning tears of unmingled bitterness give place to softened and luxurious grief. Such are the feelings of the natural man ; but, oh, how sadly is the soft and soothing pleasure marred, when the heart and life are examined with reference to the great end of existence—our duty to God ! My life seems to exhibit one stream of blessings from the hand of God, and one tissue of ingratitude and guilt as its return. Mercy enhanced by guilt ! guilt deepened by mercy ! I do trust, however, that the events of the past year have not passed without some good effect on me ; and, comparing my state now with that on my last birthday, I think I have made some advance on my way Zionward.

“ In the winter of 1836–7, I was very much awakened by the instrumentality of Mr Denniston,* with whom I lived ; since then, I have always been more or less anxious, applying with fear to any thing that engrossed me too much. At times struggling with sin, and at times giving way to it ; often renewing

* Now Free Church minister at Falmouth, Jamaica.

resolutions and often breaking them; sometimes thinking that I had almost obtained an interest in Christ, and sometimes almost despairing, but never at rest.

“In the end of January, two years back, I was visited with the first symptom of what has at last driven me from home and country. * * * My earthly pleasures and advantages were at home too many to permit the free growth of an exotic in my heart; and lo! God has removed me from many of these. I trust that the plant of grace may thrive and be vigorous, blessed be God! for it is entirely his doing. I humbly trust I am now more his than I ever have been before, and I pray earnestly to be his *wholly* and *only*. Surely He will not now leave me—surely my sinful heart will not be allowed to wander—however prone to do so—by the kind Shepherd into whose fold (I scarce dare write it) *I am come*. O Lord, perform the work, and thine alone shall be the praise!

“I have been very much with my dear friends at home this week, and especially in my dear Mary’s little party at Cleish. I am sure they have been much in prayer *for me*. Oh, may God bless them all for it! How I wish I could join with them once more in prayer! But I deserve no such privilege, for I seldom cared for it when it was within my reach. Truly, one of the best ways of testing the value of any blessing, is to take it away!

“How delightful, that, though separated by sixteen thousand miles, we may draw blessings directly down on one another! Many prayers ascended for me yesterday; O Lord! reject them not, but make me

thine more and more, and answer them also with tenfold blessings into the bosom of the loved ones who offered them, through Christ. *Amen.*”

While George's heart was thus filled with home-ward affections, and confidence in the social remembrances of him at the footstool of mercy, could his eye have penetrated the dwelling to which his New-year's musings turned, he would have found the parlour fire not now encircled by a cheerful group. Perhaps it was extinguished; a solitary chair and small table, and open Bible, near it, and hasty feet passing in silence up and down the chill staircase. And his dear Mary! ah, who could tell if her lovely mind, clouded now in her fevered conflict with the last enemy, ever saw flitting visions of the brothers far away, or ever imagined she formed one still of the New-year circle, enlivened by visitors from college? She was passing away while he was writing. The God who gave her took her! He sent her here for a season, to fit her for a long dwelling in his glorious mansion. The work of preparation is accomplished. She is gone home, and for the present her brother is sheltered from the knowledge of his loss, and counts himself still enriched by her sympathy and prayers. We insert a scrap of his letter to that beloved one at the same season.

To Mrs W. W. Duncan.

“I must write to tell you how often I think of dear Wallace, and you and your little ones. I constantly catch myself dreaming about Cleish at Christmas, when R—— and G. P. P. are of our party; and we creep closer round the fire as we hear the wind

whistling without, or feel the frost stealing silently in behind us, and occupying all the space that the blazing ingle will allow him. Then, too, I dream of our little prayer-meetings in your own room, where hearts, already knit in fondest affection, are drawn still closer by feeling that we are passing to the same end; you, my precious sister, already having your treasure and joy in heaven. Then we wander to Cleish Castle, or the Craigs, you always leaning on my arm; the evening passes with social reading and your sweet music. After prayer we draw closer together, and have *such a chat*; and sing a few of our dear old hymns, and then to bed. Ah! how sweet it is to lose oneself in such a reverie; and how pleasant even the pensive disappointment with which one wakes from it!"

CHAPTER IX.

A PROPOSAL.

DISTANCE and absence had no power to enfeeble the traces of home pictures. As yet, he “dragged at each remove a lengthening chain;” nothing in his new scenes attracted, while many things shocked and repulsed, his feelings. In this state of mind, with the consciousness that his daily engagements were injuring his chest, but without strength to go up the country and form an occupation for himself, he seemed at a stand. At this juncture, it was suggested to the mind of Mr Saunders, to propose that he should join three missionaries who were at Sydney, on their way to their stations in the South Sea Islands. In his journal we find many pages on this important subject, from which we shall sparingly make an extract or two.

Sydney, Jan.—“Oh, what various and jarring thoughts crowd my mind! Others have recovered, and I may. Is this the hand of God opening to my view a field of usefulness, which has been so sadly closed? Is this the scheme to make me his active servant still, after I had almost resigned hope? But then, shall I set off and enter upon the labours

appointed for me, without the hope of ever again returning to my country, and seeing those after whom my heart yearns day and night? * * *

In spite of past speculations on the possibility of never returning, I have found the reverse has been the hope on which I have fed in reality, though I knew it not. I thought my poor heart would break. I fell on my knees and prayed fervently for a long time, sobbing most violently. Gradually I became pacified, whether more from having gained some degree of submission to the will of God, or from the idea that I might go now and be a teacher for a while, and then return home to complete my imperfect education and be ordained, I cannot tell. I hope the former was in some degree the cause."

Mr Saunders's kind project was, that he should go to Tutuila, having a free passage in the missionary ship, live there at his own charges, and without salary. Were health restored, he might, if through grace he were in a fit state of mind, form an engagement with the Missionary Society; or, in two or three years, return home to study. On this he remarks—"Many who have had less education than I have, are missionaries. If once fairly engaged in the work, and I could be ordained there, I do not see how I could conscientiously leave it, to gratify my desire for general knowledge, or *any other* personal gratification, however intensely and fondly cherished. As for my belonging to and loving the Church of Scotland, that is a matter of little moment; the Church of Christ is one, and his gospel cannot change.

"My constant prayer is for God's guidance and

direction. I try to commit my way to him, and beseech him to direct my steps. I would be passive in his hand, and know no will but his. If this is God's doing, how strange, and mysterious, and wise his dealings! My motives for choosing the ministry at home, I always felt were very impure, and he has sent me away, I hope, to purify them. I often felt that I must devote myself to God, and go where he calls me. But yet I always pictured to myself a snug manse at home, and my own countrymen for my beloved flock. Is God now forcing me into the missionary work? Oh, for a heart entirely willing and devoted! I must trust wholly to him for strength and ability to be his servant. Search me and try me, O God! and show me what wicked ways are in me, that I may repent of them. Oh, do thou cleanse me from secret faults—give me a truly humble and contrite heart!"

This was the season of severest struggle in his life. His shattered nervous system made anxiety bear heavily on his outward man. Broken plans for future life, and disappointed hopes, pressed heavily on his heart. Constituted so as to derive, more than many of our race, soothing and support from the domestic bonds which are granted for our solace—social and sympathizing in an unusual degree—he had been torn off from that to which he elung, and every fibre was yet quivering, every vein still bled, at the period when this proposal for a further removal, and a more hopeless banishment, was made. It will be observed, also, that his soul had not obtained perfect rest in Christ; spiritual joy he had tasted, quiet trust he had known—yet they were

mere passing gleams, bright rays that shone for a moment and were gone. It is not in our power to discern the cause of some dark and troubled experiences. We have read of such in holier and more advanced Christians than George. We do not allude to them with a hope of explaining them, but simply to say, that had his feet been planted firmly by faith on the living rock, had he been privileged with joy to draw water out of the wells of salvation, he would have been enabled, with tranquil faith, to follow the present leading of Providence, and to have counted all privation joy in the cause of his gracious Redeemer.

The casual absence of his brother left him at first entirely without an adviser, and thus, by the ordering of Providence, he was constrained to make the great and final *wrench* alone. That over, however, he speedily adopted new interests, and found new sympathies, among the brethren of the mission ; and, with a discerning eye and holy delight, could remark the work of the Lord among the isles of the sea. His elder brother's solicitude naturally turned most on the subject of health, as it was in search of that blessing that George had quitted his native land. He wrote home—"The climate of those islands, situated in the trade-winds, that invigorated him so much when on the voyage, is said to be salubrious in a wonderful degree ; several of the missionaries now there and well, went in a state almost hopeless ; and I hear there is not an instance of a consumptive subject having gone there without being restored. The numbers who have gone, however, are few. So far it looks well ; but there are many things in it to

be feared. He looks strong, and is so in all but the one point; so that it is difficult to persuade people that he is an invalid. This, together with his own ardent disposition, may lead him to do more than he ought. I wish I could be at his elbow to jog him when it is time to stop. He has felt pretty comfortable lately, as, I think, in consequence of serene weather, and a quiet, regular life. These are the two circumstances which must be attained for him. The Navigators almost insure the weather part of it, but my fears are about the other. We are in great perplexity; may God guide us aright! Unhappily for us, your advice cannot be had in time to serve us. I shall be very sorry indeed to lose him; but if health be promoted, and it give him an opportunity of doing good in a way so suited to his inclinations, I must not keep him," &c.

The first decision, that George should join the missionary band, led him, with all his might, to prepare for the work—not like a poor invalid going to rest among them, but as a labourer who had pledged all that was in him to the cause. A few words from his journal will show this:—"O God! I look to thee—thou wilt not send me to thy vineyard unprepared—thou wilt not permit me to go unarmed, to make an inroad upon the kingdom of Satan—give me thy Spirit to quicken me—give me deep contrition, ardent love, and growing faith and confidence in thee.
* * * Many prayers, even more than before, will now ascend for me; and I trust I shall ere long be enabled to bless God for ALL his dealings with me.
* * * I trust to-morrow may be a Sabbath to me. I need to be fed, and shall have few more

opportunities of this kind for many a day. Oh, if I could sit with them round the fire-side this one evening in Scotland! My own mother! shall I ever see you more?" *Jan. 27, 1840.*—"I wrote to dear J. and R. yesterday. Oh, how my heart yearns for them! I had thought I should be a kind of protector to them, and that J. would be my sweet companion. Now she is far removed through life. Heavenly Father, do thou watch over them—be their stay—leave them not, nor forsake them—keep them as the apple of thine eye! Thou canst raise up for them friends and counsellors far more fit than I, but never any who will love them more. They are in thy hands. Let this suffice for me. When shall I believe?—when rest with filial confidence? Surely I shall see them ere long—the way will be opened for my return to them before many years elapse. Either this, or I shall be enabled to give them up altogether, and rest in my Father's will."

"I have seen the missionaries, Messrs Harbutt and Slatyer, and like them much. Their preaching is excellent. The voyage will be an improving one. After that, I must bid adieu for a time to ordinances. Worship will be conducted in Tutuila in an unknown tongue. Yet, O Lord! thou wilt listen to my cry, thou wilt instruct and subdue by thy Spirit, and fit me for the work that is before me. Oh, that I had my precious mother here! How I should value her now! I trust in thee, O God! that we shall unite our praises in heaven. There is *there* no more parting, and no more repining at thy will."

These are a portion of the last entries in the journal, before going on board. It so happened that an

urgent engagement called away his brother and sister previous to his embarking in the Camden, so that his last days in Sydney were passed in solitude, and the extracts given form examples of the social spirit pouring out its fulness, and speaking with God, in the absence of human sympathy.

CHAPTER X.

THE CAMDEN.

THE Camden's sailing was delayed by the sickness and death of Mr Dickson, one of the missionaries who had come from England on his way. We must not stop to insert George's reflections on this unlooked-for stroke, and on the sad tidings of the fall of that faithful soldier Williams, who was so valiant for the truth, nor his repeated and tender adieus directed homewards. At last, on the 10th Feb. 1840, the vessel got under weigh, Messrs Saunders and Crook accompanying the missionaries through the harbour. They did not part till mutual prayer and praise, and a few last words of exhortation, had engaged their hearts. In the journal we find—"I was much affected with Mr Saunders's address. He spoke to us individually: to me most kindly, ending with—'The God of Jacob bless the lad!' He encouraged me to persevere, and confidently hoped that I should soon be a missionary." Kind and ardent man! his hopes were directed by his wishes, and his affection to a bleeding-hearted stranger would bring a treasure of reward into his own bosom. Though none of all his brethren according to the flesh were there to say

farewell, one of the better and more enduring brotherhood, a brother in Christ Jesus, stood as sponsor for them all to bless the lad. Sweet as the dew that descends on the fragrant top of Hermon, is that uniting love which, flowing down from our glorious High Priest, joins all the members, the strong and the weak, the experienced and the novice, in one.

On the prayers in general, which he had heard in this little band of Christians, George remarks, "One thing was wanting which seems to me of great importance. They prayed for safe arrival, for cordial welcome to the islands, facility in learning the language, and abundant success in the good cause; but I do not think there was one petition for the stability and growth of the labourer. That might arise from the matter being taken for granted; but this I felt, that if I were a missionary the most important petition for me was neglected. * * * I trust that God is with me; my prayer has been, 'If thy presence go not with me, carry me not up hence,' and, as I am carried thence, I look for his presence with much hope. O Father! give me to call on thee aright, and to rest in thee. Then I could say,

'I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, for God is there.'

'My sister loved these lines, and I love them.'

Feb. 18.—"The Sabbath services were very interesting. How different this from my voyage in the Royal Admiral. Here we have prayer night and morning, conducted in turn by the captain, mate, and Messrs Harbutt and Slatyer; and a Bible class on Tuesdays and Fridays for the sailors. I hope some of them may be benefited, and that I may not

be left out. It is a time of privilege, and, perhaps, to me a prelude of privation." The contrast formed by the ordering of matters on board the emigrant and the missionary ship, extended to the words and manners of every sailor on board, as he fully detailed in a letter, a portion of which we present.

To Mrs W. W. Duncan.

* * * "Mr Appleton and his wife are also of our party. He is a mason, who gave up L.190 a-year in Sydney to go to Samoa with L.20, that he may assist in erecting a normal institution, and other buildings. We have, besides, on board, six missionary natives, who were engaged in Mr Williams's last expedition, so awfully interrupted, and are now returning home to their wives and children to wait for another leader. They are fine fellows; but owing to our mutual ignorance of each other's language, we can have but little communication. They have social worship constantly among themselves, besides often attending at ours, which they seem to love, though our words are unknown to them.

"It is but a few days since we encountered, and were delivered from, a fearful and long-continued hurricane. Friday was a day of rough and restless calm. The barometer gradually fell, and towards evening a fresh breeze set in, which gradually increased, till, by four A. M., we lay to under a small sail, only used to keep the vessel from rolling. By eight this also was removed, and we lay at the mercy of the fierce wind and infuriated waves, without a stitch of canvass. Still the vessel was pressed down on one side, and as each wave rolled by, the lee

bulwarks and nearly half the deck were under the boiling waters. All hatches were shut, and tarpaulins fixed, and the day-time darkness was only rendered more dismal by the burning of a solitary lamp. On deck the scene was truly awful. The wind howled with terrific sound through the naked rigging. The drifting spray and rain rendered it quite impossible to look to windward; and to leeward all we could see was, when in the hollow the huge wave rolled away from us in appalling grandeur, and when on the top, a few ship's-lengths off, the ridge boiled as though covered with snow, and was partly hidden by a veil of drift. Our boat, part of the bulwarks, and some planks firmly lashed above the stern, were burst away by the fury of the waves;—and now, had we sprung a leak, had one joint of our little vessel yielded, or had we turned stern to the sea, our doom had been sealed. A boat at such a time would have been as helpless as a straw. It was pleasing, however, in the midst of all this, to see the peace which faith in Jesus gives. Mr Harbutt offered up, with the few who assembled for morning worship, such a soothing and confiding prayer as I think I have seldom heard. Just after, the captain, passing me to go on deck, said, ‘We must just wait and *see the salvation of God.*’ I followed him on deck, and to my surprise I saw him ascend the main rigging with fearless step, to try, if possible, to get down the topgallant mast and yard, which might help to save the mast, and would render the ship less liable to lie down on her broadside. Seeing the danger of this attempt, Captain Morgan asked no one else to make it, but himself encountered the risk,

I doubt not, in humble faith. He failed, however. By the time he reached the height required, he was exhausted by the exertion ; for the wind continually clapped him to the rigging and held him there, and he was benumbed by the wind and pelting rain. He descended in safety, and tools were held in readiness to cut away the mast, should that be necessary. Many an anxious eye watched the steady descent of the weather-glass ; and many a look and prayer went up to Him that rides upon the storm. At a quarter to twelve, the mercury began to rise ; by one, the rain had ceased, the wind was not perceptibly abated, but the sun sent down a few feeble rays to cheer our hearts, and lead to hope for better things. By two, he shone warm and smiling, and by four the wind was perceptibly subsiding, which it continued to do till Sunday morning, when it blew a gentle and refreshing breath, as if it had quite forgot its ravings. ‘Then were we glad because we were quiet.’ It is impossible to describe to you the grandeur of the scene when first the sun began to shine, and the cessation of dreadful rain rendered it possible to look at it. Each ridge, as it passed along, heaving its mountain height, and curling its foamy summit, which left behind a field of sparkling snowy white, seemed as if it could have swallowed a thousand such frail barks as ours, had she not mounted on each as it approached, and ridden like a sea-bird, free from harm. I have told you what a grateful contrast the next morning presented. It was, indeed, *a Sabbath*. The wind was hushed ; the sun poured down his reviving beams ; and the waves, so lately lashed to appalling fury,

heaved up their unwieldy forms in humbled subjugation. Truly we have seen God's wonders in the deep. How sweet to feel—and oh, that I could always feel it!—that all things, even the raging elements, are in the hand of our Father. It is He who bids them rise, and they must fall when He says, 'Peace, be still.' We had service twice on deck, and as it was what English Dissenters call 'ordinance Sabbath,' we had the Lord's Supper administered in the evening. I think I never enjoyed it more, and the feeling that I might still enjoy it under my ever present Saviour's goodness, seemed to make the regretful feelings at separation from those with whom I have gone to the house of God in company, only enhance the pleasure. Another thing which tended greatly to heighten the interest of the occasion, was the presence and communion of the Samoan teachers—those trophies of redeeming love from savage isles. Still I sadly wanted some one to speak confidently to. I wanted you, my dear Mary, or M——, or J——. When shall I learn to be satisfied by telling all my thoughts to Jesus? The knowledge that you all pray for me is very cheering—and I sometimes trace what happens as in answer to your prayers. Ah, Mary!—wherever I am, and in whatever circumstances, my mind always reverts to one little spot of earth—dear Scotland! sacred from the fond associations which will ever attach to it—loved for the loved ones it contains." It is delightful to record the observations of one who was neither a sailor nor a missionary, on the good order of the *Camden*, the fraternal love of those who sailed in her, and the self-devoting nobility of spirit of Cap-

tain Morgan. How lovely are the steps of those who follow Jesus, on the dry land and on the ocean, among civilized or savage! the example which they follow varies not, and they consistently imitate it.

“*Saturday, March 16.*—Dearest Mary—Tutuila is in sight, and we are fast approaching it. To-morrow we hope to spend with Archy Murray on shore. It will be a memorable and delightful Sabbath.”

CHAPTER XI.

BREAD FOUND AFTER MANY DAYS.

THE reader may feel surprised at the familiar name applied to the missionary of Tutuila by the young wanderer ; but in truth Mr Murray was no stranger, but a dear friend. He who knoweth the end from the beginning, and telleth the wanderings of his children, and putteth their tears into his bottle, had provided a brother's home for George in this isle of the ocean. Mr Murray, now the justly-esteemed messenger to the heathen, whom the Holy Spirit has honoured with signal success, passed his youth in George Lundie's native town of Kelso. There he first used his endeavours to draw others to the Saviour, whom he himself had found, by exertions in the Sabbath school, and as a visitor of the sick. These exertions commended him to a little circle of Christian friends, who, when they found his health threatened by symptoms which suggested the idea of milder skies, promoted, as best they might, his secretly-cherished wish to give himself to the Lord's work among the heathen. He who hath directed his servants to cast their seed-corn upon the subsiding waters, knew

what the parents of George never dreamed of—that in lending their slender aid to advance the views of their young friend, they should find their seed sprung up after many days, in a situation so touching as this.

Archibald Murray closed the last domestic Sabbath evening service with George's bereaved family, who were to quit the beloved manse of Kelso next morning; and two or three years after, when his studies were completed, and he revisited his friends ere his departure, he passed his last days with that family in Edinburgh, and took leave of George himself, and his little brother, on the pier of Leith; neither party imagining a future meeting within the coral reef of an island of the Pacific. As far as appears, Mr Saunders was ignorant of this bond when first he made the suggestion that the climate of the Samoan group would be salubrious. The circumstances indicating the guiding hand of a gracious Providence, tended much to still George's anxieties, and those of his friends.

Now that the enfeebled chest will pain him no more—now that the loving heart has ceased to ache—now that our plans for detaining him here are terminated, and he has gone to his Father's house—now it becomes those who have wept much, perhaps too much, that this bud of large promise was cankered ere it was unfolded, to own the pitying guide who led him to the green pastures and still waters of salvation, on that recently savage shore! We must acknowledge that Jesus fulfilled his gracious word, by giving him brethren and sisters, and tender, watch-

ful, loving nurses, among his own servants. The Lord is not slack to mark the work of faith and labour of love of these distant Christian friends who cherished him, and they too shall, after many days, reap that which they have sown upon the waters.

CHAPTER XII.

MISSIONARY RETROSPECTIONS.

THE Samoan group consists of ten islands. Tutuila, that to which our recital belongs, lies about 40° south latitude, and 170° west longitude. Williams describes it as a romantic spot, from eighty to a hundred miles in circumference. He settled teachers in Savii, the northernmost of the group, in 1830, but did not touch at Tutuila till October 1832.

All who have read the *Missionary Enterprise* must have enjoyed the meeting of Williams with a band at Leone Bay, who had renounced their idols, built them a chapel, and put themselves under the instruction of the man who sailed in his canoe to the "workers of religion," to get some religion, which he brought carefully home to give to the people, and when that was expended he took to his canoe again to fetch some more. Poor fellow! it may well be wondered that the winds and waves did not extinguish his imperfect light between the teachers of Savii and the scholars of Tutuila. But God's promise standeth fast—"They who seek shall find;" and therefore this people, made ready for the mes-

senger of peace, might well expect in due time to receive him.

Mr Samuel Wilson, son of one of the original Tahitian missionaries, resided on the island a few months before Mr Murray's arrival, where he was occupied in translating the gospel by St Matthew. This translation, together with some little grammatical arrangement and collection of words in the vocabulary form, afforded much assistance to the English missionaries, when at last they arrived. It was not till June 1836 that the *Dunotter Castle*, in distributing her precious freight of teachers of Christianity, dropped Mr and Mrs Murray and Mr Barnden on Tutuila. It was so ordered, that, after a time, Mr Barnden's work came to a mournful close—he being swept into a strong current and drowned, while bathing; so that previous to the arrival of Mr and Mrs Slatyer, as missionaries, and George Lundie as lodger and sojourner, in the fine harbour of Pago-pago, in Feb. 1840, Mr Murray had been for a considerable time without an associate.

We have all, by means of reading voyages or geographical description, a picture in our imagination of the islands of the South Pacific. Their bold rocks—their deep caves—their volcanoes, smoking up in some cases amid the very ocean waves—their evergreen turf—their richly perfumed flowers—their fruits, loading the boughs of magnificent trees, and rendering the art of the husbandman almost superfluous. Their heavy rains, also, and their hurricanes, have been often imagined; but there is one peculiarity which had escaped our notice till pointed out by Mr Murray. He writes:—

“It is a striking and important arrangement in Providence, that wherever there is a good harbour for shipping in any of the isles of the South Seas, there is also an opening in the reef of sufficient extent to allow ships of any size to enter. But for this remarkable circumstance, these islands must have been almost entirely shut out from intercourse with other parts of the world, and of course left to their own resources. To have made an artificial entrance would have baffled all the powers of man. How wise and merciful are the arrangements of the blessed God! No one has yet, on natural principles, been able, satisfactorily, to account for these openings. Perhaps I ought not to have said that they are *always* found where there are good harbours, but I may safely say they are in the great majority of cases.”—*Letter from Rev. W. A. Murray to the Rev. Dr Bates of Glasgow.*

In March 1838, not quite two years from his landing, Mr Murray wrote hopefully: he had dispersed the gospel by St Matthew, now printed as well as translated, and, with copies of it, he had sent to various localities individuals who could do something in teaching the arts of reading and writing. These teachers returned to him at frequent intervals, to obtain information enough to keep them ahead of their pupils. Outward improvements were visible. Sanguinary wars, sham fights, and night dances, had become unpopular; and had it not been for the disgraceful incitements to evil, arising from the *so-called* Christian sailors, who were attracted by the excellent harbour, the victory over these evil customs would have been more swift and more signal. Some

of these sailors, both English and American, who had been on the island long enough to obtain a considerable hold of the language, were the occasion of bitter sorrow to the silent strangers, whose first sojourn in the midst of heathen abominations was very distressing to them. "It was a gloomy night, a dark and trying season," wrote Mr Murray; but, "blessed be God, it has passed away, and a brighter day has dawned." After describing some of the promising circumstances, Mr M. adds, with his usual fear of overstating—"I fear lest I should convey too favourable an impression respecting the state of this mission. I would never forget, that so long as men are not *real* Christians, all outward reformation will avail them nothing before God. Therefore we are longing and praying, and I ask you, my dear friend, to strive together with us in your prayers for an abundant effusion of the Holy Spirit. Oh, this is what we want! This is *all* we want, to make the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose! Oh, that the Church would bestir herself—that she would resolve to besiege the throne of grace, and take no denial, till she embrace within her ample range the Family of Man!"—*Letter to Mrs Duncan.*

This quotation shows the spirit of the missionary, and that nothing less than power from on High, laying the foundations of reformation deep in the heart, would satisfy him! Nothing lower was the subject of his prayers. In June 1839, he continued his address to the same friend in a strain of grateful joy—"Oh, could you witness what we are now privileged to behold in these islands, how it would rejoice your heart! *We* have been delightfully sur-

prised, having never ventured to anticipate any thing like such results in so short a period. But the arm of the Lord has been revealed among us, and so numbers have believed our report. Since that awful event (Mr Barnden's untimely death) the care of the whole of this island has devolved on me, and it is likely to do so for a long time to come. But what if I should fall too? Oh, that young men in Britain would bestir themselves! How is it that so few can be found to engage in this blessed work? The Lord have mercy on the British churches, and pour out on them an abundant effusion of his own Spirit. Think of our island, eighty miles in circumference, with a population of at least seven thousand, and only one missionary. We endeavour to supply the deficiency by the employment of native agents. I have thirty-four native assistants, fourteen of whom, in addition to teaching to read and write, are employed in exhorting their countrymen, and communicating what they themselves know. The teachers all meet me every week; I spare no pains on them, and find my labour well bestowed. I suppose fifteen hundred persons may now be found on the island, able to read, in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God; and a vast number more are learning. Every village has its own school and its own teacher.

* * * Thirty-four persons have been baptized—twenty adults and fourteen children—and sixteen are admitted to the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. The members of our little church afford delightful evidence of being partakers of the grace of God in truth, and render me very efficient aid in my efforts to bring others into the blessed fold."

In the month of May 1839, they held their first large missionary meeting, with a view of exciting in the people a missionary spirit; and there the young chief Pomare, son of the principal chief of Tutuila, first appears prominently by his speech—though we think we discover him in one or two former movements; for example, he appears to have been one of three who went to Upolu to assist at the first consultation for settling missionaries on the islands. The truly Christian nobility of his character, his devotional frame, his self-dedication to the work of the Lord, his leaving for this work his native dignities, his wife and children, and his final death in the cause, are all to be found in these papers; and would form alone, if filled up by one who saw his life and conversation, an edifying separate biographical sketch. It is matter of regret, that what we know of him necessarily must come before the reader in a disjointed form, according to the dates; and therefore he is pointed out prominently here, that he may be recognised when ever again mentioned.

Pomare's first Missionary Speech.—"I will now make known my desire before this assembly, and before God, and before the missionary. I have given my soul to be saved by Jesus Christ—it I leave with him, and I now place my body at the disposal of the missionary. I am willing to go to any land of darkness to which he may send me. My desire is to die in the cause of Jesus, who was crucified for me. I wish to be engaged in the work of the Lord, and I am willing to go to any savage land, or to remain in our own land. I leave it with the missionary; let him choose." "Nor was this," writes Mr Murray, "the language

of temporary excitement. He has, both publicly and privately, since repeated the same sentiments. He is a choice young man: his conduct is perfectly consistent with these sentiments. The Cross! the Cross! this is the grand attractive theme which subdues their formerly savage hearts, and transforms their fierce and savage dispositions into the meekness and gentleness of Christ. No star but the star of Bethlehem can arrest and fix the eye of the roving savage!" * * *

"A few days ago I was struck with a sentence in the prayer of one of our own servants. 'May we think continually of the cross and sufferings of Christ—may we think *continually* of the cross and sufferings of Christ; and when this body is laid in the dust, may we still think of the death and sufferings of Christ!' This was expressed with the earnestness of manner which the words imply. At a meeting on Friday last one said, addressing the others—'Friends, I have just been thinking and saying to myself, who am I, that the Son of God should die for me? Who am I, that I should have been bought with the blood of the Son of God? and I would recommend to all present to ask themselves the same question. We have heard a great deal of the word of God to-day. The word of God is large and *numerous*, (native idiom,) more so than the leaves on the trees, or the sands on the seashore; but there is one thing to which my own mind constantly turns—one great subject on which we should constantly think—the cross and death of Jesus.' But I must restrain myself; I could fill pages with their expressions. We have here, at Pagopago, a hundred and

thirty Sabbath scholars, and thirty teachers, and hope soon to have as many at Leone, the station lately occupied by my deceased brother Barnden. My dear wife instructs a daily class of females, about twenty in number, who act as monitors to others; and on Saturdays she meets upwards of a hundred and sixty, from various parts of the island. * * * For a long time our efforts for the poor, degraded females seemed like beating the air; but for some time past, by the blessing of our gracious Lord, there has been a shaking among the dry bones."

We have thus used the materials within our reach, to give to the reader the latest information we possess of the state of the island before the landing of the close observer whose journals and letters furnish much of the succeeding narration. We have not once adverted to the Society's reports, well knowing that what we had to state could only corroborate their statements; and feeling pleasure in unfolding the apostolic spirit of the missionary, by means of his own confidential communications. It is the soul which thirsts for souls, that wins them. Mere carnal civilisation cannot satisfy. What will it do for the missionary and his flock, if he has taught them to cultivate the earth, to work in iron and wood, and to clothe themselves, if, when the work is summed up, it be found that God has not been glorified in all their improvements, that hearts have not been renewed, that thoughts have not been brought into subjection? Was it to accomplish such perishing reformations that the Holy One and the Just left his throne in the heavens? Will he be satisfied with the travail of his soul, if it only clothes the people,

without bringing them to their right mind? No! nor will his messengers. Therefore, they long and pray, and stir up their brethren at home to long and pray also; and by such means does He who is faithful and true cause the little one to become a thousand. The progress of the work of grace among the natives, from June 1839 to the succeeding month of March, must have been steadily accelerating; and this accounts for the animated, tender, and prayerful frame of spirit in which they appeared on George Lundie's landing.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LANDING.

*Letter to his Mother.**

Mr Murray's house, Pagopago, Tutuila, Samoa.
March 16th, 1840.

MY BELOVED MOTHER,

I have so much to tell you already, and I shall have so much more ere long, that I hardly know how a sheet or two will hold it all. I closed dear Mary's letter in the mouth of the harbour, and there I shall begin with you. It was on Saturday the 14th of March that we arrived here, having left Sydney on the 12th of February. The island presented a most beautiful appearance as we approached it, being composed of high, wild, steep, and richly-wooded hills. The reefs do not surround the island entirely. There is a break at the mouth of the harbour which forms a narrow pass, and the rollers breaking over the reef on each side produce a grand effect. The harbour is small, and winds at the mouth; so that, when you get within it, it is like a peaceful lake, surrounded by rich and rugged mountains, rising up

* A considerable part of this letter was published in the *Scottish Christian Herald*, Jan. 1841.

apparently right from the water's edge. Every small flat between their base and the water forms the site of a little village. The dwelling-places are low leaf-thatched huts, shaded by thick foliage, chiefly of the bread-fruit and tall tuft-topped cocoa-nut trees. As we approached and sailed up the harbour, we were gradually surrounded by many canoes, and, before we were anchored, the deck was covered by natives, all anxiously and affectionately greeting the "Mishingalies." We were, however, the bearers of heavy tidings, and this cast a gloom on every heart, and brought a tear to almost every eye. The first canoe that reached us was guided by a middle-aged man, who, as soon as we were within hail, called out to our native teachers, enquiring for "Misi Williamu;" and those who witnessed it will not forget the stunning and agonizing effect which the news of his death produced. The man seemed at once unhinged—he dropped his paddle, and stooped his head and wept. We could not understand his words, but his gestures could not be misinterpreted. He accompanied us for some time, making various enquiries; but no smile enlightened his expressive countenance, and ever and anon he burst out into fresh cries and tears. Every one who came on board shook our hands heartily, many kissing them, and all pronouncing the word "*Talofa*," expressive of affectionate greeting; which we reciprocated with all our hearts. After a while we came on shore, to see Mrs Murray; Mr Murray being absent at Leone Bay, a station fifteen miles off, which he visits once in three weeks. As we passed up to THE HOUSE, (*par excellence*,) we observed the large

erection formerly used for holding their savage dances, crowded with women, who were holding a prayer-meeting, (it was Saturday night,) and filling the air with notes of praise, in place of their ferocious and abominable war-songs. Mrs Murray received us with Christian and joyous cordiality, though very much overcome by the sad intelligence which had been already communicated to her. The first she heard of our approach was, that Mr Williams was coming, his ship was close at hand. This was hailed with a thrill of joy; but soon another native arrived, who gasped, "I can't speak!—I can't tell it you!" and at last gulped out, that Mr Williams was murdered. . . . We went on board again at night, and returned at nine o'clock on Sabbath morning, to attend the native service; which was conducted by Matthew Hunkin, who was originally a profligate runaway sailor, but, converted by Mr Murray's instrumentality, is now a valuable, ardent, and efficient auxiliary in the great cause. I should have said that, on returning to the boat, we were waylaid by the women leaving their prayer-meeting, who shook and kissed our hands and arms with the utmost eagerness; till their feelings so overcame them, that their sobs began to break out, and we had to burst away and run for it. On Sabbath morning, and indeed always since, they have been more moderate, but not less cordial and earnest.

The chapel is one hundred feet by twenty-seven, benched very thickly, and capable of containing about a thousand people; for they fill every corner, passages and all, besides standing at the windows outside. The preacher was very earnest, and a more

decorous and eagerly attentive congregation I never saw. Mrs Murray had told me before going in, that the Holy Spirit has of late been operating powerfully among the people, and that conviction was often so strong, that they could not be restrained from crying out even in the chapel. And so we found it; for four or five women fainted with the effort to repress the expression of their powerful emotions, and were carried out. You may imagine my feelings when standing in the midst of a congregation of reclaimed savages, hearing them sing with all their might the praises of Jehovah, seeing them stooping the head and reverentially covering the face, while there was scarcely one wandering eye during prayer, and during sermon they seemed to devour the word as it dropped from the preacher's lips. Here a woman sobbed out, against all her efforts to restrain herself—and there a man wiped the unbidden tear from his swarthy cheek, so lately marked by all that could express a wild and ferocious heart, but now meek, and humble, and subdued. I say, you may imagine my feelings in these circumstances, for I am not able to describe them. When I add to this, thoughts of you my mother, and my sisters, that you knew nothing of my situation, but still committed me to God, who has led me hitherto in answer to your prayers, and that you would have rejoiced with me in gratitude if you could have seen me, and when I heard the word of God in an unknown tongue, and stood surrounded by strangers, both of my own country and of this island, how could I fail to be overcome!

We next had English service in the native chapel;

conducted, I need not say how well, by Mr Harbutt, attended by our party, and almost all the sailors. Next came examination on the morning sermon, the Sabbath school, and then afternoon service; which was conducted by Mr Murray, who arrived while we were in church. Mr Murray did not know me at first sight, but when he recognised me, he expressed the utmost tenderness and affection: he received me as a dear brother would have done, and has in all things been as kind as a man and a Christian could be. He will be a father and brother to me, in the best sense of the words. He is an excellent man, well informed on all such subjects as a minister and a missionary needs, with decision, energy, and manliness. He led me, though the others were there, into his study, immediately on our meeting, just to ask me about myself, &c., and said, if there was any one whom he had loved and esteemed more than all the rest, it was my mother. I find I am dearly loved for your sake and my father's. At another time, when speaking of the good that had been done since he came here, he said that, in one sense, it is all traceable to you and Mr Bates;* for, when all his other friends had ceased to help him forward, you still encouraged him—when all the rest opposed, you cheered his waning hopes. Of the fruit of all this you shall presently hear.

In the afternoon Mr Murray gave them some account of Mr Williams's death, which he compared to Stephen's; and the effect was overpowering. When he introduced the account of Mr Williams, sobs were heard among a few of the women, but

* Now Dr Bates of Glasgow.

evidently stifled; gradually they spread, till, by the end of the sermon, nearly all the tender sex were in tears, and the prayer was scarcely begun before Mr Murray's voice was drowned by similar manifestations on the part of the whole assembly. Mr Murray left the pulpit, but finding it vain to attempt to restore quiet, or quell the burst of feeling, the assembly was broken up.

Now, no doubt you are wondering what was the cause of all this, and thinking the Samoans must be very soft-hearted and susceptible, and the more so, when you hear that the people were little acquainted with Williams, who was only here twice on flying visits. The reason is found in the power of Divine grace. There has been a great revival here, and Mr Murray and his truly valuable wife adore, with grateful wonder, the work of God. Five months ago the Church consisted of thirty individuals, which itself was a large amount of fruit from three years' labour among untaught savages. Since then there has been a great shaking among the dry bones, and it has been said to many of them, "Live." There are now two hundred baptized, and hundreds anxiously enquiring, so that they have to be kept back, lest their minister should be entirely overwhelmed. His plan is, to cause native teachers, who visit continually all the villages, to select those who seem most evidently under the power of Divine grace, and them he receives, examines, and instructs. The cause, then, of the violent emotion is this,—the people have been taught of the Spirit to value the Gospel, (many of them supremely,) and the mere

thought that Mr Williams was the first to bring it to their shores, and perished in doing the same for others, produces all this feeling. It is love of the truth, reflected back on him who brought the glad tidings. It is to me most delightful to know, that the distinction between real and professing Christians is clearly understood by the natives themselves. On this island there are four thousand three hundred inhabitants, three hundred of whom have not yet renounced idolatry. But even among these the influence of Christianity is such, that they to a great extent abstain from many things on the Sabbath-day, such as cooking and fishing. There are about one hundred in full communion, and eight hundred more who would be, according to the Presbyterian mode of admission, besides seven hundred at Leone Bay. *March 12.*—Oh, how I wish you could be present in church to see the fervour of the people, or any where to see their subdued affectionate countenances—those whose hands were deeply stained with blood and murder, washed and purified by the blood of Jesus! The men are the majority in the church—they were the first, as the women were much degraded and stupid; the numbers, however, are fast equalizing now.

Mr Murray has a high standard of admission, and never allows any one to become a member from whom he does not receive evidence of his conversion, so satisfactory, that if the individual *should* afterwards fall away, his conscience may be quite clear of the charge of rashness or precipitation. Those who are awakened are so many, that there is plenty of

room for selection, and only a few are admitted at each church meeting, lest any unrenewed should get in with the crowd.

The awakening began in Mr Murray's own household. One evening at family prayer, after a short address, I think, two girls burst into convulsive sobs, and could not cease for some days; so violent was their grief, that Mr Murray feared they would burst their hearts. The account they gave of it was, that they felt their sins to be so great against so great love as that of Jesus. The Spirit, from dropping, began to flow, and many more became concerned, till the state of matters arrived which I now describe. Those who were most violently affected soonest obtained peace in Jesus. Mr Murray had very great anxiety at first, lest the work should not be genuine; but he is now satisfied, though his labour is very great. He enjoys considerable strength, but has pain almost constantly across his chest, which cannot be pulmonary, otherwise he would have been worn out long ago. He is much like what he used to be, only white and thin, and hollow-eyed. He says, he would rather err by doing too much for his strength, than by doing too little—and he acts upon this.

We got into harbour here just before the rising of a fierce gale, which has continued ever since, and here detains us. *Friday.*—I was interrupted in writing on Wednesday by the very heavy gale, of which I wrote. Mr and Mrs Slatyer and myself were on shore for the night. The house is not a very strong one; and as the wind increased, it began to creak, and we could observe the roof bend and rise as the wind blew or lulled, while it cracked

so much, that we resolved to spend the night elsewhere. There is a roof on posts, that is, a thatched shed behind, and there we fixed our bivouac. A few natives very soon enclosed two parts of it with mats, which make very good partitions. The ladies and little Willie slept in one in which was a bed. Messrs Murray, Slatyer, and myself, slept on the ground, on mats, covered with a native *tuimanu* to keep off the fierce musquittoes. I was glad you could not then look in upon us; not because I was uncomfortable, but because the sight might perhaps have made you so. We resembled a band of gipsies. The gale was very violent, but the house stood it out; so we returned to it next morning. Many houses in the village were prostrated, a good many bread-fruit trees, and all the bananas which were at all exposed.

The first sounds we hear in the morning are songs of praise, at native family worship, about six o'clock. Many have lately been retiring to the bush for prayer and praise, and some have been found in a state of insensibility, having been overpowered by their feelings in solitary devotion—even men faint sometimes in church. The work is most extraordinary. I only wish you were with me to rejoice in it. For my part, I feel as a perfect babe in looking at many of the native Christians, and in hearing, as we sometimes do, the fervour of their prayers—for, though the words are strange, the spirit, I am assured, quite corresponds with the tone and manner. One Christian died lately, and his end was peace. He clung fast to the cross, and told his weeping relatives not to weep for him, but to weep for their sins, and to believe in Jesus, and then they

should meet again. The time would fail me to tell of the numbers who have found peace and joy, and of those who earnestly seek it. Of one member of our little circle, I scarcely know how to speak; she is to me almost painfully humble. She fainted at prayers the other morning, from the effect of the hymn, "Jesus, refuge of my soul," and when she recovered, she could only say—"Oh, I am vile, I am vile; but Jesus is my righteousness. I long to be with Jesus, to have done with this weary heart—to have done with sinning against him." Such as these were her exclamations, and she would hardly let us fan her, or give her water, saying she was *unworthy*. These were the feelings of her heart, which, in her weakness, she could not restrain. They walk in Jesus, and it is, I trust, for great good to my soul that God has brought me here. It is for good to you, too, and all of us. I wish you could hear Mr Murray pleading for *you* and the whole family at the Throne of Grace. O mother! how good is the Lord to such a rebel as I am! I long to *grow*, and to feel that I am pardoned, and to *love* holiness and heaven. I could write for hours. How are my J. and B.? Oh! how I yearn after you all, and that we may be all one in Christ Jesus. Let us be much in prayer for each other. I should have told you that my voyage is not at an end. Mr Murray is going to Upolu, where the brethren will be assembled, to assign to the new missionaries their stations, and I shall accompany him.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CONVOCATION.

Brig Camden, Apia Harbour, Upolu.
April 10, 1840.

AGAIN on board the Camden, just waiting for a breeze to carry us out, and to Tutuila, which we left on the 23d ult., reaching Upolu on the 25th. We were not out of sight of land all the way. Upolu is very wild and beautiful, with lofty mountains; but extensive plains lie between them and the sea. There is nowhere any open land that I have seen; all is densely covered with trees. Mr and Mrs Mills occupy this station; and no sooner had we arrived, than messengers were dispatched to the various stations on this island to collect the brethren for a meeting. The sloop of war, Favourite, which left Sydney to call at Rotuna, Tiana, and Eremango, for the purpose of seeing after the welfare of native teachers left on the two former, and recovering the remains of Mr Williams from the latter, had arrived the night before us, and saved us the painful task of breaking the sad news to Mr Williams's family. Mrs Williams has borne up exceedingly well. The first shock was awful to her;

but, as she said to Mr Murray, she can now contemplate her husband *as he is*, and apart from the circumstances of his death.

The work of grace is neither so extensive nor so remarkable here as at Tutuila. In fact, that is the first revival of any extent which has yet taken place. There were not many who seemed to care much about greeting the missionaries, and the pleasing sound, "Talofa," was neither so frequently nor so fervently pronounced. Clothing is not yet so general, even many women having no dress but the "ti" leaves round the waist, and reaching to the knee. The number of communicants is about thirty; with many more baptized. Mrs Mill is from Stranraer, and knows about you, and was kind to me for your sakes. And who should pop in at midnight, the first night I went ashore, but Mr Day? a short man, whom, if I remember right, my dear father used pleasantly to call "the winter solstice." So acquaintances are found even in these far-off regions.

The general meeting was exceedingly interesting—Captain Croker of the *Favourite*, in the chair; (this captain has since lost his life, not by savages, but by a Welshman who has made himself a leader of savages.) Amongst other things, Mr and Mrs Slatyer are appointed to Leone Bay, Tutuila; and Mr Heath accepted the appointment of his brethren to carry out the plans of Mr Williams. This was a matter of great solemnity; all seemed willing to risk their lives for their Saviour. Mr Heath was most suitable, as being robust, well-informed about the islands, firm, and free from anxiety about family, as his poor wife died some time ago. He accepted the

office on three conditions, one of which was, that if he was cut off, another should take his place. Thus do these men put their life in their hand, in the cause of God. It is easy to talk of the thing at a distance, but it assumes a stern reality when one visits the field and sees what is the nature of the work. Mr Williams's remains were interred on the 31st March, with much solemnity. The English service was read, and an address delivered both in English and Samoan. The concourse of people was immense. The sailors and marines from the man-of-war were on shore, and three rounds of musketry were discharged over the tomb. We have had the Lord's Supper twice here, and on other occasions have had some most interesting addresses from natives, especially from Teana; he is a superior, and most intelligent and reflecting man.

We have had several delightful prayer-meetings—a deep solemnity pervading all, from the momentous and interesting circumstances attending the mission at present. Many natives volunteered to go as teachers. The value which the natives set on instruction was strongly attested by their eagerness to keep their missionaries. Even one of the native teachers was strongly opposed, when he offered himself to go to one of the new islands. There is so much need of labourers here, that they would hardly let me go to Tutuila, but wanted to lay violent hands on me, in favour of some new district; so that, if my health does become established, here is the field open before me. It seems laid before me by God, and who am I that I should turn aside to the right hand or to the left? I do hope he will

employ me in his own work. Oh, for the teaching and indwelling of the Holy Spirit!

Brig Camden, April 15, Tutuila.—Mr Murray has communicated with the teachers, to know who of them were willing to go as teachers to New Caledonia, &c., and they retired to consider the matter with much coolness and solemnity. This morning, after much prayer and thought, they came forward and presented themselves as a body, expressing their perfect willingness to go to any place where it might be judged that they would do good to souls. Glorious fruit unto holiness! Glorious proof of the sincerity of their profession, and reality of their love! This is no hasty determination which will afterwards be repented of. Many of them have, indeed, long since offered themselves to this work. And it is no light sacrifice that they make. They leave their wives, and children, and dear friends; and you know how strong friendship is when Christian love is in the heart. Some of them leave all the influence of a chief, to become teachers of the Word, perhaps despised and persecuted; at least, for long looked upon as of a lower grade. The chief carries no outward badge of superiority, and so no strange people will pay him honour. They are willing to leave all for Christ's sake. Mr Murray selected five from their number, and we went down to the "Great House," to tell them who were chosen. There were about thirty of them, and the deepest solemnity on all faces. When the names were announced, they felt considerably, and one wept much that he was not allowed to go, so did the love of Christ constrain him. Oh, that our Scottish students and Scottish churches could imbibe such a spirit! against how

many will the men of the South "rise up in judgment," how many will they condemn! This afternoon, two of the missionary teachers gave short addresses to the people, both most appropriate, beseeching to be constantly prayed for, and expressing what, rendered in English, is, more than "I am willing to die," it is, "I am ready," or almost "I will be glad to die for the sake of Jesus." Pomare is one of these; he is the son of a former chief, but when a dispute arose as to the succession, although he had the decided claim, he gave it up to another rather than raise disturbance, and not being sorry to be rid of a dignity which might have come in the way of his piety. Two of the teachers volunteered to go to the very place where Williams fell. This is not to be attempted at present, as the natives are so savage.

Mr Murray is getting the teachers ready to sail with Mr Heath. He says he feels as if parting with his own sons, and they are his own sons in the best of bonds. They want no salary, the love of Christ constrains them, and they get their food where they go. He gives each a new shirt, handkerchief, slate and pencils, paper, and even remembers a parcel of soap. Pomare's going here is something like a nobleman in England taking a similar course. There are many people collecting to take leave of them, and, poor fellows! they say they wish they were fairly off, for their hearts get soft when others weep over them. We hope that the reflex influence on the people will be good. The office gains honour in the eyes of many, when those whom they highly respect engage in it.

We ourselves have had a most delightful prayer-

meeting, since which, Mr Murray and I have been out to see a sick man. We had heard singing every now and then during the evening, and in passing the house of Pomare, now ready, and about to depart on the morrow, our ears were saluted by the voice of prayer, interrupted by deep sobs. We stopped a moment and heard the petition, "May we be ready to die for Jesus!" It was Pomare who prayed. All who are going, and many friends, were assembled, and thus passing their parting hours.

Farewell, my mother ; give my hearty and kindest love to all the dear ones. Ever your loving, but poor and empty son—therefore needing much prayer for spiritual blessing. Farewell, my own mother,

G. A. LUNDIE.

Thus solemn and tender was the farewell, which never was renewed by letter but once, on the Camden's return next season to the islands. The future communications were those, which, though written with a view to our ultimate perusal, were not to meet our sight till long after we had heard that his hand was mouldering in a distant soil. And now, we turn from private feeling, and seek to chase our tears, by selecting from journals the evidences of the presence and power of the Divine Spirit, which wrought mightily in the midst of those altered tribes.

CHAPTER XV.

FRAGMENTS.

THE journal, which runs parallel with the dates of the letters of the preceding chapter, contains many touching passages. Some developing the conscientiousness of the writer, and his private and painful experiences; some exhibiting the pentecostal power of the Holy Spirit, in his workings in the private family, and preparations of the missionaries for their approaching success; and some delineating native character and progress. We present a few portions as they arise.

“*Tutuila, Sunday, March 22.*—We had the Lord’s Supper; the congregation were urged, if possible, to repress the bursting of their feelings. Yet many could not, and twenty or more fainted with the effort, and were carried out. After service, Mr Murray went to see them, and found that eight or ten young persons, who had hitherto been unaffected, were seized with deep convictions. O Lord! make me better to understand what it is they weep for, and lead me to the source whence many of them have drawn consolation.

“I was called on to pray at family worship in the

evening, the sailors, &c., being assembled. I never can feel comfortable in praying with those who can express full assurance of faith, and who are advanced in Christianity. I feel that their wants and mine differ, and it is difficult to keep from expressing what may lead others to overrate my growth. Oh, for grace! oh, for earnestness in seeking it!"

At Apia, where all the missionaries were congregated, he writes—"I find the crowding, and bustle, and absence of privacy, most unfavourable to the state of my mind, and have determined to pass this night on board."

He made a visit with Captain Morgan to the station where Mrs Williams was, (Fasetotai,) and took a tender interest in the deep silence of her grief, and in John Williams and his wife. He observed a strange difference between the sympathy of the natives there, though it was Mr Williams's own place, and that at Tutuila. They had good and attentive audiences on the Sabbath, when Messrs Stair and Hardie preached; but no feeling, approaching to that of the people in the seat of the revival, was manifested. "The heart is soft where the grace of God has wrought a change. We had a prayer-meeting in the evening, which was sweet and useful. The painful and difficult task (as I felt it) fell to me, of opening with prayer. I felt that I had not knowledge and experience enough to do it rightly, and I daresay the others thought so too. I was particularly afraid of wounding Mrs Williams."

Here we may be excused for saying, that the fears of George's elder brother already proved to be too well founded. Refreshed and plumper by his

voyage, he was like the fair rind of a beautiful fruit, whose inward decay appears not. The loving brethren, anxious to hail him as in all respects a brother, already put him to exertion which was fatal to his infirm chest, and cost him, all unknown to them, anxiety and perplexity of mind, from a sense of his unfitness. So that, in both respects, he was injuring himself, and disobeying the instructions of the medical friends by whose counsel he was there.

The injury to bodily health was the greater, that his mind was ill at ease. It was difficult, at all events, for a youth to exercise any public services in presence of his seniors, and in a position so new to him; and the more difficult, that as the ground all around him had been refreshed with the dropping dew of the Holy Spirit, before his arrival, he necessarily felt himself the more parched and forsaken. He, from whom cometh every good and every perfect gift, acted according to his own view of sovereign wisdom and goodness in this solemn matter; and it is best to say, once for all, that George's state was too often (though not always) that of Gideon's fleece when left dry, and that in consequence he was in frequent mourning.

“*Apia*.—We left Fasetotai at half-past three on Tuesday morning, and got here for breakfast. I enjoyed the journey very much in contemplations. The clear starry sky, gradually becoming enlightened as Aurora painted the east; and the dark and rugged outline of the shore, gradually changing to rich and verdant green. Canoe sailing, when the sun is not too hot, is delightful. There was a whole fleet of us; and the eagerness of the natives to sur-

pass each other when two happened to approach, and the shout of triumph, with the twirling of paddles, when one shot ahead of another, were very amusing."

"*Apia, April 2.*—Mr Heath, the senior missionary here, took me aside to speak about my views and intentions; and I told him that it was my earnest wish to be engaged in the cause, and that, if I had peace with God in my own heart, I did not see how I could engage in any thing else. He compared the claims of home, set against Samoa, to an inch against a hundred square miles.

"I seem to be fixed for a missionary. Oh, for grace, and strength, and humility! Lord, I would lie at thy feet to receive light and life. Oh, feed me! fit me for all that thou appointest for me, and be my guide and guardian!"

"*Apia Harbour, April 8.*—One day saw a band of twelve natives bring a present of taro, each carrying a basketful, to Mrs Mills. It was not the regular supply, but the first-fruits of a new patch, dedicated as a mark of affection to the missionaries. The villages supply vegetables in monthly rotation; but sometimes bodies of them, sometimes individuals, bring a separate gift."

In Mrs Mills' very instructive letters, some of which her relatives have most kindly entrusted to the compiler of this little work, it is observable, in the early part of her sojourn at Apia, that the native gifts poured in in wasteful profusion. She mentions having fifty living pigs at once, and a servant, whose sole employment was to gather and break the shells of cocoa-nuts to feed them; and vegetables also in

superfluous quantities. From the above hint, it would appear that an orderly arrangement of supply by rotation had been entered into.

We would own the power of God in turning the hearts of the yet heathen natives to these strangers ; so that, though curiosity was excited to a high degree, and they thought it no breach of good manners, on the first arrival of Mr and Mrs Mills, to fill and crowd the stranger's dwelling all day long ; "yet," Mrs M. writes, "they never took so much as a pin, though a pin would have been a prize to them ; and this when they were not slow to steal from each other." Thus does the Lord encamp round them that fear him to deliver them.

The journal continues :—

"I have been reading Dr Duff's charge to Mr Smith, which I like exceedingly. Oh, for the spirit which it breathes ! Oh, that the principles it contains were practically interwoven in my heart ! Oh, for guidance and direction in my present course, and in all my conduct ! I expect to have a busy time of it at Tutuila for the next months. I have much to study ; Greek, Hebrew, theology, besides Samoan and other things. I trust I may one day have the grace given me, to preach among these Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. I am very strong, and bathed yesterday, without the least injury or uneasiness attending it. Even if I should never be able to preach, there may be other lines of missionary usefulness. They are about establishing a college for instance, &c. &c.

"This is an interesting time at home. R—— and G. P. P. finishing their college session, and

friends preparing to receive them. My heart yearns after R——. Oh, that grace may early, if it has not already done so, change his heart, and direct him to the sphere in which he will most glorify God!

“A Samoan asked me their usual question—if I had a wife. On hearing that I had not, he immediately compared me to a canoe without an outrigger, which is just the most useless thing under the sun.”

“Brig Camden, off the N.W. end of Tutuila,
April 13.

“Left Apia on Friday morning, and have had contrary wind ever since.

“This is the day of the week, eight years ago, since my dear father was called to his eternal home. Yesterday his last sermon was preached—a couple of hours after this time of day, I found him dead! Well! God will perform his plans, whatever we may think of them. It did seem hard, *very hard*. I remember well the feeling of desolation it produced in me, on my dear mother’s account; and yet the lines have always fallen to us in pleasant places. God’s mercies and blessings to me, and my privileges and opportunities of spiritual welfare, from the day of my birth till now, have been greater, on the whole, than often fall to the lot of any individual. Clouds of sin, and mountains of neglect and ingratitude, can be dissipated and dissolved by the precious blood of Jesus. Here is my hope.

“Reached Leone in the evening. In the morning Mr Slatyer with his luggage went ashore, and several of us with him. The place is the most beautiful I have seen in Samoa. The village, of four hundred inhabitants, regular, the chapel spacious; but mission

house very little. People most affectionate. Several boarded before we anchored ; some returned to light fires on shore, and carried light in canoes to direct us where to anchor. Cheering news ! one powerful chief, till now a heathen, has ‘lotued,’* and all his people with him ; they had long been willing, but only waited for him.”

They landed at Pagopago on the evening of the 15th April. He gives an amusing description of their lively and loving reception ; the shaking and kissing of hands, and in some cases the touching of noses, which was rather beyond European ideas, but still very interesting, as manifesting warm regard. The other gentlemen having remained at Leone to return by land, it was left to George to guide the ladies through the happy throng. But his English method seemed poor and unprotecting to Samoan affection. One stout domestic snatched up Mrs Murray in his arms, and, without her taste being consulted in the matter, ran off and deposited her in her own house. Then returning, fleet as a roe, he found Mrs Slatyer leaning on the arm of her guide a short way from the shore, and her he carried off in the same manner. Love, love is the sentiment that gives wings to the feet, and activity to the mind. While we smile at the manner of its exhibition, yet we rest on it with delight, in contrast with the money-seeking hail of the eager, and too often inebriated, band of porters and watermen on an English pier. Ah, when will all the world be love !

* Put away his idols, and submitted to Christian instruction.

“The teachers lately met to deliberate, and then, in a body, offered themselves as missionaries *to any* place. Five were chosen—among them Pomare. He, and another of the missionary teachers, addressed the meeting shortly. The former could scarcely speak for weeping, and many of his audience wept too! Would that Christians at home had such a spirit! This is glorious fruit to testify to the truth of their religion.

“*Pagopago, April 17.* — We have had many very interesting days during the last four weeks, and this certainly not the least so. Mr Heath and the native teachers set sail after noon on their expedition of mercy. The feeling excited among the people by their departure is very deep. Last evening was spent by them and by us in prayer and praise. To-day a great number went on board, but left very soon, feeling themselves in the way. The tears trickled silently down many a manly face, as they pressed the hand and saluted the face of the teachers; all was solemn silence, except a friendly whisper of encouragement, or affectionate parting. After the crowd had left the ship, the interesting little band of teachers sat by themselves. There are ten or eleven of them; five from Tutuila. Pomare sat in the midst of them, his eyes glistening with a starting tear; yet his whole countenance and mien expressive of placid and manly dignity. His wife has acted the part of a Christian hero, even chiding others for grieving at her husband's departure, and quite above all condolence. She rejoices that he goes on so good an errand, and only wishes she were a man, that she might accompany him.

Her last words to him were, a request to be early sent for, with an assurance that no savage people and no hardships would frighten her, if but engaged in the cause of Jesus. She did, however, yield to her grief in the evening. She is a fine specimen of a Christian woman. Oh, may the Holy Spirit descend on these men, and keep them steadfast and immovable in the right way! Their outward helps will soon be taken away—may the Lord be their instructor and stronghold!

We left the vessel getting towards the Heads. The canoe that brought us took us back, and we sang a few verses of a hymn as we had done in going. This is universally felt, in this island, to be a solemn and important thing. Many assembled from distant parts to take leave of the young chief, Pomare. It will henceforth be honourable, in more eyes than formerly, to go in the cause of Christ. We had an immense meeting in the evening—strong feeling. Several natives addressed and made most excellent speeches.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MISSIONARY HOME.

IN the beginning of May the external causes of excitement were withdrawn. The Camden was gone. The native missionaries were gone. The residents were left to settle down to their work in Tutuila, and we might anticipate, if not monotonous dulness, at least a less interesting period of quiet industry. But no!—a breath is breathing there, the sound thereof is heard, the movement thereof is seen, though they cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. A whole valley full of very dry bones is coming into motion, and this cannot be without a noise and a shaking. No wonder that he who prophesies to them is filled with solemn awe. No wonder, as he continues to prophesy, and they begin to breathe and live, and stand up upon their feet, that they should gaze upon each other in great amazement; and then, discerning that they are all indeed alive, all breathing the same breath of life, that they should fall upon each others' bosoms and weep floods of gratitude. No wonder that their newly-opened eyes should be all drawn to Him who is lifted up. No wonder that their newly-melted

hearts should flow together in a gushing stream of love, while they take up the strain that shall be heard for ever—"To Him who hath loved us, and hath washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." These were precious scenes to behold as evidencing the Holy Spirit's presence—precious things to partake of—precious things to be prolonged.

The Spirit of evil has filled the world with his roarings. Though invisible, his supernatural power is felt producing strife, and contention, and every evil work, where there was peace; and making confusion twice confounded where there was mischief before. His track is bloody, his agents are active, his stealthy steps are followed by wrath and uproar,—hatred, horror, and despair; and this poor world has long been the object of his animosity, and the scene of his ruinous influences. These blooming isles of far-off ocean have been subject to his sway; and whatever could be wrought of demon worship, of infanticide, of battle, of feasting on human flesh, of oppression and cruelty—has thinned their teeming population and darkened their natural beauty. And if this battle of the warrior was with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood, shall the subjects of the arch-foe not weep when at last they discern the misery of their practice?—shall they not melt and flow down as a stream, when He is revealed, the Prince of Peace, who teaches them a more excellent way?

Pleasant it is to the ear of Infinite Compassion to

hear his Ephraim bemoaning himself; pleasant to his eye to see him smite upon his thigh; pleasant to see him "ashamed, yea, even confounded," when his Lord hath "turned" him — yea, the Father yearns over his contrite son. "I will surely have mercy on him, saith the Lord."

Much had been done in this little gem on ocean's bosom. But much remained to be done, and the work must proceed; and, to make it fast and sure, the bands of its foundation must be laid in the missionary's dwelling, and in his own family. We are unwilling to wound the delicacy of the beloved and esteemed ones; but we cannot justly exhibit the extent of the operation of the Holy Spirit, if it is not manifested in the souls of those who had long been converted persons, as well as among the new-born race of dusky children, who sprung up daily as willows by the water-courses.

The journal continues:—"Pagopago, May 4.—The work of grace still goes on. Oh, how I long to feel in some measure as these poor people do! Strong men and rocky hearts are melted; women drop down as dead, after struggling with their bursting emotions till nature can bear no more. Many enquirers have been here, and many seem clearly to be subjects of the work of the Holy Spirit. Several were added to the church on Saturday, and on Sabbath the Lord's Supper was administered. It was a solemn and affecting season. There seemed to be a powerful spirit of prayer among the people; nothing was heard on Saturday evening but prayer, praise, and weeping. The plan is, to have prayer-meetings of a few together on Saturday evening,

and one general one on Sabbath morning. This latter was crowded to excess; the large house more than full, and they could hardly get on for weeping.

“Among ourselves in private, we seemed similarly affected. I offered the first prayer, and broke down in the middle. Mr Slatyer offered the next, and by the time he had done, both the ladies were almost insensible. I feel ashamed every time I conduct family worship. I am quite unfit to lead the devotions of Christians so advanced, and feel that every thing I express must have one meaning with them, and another with me. I am constantly in danger of hypocrisy, in seeming to feel what I do not; and I do feel the desire of human praise a dreadful snare. Yet it has one good effect—it shows me that I must aspire after higher attainments, and I trust I do.
* * * Oh, may I drink of the Spirit which is flowing so profusely around me!—was present at the Lord’s table, and became motionless after it. In the evening the same thing recurred. The intense feeling which overpowers the body, seems to continue even during the suspension of the bodily powers. When the fit, or I know not what to call it, began to subside, the question was put, ‘Do you want any thing?’—the prompt reply was, ‘Oh, give me a holy heart, and I want nothing more!’—Tears then gave relief.

“I have been teaching some new tunes and hymns to the natives. My time is sadly cut up, so that I have not much for reading. I have charge of selling native books for arrow-root, and of distributing medicines. Mr Murray finds my dear mother’s *History of Revivals* a precious book for

getting his mind into a good frame for preaching. That is peculiarly interesting to me in present circumstances. Oh, how sweet would be a little personal intercourse with her now! Who would have thought that the influence of her book would have been felt, as it has been, among these distant islands?

“Mrs —— has been very ill with rheumatism in the face and head—her mind wandering from extreme pain; yet she wanders to heaven, and seems to get ease in the acutest agony, by the superior intensity of her views of Jesus and of glory. She continually makes me ashamed; but that is no great wonder. I rejoice to be of the least service to so amiable a servant of the Lord; and thus I can save time for her husband, which must otherwise be taken from his proper work. Oh, I am easily ensnared and turned aside! I fear much that I am not stript of my miserable self-righteousness—alas! how perverse to insist on retaining that in which I should perish, when I may have that of Jesus.

“*May 28.*—The spiritual things of this island still bear the same cheering aspect. There have not been so many faintings in chapel as formerly; but all is earnest and solemn seriousness, and the Word seems preparing some, while it takes root in others. Mr Murray is the same undivided servant of Jesus. It is a greater privilege than I can express to dwell in such a family. Oh, that I may imbibe his spirit and that of his dear wife, for it is the spirit of Jesus and his apostles!

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MAY MEETING.

“WE had our May meeting yesterday, and a most interesting meeting it was. The chapel, where Mr Murray preached from ‘Thou shalt no more be termed forsaken,’ Isaiah lxii. 4, was crowded inside, and surrounded; while Matthew Hunkin had an immense congregation in the open air.”

“The heart is revived by contemplating these children of love distributing the word of life, and hundreds, so recently savages, hanging on their lips.

“Thy strength alone is in thy words—
Yet armies could not bow
The spirit of those barbarous hordes,
So readily as thou.”

“In the middle of the day we went to the *Fale tale*, (the great house,) to receive the contributions to the missionary cause. Young and old, rich and poor, brought something—chiefly little parcels of arrow-root, with many pieces of siapo,* some little baskets, and several fine mats, which are the most valuable property in the islands.

“A noble array, men and boys, the matron and

* Native cloth.

the maid, even the infant in its mother's arms, had its little offering, and all for the cause of Christ. It was interesting to mark how generally the offerings of the really pious excelled the others. Their parcels of arrow-root were by far the largest; and, while a worldly chief laid down a little bundle, they added to their great ones a mat or siapo. Where the heart is enlarged, the poorest can find something for his master.

“Next came the ‘feast,’ in Samoan fashion. All the inhabitants of the island who could possibly come were there. It is the custom for one ‘*fale-lima*,’ or district, to provide food for all the others, and also to give them some to carry away. The display of baskets full of baked figs, taro, bread-fruit, fish, &c., was immense, covering a very large area of ground; all was divided in a most orderly and friendly way—first to districts and villages, and then to families. Our share was ten live pigs, (a truly Benjamin's portion,) besides a fine turtle and other things. Our servants had their share besides.” This mode of feasting reminds us of the full hearts and free hands that welcomed David to Hebron, when “they that were nigh them, Issachar, and Zebulun, and Naphtali, brought bread on asses, and on camels, and on mules, and on oxen, and meat, meal, cakes of figs, and bunches of raisins, and wine, and oil, and oxen, and sheep abundantly; for there was joy in Israel.”—1 Chron. xii. 40. The word of the Lord is verified, that “it is more blessed to give than to receive.” When hearts are opened to give liberally, there is always joy. “In the afternoon we had an immense meeting in the open air, when

several very interesting speeches were delivered. I only regretted that I could not understand more of them.

“I felt a very strong desire to speak, and, thinking of our old Scottish revivals, I wished I could have preached to them that night or next morning. This thought suggested the propriety of having a service next morning, to bring home what had passed, which accordingly we had, from half-past six to nine. It was a refreshing and melting season to many. The Lord’s Supper was administered, and, when it was over, eight or ten female members had to be carried out. Mr Murray was *filled with joy*. I was, and am, too indifferent to be wretched. Oh, I long to be a child of God! I know not why I have conceived such a desire to speak to the people. I ought to be ashamed to open my lips before them. My motive, I fear, was a bad one. Search me and try me, O God! * * I wonder if I shall ever be of any use in the kingdom of Christ! I brought up a little blood some time ago, after fatiguing myself in teaching a singing class, and have not tried it since.”

We might cry out, Oh, why suffer that sickly one to teach a singing class? But that, and every bodily solicitude, is swallowed up in the deeper and more bitter cry, Oh, why was that wounded heart not healed? why were those feet not plucked from the miry clay? why was he not set in the path of peace? If his views of Divine truth were defective, that enlightening Spirit which was shedding the beams of day all around him, could have penetrated his soul, and taught him.

It is true he was in the wilderness—but why had he alone wilderness fare, when those around were fed on manna from heaven? Was this one of the old serpent's methods of harassing one of the remnant of the woman's seed which keep the commands of God, and have the testimony of Jesus—or did his failing strength induce languor, or drowsiness, or wandering of mind; power to control which was not bestowed on him? The answer to these afflicting questions is, "O Lord! thou knowest—thou sufferest thy children at times to go mourning all the day because of the enemy; and, O Lord! thou doest all things well—thou hast not suffered, and never will suffer, one of thy little ones to perish—and thou wilt avenge thine own elect, who cry day and night unto thee. We cannot read thine exalted wisdom, and we would hold our peace."

The mingling of joyful emotions when he witnessed the progress of the Lord's work, with his own internal conflict, is often very touching. He denounces himself as a hypocrite, while he is glad at the advancement of the kingdom of Christ; and it was hidden from him that it is impossible for any soul to rejoice in that which he does not love. So he went forward mourning in himself, and rejoicing that other souls were escaped, and their bonds broken.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE REVIVAL.

“*Saturday, June 6.*—THE revival still goes on. The Friday meeting next after the May meeting was most interesting. The hearts of the people burned so within them, that we could not break up when darkness came, but had lights brought. The speakers were most lively and full of feeling. Between twenty and thirty women and one man were carried out. Text, Acts iii. 19. Messrs Murray and Slatyer have gone to Leone; Mr Slatyer to settle there. Mrs Slatyer detained by the illness of Mrs Murray.”

“*Monday night, June 8.*—An interesting Sabbath, yet little of the very remarkable stir which I have sometimes witnessed. But what shall I say of this night? I had been alone for some hours, had been trying to pray and to overcome my stubborn heart, and just rest in my Saviour’s arms. When I went to tea, the ladies told me of the news just received from Leone.

“The effect of the May meeting seemed still to continue. Friday had been a solemn day. On Saturday, at a church meeting, Teana, a teacher’s wife, a wretched scoffer, had been suspended. On

Sunday the Holy Spirit was poured out in a *drenching shower* upon the waiting multitude. Ere the end of the afternoon service, the ranks of women were thinned. Weeping and fainting. Teana herself, who used to mock the broken-hearted, after a long resistance, was overcome by her emotion, and carried out. Mr Murray conversed with her afterwards, and believes the Spirit has begun his work. Groans of woe and tears of penitence were all around.

“ And it has not stopped there. The news has taken hold of the hearts of the praying people of this family, and weeping alone can express their gratitude and joy ; and further, several hereabouts are now taken for the first time ; so that I write in the midst of crying, and groaning, and prayers for mercy through the blood of Jesus. The kingdom of Satan is tottering to its fall. When shall the latter-day glory appear ! Oh, that it were now begun ! Oh, that my heart were prepared for it ! I scarcely believe, though I still have a glimmering hope, that I am a Christian. My heart is a very sink of corruption. I desire to renounce all but Jesus, and simply to rely on him. I know I may now ; yet I cannot love him, and cordially receive him. This heart is a mystery to me. O Father ! take it and mould it to thy will, and open it to Jesus—enlighten it by thy life-giving Spirit.”

“ *June 12, Friday.*—Glorious things are truly taking place before our eyes. The ministers returned from Leone yesterday, their hearts full of the wondrous things they had been privileged to witness and to be instrumental in bringing about. We had heard of the first droppings, but little did any of us

think of the rich cloud of blessing about to be discharged on them. Leone has hitherto been in a cold and discouraging state; it has caused many a sigh, and drawn out many an earnest and mourning prayer. But now these prayers have been answered. On Friday the feeling was considerable. On Saturday the church meeting was very solemn, at the suspension of Teana. That night there was much prayer and praise. On Sunday a most plentiful shower—eighty-three persons were on that day deeply convinced of sin for the first time. Owing to the extraordinary nature of the circumstances, there was another meeting held on Monday afternoon. Then also the chapel was filled; at least one thousand people. The service was carried on as the *people could bear it*, with address, prayer, and praise, every now and then. There seemed a general burst of feeling all along. Sometimes the whole place was in a move with the carrying and the carried—the voice often quite drowned in the groans and cries of awakened sinners, and, at the close, the chapel seemed half empty. The two following days the meetings were continued, with similar, but not so extensive effects.

“To Mr Murray the work was most wonderful. He had often to stand still and see the salvation of God. The four corners of the house seemed to be shaken, and the Spirit to come as a rushing mighty wind, and fill it. It was often necessary to be most cautious in saying any thing which could touch the springs of these now tender hearts. He wished to administer solid food, and was obliged to administer it in the most soothing form, or feeling would over-

power the hearer, and all the message not be delivered. The nights were passed by very many in almost incessant prayer and strong crying to God. Poor Teana, the proud, the passionate, the scoffer, was carried out every night! She spent two nights with Matthew's wife, a true Christian, on whom she had looked before with jealousy and disgust. She bowed before Mr Murray's knees, and sobbed while she confessed her wickedness; and thanked him with all her heart for having suspended her from church membership, as this had led her to fear that all was not right with her.

“ At the very least, two hundred have been at this time awakened, and we hope the number still increases. Matthew is there now, to carry on man's part of it. Here the report was hailed, with great joy and gratitude, as the answer to prayer. It also excites to holy emulation lest we fall behind. Our Friday meeting was the scene of much interesting feeling, in spite of the sound of the abundant rain, the noise of which often made Mr Murray's voice inaudible, and thus tended to damp interest.

“ It is remarkable to observe, how it is the Word of God that occasions the outbreak of feeling. Sometimes at the beginning, and sometimes at the end, a particular passage will strike home, when exhortation and other things have failed. The family was filled with weeping at worship this evening, and the voice of the rushing stream, swelled to a torrent by the severe rain, was mingled with deep and heavy groans.”

“ *June 16, Tuesday.*—On Saturday we had a solemn and interesting church meeting, and that

night there was *much* prayer. On Sunday the subject was, Isaiah lxx. 13, 14. The effect was deep; a considerable number were carried out. The Lord's Supper was administered amid much weeping and much rejoicing. In the afternoon, the usual examination took the place of a new discourse. Here feeling seemed solid, and interest intense. Very few, comparatively, left the chapel or were carried from it. But, as soon as they got home, the Word had its effect, and it was a mighty effect. Almost every family was a scene of weeping at evening worship. Many were sought for, and found insensible, or nearly so, in the bush. About nine o'clock, Mr Murray and I walked out, and found the whole place resounding with low wailing or with earnest prayer. We stopped at one house, that of Temelene, an eminent Christian; he was engaged in prayer, and I caught these words—'Bless us still—oh, bless us still! Let our hearts still burn—oh, let them still burn! Cease not to pour out thy Holy Spirit!—oh, still pour down upon us thy Holy Spirit!'

"Mr Murray, calculating that extraordinary times call for extraordinary measures, and that a blessing could only be expected on means in some degree corresponding, appointed another meeting on Monday afternoon. I was up all night with a member of the family, who was very ill; and, with the exception of half an hour after four o'clock, I heard prayer and weeping all night without intermission. At half-past four, all seemed again to leave their restless beds; and, from that hour till breakfast-time, the place once more resounded with prayer, and praise, and dreadful wailings."

Perhaps some readers may require to have it explained, that the walls of the houses, made of slabs of wood, conduct sound with great ease, and that the missionary dwelling is situate in front of the bush, which forms the oratory of the poor native.

“In the afternoon the effect at the service was what, from such a state of things, might have been anticipated. Mr Murray spoke a few words very solemnly, beginning—‘Truly this is the house of God—the gate of heaven;’ especially addressing the convicted and anxious, lest he should not have a later opportunity. After this Temelene prayed, and a good number of people were carried out. Then Mr Murray read the parable of the ‘wedding garment,’ addressing some solemn and appropriate remarks, chiefly to the unconverted. Afterwards, Lazareto (a man mighty in the Holy Ghost, although formerly a stupid and almost self-banished misanthrope) offered up prayer. He had been much in prayer all night, both with others and alone. I had heard one of his prayers, after midnight, pleading for his poor countrymen, quite in the spirit of Jeremiah—‘Oh, that my head were waters!’ &c. He had not gone on a few minutes, when the house seemed to shake, and the Spirit to dart his arrows of conviction with such a powerful hand, that the whole place was on the move. Women were carried out by dozens, convulsed and struggling, so as to drive five or six men about like trees in the wind, who were exerting all their strength to hold and convey them away. I had heard of beating breasts and tearing hair before, but I have now seen and shall not soon forget it.

“The weaker sex was not alone affected; many men were carried out lifeless as stones, and many could scarcely be removed because of their awful convulsive strugglings. Poor Lazareto held out for a little, and then laid down his head and cried, and nearly fainted. What were my feelings during all this, I cannot describe.

“When quietness was regained, the remainder of the people drew up towards the pulpit, and the chapel, which had been overflowing before, was left nearly one-third empty. Mr Murray again bore down upon hard hearts, and himself offered up prayer. Several more continued to be removed, and thus the meeting broke up.

“That night, again the bush and houses resounded with groans of penitence and cries for mercy. They scarcely ceased, if at all, all night. As food was within reach, and the young men active in collecting it, another meeting was held on Tuesday, (this night.) After an affectionate address to penitents and enquirers, a hymn was sung and prayer offered up, by Fili. Several were carried out, and there was much weeping and earnestness. Mr Murray then read the parable of the ten virgins, and addressed from it; then Faito prayed, and now again came the mighty blessing. Weeping was becoming pretty general among the pious and others, when Faito broke down—and then came the Spirit with power: men were seized as women, and before the women, and carried out in numbers. The scene was awful. Mr Murray had said to me, when solemn silence had been regained, just before prayer, ‘How awful is this place!’ and it was so. The solemnity

seemed as though it almost *might be felt*; and waiting eyes were directed to the Father of Mercies and the Spirit of Grace. Nearly as many were removed as on Monday; and, when silence was again obtained, Mr Murray addressed a few words from some passage. Vatuiri prayed, and Mr Murray addressed shortly on ‘How shall ye escape?’ &c., and prayed. It was most solemn, and every petition seemed to ascend, with a longing and audible sigh, from many around. Then they dispersed, and till now, half-past twelve, weeping and prayer have not ceased. Manga, the highest of the seven principal chiefs, was carried out like a stone. He has been a most wicked, proud, and cruel man, and often was the occasion of sighs and fears. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he retired to the bush (the only privacy of Samoans) to seek for mercy; and, several hours after, was brought in as dead by some who had found him in his place of prayer. Thus mighty is the Word of God. Toa, nearly equal in rank, wept almost the whole time.

“JEHOVAH, the work is thine, and thine shall be the glory—stay not thine hand! I could go on for pages; but I must refrain. I am watching with ——, who is again quite ill to-night. It is indeed difficult to trust without complaining. Yet it is (I hope I can say) *our* Father’s rod. Oh, that my own mother could see this work!

“*Wednesday, June 17.*—The cloud of blessing seems still unexhausted; for this day again it has descended, and seems still to descend, in copious showers. The chapel was crowded more to-day than formerly, by the arrival of some who had heard

the report of the goodness of the Lord, and came to be participators ; and, by the time the meeting was closed, it was again one-third emptied. We had at no time to-day quite such a universal shaking ; but, besides the frequent removal of many all through, there were two very general movements—men again, in great numbers, as well as women. It is most interesting to see a good number of the female church members becoming able to command themselves, and looking with eyes glistening with tears of joy and thankfulness. Many seemed moved at one time to-day in the middle of the chapel. This is cheering ; for generally the pious crowd around the pulpit, and the cold go behind. The struggles of some of both sexes are awful. Our Scriptures to-day were Peter walking on the sea, and the parable of the tares.

“ It is very remarkable, that the blessing has uniformly descended by far most copiously during prayer. Though the passage be the most solemn, and the remarks the most melting or most awful, still all is comparatively quiet till united prayer ascends. And this has seldom failed, since the commencement of this new stage of the revival, to be accompanied with a marked, and some times, as stated above, with a wonderful effect. God seems to honour prayer and his own word, and not to bless the address to the people till he is particularly called on for the blessing. Thus he takes to himself the glory.

“ Manga sometimes writhed under the word to-day, and had his hitherto dry and haughty eye moistened by a tear, but held out against fainting.

If he had struggled yesterday, as many did, I don't believe the people could have removed him, his frame is so herculean. Leato, another of the seven, was carried out both yesterday and to-day. It is also remarkable how Mr Murray's strength holds out. Each day he is *entirely* exhausted at the close of the meeting, and each day new strength comes as it is wanted. 'As the day is, so shall thy strength be.'

"The teachers unanimously agree in addressing another meeting to-morrow. Mr Murray had thought to leave to-morrow, for a day of rest before the Friday meeting, as many seem quite worn out, but the people have no wish to go; the new-comers have brought food, and so a meeting is determined on, that we may not refuse when the Lord waiteth to be gracious. Two women came yesterday for the first time, having just renounced heathenism, and both were carried out. Thus does the Lord depart occasionally from the usual train of preparation. They were in some measure, however, acquainted with the general plan of the gospel."

CHAPTER XIX.

REVIVALS NOT CONTINUOUS.

“ *June 17.*—I AM deeply impressed with this, that God always honours a truly and unreservedly devoted servant. No minister at home, who is remarkable for his earnestness, is long left without a peculiar blessing; and it is only because the standard of zeal and devotion is so low, that success is so small. There are few who, with Paul, agonize and travail in birth for souls, and these few are signally blessed. Mr Murray is an eminent example. He does travail for souls, and has no rest for Zion’s sake, and here is his crown, his rich reward. ✕

“ There is surely a great mistake in referring listlessly to God’s sovereignty, &c., in regard to revivals. His word is, ‘ Ask and ye shall receive,’ and ‘ Ye have not, *because ye ask not.*’ The blessing stands indissolubly connected with the appointed means; and we see that when these are used, it accompanies them in the Spirit: the richest and best gift is promised, and it alone is promised without condition, for it alone is always a seasonable blessing. Come, O breath! and breathe into the hearts

of those who keep the flock, that they may live anew, and be the instruments of reviving thy work every where.

“ We trace the renewed awakening back to the May meeting, and especially to the extra service on the Thursday morning, which I then mentioned.

“ Prayers and cries continue without ceasing still, and it draws towards midnight. This spirit of prayer surely indicates a continued and increasing blessing. Mean time, for my share, ‘ my soul cleaveth unto the dust ’—I am quite weak and weary in prayer—partly, I am willing to believe, from weakness, induced by watching at nights with ——. Oh, I long to be aroused and quickened! but the exertion it requires is more than I seem able to make.”

With respect to the reasons why revival work has never been continuous in the past experience of the Church, we hope the time draws nigh when clearer views of this weighty subject may be bestowed. No one has dared to impute any thing like caprice or uncertainty to the exercise of the Divine power of the Holy Spirit. It is not He who cannot explain his movements, it is we—the ignorant, the blind, the finite—who do not understand them.

One circumstance we have not seen adverted to by any writer on this subject, which may be explained by a homely illustration. If the generations of men were born like the leaves in spring, all in infantine helplessness at the same time, there would be none to rear and educate them. Then, if all at once reached the vigour of manhood, there

would be none feeble and helpless, calling forth the sympathies and exercising the tenderness of the vigorous. And if all faded as the autumn leaves do, there would be none to nurse or even to bury them. This, it must be admitted, would be a very inconvenient and ill arranged order of things ; and something similar to it might occur, if awakening power were exercised without interruption, in the spiritual world. Even Paul, after his conversion, abode with the disciples certain days before he began to preach of Christ that he is the Son of God, probably to settle his agitated feelings and establish his knowledge of Divine truth. Faithful Mr Stoddart of Northampton, in New England, had his " five harvests," which implies that he must have had five winters and seed-times. The time of birth is not the time of growth, either in the world of nature or of grace. The infant soul, struggling into life, comes weeping, sighing to inhale the air of its new region, and learning how to exist in it, before it can begin to grow. There is much need of nursing-fathers and nursing-mothers, who, by the aid of their own past experience, may with tender joy sustain, and lead, and guide the struggling and convicted spirits to the Saviour, who hath healed and strengthened themselves. Were there none such, it is probable that minds highly excited, without the ballast of knowledge and experience, would run into excesses of fanaticism and extravagance. We presume an example of that description occurred in Jamaica a few years ago. Some American Baptists having been casually detained there, preached to

the negroes, and were the means of awakening in them a concern for their souls. But presently they were called upon to leave them, without a pastor and without knowledge enough to enable them to read the Scriptures. The negroes speedily fell into serious errors; and among others, remembering their spiritual exercises when they received the ordinance of baptism, they sought to revive them by repeating the ordinance frequently, imagining that in this way they would cleanse the guilty conscience. Soon the selfish and worldly adopted the scheme of selling baptismal tickets, thus taxing the ignorant and enriching themselves. We conclude, that the existence of a few nursing-fathers amongst these babes would have saved them from such soul-destroying error.

No miraculous work is wrought in sustaining and establishing the spiritual life of the new-born soul, so as to dispense with human and earthly aids; and we see how important must have been his few native teachers and praying people to Mr Murray in the powerful awakening above described. How delightful is it to learn the unwonted names of these brethren beloved in the Lord—to read of Faito and Fili, and “Lazareto, a man mighty in the Holy Ghost!” Since 1836, the missionary had been preparing this native agency; and now, when all is ready, falls the shower of blessing. And what though the agitation be great, and the affliction deep; what though the mourning be as that of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddon? In that day also is a fountain opened for sin and unclear-

ness; and it comes to pass that the Spirit of the Lord cuts off the names of the idols out of the land; and he causes their prophets, and their unclean spirits, to pass out of the land; and, behold, the glorious new thing is wrought. The Lord refines the people as silver is refined, and tries them as gold is tried; and they shall call on my name, and I will hear them: I will say, It is my people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God.

The style of preaching which is suited to arouse the sleeping is different, in a degree at least, from that which is calculated to indoctrinate, build up, and establish those who are already converted. The process of refining and trying, of guarding the soul from its inward corruptions, and strengthening it in the way of life, requires time, self-searching, and maturity of reflection. Therefore, we come to the conclusion, that a sounder work may be done by the cessation of awakening influences for a season. The progress of the Holy Spirit's energy is not impeded, it is only turned on another object for the time. The excitement which pervades the hearts of even old and steadfast members of Christ at a period of awakening—the joy, the looking outward for new subjects of grace—the going from one groaning spirit to another, gradually settle down into holy admiration and thankfulness. Then the elder children of God address themselves to the serious occupation of cherishing the younger, seeking to rear them up to the stature of perfect men in Christ Jesus.

In thus attempting to reason on this solemn sub-

ject, we know that we are but of yesterday, and do not wonder that the matter is too high for us. Yet we have felt it profitable to endeavour to comprehend something of the way of the Spirit of the Lord, and trust there is no presumption in our searching in the twilight after those great and holy movements which we shall clearly see in the glorious light of eternity.

CHAPTER XX.

MANGA.

“*June 23.*—A MEETING was again held on Thursday last, similar in character to the others, and attended with as large a measure of success. This accounts for the unanimity of the teachers and people in desiring a meeting, while it answers their prayers.

“Manga was again carried out to-day. The amount of feeling which could overcome a frame like his, must be *tremendous*. Many of the men find no vent in weeping, and therefore, perhaps, fall the sooner. Manga returned again towards the end of the long meeting, looking softened and humbled as a child.

“On Friday Mr Murray gave a short discourse, stopping twice in the course of it for prayer, partly that he might rest, but chiefly that he might call down the blessing in the appointed way. It was a most interesting meeting; and though perhaps there were not so many removed, the effect might really be as great—some of the members are becoming better able to restrain themselves. Peto and Lazareto made excellent short addresses after the sermon—the latter most powerful, and yet glowing with the softest affection.

“ On Saturday Mr Murray went to Leone with Mrs Slatyer, who had been recovering for a few days. Matthew Hunkin came here on the same day. On Sunday the feeling was not so great as it has been ; perhaps partly owing to the nature of the discourses, which were rather awful than drawing, and not quite so spirited as usual, on account of a very painful swelling of the preacher’s eye. Matthew himself seemed in a state of high spiritual enjoyment, exceedingly refreshed by the fervour and bursting joy of some whom he had left at Vaitogi.

“ Mr Murray returned yesterday. The work seems to know no abatement as yet at Leone. The services on Sabbath were deeply interesting. The people stood out a long discourse in the morning, seeming to force their minds to stand firm, and to present their whole soul for the Word to bear upon ; but at the examination, and in the afternoon, they were carried out in great numbers. Tuitele, the principal chief there, and one of the seven, has gone the same way as Manga.

“ Teana *fafine** still continues to seek with all her heart, feeling most deeply—carried out, I believe, every day. Mr Slatyer has been delighted with the clearness of views and excessive joy of some with whom he has conversed through Matthew as interpreter — especially two very aged women. Thus mightily does the Word of God grow and prosper in this little spot of ocean ; I cannot help thinking that the next communications we have

* *Fafine*, it is supposed, means the female or wife.

from other lands will tell of something similar — especially in my own dear Scotland.*

“ *Thursday, June 25.*—We had a meeting of the usual kind, and with the usual interest, on Tuesday afternoon. Toa, a refugee from Upolu, of highest rank, has been to speak to Mr and Mrs Murray and Matthew privately, and all are in high hopes of his soul’s renewal. He, with Maliatoa, a near relative of his, have proposed to go on Monday to try their influence on the man who is now principal among the remaining heathen. He is also a relative of theirs ; so there seems good hope of success, though he is a stubborn, wicked man. He is by office an ‘ orator,’ and boasts that he can speak two days and a night without intermission.”

We are about now to make some extracts which show the difficulties arising both to the minister and his converts from polygamy, and the evil habits which prevail among the heathen in reference to marriage. It would be unprofitable to load the narrative with multiplied examples of the kind; but this one, where grace triumphed, and nature was subdued, we present with much pleasure. Besides many other strong reasons why the self-expatriated missionary should not go forth companionless, one very forcible is, his being enabled to set forth an example of Christian wedlock and the domestic virtues, and to show the gracious compassion with which God setteth the solitary in families.

* It is worthy of grateful observation, that at this period the revival at Kilsyth, Dundee, Aberdeen, and other parts of Scotland, was in progress.

It is a pleasure to trace the haughty and cruel Manga to such a consummation as we are about to relate. In the young chief Pomare, we have a beautiful instance of youth, devoting talent, high rank, and fair worldly prospects, with joy to the service of the Redeemer. We have, in this older chief, an example of the more striking and more unwonted conquest made by self-denial over long-indulged self-will; and we observe with pleasure his humility in submitting to the law of God, when declared to him by a minister who was but recently the object of his enmity and aversion. He encountered the scorn and ridicule of his heathen peers, by taking back to him a wife of low rank whom he had repudiated at the dictate of pride; and by separating, in the face of a powerful rival, from a woman *whom he had bought at a large price*, and who was, from her station in society, a fitting wife for so mighty a chief as Manga. We love to trace faith's victories, and to form acquaintance with those far-off dusky brethren who bear the pilgrim's mark, and journey like ourselves through the wilderness, sustained by the same Divine grace. From the journal we insert the particulars.

“ Poor Manga is in a sad state with his matters. Mr Murray is also to be pitied, for his is all the doubt and anxiety. In cases of polygamy, hitherto the preference has been given to the wife who had children, or was first married. But Manga (and there is another similar case on hand) has wickedly put away a woman to whom he insisted, against all remonstrance, on being united in true matrimony, and has got married, ‘heathen fashion,’ to another. He now wants to do what is right; but the right is very

difficult to be found, owing to the second wife being about to become a mother. In our country the course would be plain—he must live single, or return to his first wife. This would, in all the circumstances, be exceedingly distressing, especially as they care not a straw for one another. Would, then, the unformed state of society here justify his being united to the woman whom he now calls his wife? He has separated from her in the mean time, and thus both of them are re-admitted to the Friday meeting, from which they had been excluded.”*

Under date July 3, there is this brief notice—“Manga had to leave the chapel, weeping much.” His name does not appear again till July 11, when it is said—“I have already mentioned the difficulty in Manga’s case, with regard to his wife. Out of this the Lord has graciously delivered his servants. It had cost Mr Murray *much* anxiety, and he had at length become convinced that the only right path was, that the chief should put away his new and heathen-married wife, and return to her to whom he had been solemnly united before God. He was spared the pain and difficulty of attempting to enforce this, by the resolution of Manga himself. Mr Murray had committed the case most solemnly to God, appealing to him to direct and incline their hearts. And truly his joy and gratitude *ran over*, when Manga came to say that he had been deeply reflecting on the matter, and saw his error. He had given up his real wife, and got a fine and great woman, all for

* The Friday meeting admits only persons who have renounced heathenism, and bear respectable characters.

his body and its honour, while he had forgotten his soul. Now he would return to his rightful wife, and put the other away. This he has done. This is a most signal triumph of the gospel, and is a speedy and cheering fruit of Manga's conversion. He has hereby resisted his own decided inclination, in favour of a sense of duty. He has put away a woman of his own high rank, whom he had bought at an immense price, outbidding a great rival, for a girl of the lowest rank: thus (for his heathen marriage was most public in all Samoa) laying himself open to the mockery and ridicule of all the Samoan chiefs. Besides, he has overcome an enmity against Mr Murray, which must have been very strong, as he resolutely opposed him, and frustrated many of his wicked heathenish plans, in that sad transaction—and all this he has done through the power of the principles of the gospel.

CHAPTER XXI.

NATIVE ZEAL.

WHILE this conflict proceeded to a victorious issue in the mind of Manga the chief, other victories were achieved by other converts. We find a band of them filled with missionary zeal, and desirous to make an inroad on an island which, as its name indicates, was pre-eminent among the uncivilized.

“*June 25.*—It was fixed that the schooner, with Matthew and four teachers, should endeavour to land on Savage Island, and that they should sail early on Thursday. So a leave-taking meeting was held on Wednesday. The teachers are all church members, and excellent men. Three of them spoke, and the fourth prayed. Tuinta is the oldest, and an eminent Christian. His speech was so touching as to overpower Mr and Mrs Murray and Matthew, and many of the natives. He said—‘He felt exceedingly at leaving this land, where he had been accustomed to meet with his dear brethren and friends, and to worship God, and where the Spirit of God was now so abundantly poured out, to go to a dry land, wherein is no water, to get his soul starved. Yet his desire to go predominated. He did not wish to live

and die quietly in his own land, when many were lying in utter darkness. No, he wished to go and tell them of the true light, &c. ; yet he feared—he greatly feared, lest he should disgrace the cause of his Master. He would far rather that the report should come that he was dead, than that he had fallen from the faith, and brought evil on the name of Jesus ;’ and he repeated more than once, with an emphasis which could not be mistaken, ‘Oh, be strong in prayer for us ! Oh, pray continually for us in that dark and dangerous land ! Do not forget us—oh, never forget us—we shall never forget you !’

“ The feeling during the meeting was very deep ; sometimes excessive. This morning Mr Murray and I, with a good number of natives, accompanied them to the vessel. While we sailed down the harbour in Matthew’s canoe, we sung,

‘ O’er the gloomy hills of darkness.’

On board we had two verses of ‘ Osana,’ and Mr Murray prayed in Samoan. The scene was excessively interesting. The ship being small, only a few of the natives could come on board, but the canoes kept as close as possible, and the people seemed to join most heartily in the devotions. Matthew’s wife, and a few other Vaitogi women of the excellent of the earth, were present ; all these wept, and a good many of the men. The teachers and Matthew were still in the same delightful spirit—their trust all in Jesus, and their hearts and lives devoted to him. As we heard, soon after we left them, the four, without a hint from any one, went down into their sleeping-place, and held a prayer-

meeting. Two of them have left wives—one of whom is a most valuable woman. The other two are single, and, poor fellows! they regret it exceedingly, as having a companion in their own land still, with the hope of her joining them after a while, takes off the edge of the sharp pain of leaving their country, or at least lessens the feeling of separation and banishment. Though Mr Murray was exceedingly weary, we had a meeting in the afternoon, characterized by the usual solemnity and feeling. Lazareto uttered one of the most fervent breathings of a fervent heart.

“*June 30.*—Sunday morning’s discourse was particularly directed to enquirers. In the afternoon Maliatoa, the high chief refugee from Upolu, was, among others, taken out. He has been a very stupid and very wicked man. He is elderly, and I think the largest man I ever saw—a perfect giant. His legs and arms are of monstrous size, much too large for his huge body. Poor fellow! he tottered to the door, supported by two or three men, and then fell. He has been with Mr Murray two or three times since, and seems really a subject of the work of the Spirit. The Sabbath-school was one scene of weeping towards the end.

“On Monday morning a meeting for enquirers was held. The teachers had strict orders to allow none to come but those whom they had every reason to believe really awakened and anxiously enquiring. Mr Murray spoke most solemnly of what they were declaring in thus coming forward, and begged any of them who had any doubt of their soul’s earnest-

ness to retire. Then we took down the names. There were three hundred and seventy-nine, all looking as solemn and earnest as one could conceive. The eyes of many were suffused with tears, while many more were swollen with recent weeping. The meeting was opened with prayer, succeeded by an earnest address, urging to persevering and vigorous effort, and to immediate laying hold on Christ. Mr Murray held such meetings formerly at the beginning of the revival, but had some hesitation about it, lest it should be made a resting-place by any, or lest any should be lifted up by being thus brought into notice. These objections, however, have been quite outweighed by the consideration, that some immediate and special means were necessary in regard to the awakened people; and it would be impossible to see each of so great a number separately till a very long time has elapsed. On this account, as much as possible must be done by public meetings, with constant prayer for Divine help to seeking souls. Poor Mr Murray is working far beyond his strength! He is doing the work of four or five, and, in consequence, is weak and emaciated; but, while the spirit continues, nothing but absolute inability will restrain him. He would far rather live well for a short time, than long and lazily. This afternoon the hearts of all seemed full, and there was a general down-break.

“The reports from Leone are still favourable; a great burst of feeling on Sunday under the preaching of one of the natives. His sermon, as those of all the teachers, given him in substance, with detailed explanations, by Mr Murray.

“I spent most of to-day in seeking peace for my own soul. I was for some time in the bush, but find great difficulty in prayer, and am not by any means at rest.

“I have been bringing up blood again lately, in the mornings. Perhaps the Lord has nothing for me to do for him.”

CHAPTER XXII.

SOCIETY CONSOLIDATED.

WE have heard it observed by natives of the American states, that the fixing of a faithful and attractive pastor at a newly marked out town, is one sure means of making the place fill up quickly and flourish prosperously; his influence producing a similar effect to that caused by throwing a bridge across a river, or building a dock, or laying a railway. We see the moral effect in attracting the inhabitants to settle permanently at Pagopago; and in that little germ we can trace the growth of civilization in all its ramifications, as having its strongest and most unfailing root in Christianity. The necessity of more carefully tilling the ground arises out of the population congregating to one spot, so that agriculture is thus promoted: whatever traffic is carried on, must be near that harbour around which the people are dwelling, and from these causes all the trades will flourish there—such as the making of clothing, building of ships and houses, &c. The natives of Tutuila have, in 1842, built a church without European assistance; and recent information describes them as at last engaged

in erecting a stone house for their faithful missionary, which promised to be a very comfortable dwelling.

The Samoan language is reduced to grammatical rules. They have obtained an alphabet, and been taught to read and write. The art of printing is introduced, and many thousand printed copies of elementary books, and large portions of the Holy Scriptures, are now common amongst them. Nay, they have gone so far in imitation of the customs of civilized nations, as to have a monthly periodical called the *Samoan Torch*.* Thus is religion introducing the arts, the comforts, and the amenities of life, forming a pleasing contrast to the promotion of wickedness, and the introduction of new and unpractised styles of sin, which had accompanied the casual visits of ships manned by ungodly sailors. Thus, also, have the allegations of such reckless accusers as Captain Otto Von Kotzebue been lived down and disproved, by the laborious, unpretending, and useful lives of missionaries. They went not there to seek their own ease, or to build for themselves a name; but to exalt Him who shall soon be above every name, even in this rebellious world, and to teach every knee to bow to Him.

“*Friday, July 3.*—On Wednesday we had a deeply solemn meeting. This was the first day since this stage of the revival began, that there was nothing like a general down-break. We were much cheered in the evening to hear from the teachers,

* The last communication from Samoa has brought the first number of a half-yearly journal called the *Samoan Reporter*, intended to be circulated among the missionaries for mutual information.

that not only are numbers aroused, but that many have already found peace and joy in Jesus. One told of three, another of six, and two mentioned, the one eleven, the other twelve. All but one or two had some to tell of, so quickly does the good work ripen. Mr Murray is much delighted with this. He speaks of the difficulty and uncertainty of ascertaining the real state of souls professedly enquiring before the revival, as having been very great.

“ Mr Murray, feeling much exhausted by incessant labour, and perhaps more by the deep anxiety of mind he experiences, resolved to have no meeting on Thursday. One of the teachers said, that his people intended to set out for their lands that night, if there should be a meeting on the morrow, that they might get food and be back in time. Their lands are ten miles off, and half the way is in the open sea, beyond a tremendous reef. Such is the eagerness of the people.

“ All are busy building houses, and clearing for taro-patches, in this district, that they may bring their sick and aged here, and themselves live near the Word. So that Pagopago is becoming the metropolis, by absorbing the population of the district.

“ To-day we had a most interesting meeting. Mr Murray's text, 2 Cor. v. 11. The visible effect was very powerful. The Word seemed most weighty, and many fainted. Lazareto prayed and spoke. Taito spoke both with fervour and eloquence. There were others also. Manga had to leave the chapel, weeping much. The visit to the heathen has not been so successful as we hoped; for the chief, on

whom almost all depends, has gone to Manuá: he is soon, however, to return, and the effort will be renewed.

“ It seems to me that dear Mr Murray’s unquenchable earnestness, and that of some of the people, have much to do with the revival. His whole soul is in the work—no time for editions of Sophocles—all he does ‘tells on eternity,’ at least if it fulfils in any measure his aim. He says, that before fruit appeared he was dreadfully weighed down, and never ceased to look, and work, and pray for it. His efforts continue the same, though I fear for his pained chest; and now he has many to join their prayers and endeavours, who are his own sons and daughters.

“ *Tuesday, July 7.*—On Sunday, Mr Murray being at Leone, our services here were shared by five of the natives, Peter, Fili, Jobo, Taito, and Lazareto. Both forenoon and afternoon the feeling was very considerable, especially in the afternoon. Taito and Lazareto are both strong in spirit, and they shared the services. At mid-day we held a prayer-meeting, and there I made my first essay in Samoan, giving out the hymns, and calling on those who were to conduct prayer.

“ To-day, we again had a meeting. It was not for several reasons—heavy rain among others—so crowded as usual; but there was an almost universal down-breaking in the last prayer, which was Taito’s. He is a very Jacob of a pleader. Many seemed to unite their hearts with him from the beginning, and he broke down with the rest towards the end, and had to sit down without formally con-

cluding, not, however, till his voice was drowned in the general weeping. His prayer was most beautiful, as well as most importunate. He referred to the hymn 'Osana,' which we had just sung, and imagined how warmly the angels sing the same in heaven, while our cold hearts are droning here below. Now was the time to have followed up the effect produced, and thus we felt the absence of our minister. Yet our God, who still works in human weakness, showed himself strong.

"*Saturday, July 11.*—On Wednesday, we had a meeting in the afternoon; at the end, a deep melting under Lazareto's prayer. Mr Murray returned on Thursday, bringing with him as good news as ever about the progress of the work. It seems to lose nothing in his absence, and to gain much by every visit. The people heard his discourses with the deepest attention, and a resolute resistance to the overflowing of their feelings, and melted down completely at the end of them.

"On Friday, we had a large and interesting meeting. Text—seed sown in stony places, without root. Some good speeches, and considerable feeling. This afternoon, we had a pleasant and refreshing church meeting. One sentiment seems to pervade the members, and that is, devotedness to Christ. They appear to start into advanced Christians at once; their spirit is eminently missionary. Would that many churches, which have more in their power, were baptized with their spirit! Already nine of their members are settled in, or on their way to, heathen lands, and many more are most desirous to go.

"*Thursday, July 30.*—I spent a fortnight at

Leone with Mr and Mrs Slatyer. They are both sweet and delightful Christians. To find brothers and sisters in this distant land, is indeed more than I could have expected; but such is the goodness of the Lord. I had many tender thoughts of home when there, associated partly, I think, with the sweet hymn-singing. Oh, who is privileged as I am, and who is so ungrateful! Every thing around is calculated to arouse and stimulate me, and I will exert myself to shake off indolence and uncertainty, and to stand out against sin in my own heart, as well as outwardly, for Jesus. O Lord! give thy Spirit to help me; for how often have these same resolutions been made before, and made in vain!

“I got no reading at Leone, and was occupied chiefly in carpentry work for my kind friends. I have to-day begun Todd’s *Student’s Guide*, and Wayland’s *Moral Science*, from both of which I expect rich enjoyment and improvement.

“Mr Slatyer came hither with me on Monday, and he, with Mr Murray, returns to Leone to-day: so that meetings and partings make up our days in this pilgrimage. Oh, how sweet is friendship! How sweet to have nothing to obstruct the flow of love to all around! Would that it were so to my Saviour! How this would purify all other loves! and then could I confidently look for the building that is eternal, for the rest where all is sweet, and uninterrupted, and spotless love.

“Nineteen new members were admitted here last week, and a good many baptized. There was much refreshing from the Lord.

“The schooner returned on the 13th. All returned

who went, and with them three natives of Savage Island, or 'Ninè,' as it is called. The natives will receive no one on shore. A young man whom Mr Williams left there some time ago, though he had been born on the island, was massacred, and half the village he lived in destroyed. A native, who had been in Samoa for several years, and was in the schooner, would on no account venture on shore. The people are in the most degraded state of ignorance and barbarism. Their objection to foreigners, and to people of their own from foreign lands, is founded on the idea that they bring disease.

“ They are not tattooed—in a state of absolute nudity—long hair and beard, smeared in a most diabolical fashion. They are busily engaged in war, though the island is smaller than this. The houses are miserable. The canoes made of one tree only ; and the little cloth which was produced very inferior. All their skill is exerted in making clubs and spears. Of these, Matthew bought a large number from those who came on board, as much for the sake of disarming such formidable neighbours, as for their curiosity. No women appeared, which is a sign of suspicion. The ecstatic joy they experienced on receiving a fish-hook, was expressed by shouting and whooping at the highest pitch of their voices.

“ The schooner was found much too small for such an undertaking ; as, had the wind chopped round in the vicinity of the island, she would have been an easy prey to the savage inhabitants.

“ Thus, the door is not yet open to this land. The natives brought hither may ere long be of essential service ; but even their landing will be

impossible, till the ideas of the inhabitants are somewhat changed. One of them is a chief. They are just like infants among the Samoans; but bear marks of pleasing intelligence in their now half-tamed countenances. Here is a picture of man unameliorated by the gospel. Genius, if I do not debase the word, sits at the feet of Mars here, as she did in the mighty nations of old; and their only employment, besides the gratification of animal desires, seems to be to destroy one another. Selfishness, where there is no gospel, is the ruling principle. Each would be independent, and subjugate every other, and make himself the centre of power and admiration. How different under the reign of Jesus!—in it, all assist each other, and rejoice in seeing each other exalted.”

“*August 15.*—The work goes on more quietly, but, we trust, not less surely, and there seem new clouds of blessing gathering. Mr Murray is a little stronger since the daily services were discontinued. The present scarcity of food, and Mr Murray’s weakness, were the causes of their being suspended. I feel quite sure, that if all ministers had the devotion and earnestness of my beloved friend here, there would not be many long left without what we must now call times of especial refreshing from the presence of the Lord. I wish to impress this upon my own mind, and to try to imbibe his spirit; for I am persuaded, that upon this will greatly depend the success of any share of labour which may fall to me in the Lord’s vineyard.

“When I look upon the present intelligence, alacrity, and persevering laboriousness of the Tutui-

lans, and compare it with the accounts which meet me on all hands, of their former ferocity and barbarism, with their seemingly unconquerable aversion to think and to work, only within the last three years, I am astonished. And while all the effect is to be joyfully and gratefully ascribed to the power of grace, how delightful it must be to those whom God has employed as instruments in this rapid and wonderful amelioration—an amelioration, too, which in *very many* cases will be perfected in eternity!

“When I look upon man as immortal, and as going down to everlasting death, and then look at the cross of Christ interposed to raise the victims of death to life eternal—and, along with that, consider this prominent and fully satisfactory instance of the efficacy of the appointed means of grace, under the blessing of God; what—oh, what employment on earth can compare to that of the Christian minister and missionary!

“How contemptible to pass life in trying to scrape together wealth, which at best can only benefit for a few short years, and then must be left; while a treasure may be had in heaven which shall never be old or exhausted, and souls may be saved for eternity that are suffered to pass on unpitied and unassisted to the grave of endless misery! Oh, to be freed and kept from all desire of having treasure on earth!—to be enabled literally to live as a pilgrim and a stranger! Oh, to learn to walk by faith and not by sight! Oh, to be wholly, in heart and in life, given up to Christ! Lord, help me to be crucified to the world, and yet to live by Christ living in me!”

CHAPTER XXIII.

NATIVE INDUSTRY.

THE savage, whose hand is against every man, and whose only plan for obtaining what he wishes for is seizure by force, is slow to learn that mutual help and co-operation can obtain for him many comforts and accommodations, which in his state of solitary rapine he can never know. The great plan of living in society, and of individuals cultivating each a single art, so as to excel in it, is what the civilized can exemplify to the savage. But will the savage learn it? He may be bribed to do a little, lazily, if his superior strength should induce the civilized man to resort to bribes. If, on the other hand, the superiority of strength be on the side of civilization, he may be coerced; and then, in the misery of slavery, he will hate both the master and the art he teaches. It is when heart and good-will go with the work—when the man feels that his teacher is his friend—that he not only honours him as intellectual and immortal, but is taught to honour himself; it is then that he learns speedily, and exerts himself willingly.

Before Moses could execute all the works, the designs of which were shown him on the holy

mount, there were artisans prepared by God himself. They were filled with the Spirit of God, in wisdom, in understanding, and in knowledge, in all manner of workmanship. And so it is, that they best succeed as teachers and as learners who set about their work as doing it unto the Lord and not unto man.

The interesting tribes of Tutuila were acquiring useful knowledge, and learning the value of combined effort, at the same time that they found means to express the affection of their hearts by making a highway for their kind and laborious pastor.

“ *Tuesday, August 25.*—The Sabbath after I last wrote, was remarkable for melting, in some respects different from any that we have seen before. The hymn had been sung, preceded by a few solemn remarks from Mr Murray, and the latter part of the 73d Psalm was being read, when the house was filled with weeping. Very many were carried out helpless, and the same influence continued, more or less, throughout the morning. I myself was quite overcome, and felt that a very little more would have laid me on the floor. I could scarcely restrain myself from the beginning, especially when I saw one or two of the members with their eyes suffused with tears. This verse struck me a good deal as suiting my case—‘ So foolish was I and ignorant, I was as a beast before thee.’ Since then, a proposal to the teachers, and, through them, to the chiefs and people, to make a high-road between Pagopago and Leone, was most briskly taken up throughout the island. Having previously apportioned the work to districts

and villages, almost the whole male inhabitants of Tutuila this morning commenced it.

“ Mr Murray has, from a very early period of his sojourn here, had this in prospect ; but little did he dream that it would have been practicable so soon. Such is the power of Divine grace, that people who only knew each other to thirst for their life’s blood, now unite, with one accord and one mind, in a work for the cause of God and the public good. The people of the Leone district are even working at this, the idea of which, at no very distant period, would have been viewed as little short of insanity.

“ The road has often been paced with uneasy feet by Mr Murray. It is a very rugged and difficult one. The work now in hand is to build a sort of causeway, above high-tide mark, all round those places where formerly the way was impassable by the shore, and thus save the climbing of steep and dangerous hills, besides clearing a horse-road all the rest of the way. We go to see the progress of the work, and to hold the Wednesday meeting at Nauli, a village nearly in the centre of the scene of labour.

“ *Thursday, August 27.*—I went to Nauli with Mr Murray yesterday. We had service, with an immense concourse of people, in the open air ; but were somewhat interrupted by rain. The text was, ‘ Whatsoever ye do, in word or in deed, do all in the name of the Lord.’ Most appropriate to the circumstances ! We passed a comfortable though strange night in the teacher’s house, our apartments being formed by a sheet of siapo drawn across the house. Mr Slatyer joined us, and we were a cheer-

ful and pleasant party. The road is getting forward with great spirit, and bulwarked embankments raised, which, for extent and execution, would do honour to more experienced workmen.

“ We had admirable opportunity, not only for observing the powerful effect of the gospel in general—as the attempt at such a work, in the circumstances, sufficiently exemplified—but also of remarking its action in various stages. The Pagopago district is somewhat ahead of the other at present, having had the benefit of Mr Murray’s more regular labours. The work which fell to them was executed more slowly, but much better, more finished, and on a finer scale than that of the Leone district. The latter, when we passed, had left theirs for finished ; although in many places quite below high-water mark, and very little of it passable for a horse without shoes. However, on the matter being plainly laid before them, they cheerfully returned to it again on the third day, to complete it. These work rather by impulse, and on temporary spur, than otherwise ; while the people of the east, having a much larger portion, and being fewer in number, are steadily progressing, and, without discouragement or loss of spirits, looking forward to another week’s work.

“ They are astonished themselves to find what they can do ; it is quite a new discovery to them. We hope that its moral effect will be extensive, raising the tone of their minds, and enlarging their conceptions of undertakings of every kind, for the future. The journey, which was before most fatiguing, and in many places highly dangerous,

will henceforth, all going well, be easy and pleasant, either on foot or horseback. Our journey this time has been important, as we were enabled to give directions about several places which would otherwise have been left unfinished. Mr Murray, who has long and painfully experienced the difficulty of the journey, is filled with joy and thankfulness. The change is almost too great to be believed. As Olo expressed it yesterday, if any thing of the kind had been proposed formerly, they would have had 'ten wars about it,' and failed in the end. What encouragement this to trust in the Lord, and to form large hopes of success!"

An entry in the journal, dated September 14, states, that "the road has to-day reached Pago-pago, and the people, delighted with their newly-discovered powers, and all in excellent temper and spirits, in spite of the recent scanty food, have spontaneously resolved that it shall be carried several miles up this side of the harbour also, to the village Aua. Indeed this is already begun, and we propose visiting it, and seeing a sick man at that place to-morrow. The Lord has prospered this work most graciously, and it does not interrupt the work in hearts.

"A mysterious providence has occurred in the removal, by death, of one of the inhabitants of Savage Island, brought here so lately. He is one whom the natives will be sure to enquire about when revisited, as he was a chief, and parted with, by many of his people and fellow islanders, with great reluctance. This may prove a strong barrier to friendly dealings. The other two are well; Peta

(Peter) at Leone, and Paulo here. The latter is picking up the Samoan language very fast. He volunteered to recite two verses, with the rest of the family, to-night at prayers.

“When the third man was ill, we had some insight into the habits and manners of Ninè. They were perfectly acquainted with the process of blood-letting, and had an idea of the evil of constipation of bowels, which they would fain have relieved by a barbarous outward process. But, worst of all, they could scarcely be restrained from casting the poor sick man away in the bush. And, indeed, he himself seemed not unwilling to be cast out as done with, long before the illness assumed a very dangerous aspect. As it was, his life was sooner closed than Mr Murray and I expected; and some of us could not help suspecting that they might have shortened it, as they had been left alone with him for some time. They displayed little concern, except to secure their clothes and other things, lest the dead man should run away with them. They threw his clothes away. Poor fellows! may the Lord use them as instruments.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

EFFORTS OF AN INVALID.

THE object of George Lundie's voyage to Samoa seemed for a time quite lost sight of by himself, and his share of exertion was that of a person in health. He could not regard himself as a lodger and mere looker-on, when the Spirit of the Lord wrought mightily among the people. His night-watching with a sick friend; his ministering of medicine to the sick of the tribe, which at times occupied hours, and was an anxious charge for one of his youth and previous inexperience; his own keen participation of the emotions of those around him—were all rather too much for one in his condition, however vigorous his outward appearance might be; and, therefore, soon he complained of feebleness and inability to fix his thoughts, and wrote bitter things against himself on that account, and on account of drowsiness during family worship. Indeed, we owe considerable portions of his journal to his propensity to sleep, as he would take the pen when he found he could not read with advantage. As far as appears, however, his recovery was not impossible as long as want of familiarity with the language kept him

silent. But when less than five months had elapsed, his mouth was partially opened, and from that time his doom was sealed, so far as man was concerned. He would have required friendly restraints, and not stimulants. His first sermon, written at length, appears among his papers. But it is in Samoan. It was preached on the 6th September, during Mr Murray's absence at Leone. He found, at the Monday's examination, that he had been pretty well followed and understood. It was then five months since he first touched that shore; and a month before that, when he first boarded the Camden, was his earliest opportunity of hearing a word of the language, which he might then do, as, it will be remembered, there were Samoan teachers his fellow-passengers. How joyful, if this speedy acquisition of the power of proclaiming the message of peace had been followed by years of service as his Lord's ambassador! As it was, it was but as a flame that points upward and expires. Of this first effort at preaching he remarks—"The language was a small part of what troubled me; that had nothing to do with my conscience. But my motives and aims in the service—oh, they were, and always are, in every such service, vile! The true motive makes it right that I should do it, but the bad one seems to prompt me to it." By the bad one, he probably means the love of human approbation, which he so often complains of as his snare.

"*September 14.*—It is long since I began to examine the servants on the sermons of Mr Murray. To-morrow, I am to commence a class with the native teachers. Oh, for help from on high in all

that I put my hand to! This class is a great privilege and a great responsibility. I feel no fit state of heart for it, but must and will seek Divine assistance.

“I have not yet quite recovered the exertion of lungs made on Sunday and Monday last week. Indeed, this morning I brought up a little blood. May this warning cause me to live as one who soon shall die! Oh, may I live and die to God in Jesus!”

“*Leone, Tuesday, October 6.*—I am again the subject of mysterious workings of Providence; but why should I call that mysterious for which I, blind and thoughtless as I am, can assign a strong reason?

“Mr Murray went to Leone on the 23d September, leaving me to superintend matters at Pagopago. I was much engaged in preparing a discourse for Sunday, and had pleasant meetings with the domestics and my class of teachers. In the latter, on Friday, we were all, but one or two, completely overcome. Several cried and sobbed aloud, and some seemed hardly able to leave at the conclusion. The subject was humility, from Matthew xviii. 1, 3. We usually read in the ‘*Tata ia Jesu,*’ or narrative of Jesus, so this was out of course. I felt considerable solemnity in preparing for preaching, but fear that my predominating motives again were bad. Oh, should I not blush when I write it!—I had doubts as to the prudence of the step as concerned my bodily health, and I now find they were but too well founded. The discourse was too long; my voice failed me soon; and I went on with difficulty, fearing, or rather knowing, that I was not generally

heard. Great attention and some feeling were manifested. In the afternoon I had considerable pain in my chest, and could hardly speak. Brought up some blood that evening, and more next morning. I travelled hither on Monday to join the missionary party at our first monthly meeting, and have since been getting a little better.

“The meetings are to be held alternately at the two stations, for mutual strengthening. The teachers, also, of the two districts are to have similar meetings at the same time.

“Our first meeting, held on Wednesday, 30th September, was of a most interesting character. We were five in number, Matthew being at Pago leading the services. Mr Slatyer read Isaiah lxiv. after an appropriate hymn; and Mr Murray prayed, deeply confessing sin, and imploring and rejoicing in mercy. We then sung a part of the 102d Psalm, Watts' version, and I prayed for the spiritual welfare of this island, and the success of the means employed; then sung, ‘When I survey the wondrous cross,’ and read John xvii. Mr Slatyer prayed, embracing all the other topics—such as, group of Samoa, these seas, the Camden, our native land, the Church, the world; we concluded with, ‘From all that dwell below the skies.’ Our meeting was very solemn and interesting, lasting three hours. I believe all the others felt that the Spirit of God was present. I was fairly overcome during dear Mr Murray's prayer. On the afternoon of Tuesday we had a church meeting, preparatory to the communion, which was administered on Wednesday afternoon. The occasion was solemn and promising; the meet-

ing somewhat protracted. I felt weary and barren. On Thursday Mrs Slatyer, in search of health, accompanied Mr and Mrs Murray to Pago. The ladies were carried in temporary palanquins, as I may well call them, by the teachers and others who had been here. My object in remaining with Mr Slatyer is twofold—1. To lighten the burden of planning and preparing timber for his new house; and 2. To relax, if a long unbent bow can be relaxed, and seek the strength which I have lost. For so it is—my chest is weaker now than ever, since an early part of my voyage from England. I cannot engage in prayer at family worship, or read a chapter in the lowest tone, or try to help in singing a hymn, without pain. My voice is weak, and my chest quivers under every exertion of it. So preaching, singing class, and the dear teachers' meeting, and every thing else which requires exertion of lungs, is given up. God only knows when, if at all, they may be resumed! Mean time, I am beginning complete relaxation from the shadow of study, which is all I have known of it since leaving the scenes of its too great fascination. In the forenoon I do a little gentle carpentering for Mr Slatyer, and plan about the house building. Afternoon, read religious biography, walk, and bathe. The issue is with God. I have left the place of my birth, and scenes of my early years; these know me no more. How soon my place on earth may be only the narrow tomb, I know not. Oh, that God's Holy Spirit may sanctify this new weaning to my soul! * * * My beloved friends! my mother, sisters, brothers! why do my eyes fill with tears

when I think of you? Thanks to the unexpected and most unmerited mercy of Him whom I would call Father, I have new friends who are dear to me—very dear; and make me feel, that even a sick-bed would be stript of the sickening dreariness which the friendless feel. But yet my heart yearns for you. Oh, to embrace you all, and weep with you all! May we at last be united above!”

CHAPTER XXV.

BRITISH SAILORS AWAKENED.

“*Leone, October 17.*—LAST Wednesday, Frederick, a boat-builder here, stood up in chapel to tell the people of our cruelty in making them cut many trees for the new house, as they would rot; he also spoke somewhat insultingly in English. We all felt the extreme unfitness of the place and time for such conduct; Mr Slatyer dismissed the meeting, the exercises being just ended, and I spoke to Frederick a few sentences in private. He came in the morning, and confessed how rashly and foolishly he had acted.

“Mr Slatyer went to Pagopago on Monday to visit his wife, who still continues very poorly. When there, Mr Murray and he made a tour through the eastern district, to try and bring the still remaining heathen over; but with very little immediate success. No one had any reply at all to make; they were forced to acknowledge that Christianity alone is right, and they all wrong. They say they will all turn by and by, but cannot make up their minds to give up sin yet. Till they are nominally Christians, they listen to no instruction, and attend

no means of grace, so that, till then, there is no hope. It depends, generally, most on the fancy or inclination of the chiefs, whether or not they assume the name. Mr Slatyer enjoyed nature and his tour, but is much impressed with the stone-like indifference and unconcern of real heathens; and that, too, while assenting to the most solemn truths. One, when urged to turn, and told that hell was the alternative, said—*A pisi, pisi pea*—‘If I fall, let me fall!’ There is one chief, the ‘Devil’s priest,’ at Tula, who has very great influence, and by his sullen stubbornness keeps many back.

“All this time I have been in charge here alone. Our Wednesday and Friday meetings were interesting. The teachers’ prayer-meeting on the latter day very highly so; and two, at least, of the evening worship meetings with the family, quite like the times of the revival.’ At one of these, the feeling gradually increased as we went on, till at last it burst out universally, and, after waiting a long time, I had to leave them. The women were fainting, and the men stretched on the floor violently crying. The subject of address was, the little child set in the midst of the disciples. I had dwelt on the true Christian looking to and depending on Christ, as a child on its mother, and was speaking of the issue of this in final union to him, when the feeling burst out. Thus, I am able to speak for some little time, to a few people, in a very low tone. Oh, I would feel thankful for this, and pray earnestly that I may not abuse it, but employ it only for Jesus and for souls! I have felt warmer while alone, but feel already the snare of the presence of others. That

seems at once to excite the desire of praise, and thus to colour conversation and action with a tinge quite unbecoming a humble follower of Jesus. Lord, help me to watch unto prayer! I seem to have got a new glimpse of the *purity* and disinterestedness of the love of God, but have failed to profit from it as I ought, for want of due meditation.

“ I spoke to-day, for the second time, with Henry Gibbons, another sailor on the island, who for months has been alarmed and seeking salvation, and now seems to have cast in his lot with the people of God. This is cheering. May more of our poor countrymen be converted! I suppose there may be eight or ten on the island. They interpret for ships in bartering with the natives, make boxes, and other things. Matthew Hunkin is the first trophy of Divine grace; this man, if sincere, the second. Harry at Pago, Charley and Immanuel here, are all, I think, in a hopeful state. Mr Slatyer preaches every Sabbath to four or five who assemble here. He is most urgent and impressive, and surely must have a blessing. Oh, that we may be in the Spirit, and He largely in us, to-morrow!”

“ *October 24, Saturday.*—I am still in this place, and busily engaged, great part of each day, in preparing for the new house and other carpenter work. This is all that I am now doing to help the good work—I was going to say all that I can do. But no—I might do more in several ways, as among sick people; and, if my heart were right, much, much more, by my prayers. I am happy to be able to take the burden of house-building, as Mr Slatyer says, quite off his shoulders. He preaches his first

sermon to-morrow, but could not carry on preaching and house-building without help. I desire to be thankful for this, and trust his preaching, now to be begun, may be attended with the rich and effectual blessing of the Holy Spirit.

“ Mr Slatyer and I propose proceeding to Pagopago on Monday, to the second monthly prayer-meeting. Wednesday week is appointed for a day of thanksgiving for blessings past, humiliation for unworthiness and abuse of mercies, and earnest supplication for a new outpouring of the Spirit. Not that this has quite ceased, but it is small comparatively. Oh, that all these seasons and means may be blessed! I rejoice in the near prospect of again seeing Mr Murray—I love him very much. May the Lord help me to close this night with penitence, and begin a new week with new vigour and resolution, looking to, leaning on, and cleaving to Christ. Amen.

“ *Monday, November 2, Pagopago.*—On Sunday, October 25, Mr Slatyer preached his first Samoan sermon. The occasion was attended with much interest; the devotional part was conducted by others. Mr Slatyer's first sentences were in the strain of gratitude, for being permitted to begin the preaching of the gospel. Already the flow of sympathetic feeling became apparent, by the stifled sobs of some of the females; and when the preacher proposed special prayer for the help of the Lord, his voice was quickly drowned in the sound of weeping, now become almost universal among the females, and prevailing considerably among the males. It was delightful to see the interest they so deeply felt

in him for his work's sake, and for their own souls' sake ; and to hear their immediate and unequivocal *amen* to his expressions of gratitude. The gush of sympathy was overpowering. The whole was cheering in the extreme to him who is called to divide to them the word of life. The subject was, the minister a watchman, and the result of the after examination gave ample testimony to the eager intelligent attention with which the word was received.

“ At mid-day Mr Slatyer preached from Ruth's reply to Naomi, to the few who form his English congregation. One of them, the hot-headed Frederick, was melted to tears, and came, in the same softened spirit, to borrow a book next day. On Monday, amid wind and rain, we came to this place, and were once more blessed by meeting our dear friends. Mr Murray is dearer to me than ever.

“ On Tuesday we met the whole of the native teachers on the island, and on Wednesday held our own private prayer-meeting, and a public meeting in the afternoon. The whole was impressive. The teachers trace increased seriousness in several quarters, to the impetus received at the last similar meeting. Our season in private was not to me so deeply interesting as the last. It was shortened by the weakness of the dear ladies of our party.

“ On Thursday, Mr and Mrs Murray and I accompanied Mr and Mrs Slatyer as far as Fagatogo. Here we rested, and witnessed a most interesting scene. Several people came about us, bringing plantains and cocoa-nuts for our refreshment. A few of them were church members, and as they sat round, and heard a few kind words from Mr Murray,

they melted to tears. It was just there, that, two years and a half ago, the missionaries narrowly escaped having their brains dashed out by the club of a savage. Thus the gospel strews its flowers. Mr Murray was touched; that, he said, were reward enough for all their toils and dangers. We look forward with deep interest to our fast on Wednesday; signs are promising, and lead us to think that the latter rain is near. I still mourn—

‘All things of feeling show some sign
But this unfeeling heart of mine.’”

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE PASTOR LANGUISHES.

“ *November 6, Friday.* — On Tuesday, much prayer and some weeping prevailed through the village. We had a prayer-meeting soon after six on Wednesday. The people’s looks seemed to express, ‘I wait for God, my soul doth wait,’ &c. In the forenoon we had a most interesting sermon from dear Mr Murray, on Jos. xxiv. 20, enumerating the ‘good’ done by God to Tutuila, touching little on the threat, but urging to gratitude and new desire. The word ‘expectation’ seems well to describe the character of the former part of our afternoon meeting. The vision of dry bones was read, and Mr Murray spoke as if quite sure that God was on the point of blessing us. While Cornelio, a native teacher, was offering up prayer, there was heard a noise and a shaking; and, as Tito continued, it issued in a most complete and unusual outburst of loud and violent weeping. This could not be got under for a very long time, and when those who could by no means remain were removed, the chapel was half empty; we had another suitable address and prayer when we dispersed, praising the Lord for the latter

rain. The village, till midnight, resounded with praise and prayer, and cries and groans. We learned from teachers the next day, that most of those who had been awakened before, are again enquiring after the way of life, and several new souls are aroused.

“We met again yesterday evening—the people joyfully making all shift to get food and be back in time. This meeting was attended by similar occurrences, but in a less degree. On returning from the meeting, we received letters from Leone, telling of another outpouring of the Spirit, I suppose equal to what we had here. So the whole island is again awake! Mr Slatyer felt much assisted even in his Samoan. Three foreigners are also, to all appearance, in earnest; Payne, the obdurate, for the first time.

“But while dear Mr Murray’s soul travails in birth, and many seem opening their hearts to receive the word of life, his body fails; his pain in the chest has been gradually increasing after exertion. For some days it has been constant, and this morning he brought up some blood. What will be the issue is known only above, and we all desire to submit and to be thankful for the will of God. I too, without any assignable cause, except the effort required to conduct shortly our own private family worship, and attending these overpowering meetings, have to-day brought up more blood than ever before, since I was attacked in this way. I feel somewhat relaxed, and unfit for much. Oh, may it end in the Lord! My heart seems to grow heavier and more immovable, the more there is to move it. We have had a very interesting meeting this afternoon. Mr

Murray was not able to preach, as is usual on Friday, but read passages of Scripture with a few remarks. Four prayers by natives were interspersed with these, and some admirable speeches. Feeling was very deep—a good deal too violent—many taken out. And now we are in great suspense, dear Mr Murray being so weak, and I quite useless. He, I fear, must go off by the Camden. Lord, *fit me* for what is before me, to go or to stay, to be well or ill, or die, as thou wilt!

“*Pagopago, Nov. 18, 1840.*—On Sunday the 8th Mr Murray preached once in a low voice. On that evening and on Monday, he found himself so weak and ill that he was obliged to leave for Leone, as he cannot stay here and be silent. He told this to the teachers in a body, and, poor fellows! they all burst into tears; and that evening the village was filled with weeping. On Monday we set off together for Leone. We had to pass the large house where the women were assembled at school. They refrained from coming out to say farewell; but soon the sound of their loud and deep weeping followed us on our path. The interest and affection of the people was quite affecting as we passed through the villages.

“I was very poorly, still experiencing in degree my alarming symptom in the mornings. The journey did not hurt me much. I have been obliged entirely to give up the building of Mr Slatyer’s house—but not before Providence has provided a substitute, in the person of Frederick, whose heart the Lord seems to have changed. He is now kind and obliging, and says he works for love, not for the pecuniary remuneration agreed upon. He professes

to have but one aim now, to be found in Christ. Gibbons, too, says, 'Heaven seems open to me.' The mercy of God in Jesus fills his heart. Having sketched out the house-plans for Frederick, and set two bands of sawyers to work under him, I left on Monday last. Mr Murray, very much the better for rest, can no longer stay away from his dear people, and so returns to-morrow. May he have guidance from on high as to every step of his proceedings in regard to health! We are all anxious lest he again over-exert himself, and induce disease in his racked and still but half-rested lungs.

"My worst symptoms ceased for a day or two at Leone, but have been in some degree renewed by the journey. I have now had very many lessons to teach me that my duty is to make health my first object, and every thing else subordinate. I am hushed as to saying any thing useful, and have frequently to take naps and rests. I now intend to read only what does not need study, take regular walks, and avoid every thing which may again injure me—if perchance life may still be spared—and oh, may my heart be touched and opened! May I be enabled to make the words of Paul my own—'To me to live is Christ, and to die gain.' *Time is.* I know not of to-morrow. Lord, take my heart to-day; and then, come life, come death, all will be well."

The tender solicitude of the invalid guest, as he watched the waning vigour of the overwrought pastor, is but a sample of the feelings of the loving flock. When we observe how often this dispensation is repeated in the providence of God, that the minister whose labours carry a renewing power to many

souls at once, is presently overcome and quite exhausted in bodily strength, it becomes a duty to investigate what may be the reason of it, and what the lessons taught by it. The most valuable ministers who have visited this country from the United States are those who, worn down by their exertions in time of revival, have sought respite and repose in foreign travel. We have also seen those who had been proved meet for the Master's use in our own country, weary and worn, and forced to take refuge from excessive labour in flight; and in the South Sea Islands the same experience is repeated. Perhaps we may be right in conjecturing, that this humbling experience is designed to save the poor messenger from the danger of feeling personally elated by the success of his message—the work is the Lord's:—perhaps to remind the new-born souls that their spiritual father is but an earthen vessel after all—the glory is the Lord's:—and also, to draw out mutual sympathies and prayers, to quicken brotherly love, to deepen dependence on the God and Father of all, as we see in this case of Tutuila it did:—and finally, to work one of those changes which save the soul from settling on its lees, and teach it that though the joy of the Lord be strength even in the wilderness, yet, *except in the Lord*, there is no real rest, no abiding stay.

Faint and feeble himself, a youth and a stranger, yet George was an example of the varied exercises of mind produced by the affliction of their missionary, as well as an interested observer of the effect on the people; and we may fairly calculate the depth of their affection and prayerfulness on this behalf,

by his statements of their visible emotions and his own.

“*Pagopago, Nov. 28.*—Mr Murray has gained some little strength. He preached once on Sunday, and on Wednesday and Friday. On Sunday his text was, ‘Travailing for souls.’ To me it was most affecting. When I looked at him, pale and emaciated, preaching perhaps, as I then thought, for the last time to the dear Tutuilans, earnestly pleading with them while his now weakened voice sometimes trembled with emotion, and his expressive countenance told too plainly that the throes of the travail of his soul for their sakes were too much for his body to support; when these, and thoughts of my own unfaithfulness and unfitness for the Master’s work, came over my mind, the great weakness of my body but faintly shadowing the total helplessness of my soul, I was quite overcome, and could not refrain from weeping. O Lord! when shall this vacillating and unstable heart be fairly rooted, and steadily, if slowly, grow up in Christ?”

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHURCH DISCIPLINE.

“THE first exercise of church discipline I have witnessed occurred here last Thursday, when a man and wife were expelled for behaviour which seems fully to warrant the conclusion that their Christianity had been feigned. Another, a member of this family, was suspended for lying to hide other sin. We sincerely hope he is a believer, and that he may soon be re-admitted—he shows good signs of penitence. He has, of course, quitted this family.

“The feeling produced on the church by these unhappy occurrences, is most suitable. We hardly doubt that good will be the result. The church meeting was broken off abruptly, emotion ran so high. ‘What carefulness it will work in us, what clearing of ourselves, what fear, what vehement desire—yea, what zeal—yea, what revenge!’”

The exercise of discipline, as it is a most solemn office of the church, so it is most healthful when under the guidance of humility, prudence, and courage, accompanied with prayer. When slightly used, or when omitted, the purity and holiness of the members are left to prosper or perish without

the care of the husbandman who sowed the seed. Weeds spring up apace, and not only destroy the individual shoots, but choke those rising around them. The safety and welfare of the community rest in the mild and firm upholding of its law—and that church of Christ is in a failing condition which does not take as much pains to execute the laws of Christ, as is taken by any government to sustain its legal authority.

In a community so lately gathered in from heathenism, the impediments arising from the habits of the whole previous life, and the customs of their heathen connexions, must double every difficulty in establishing a simple and upright walk among the members. We find, therefore, a strong evidence of the sincerity of the work of grace in this place, and the caution with which members must have been admitted, in that ten months had elapsed since George was united with this church, before he witnessed the exercise of discipline in a single instance at Pagopago. One, also, he mentioned at Leone before, which terminated in the restoration of its subject to a healthier state of spirit than she had possessed before her fall. This is the intention and the expected result of discipline. It must needs be, that even in the church, so long as it is militant, offences come; but woe to that church which healeth the wounds of its people slightly, or passes them by unheeded! The examples of success in reproof, rebuke, suspension, and exclusion in this little flock, just hedged in from the wilderness, are most encouraging, and worthy the imitation of churches of much older standing in civilized countries. It is

needful that each member of the visible church on earth, have a deep impression of the sacred and invisible union existing between the sacred Head and each particular member. To have respect to this holy union produces carefulness, and fear, and clearing of ourselves, and all the other tokens of vitality. To treat it slightly springs from a spiritless, lifeless condition of soul, and is certainly productive of more death.

It is, probably, the most trying and difficult part of the ministerial office to act faithfully in this matter of discipline. As we see in the case of Manga, already stated, the pain, the perplexity, and the seeking for direction, were not all on the part of the delinquent. Much anxiety and waiting on God were the portion of the pastor; and consequently, when the erring chief proved his true conversion by the line of conduct he adopted under rebuke, the pastor's "joy and gratitude ran over." He had made the case his own, and felt the joy of one of the members when another member rejoices. This is the union for which we ought all to strive, and the experience of which sets a fence round the church, which is too strong for the world and Satan. Without it, the church is as a vineyard whose hedge is broken down; so that it is subject, not to occasional inroads only, but even to be dwelt in and desecrated by the enemy.

Another instance of discipline, which occurred a month later, with equally softening effect on the church, may be alluded to here. The parties were domestic servants in the mission-house, faithful and industrious. One of them had been suspended,

and removed from service, for a cause in no way connected with the present transgression. He found that, however, to lie so heavily on his conscience, that he was constrained to reveal it without enquiry having been made. The journalist states—"The intelligence was received with the most suitable feeling by the poor church—weeping, and searching, and re-resolving to be only Christ's. This has caused us all to tremble; for well may the fir-tree tremble when the cedar is fallen. Several of the members of our family have mourned deeply for some days, often unable to refrain from weeping. May it issue in new reliance on the only source of strength, and utter distrust in ourselves. I feel it deeply. 'Oh, to grace how great a debtor!' Oh, to magnify that grace in every thing—renewed, raised from the dead by the life that is in Jesus!"

"*Dec. 5.*—The scheme adopted for settling native teachers in the heathen villages has, for the present, failed. The two men who went had relations there, and were received, but ordered on no account to bring a teacher. One, however, was sent to Tula, which so enraged Tuli the chief, that when he found himself beaten in argument, and that his absurd and provoking and insulting speeches produced no effect, he leaped on the man who first went with his club, and gave him a severe blow on the neck. Another man also followed his example. The teacher is a man of respectable connexions, and so was saved. They were not allowed to sleep there, but went to a Christian village at a considerable distance. The teacher, a spirited young Christian, nothing daunted, returned in the morning to try to effect an entrance

for himself and doctrine, but was driven off with abuse and insult. Tuli affirms that his people shall not be taught, and he will die a heathen!

It is beautiful to see the young Christians encountering injury and insult, that they may introduce this new way among their neighbours; and it is affecting to observe the uniform animosity against the truth experienced by real heathens, identical with that of nominal Christians among ourselves. Poor fallen man, in every clime the same, is afraid to hear of and to receive his Saviour! Opposition to heathen customs would have led to bloodshed and spoliation; but the calm firmness exhibited by the Christians often baffled, and perplexed, and set at nought the heathen fury. Thus—"Maliatoa is opposed at the Leeward in collecting *toga** for the heathen marriage of his daughter. He is furious, but hitherto the church members have been firm. Some have left the Friday meeting. Lord! assert thine own right, and save."

After mentioning the rash dispute at Tongataboo, in which Captain Croker of H. M. ship Favorite lost his life, and fifteen of his men with him, the journalist proceeds to discuss the conduct of *civilized* sailors in these savage islands. We know from multiplied documents, too painfully authentic, that wrong and butchery have been the necessary consequences of intolerable injury on the part of mariners, and that the perils of our missionaries and of their converts have not so frequently arisen from opposition on the part of the heathen, as from ani-

* A contribution that it was a point of honour to give for an idol sacrifice, feast, and fearful debauch.

mosities and revenge excited by the misdeeds of our own countrymen. While shame and grief groan within us, on hearing of all that civilized men are capable of, and of all that heathen men are excited to, as well as on thinking of all the good thus impeded and frustrated, we look on the deficiency of education and Christian training in England, and find the origin of the evil at home. We feel that a solemn responsibility lies with us, when we reflect that our so-called Christian country sends forth, year by year, multitudes of baptized but uneducated persons, who are ready, on any excitement of the licentious, selfish, or stormy passions, to pour forth their venom. They not only prejudice the heathen mind against the Christian, even before instruction is offered, but overthrow and deface the work of instruction where it has been successfully begun. Under the pressure of such painful views of the state of things, the journal continues—

“It is not denied that foreigners visiting these islands do many wicked things calculated to enrage the natives. The consequence is, that some of them suffer—shall I say justly? I think I may. It is justice among savages. What civilized or even Christian man would not find it difficult to restrain his fury on finding his wife or daughter debauched by a ruthless stranger? And yet the poor injured natives, for entertaining such feelings, are reputed treacherous and ferocious, and are butchered by scores, while they are men *only* of like passions with ourselves; yes, and subjects capable of high improvement both in nature and grace.”

It is barefaced injustice, and barbarism worse than

these poor uncultivated people are guilty of, to land among them against their will, or without consulting it, and do what is certain to enrage them, and then take away the lives of multitudes in revenge for merited punishment.

“How long, O Lord!” continues the afflicted missionary, appealing from the selfishness and baseness of man to Him who is holy, just, and true, and will, in his own good time, break the rod of the oppressor. “When shall the happy day come when none shall hurt or destroy?—when the isles shall all be gathered in, and land and sea unite with one heart and one mind in glorifying a common Saviour and an only God?”

“Lord, prepare my heart for such a time. Make its speedy arrival the object of my earnest desires, and hopes, and aims. Oh, baptize me with thy Holy Spirit, and take full possession of this unstable and erring heart!”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE HURRICANE.

IN the beginning of December Mr Murray had a severe attack of fever, which forced him to rest from his labours and retire to Leone to recruit ; but even there he held the missionary prayer-meeting. In the mean time, the invalid at home being silenced, the people were as sheep having no shepherd—yet their domestic devotions were periods of much feeling, and they entertained strong desire to learn what might be the lesson designed to be conveyed to all by this dispensation. An affliction of another character was just at hand.

These islands, though beyond the latitudes principally exposed to storms, were at this period visited by a hurricane, such as they had not experienced for eight years, at which time Pagopago was laid completely waste, not a house being saved.

“ On Thursday, December 17, from forenoon to midnight, it blew a fearful gale, shifting from the usual course of the trades to about N.W., and again to S.W. Pagopago was sheltered, under the kind providence of God, by the hills, and escaped the extreme violence of the storm. But Leone and

many other villages are completely laid desolate. Here and there a house still stands, but hardly a bread-fruit tree. A few even of the cocoa-nuts are fallen, and very many stripped of leaves and fruit. The poor people bear their affliction admirably, thanking God that no lives are lost.

“ Mr and Mrs Murray were at Leone. Their house was propped on all sides, within and without ; but the gale took the walls, now old and frail, and brought them rattling down upon our dear friends, who had to flee for safety. They went midst wind and rain to the *Fale tale* ; but its roof yielded and rose again, creaking so fearfully, as the gale increased, that a regard for safety soon forced them to leave it. They found a more secure shelter in a strong, low, new house of the chief’s, where they passed the night. The chapel, the largest in Samoa, the school-house, a fine new chapel at Vaitogi, and innumerable other houses, fell. * * Time would fail me to tell the half. The poor natives are collecting their fallen bread-fruit and laying it carefully up for *masi*, as they will for a long time be very badly off for food. They manage, in such cases, to keep life in by wild fruits and roots, yams, *ifis*, (like our chestnuts,) &c. &c.

“ Yesterday afternoon, to my great surprise, Mr and Mrs Murray arrived ; they came, spite of sickness, and roads almost impassable by fallen trees, to help to bear the distress which they supposed we must be suffering here also. Several pioneers preceded them with axes to clear the road of trees, and they had a most fatiguing journey.

“ We have much to be thankful for. If Pagopago

had been desolated, much labour might have been undone which has been expended to bring the people of this district to reside here as much as possible. Its present safety will likely encourage removal to it. The poor Camden ! She is in good hands. Oh, that she may reach us soon in safety !”

The coming of the Camden often engaged his thoughts, and found a place in his journal—giving token of the homesick heart, and of hope deferred ; and nothing less engrossing and consoling than the view of what was going on around him, could at all have withdrawn him from themes which only added to his sense of privation. Do Christians at home sympathize as becomes them with missionaries in their sacrifices ? Do they make their feelings and comfort enough the subject of their prayers ? If even when the dew from heaven is causing the seed they sow to spring, and substituting the love and help of their own spiritual children for all that they have left at home ; if even then the yearnings of the heart are painful and often deeply mournful, what must they be when instead of fruit they have barrenness—in requital of their love, hatred—in return for their offered peace, war ? Our tender invalid may be too delicate a specimen to represent the feeling of the healthful and vigorous missionary in general ; but still the homeward heart is true to nature, and his feelings, as we have reason to know, in kind, if not in degree, represent those of many a child of God estranged for the gospel's sake from his fatherland. It does not follow that, because a sacrifice is made in the noblest cause, and for the holiest and kindest of purposes, it is not felt, or that its being

felt detracts from its value. The very feeling hallows and enhances the sacrifice, and gives it a chastening power. There were other white men in the islands who felt as George Lundie did when he expressed himself thus—

“ My heart beats at the thought of the Camden, surely now very near, and charged with many precious letters for me. Oh, my beloved mother! The grave—has it not closed its mouth on some whom I left in my circle of friends in my native land? Which of you, oh, tell me which!—but it is better that I should not at present know.”

Such mournful musings were but passing, though pungent. But the exercises of the soul were deeper still, and of a nature to carry instruction to his seniors in the Christian life. On a Saturday evening he thus wrote—“ I enjoyed, when alone, some very earnest seasons of devotion, but do not feel that I have thoroughly embraced my Saviour. ‘ To be with Christ, which is far better,’ struck me very much, when I found how unreal and vague all my notions of being with Christ are. The first three chapters of Philippians have served me for meditation and prayer for a good many evenings. Oh, that the Lord would take possession of me! Oh, that I could delight in the thought of seeing Jesus face to face! Oh, to feel as nothing—or worse—an insignificant, yet abominable and hateful speck, infinitely distant from God, and yet brought near and saved by the blood of Jesus!”

“ *December 25.*—The Lord has heard the prayers which have not ceased to ascend on behalf of the Camden’s expedition, and has more than answered

them thus far. A schooner, much distressed by the late storm, put in here to refit. She left the Camden safe at anchor at Tahiti on the 7th, and brought a letter from Mr Heath telling of his complete success in his objects at the various islands.

* * * * *

“Thus far has the Lord prospered their way, and we expect in his good providence to see them shortly. Much joy was excited among many of the natives when they heard of the favourable reception of native teachers on various islands, and they at once and gratefully acknowledged this answer to their prayers.

“And who shall go on the next expedition, or what shall be on the morrow, I cannot tell. We have for long concluded that Mr Murray’s life depends upon thorough rest and change of scene, and therefore anticipate his leaving by the Camden. Till lately, our idea was, that I should be left with Mrs Murray, to do what I can to carry on the work with native teachers, and by means of frequent help from Matthew.”

A week after this, he mentions the weakness of his chest being such that he could not speak or pray “with any degree of earnestness, without the most distressing fatigue, and unfitness for any thing.” He was, therefore, quite unequal to any charge, and his good friends had too much concern for the work of the mission to leave it in such feeble hands. Oh, that he had but learned faith’s consoling secret—to lay his weary head and heavy heart on Jesus, and taste the rest which he bestows on the soul!

In the first days of the year 1841 he wrote his

heart-searching and lonely anticipations, praying—
“Oh, may I be prepared for whatever is before me, and supported in every difficulty! may I be guided aright in whatever depends on my choice or judgment—the only enquiry on all such occasions being, ‘What is the path of duty? where can I most serve my heavenly master?’ All before me is cloudy and uncertain. Oh, for guidance, and entire resignation and acquiescence in the will of God! * *

“I have had some sweet thoughts of friends at home—trying to picture to myself their circumstances, and participate in their joys. I know they have thought of and prayed for me. Dear Mary! who was of your Christmas and New-Year’s party, and who were joined in your prayer-meetings? I have tried to join you. Oh, may we all be blessed! May we be found in Jesus, and surely meet again! My dearest mother! Oh, to see you and speak with you. If I am a new creature, we shall joyfully meet in heaven—not till then. It is more than a year since I had letters, and then they were five months old. The Camden cannot now be far off.”

This view into the secret and intimate heart of the stranger, is given with the design of stirring up the sympathies of our home churches for those who have gone to form churches abroad. This dear youth has gone to his place; his loves and regrets, his hopes and his fears, have perished. But let it be ever on the hearts of those who send forth the missionary, that it belongs to them to sustain and console him on his path. If the coming of the Camden was an object anticipated for months, what need to provide that its coming bring much to cheer

the spirit, and much tender sympathy with it! What need of new books, and new intelligence, and new supplies of all necessaries! What need of renewed assurances of the prayers, and grateful remembrance, and hopeful observation, of the churches at home!

A letter to his brother in New South Wales, which was published in the *Christian Herald*, gives a bird's-eye view of the events which happened in the island at this time, and may be usefully introduced here.

To his Brother.

“Tutuila, Samoa, Jan. 15, 1841.

“As to myself, my dear brother, time has passed rapidly since I first saw Samoa. Months here are gone before we are well aware of their commencement; and all of them, clouded and bright, tell of the goodness of the Lord. I am sorry to say, however, that my first object in coming here (the attainment of health) has not been so completely accomplished as we expected. At the end of our voyage I was really strong, and all seemed to promise fair for the future. The climate is delightful, especially at Pagopago, which is situated at the head of our beautiful harbour, and receives *the trades* almost constantly, as through a funnel. It is perhaps the most healthy station in the islands. I do not mean to say that there are not days, occasionally, which are oppressively hot, so near the line as we are; these, however, are rare, and we can often be out even at mid-day. I continued pretty well for nearly four months, and then, having

attained some little knowledge of the language, I began to use it among the natives. Finding no immediate evil consequence follow smaller exertion, I went on to greater ; and, pressed by the necessity of the case, twice, in Mr Murray's absence at Leone, I preached at Pagopago, with an interval of three weeks. This I did, urged by the wants and anxiety of the people, and almost without looking to consequences, which a little knowledge of the true nature of my malady would have enabled me almost infallibly to predict. The result which did follow proved to my formerly incredulous friends, that my statements about my internal infirmities were not imaginary. Hemorrhage in the chest returned on me, and I was almost laid on the shelf. Soon after this, Mr Slatyer determined on building himself a house at Leone ; and, being good for nothing else, I was appointed architect and superintendent of works, as he knew less than even I do about such matters. The plan was made, the timber needed was apportioned among the villages, to be felled and brought to the station. Two saw-pits were started, and I had the driving on of the whole—calculating, lining for the saws, measuring, &c. I should have had the making of the roof-frames, and putting the whole together, if strength had been permitted ; but I soon found that even the former part of the work was too much for me ; and just when I had determined to leave it to Mr Slatyer, whose other engagements must have obliged him to neglect it, an English carpenter, who had been hitherto most annoying to every thing good, had his heart broken under Mr Slatyer's preaching, and now is his faith-

ful adherent, and willing to do every thing for the cause of Christ. This filled all of us, and the natives too, with astonishment; and we praised the Lord for it. Since then, I have been better and worse. The only assistance I can now render to Mr Murray, is in relieving him of the care of the sick. The medical department has been mine almost from the beginning. There is a new work put into our hands within the last month, owing to the rude treatment we received at the hand of a desolating storm. Many of the villages were partially protected by the hills, although the wind ran more than half round the compass; but on the others it vented double fury, laying low immense numbers of houses and acres of bread-fruit. Leone suffered very much. The missionaries and their wives, who were all there at the time, were driven out of their house by the walls falling in; and the chapel, capable of containing nearly twelve hundred people, was fairly overturned. This chapel being of native construction, and of such extent, had been very fatiguing to the preacher; and so, your servant being architect, we are about to erect a new one, with galleries all round, to contain a greater number of people; being the same breadth, and about a third of the length of the first. I, however, have only undertaken to make the plans, having firmly refused to put myself into the temptation of being near the works."

The church which the hurricane had blown down was, we believe, the same which Williams found there ready erected some years before, waiting for the sending of a teacher. Such trust and expecta-

tion were never disappointed. The same preparation for the reception of a teacher, when they knew neither how to procure nor to sustain him, has been repeatedly made by Scottish emigrants in the island of Cape Breton; and there, as at Leone, the expectation of the poor hath not perished—teachers have been sent to occupy the places prepared for them.

The journal proceeds—“ I had to prepare a sermon for yesterday, which Peta preached. Subject, ‘ The grain of mustard-seed.’ It was, upon the whole, an interesting meeting. I was ashamed and very low-spirited on account of the very poor discourse I had provided, and I was much rejoiced when, after all, poor Peta delivered it well, and the people seemed to feel it deeply.”

We find, again, a record of the difficulty of legislating amongst a people who had previously owned no law but the despotic will of the chiefs, and whose powers of generalization were still but feeble. The meek wisdom and unflinching consistency of the teacher, not knowing to give flattering titles to the powerful, but dealing with all men as responsible to God, succeeded at times beyond his own hopes. What is said of Manga below can only be explained, in connexion with his resolution at page 132, by the supposition, that though then he promised to separate from the second wife, he had lingered on till now in a state of hesitation, feeling the duty very hard. We give the passage as we find it, because it furnishes a strong example of two great difficulties to be encountered in forming a church, and training a society to dwell together according to the laws of Christ:—first,

overcoming the pernicious custom of polygamy ; and second, dealing with the chiefs in the same manner as with the most abject of their subjects.

“ Last Thursday, the discourse delivered by Taito was directed principally towards the chiefs, to strengthen their hands in the administration of impartial justice. They had appointed a heavy fine to be paid by J——, formerly mentioned, as a punishment for adultery. Manga came to Mr Murray to ask about its propriety, thinking he was doing something very good in imposing the fine. However, Mr Murray told him plainly that *he* must suffer the first punishment ; because he is living in daily crime. This startled him. We went to one of the chiefs, and told him how wrong it is of the administrators of justice to pass the crime of the chief and punish the common man, &c. This he laid before the *Fono* (council.) Its propriety was at once perceived, and the poor fellows were in a sad dilemma—all wishing to do right ; but their reverence for their chief making them revolt from the idea of punishing him.

“ After sermon on Friday, Mr Murray gave a most spirited and fearless address, showing what was right, and urging to it. The effect was powerful ; and no doubt Manga will either separate from his unlawful wife, or lose the chiefship, and be driven from this society. Poor man ! his is a difficult case. He seems anxious to do right ; but loves this woman, and dislikes his married wife. Mr Murray (as well as many natives) has talked with, and advised him. He takes all well, but cannot make up his mind.

“It was thus, almost constantly, in the earlier stages of the mission. Public opinion has been gradually changed by constant pressing upon criminal customs at the Friday meetings; and often has a rousing discourse, directed against some practical evil, taken effect at once. Caution, in adapting admonition to circumstances, is most needful.”

CHAPTER XXIX.

NATIVE HONESTY.

WE here introduce another letter, previously printed in the *Hera'd*, which recapitulates the work of grace in Tutuila, and gives a compressed view of its effect, not on church members alone, but on those still adhering, in some respects, to heathen customs. It also mentions the conduct of an English captain, which it would be a relief to pass by entirely; for it is painful to put the manners of our countryman in shameful contrast with the demeanour of the recently barbarous people of Samoa. But it is for the honour of the gospel to show, that the Christianized barbarian has risen to the character of the true man, while the unchristian civilized man has sunk to the level of the savage.

To his Mother.

“ Apia, Upolu, Jan. 29, 1841.

“ I rejoice to hear of the progress of true religion in dear Scotland. Kilsyth is a favoured spot, and possesses additional interest, as the scene of a similar work in former times. W. Burns was secretary of

our Students' Missionary Society the last winter I spent in Glasgow. It is delightful to hear that he has been the means of such good, first in his father's parish, and then in Dundee. Jedburgh I was prepared to hear of as the seat of signal displays of grace, from the character of its pastor. Dear Kelso, too, seems to have a share.* Oh, that the length and breadth of my dear native land were filled with the glory of the Lord! Surely the showers at present descending will excite all who really love the Lord, to seek earnestly for their continuance and extension. Why should a relapse and pernicious reaction so often follow a revival? You have already learned that, though far from Scottish revivals, I am not in a parched and barren land, where there is no water. The Lord had graciously visited Tutuila before I reached it; but his power has been still more signally displayed since that time. Before I could quite follow the native service, there were several shakings. Then, I could not trace the effect directly to its cause; since that, however, I have had great delight in seeing how the close, searching, and startling addresses of dear Mr Murray, reached the hearts of the auditors. We have seen them sit in most solemn and riveted attention during great part of a long discourse, and then, one and another, no longer able to restrain the bursting feelings of their hearts, would cry aloud, and faint away; and ere long, as if the house were shaken with 'a rushing mighty wind,' almost the whole would be melted

* It must be remembered, that these remarks refer to the state of parishes more than five years since.

and broken down, in the most piercing cries and deep-drawn groans. At another time, the stillness and breathless earnestness of the whole assembly would call to mind the great day of account, when all shall stand before the Judge, and this would continue from beginning to end unbroken ; but the village, and the jungle around, would afterwards resound for hours (more than once it has done so during the whole of the night) with the weeping and lamentations of sinners newly come to a knowledge of their awful state. And again, on the next opportunity of assembling, when Mr Murray appeared from the privacy of close communion with Him who wields the hearts of all men—breathing, as it were, the very air of deep devotion, and his emaciated face and heavy sigh showing but too well how he laboured, being in travail for souls, the excitement would be immediately renewed. On his merely pronouncing a few words, with a view of inducing preparedness of spirit for the service, or reading a few sentences from the Word of God, all at once, as by some wondrous sympathetic influence, the assembly would be melted down, and the softest feeling expressed by deep sighs and sobs, which, for twenty or thirty minutes, would put a stop to the public service. We always observed signs of an especial spirit of prayer among the pious people before such seasons as these ; and this devotional tendency Mr Murray made it his constant endeavour to excite and encourage, placing sole reliance on the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and feeling assured that to earnest prayer this would never be denied. And, oh, how often have we been called to adore that grace which condescends to

acknowledge the feeblest efforts of the feeblest and most unworthy of its subjects, and so abundantly to respond to them ! At the times of these especial awakenings, we were constrained, though Mr Murray's weak state of health rendered him very unfit for it, to hold meetings every day ; in which, addresses, laying the truth simply open, as represented in different parts of Scripture, and urging its personal acceptance, were interspersed with prayer and praise. The assistance of some of the more advanced natives was often made use of, as Mr Murray was physically incapable of doing the whole of such arduous and deeply exciting work : and then we had an opportunity of remarking, that while the Spirit was at work in the hearts of the formerly unenlightened, awakening them to a sense of sin and danger, those who had already ' tasted that the Lord is gracious,' were not unvisited, but were in many instances enabled to forget every thing else in their love for souls, and in the exalted sense they had of the love of Jesus.

“ As to the fruits of this wonderful excitement, in which chiefly we must look for the proof of its genuineness as a work of grace, these have been of no equivocal nature. It is true, that many have been affected to weeping, and the like, at times, who have not afterwards given signs of true conversion ; this may be accounted for on the ground of natural sympathy : but very many others have given satisfactory evidence of a change of heart. They are emphatically '*new men*,'—' clothed, and in their right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus ;' having formerly exhibited all that is ferocious, filthy, and

diabolical, in the character of the heathen and savage. The congregation at Pagopago varies from one thousand to thirteen hundred ; and it is even larger at Leone. There are upwards of five hundred in the island baptized ; having given satisfactory evidence of newness of heart, along with humble profession of faith in Christ. Not quite half of that number, however, are in full communion ; as Mr Murray's plan is, to detain the baptized for a month or two in a probationary state, before final admission to the Church ; and his severe illness has prevented him from having the necessary private conferences with them.

“ As to the church, it comes nearer the Scriptural idea of a true church than any other I know any thing of. It is separate from the world ; and, as ‘ a city set on a hill, it cannot be hid.’ No sooner is a new member received than he is enlisted on the side of the Lord against the mighty, and his energies directed to the advancement of the kingdom of Jesus. If any one so acts or speaks as to make it clear that he has been either deceived or deceiving, and is not truly changed, he is excluded from the flock. This has only happened in four or five instances since Mr Murray's church was formed. It is one of the most painful things that can happen ; but is generally attended with decided advantage, leading to watchfulness and prayer, like Paul's Letter to the Corinthians.

“ But the benefit of these rich displays of sovereign mercy is by no means confined to those who have been so evidently wrought upon as to be numbered among the professing followers of the Lamb. The moral change which all who have renounced

heathenism and joined in the worship of God have undergone, is very conspicuous. Of this we have abundant proof wherever we turn among the people, in the look of activity and comparative intelligence, which has taken the place of the dull, stupid gaze, and haughty, self-complacent look, which used to characterise them; and, indeed, in every part of their bearing and conduct. But you will be better able to judge of the amount of this change, if I relate to you some of the circumstances attending the wreck of a whaler, which took place a few months ago at the mouth of our harbour. The vessel was thrown away, many think on purpose. She floated for some hours after first striking; and, of course, many people were about and upon her. The surface of the water was strewn with floating goods—pigs, fowls, clothes, food, &c. &c.; and all, as well as the ship's crew, were in the power of the natives. Many natives rescued articles, and carried them home—and some of the pigs were forthwith baked and eaten: but there was nothing like violence in any case, I believe; and the captain and men were allowed to secure whatever they could, in the circumstances—or rather, were much assisted in doing so.

“The ship went down, and the captain naturally wanted his goods; so Mr Murray, first of all through the native teachers (with one of whom every village is supplied,) informed all the respectable people that they could not continue members of the Friday meeting, to which only outwardly respectable persons are admitted, unless they consented to deliver up to their rightful owner all the things they had rescued. To this announcement there was but one

answer:—‘ We will not steal, for we fear God ; we will collect all together, and restore it to the captain,’ or ‘ chief,’ as they call him. And not one was excluded from the Friday meeting, though its members exceed one thousand. The next thing was, to secure restoration on the part of those who were not members of that body ; and this was immediately and spontaneously set about by the chiefs of Pago-pago, the metropolis of the district. They first consulted us as to the right and wrong of the matter, then held meetings themselves, and spent more than a week in going through the villages, and causing every article to be delivered up. Some persons in one large village were refractory, and were punished by losing two for one pig they had seized. Five years ago, or less, not even a Samoan canoe, much less a foreign vessel, would have been spared. They would have killed any man who offered the least resistance, and carried off whatever they could lay hands on. This is their own account, and that of all who sail these seas.

“ O mother ! how continually I am made ashamed among these dear people ! I often have ‘ The queen of the south shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it,’ brought to mind. How often have I longed that you might be among us, to have your heart rejoiced ! But, perhaps, your own parish is by this time the scene of a similar work. That it may be so, for all your sakes, is my constant prayer. The Christian must be separate, and easily distinguishable from the world, if he make it his endeavour to live according to the mind of Christ. This is sadly forgotten in dear Scotland.

Were it remembered and acted upon, Christianity might at first lose some of its outward adherents, but the Church would soon assume a new and glorious appearance, and Satan's kingdom would melt before her.

“ I have already told you much of how your dear old friend Archy Murray has been honoured of the Lord ; and now I tell you, that, by the concurrence of his brethren of this mission, it falls to him, for this voyage, to occupy the place which Mr Williams, when with us, so nobly filled. He is to take nine native teachers to reinforce old stations, and form new ones. He received the appointment in a most delightful way, professing his readiness to do any thing for Christ, and his sole reliance for direction and guidance on his Father in heaven.

“ The present meeting of the brethren has been a long and interesting one. Three days were entirely occupied with business, except the portion devoted to religious exercises. Among other things, a resolution was passed, in which the brethren virtually pledged themselves to refrain from every thing like trading in cattle, horses, or in native or foreign produce. This was suggested by the evil effect which engaging in such occupations has produced on some other missions.

“ Another resolution was, the appropriation of one whole day, at each meeting, to such exercises as may tend to personal spirituality, and thus bear on the mission,—rendering this as necessary a part of the business as any thing else, and securing it from the intrusion of more secular matters.

“ At Mr Hardie's station on Savaii, the good work

prosper greatly, not in a violent form, but silently and steadily. There are now two hundred and eleven members, and as many candidates. Some of the other stations go on but slowly. This is evident to me, that when the missionary is of a highly spiritual character, (*ceteris paribus*,) things prosper, and, in proportion as he recedes from this, prosperity diminishes."

The above details in reference to the wreck, show how much temptation was cast before the natives. What concerns us is, to learn how good is brought out of evil, how faith is made victorious over temptation, and how the practice of that which is right elevates and cheers the heart, while it strengthens principle. The journal, on this subject, observes — "The active measures adopted in regard to the goods of the wreck, have procured for the chiefs a new standing, to make up for that lost by the cessation of wars and other heathenish practices. They have also acquired a degree of moral decision for themselves; so that upon the whole, to them as well as to all the *self-denying* people, moral good is done. We are amazed and delighted with the honesty displayed, and the apparently little regard they attach to any thing which is brought into competition with their spiritual interests. Captain —— would do right if he distributed £60 worth of goods among them as the salvage of five tons of oil. This, however, he will not do."

"The Unity is just about to sail. She takes off the island the captain and some of his train, of which we are all heartily glad."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE CAMDEN IN PORT.

THE Camden!—She is observed as a speck on the horizon—she swells on the view as distance diminishes—she nears the expectant shore! Yes, it is she!—the same tight little brig that has traversed so many thousand miles of ocean, that has weathered so many storms, that has carried so many stores, that has distributed so many teachers, that has been the subject of so many petitions, that has sent up so many prayers. Hail her entrance within your reef; cast her anchor in your calm tide, ye expectants of the lonely isle!—She is your link to home, your bond to the civilized world—she restores for a time to your sight some dear brethren whom the circle of the year brings to your view but once. She brings also new faces, new men, but not strangers, for they are already brethren, united in the same covenant of peace, and come forth on the same errand.

On Saturday the 23d of January the good ship anchored at Pagopago, after an extensive and prosperous voyage, during which nine teachers were left at different stations. And now the missionaries are congregated once more at Apia, in the island of

Upolu. Again have Mr and Mrs Mill the joy of giving a welcome of truly British hospitality to all the brethren. Their consultations for the arrangements of the succeeding year are going on; but first a whole day is set apart to seek the Lord and his strength—a day of solemn devotional exercises. And then come the mutual reports—the number of islands that have received teachers—the number of districts that have renounced their heathen practices—the number of chiefs that have countenanced Christian instruction—the number of people learning to read—the number who have been deemed prepared for the initiatory rite of baptism—the number united as church members—the number enquiring—the number hopeful—and then the aggregate. Weighty calculations! solemn numbering of their gains! Gains for eternity—souls won from the power of the wicked one—trophies for the royal diadem of the Prince of Peace.

We must not stay to draw the contrast between this meeting and a meeting of merchants to compute their profits; or between the emaciated but love-beaming countenance of the missionary, and the keen sharp business eye of the merchant. Or between the term during which the successes of the one will minister to his enjoyment, and that better and enduring substance which shall but begin to be fully known and completed, when this world and its merchandise shall be reduced to ashes. But it would furnish a meditation which might be very profitably followed out.

Gratitude, confidence, and joy, fill the hearts of the consulting pastors—mingled, as they will ever

be in the wilderness, with the bitter herb of anxiety, carefulness, and regrets; but they have the main-spring of action vigorous within, and the guiding pillar of cloud over-head, and all their projects are onward and upward—there is no turning back. It is determined that Heath shall return to his island station at Manono, and Murray recruit his failing powers, at the time that he does the work of the mission, by filling for a season the office of superintendent; and after much refreshing intercourse, and many counsels taken for the benefit of the infant churches among which they are the lamps, each returns to his place and resumes his office, as appointed, for another year. But among its precious freight, the Camden brought letters. Those longed-for packets have been distributed to their rightful owners; and swift as the clouds pass over and by turns darken or brighten the face of the sky, so swiftly do the countenances of the readers indicate that tidings glad or mournful are conveyed to them. Oh, thou warp and woof of life—ye mingling threads of joy and sorrow—how could the frail human thing endure you, were it not for the solemn, certain, and joyful truth, that the coming of the Lord draweth nigh! Lord, let thy kingdom come!

Among the letter-readers, how tremulously does the apprehensive eye of George Lundie fix, amid his large bundle, on that conspicuously and purposely margined and sealed with black! How does his trembling hand turn first to the address to assure himself that the writer, at least, is not the one out of the circle of his love that he is to mourn for! But let the journal and his letters tell:—

“But oh, what shall I say of letters so much longed for! I had not read the first of a large packet, till I was ready to wish that they had never come. The shock was awful. My beloved sister Mary gone—carried off in fourteen days! My dear mother near her for a week, but not once recognised by her first-born! Oh, to be with you for an hour—those, I mean, who are left of you—to mingle tears and sympathies! Oh, for one hour with you! I try to say it is well, and to thank the Lord that He reigneth. I cannot doubt that the awful event has already been sanctified to some of you. But I cannot now go on, I am so poorly. Many interesting letters. Revivals advancing in Scotland; ‘Intrusion’ or Patronage question hotly agitated, but seeming gloriously to prosper. But nothing interests me as it should, after the sad event. Oh, that it may be sanctified to me—oh, to meet her in heaven! She was very *lovely*—but now pure, immortal, sinless.”

The crowded family of Mr Mill, at the moment, did not even afford him a place where to weep; and the tender mourner was restricted even in the expression of his thoughts on paper at the time, by a severe cough, as is proved by his letter, written at many sittings. It opens with his sorrow, but closes with the progress of spiritual work and the victories of truth.

To his Mother.

“Apia, Jan. 1841.

“I would fain write to you, and pour out the swelling feelings of my heart. My tears would gush

to relieve the inward effort which it requires to unfold, thus imperfectly and slowly, all that a tender son would say to an absent and bereaved mother. But even this I cannot now indulge in, for I sit at a table surrounded by others, who cannot appreciate aright the cause of my ill-restrained emotion. Oh, had I the wings of a dove, I'd fly to you, my mother, to some quiet spot where you and your children might mingle sympathies, and strive together to raise our hearts and desires up to that place where Mary rests! She knows no more pain or grief. Her highest hopes are far more than realized. Her tender anxious heart, no longer wounded, undistressed, bathes in the full sunshine of that love which was her only source of peace and rest below. I have a short letter from her, written two months before she fell asleep, in which she rejoices in the fulness and freeness of the Saviour's love, trampling on the bare thought of any merit of her own, and rejoicing to ascribe all—all to the tender, long-suffering compassion of her Jesus. If we looked more at her fitness for a mansion of bliss above than at her eminent qualifications to fill an honourable and useful place below, we might be less stunned with astonishment and grief to hear that she is taken away. Her voice seems now to cheer me from on high, while she urges us all to keep our eyes upon the prize that she has already won, and our hearts and hopes firmly grounded on Him who was her strength and is her great salvation. She exclaims, 'Weep not! weep not for me!' No, Mary—we will not weep for you; the day has been when you needed sympathy and consolation, though even then your generous and self-

denying heart would have avoided giving pain to obtain it. But now your Saviour is your perfect joy, and God the Lord has already wiped away all your tears.

“ Oh, how much she loved us all ! I never could, nor can I now, tell why she loved me so *very much*. I don't mean that I had a larger share than any of you ; but only I never could see any reason for it in my case, except what was to be found in the flowing tenderness and benevolence of her own heart. She seemed to have attained a high degree of that free spontaneous love, which was her joy as exhibited in her Saviour. And though unkindness or want of consideration had sorely wounded her—to which we know, from the refinement of her feelings, she was but too liable—in the midst of our youthful thoughtlessness ; still her own kindness would have the mastery, and, instead of her resisting or complaining, her gentle goodness would melt us down.
* * * O mother ! who would live always ? Who would have one's home and dwelling-place here below ? If this were the way, I fear you and I should never meet again. But we shall all be reunited hereafter, if we follow her who is taken away, as she followed Christ.

“ I came here by the Camden for change, and to consult some of the brethren who have medical skill. I am now using means to remove my cold. Mr Heath talks of my staying with him at Manono for some months, but that will be settled by and by. In the mean time all are very kind and brotherly.”

In a letter dated Feb. 13, he refers again to his health ; and it is a pleasing duty to quote from it,

thus to convey another expression of gratitude to Mr Murray, and also to Dr Palmer of the ship Peacock, one of the American exploring expedition which was then in the South Seas. No cup of cold water, no act of brotherly kindness, is lost. The conduct of the exploring expedition, as referred to by various missionaries and British seamen in the South Pacific, does honour to the United States. One instance of their kindness had long since been acknowledged had there been a way open for doing so : especially to Dr Palmer, whose soothing attentions and useful prescriptions to an exiled invalid, are written on hearts that will not in this world meet him to express their gratitude.

Letter.

“ Apia, Feb. 13.

“ As to me, the Lord has dealt very kindly with me, and given me, for the last ten months, *a home* in the house of Mr Murray. Here I have been uniformly treated with the utmost kindness, and have been privileged to see the wondrous working of God in the soul of man, and, I hope, have derived some personal advantage from it. I have reason, however, to be ashamed that this is so small. I am now better than when I wrote to my mother—my cold and cough having given way under the use of vigorous means. While we have been detained here, a part of the American exploring squadron has put in to Apia to finish a survey of the island formerly begun.

“ On board of the Peacock is a very kind, and, we are told, a skilful physician, Dr Palmer, who strongly advises me to leave Samoa on account of

the frequency of rain, and reside for a while on Tahiti or the Sandwich isles. John Williams, son of the late lamented missionary, has himself a schooner of 120 tons, and intends soon to sail for Rarotonga and Tahiti. I might go with him, but, among other objections, I should be cast among strangers, though Christians. In these islands the rainy season is nearly over. So I may, perhaps, remain till the return of the Camden. Dr Palmer tells me he does not think I shall ever be strong enough to preach, but with care may enjoy good health. Thus the way of usefulness seems almost closed to me. Oh, that some door might be opened, and that my heart were in such a state as joyfully to make use of any open door!

“What is worthy to occupy the energies of a human being who believes he is redeemed by grace, but to be employed as directly as possible in his Redeemer’s cause? You will answer, Nothing! Oh, no—nothing! This is the genuine spirit of Christianity. The love of Christ is a constraining love, and begets love for souls. I am convinced that, in proportion as our desire is sincere to be used in the cause of Christ, just so far shall we be sedulous in improving the opportunities which we possess, however small.

“*Feb. 22.*—A word to say farewell. We are again on Tutuila. It is very late. I am glad to tell you that my cough is almost gone. It was this that prevented me from writing a far longer letter to you; and now that I can sit and write without pain, the time is past, for the Camden weighs anchor at sunrise. I have at length decided to remain on Tutuila,

as I feel much stronger than I did. Whether the expedition on which Mr Murray with his wife and little Willie go, may occupy six months or ten, is uncertain yet, as it depends on arrangements to be made at Sydney. During this time, however, if I retain a measure of health, the care of this station will devolve on me. Of course, I cannot speak in public. My duties will be chiefly with the teachers in private. When they are instructed and provided with a subject and its divisions, they make excellent discourses. A vein of genuine feeling and earnest desire for the welfare of souls never fails to show itself in their attempts. Oh, I have a heavy responsibility now upon me! May I be assisted from on high! It is a blessed work."

On the subject of his young friend remaining behind, Mr Murray wrote—"We were very sorry to leave George alone at Pagopago; and though I was glad, for the sake of the poor people, when he made up his mind to remain, and though I thought that, all things considered, he could hardly do better, yet I did not urge him at all to this step. When the Camden again visits Sydney, it may be a different season of the year, when he will not be exposed to the cold of winter on going there."

CHAPTER XXXI.

LEFT ALONE.

“But oh! thy heart, thou home-sick man,
With saddest thoughts runs o'er,
Sitting, as fades the evening wan,
Silently at thy door.
Yet that poor hut upon the wild,
A stone beneath the tree,
And souls to Heaven's love reconciled,—
These are enough for thee.”

HOWITT.

Now was the time come to test the work, whether it was of God or of the world. Outward restraints were withdrawn, as well as outward motives. The wind, which had been in the sails, was likely to slacken. The teacher through whom it was conveyed was removed, and with him any secular motive which might tempt to an insincere profession; and it is with heartfelt thankfulness that we see the new-born tribes standing the test nobly.

Formerly they had been taught to go, leaning step by step on the arm of their missionary. Now they were to acquire a firmer gait, looking unto Jesus, and of themselves planting their feet in the way of his steps. How like their former savage habits would it have been, to despise and neglect

the pallid and drooping stranger who remained. They might have cast him out to perish, and possessed themselves of his goods ; or, they might so have contemned his counsels and outraged his feelings, as to render existence amongst them a misery. But it was not so ; they were better taught. They, who restored the goods taken from the wreck to a profligate sailor, were not likely to injure a hair of the head of a lonely Christian. They, who had learned that the eye of the Holy One was ever upon them, could not sin wilfully because of the removal of a human eye. And they, who had tasted that Christ was precious, had also learned the Christian sympathies of brotherhood, which are stronger than the ties of kindred.

“ *Journal, Pagopago, February 23.*—We had last evening a very pleasant prayer-meeting, which seemed to lift even my heavy heart a little, and this morning I was torn from dear Mr and Mrs Murray with hardly a parting word.”

“ *February 24.*—Yesterday morning, the Camden sailed from our harbour with its small but precious band of missionary voyagers. The day was beautiful, and every thing favourable for the commencement of the voyage. The light clouds, which veiled the fierceness of the sun, smiled on the quiet sea below, just ruffled by a favourable breeze ; while mountain and valley, with their rich and waving mass of foliage, seemed to conspire to drive regret from the heart.

“ With scarce a word of sweet farewell, I rushed abruptly through a band of weeping Christians from the boat, and, taking refuge in my little room, tried

to relieve my burdened bosom at the throne of grace. I then climbed to my favourite seat below a tree, from which the bay is visible in all its still and beautiful extent. Here, with a pained heart, I watched the boat as it slowly glided through the lake-like waters, till the bending harbour hid it from my view.

“The valedictory address of the compassionate Redeemer to his little flock of followers, was sweet and soothing to me. But still my heart seems but half awake. I seem not at all to realize my circumstances. Oh, that the Lord would descend upon me in his abounding mercy, like rain upon the mown grass, and like showers that water the earth!

“While all nature sweetly smiles, all that has mind around me is downcast at the separation from him whom they call ‘father.’ Their sorrow, however, is not unmingled; many seem heartily to appreciate the object of the expedition. These, while they cannot but weep, still give him up with joy, leaning on the arm of a Father who cannot be removed to a distance.

“Soon after the boat had pushed off, I took a walk through the bush, and was refreshed and melted to hear, at several places, the voice of earnest prayer; as if groups of two or three had retired to the thicket together, to relieve their swelling feelings, by commending those who journey and those who remain to the care of an ever present God.

“A number of the dear people, after all was past, forgot their own sorrows to come and sympathize with mine. They assured me their affection for Mr

Murray did not exclude me from their hearts, and that I must be strong and courageous, or they would all be weak. I told them if their 'compassion' was real, they would not cease to pray for me; and I am sure many petitions will daily seek audience at the eternal throne, through our intercessor, on my behalf. They dwelt with much satisfaction on the subject of Mr Murray's farewell sermon, 'I commend you to God,' &c., and seemed to derive solid comfort from the thought that they are committed to God. 'Our parent is gone,' is their constant address to me; 'but God our Saviour will not leave us.'

"From this, too, I try to derive my strength, knowing that God is most perfectly acquainted with all that is before me, and trusting that it is He who has called me to this share of his work—knowing that my weakness and utter inability to do any thing in his service, without his efficient aid, is all open before him. I strive to look to him alone for help, and to trust in his all-sufficient grace. This forenoon was chiefly occupied in attending to sick people, who crowded on me in great numbers, not having had their wants supplied for four weeks past. I was sickly also myself—owing, I suppose, to the fatigue of body, mind, and heart, of the last few days.

"This afternoon we had a well-attended and interesting meeting. Peta read and commented on the 121st Psalm; and Taita gave a sort of lecture on some verses in John xiv.—passages which I had selected as suitable to the occasion. Both the speakers did well, and much attention, with not a

little feeling, was manifested by the people. My sigh is this—Oh, for wisdom from on high, for faith in God, and for a heart filled with grace! Without these I cannot sustain the responsibility that rests upon me.

“*March 1.*—I was abruptly summoned to Leone on Thursday week, on account of the severe illness of Mrs Slatyer. A kind Providence has blessed the means used for her relief. Arrangements were made more than once for my return, when prolonged illness detained me. I was touched to hear, that, in spite of the stormy weather, a canoe from Fagatogo, manned by the same village, with the chief at their head, had waited for me at Tafuna one day when my going was prevented; Mr Murray’s canoe being at present from home.

“I had sent on Tantani with a discourse for Wednesday afternoon at Pago; and with instructions to commit to Teava the Friday service, should my coming still be prevented. In this event, too, Peta is to be there on Friday, to receive instructions for Sabbath.

“I feel solicitude for the dear people who are left partly in my charge. May they be kept from all evil, and advance in good; and may I have grace faithfully to discharge every duty in my power to them! My reports of them are but vague, my messenger being Paulo, the Savage islander. The winds are baffling for dear Mr and Mrs Murray. The Lord direct their way and shield their heads!

“We have laid the foundation-stone of Mr Slatyer’s new chapel. The people and the two Englishmen employed, work with pleasure and spirit.

“It was, in more points of view than one, both gratifying and deeply affecting to me, to revisit dear deserted Pagopago again. I have received no reports but pleasing ones, except that the ‘land’ of Aoa refuses to receive Vasa the new teacher, insisting on retaining Lintoa, whom it was judged proper to remove. The heathen of the ‘land’ are the actors, the nominally Christian being unconcerned. Their opposition, however, may be as short-lived as it is violent.

“I had the pain of hearing Peta fail on Friday afternoon, in what I had hoped might make a salutary impression. He seemed fatigued by the labours of the morning, and did not succeed in bringing out the chief points intended in my discourse.

“I had sick people on Saturday for three hours or more.

“*Sabbath, March 7th.*—Taito delivered the morning discourses with great earnestness and energy, to a large and deeply interested congregation. In the afternoon, I was, on the whole, much pleased with Teava’s address. The feeling of the morning was wanting, but all its attention was in exercise. Oh, how thankful should I be for such assistants in the work! Though they do not always meet one’s expectations, and very often take off the edge from the ideas that have been most relied on as calculated to impress the hearers, they speak what they feel, and feel what they speak, and they often add an idea most appropriate and excellent. I myself felt exceedingly discouraged in the morning. The thought of my total unfitness for my station, the absence of this people’s beloved pastor and my

beloved friend, and many other things, coupled with much bodily debility, so overcame me, that I could not refrain from much weeping in instructing Taito for his discourse, and had the utmost difficulty to keep from it during the morning worship. I seem to feel that if I had a single eye to the glory of God, I should be happy.

“*Tuesday.*—I held our monthly missionary prayer-meeting last evening, having been absent the week before. The spirit displayed by those who took share in conducting it, was of a most interesting and promising kind. The attendance was large. Last night, at family worship, we experienced a refreshing season; all were very solemn from the first, and became gradually more so, till I think every one was in tears. I felt it cheering, as also this evening’s service. One or two of the thoughtless ones look anxious to-day. Oh, for a mighty shower!”

“The report of the wickedness of the crew of the schooner now in harbour was so sad, that I could not refrain from collecting the people of Fagatogo, where they are, after chapel, and endeavouring to warn them powerfully against their danger. They have hitherto withstood the brutish conduct of the crew, apparently without injury. Oh, that strength may still be vouchsafed! The foreigners are the more dangerous, as being familiar with the Samoan tongue.”

The foregoing extracts furnish us with means to understand how the works of instruction and worship are conducted in the absence of the missionaries. The exertions of the invalid in preparing discourses, teaching them to the speakers, and hear-

ing them delivered, when at times their edge was entirely blunted, besides the care of so many sick, were obviously far beyond his strength, and accordingly he speedily began to droop. But if he was, what he so often accused himself of being, fond of human applause, no discipline could have been devised more calculated to mortify that evil than the position in which he was then placed. To listen to his own compositions, which had cost him carefulness and prayer in secret, and find the point and emphasis lost, in passages which he expected to reach the hearts of auditors, was very trying. He could neither be mouth nor wisdom to the poor people whom he wished to assist, and was cast in mournfully upon himself.

Thus he writes :—“ Oh, that I should be so blind and proud, seeking mine own honour ! How little intercourse do I maintain with my God !—what a loose hold religion seems to have obtained upon my heart ! One sentence of Brainerd can show me that I know nothing, and makes me fear I have not in reality entered on a Christian course. My frame, too, is very weak ; the journey perhaps, and long-continued talking to sick people, the family worship, &c., have brought back my bad symptom of blood from my chest. This shows me, more than ever, that I am never to be a minister of the sanctuary, and makes me fear very much for the charge now committed to me ; for I cannot instruct teachers, &c. Every thing I say being in a low tone, and sometimes accompanied with pain, must lack energy. Oh, that God may be near to perform his own work ! Oh, for faithfulness, humility, and a *single eye* ! ”

CHAPTER XXXII.

FAINT YET PURSUING.

“*Friday*.—MATTHEW arrived to-day, and preached to a deeply attentive audience. Four teachers addressed us at the conclusion of the sermon, all evincing a most delightful spirit, and exhorting in a becoming and suitable manner. I hope good may follow the service. The house was full, but fewer were outside than I have sometimes seen.

“*Sabbath, March 14*.—Another Sabbath is gone, with an impress that will meet our eyes again when we stand before the Judge of the whole earth. Oh, that I had a comfortable hope, that when secrets are revealed, we shall learn that some poor souls have to-day, for the first time, laid hold on eternal life!

“We had several touching references, as usual, to the absence of Mr and Mrs Murray, with earnest prayers for their great success and quick return. The Sabbath school well attended. Numbers somewhat increased.”

It will be remembered that the “land” of Aoa had, under the influence of its heathen chief, refused to admit the new teacher who had been appointed. The prudent and prayerful waiting on this subject,

was at last favoured with success, as we find the journal of

Friday states, that "Taito was commissioned to visit Aoa, and held service there, directing his discourse to their late refusal to receive a teacher. The plan has been graciously blessed of God. He brings the report this afternoon, that all is clear now for his reception. They resign the old one, and wait for the new ; so I have put it upon Peta, to go with Vasa and introduce him." It is pleasant to observe the watchfulness of Vasa. Taito, on conversing with him, found him humble and solicitous about fulfilling his office ; and Peta, from whose land Vasa comes, informed him of a visible improvement wrought in the man by the appointment. He was overheard by Peta, with lowliness and tenderness to which he was before a stranger, exhorting his neighbours with tears.

George remarks, among many sick, Petelu a teacher, whose spirit under chastisement was most becoming. The time must have been one of sickness more than usual, as each day two or three hours were occupied in attending to the sick. Entries in the now double journal (for, since Mr Murray's departure, George kept a public journal of missionary affairs, besides his private one) are very frequent on this subject, as are also regrets about his bad success in conveying his meaning to the teachers who delivered his discourses. Thus—" Oh, it is unsatisfactory to put discourses into the hands of the natives, both because less weight is attached to their preaching, and because they often fail to present an idea just as it is given to them ! Yet I rejoice to be permitted to

have any hand in the great work, while, at the same time, I have strong warnings of my incapacity for exertion, both physical and mental. The teachers' meeting, held on Thursday, still leaves its traces in my frail chest, so that I cannot hereafter do more than speak a very little. Oh, for the true missionary spirit, and for a longing and burning desire for souls! Oh, for a deep and abiding sense of the love of God!

“Matthew is here, and takes the forenoon service to-morrow. May all dear friends, on land and on sea, on this side of the globe and on the other, enjoy a Sabbath of communion with God, and may dear Tutuila experience a copious shower of grace!”

Among the natural phenomena of the country, there is repeated mention of earthquakes. In this month of March they had two within five days of each other, both at four in the morning, awakening all the sleeping islanders.

In the private journal of Tuesday, he mentions having set apart that forenoon to attend to the concerns of his own soul,—“as he who has any thing to do with providing spiritual things for others, must be separately careful for himself. I have been a good deal discouraged lately, in regard to the manner in which our services are conducted. It is but unsatisfactory to have the native teachers the sole preachers for any number of discourses together. I mention this, not in the way of complaint, but as expressive of my view of the matter. This means, as hitherto employed, would alone afford but small prospect of success. I feel it difficult to select subjects, and, whatever they be, the proverb, ‘A

prophet is not without honour, save in his own country,' is more or less applicable to preacher and hearers. At the same time, thanks be to God for this grace, that any department of his work falls to me. Oh, for faith to discharge it aright!"

It would appear that the hurricane, or the earthquake, or some of the tropical storms to which they are exposed, had broken up the road which was constructed at such an expense of united toil some months before. The public journal mentions a meeting for prayer being thinly attended, on account of the preparation of food for those who were to go out to the work on the morrow. Next day George writes—"I have seen several of the teachers just returned from labour, all of whom bring a favourable report of the good-will of the people. It is indeed a heavy task, and, to be durably accomplished, will employ both much time and strength.

On Wednesday they had a well-attended meeting at night, though most of the people were at the work all the former part of the day.

"Much discouraged by listening to the misrepresentation or slurring over of important ideas, and by hearing points which I had hoped might reach the heart presented in the bluntest form.

"I feel for the church, and have a very strong desire to hold a short meeting with them; but past experience of my weakness seems decidedly to forbid such a step—as also the holding frequent teachers' meetings, which now seem more important than ever. Oh, for one hour of the dear pastor of this flock! or rather, oh, for a mighty outpouring of the Spirit! My own heart feels heavy, *very heavy*. I

fear the cause of Jesus will recede, and dread to hear some evil report of some of the dear people. Oh, that the Lord may ever be sought unto—that He may be our keeper, our shade on the right hand! Oh, to feel more, and to see more, of the spirit of prayer!”

A visit from Mr Slatyer put a stop for some days to George's care in providing spiritual food for the flock. He mentions the Friday sermon of Mr Slatyer, on—“ He could not do many mighty works because of their unbelief,” and gives the heads—an unusual circumstance in the journal:—“ 1. Mighty works; spiritual miracles. 2. God is willing, and waiting to bestow his Spirit. 3. Our unbelief the only barrier.” There was much feeling manifested—many sighs, and groans, and cries, and some were taken out. All seemed aroused and shaken, and the former deadness appeared no obstacle.

On Saturday, a meeting of teachers, and, after it, of the church, were peculiarly touching; the church having never before met without Mr Murray at its head. “ May they be kept in answer to his constant prayers, till, if it be God's will, he return to his little flock!”

The Sabbath was the day of communion, and the people were kept for upwards of three hours in a state of intelligent and affectionate attention, with a good deal of emotion, during the distribution of the elements. The anxious superintendent terminates his remarks on these few days of refreshing with this expression—“ May the Lord be with us when again left to native teachers!”

The repair of the road was accomplished in a

workmanlike manner, and afforded much satisfaction to George, not only because it was well done, but because the people had the spirit to accomplish it with energy and industry.

On Tuesday he was occupied in endeavouring, as he expresses it, "to get near the cross, and get his own heart quickened; as it is but a heartless task to try to bring glowing words from a source that is nearly frozen." Sick people occupied three hours of the afternoon, as usual. He was obliged, after this time, to limit their coming to Wednesdays and Fridays, except in extreme cases.

"It is some consolation," he remarks, "amid all this expenditure of time and strength, that many are relieved from intense suffering in sudden attacks, and some restored from lingering disease. Some who were more or less blind, now see; and not a few, who were wholly or partially confined to one place, unable for any useful employment, and an intolerable nuisance in society, from immense and most offensive ulcers, and similar things, are now almost restored to health and soundness." This world is truly one great hospital, and, whether engaged in healing body or soul, the healer is himself wounded. But in George's case it was peculiarly so; and that he who was by nature sensitive and delicate, and now suffering from all the aggravations of increasing feebleness, should have passed hour after hour, and day after day, amid the disgusting and afflictive objects to whom he ministered, without being altogether overcome, seems quite amazing. What but that love, the lack of which he was ever lamenting, could have furnished the self-

denial or the strength to encounter it? His resolutions of future caution about his own health, seemed all lost sight of as soon as he found a charge devolving on him; and, seeing that his life was to be but brief, he seemed to press all the work he could into its fleeting days.

His offices were not only fatiguing, but also of a character requiring the nerve of vigorous health, as well as skill and experience; and nothing but necessity could either constrain or excuse some of his undertakings among these poor but confiding people. It seemed, that for their life he would cheerfully expend his own. He mentions a lad coming to him with his right hand shattered to pieces, by his gun going off unawares; and adds, quite as a matter of course—"I fear amputation will be necessary, and wish much I had judgment and skill for the operation."

It is right that the church in our civilized country should be made aware of the straits and dangers to which their missionary brethren are often exposed, in their own families, from the want of medical skill. And here we have the pleasure of introducing Mr Murray's view of the subject, in which he sweetly derives cause of increased exercise of faith from these very straits and dangers. His information was drawn out by anxious enquiries made on account of the wants to which George, as an invalid, might be exposed.

"Sydney, June 9, 1841.

"The Camden brings us supplies of flour, sugar,

tea, coffee, &c. ; and, up to the time of our sailing from Tutuila, we had a tolerable supply of the *necessaries* of life. Pork and fowls, which the island produces, are our only animal food. The islands produce abundance of excellent bread-fruit and taro, both of which are palatable and nutritious. We have yams, bananas, pine-apples, and water-melons ; and the oranges which were introduced when we arrived on the island, are now beginning to bear fruit. We have abundance of excellent arrow-root growing wild in the bush. A few months after George arrived, our cow began to give us milk. I am thus particular, because of your enquiries. In reference to medical aid, we have hitherto been thrown quite on our own resources. A kind and gracious Providence, however, has smiled upon us, and brought us thus far safely through. We are accustomed to use all available means, and then, feeling that we have done all which our circumstances allow of, we leave the result with Him who hath placed us in these circumstances. When our little son was born, I was obliged to be both doctor and nurse, as we had no civilized creature on the island, either male or female ; yet all was well. There is, doubtless, considerable risk in being placed in such circumstances ; but there are also some advantages, which may we have grace abundantly to improve ! A simple, steadfast faith in God is the grand remedy for all our evils ; and to be situated as we have been, is calculated, by the Divine blessing, to increase this." * * * * *

In consequence of this state of things, consulting medical books became an important employment; and it will presently be shown that Mrs Slatyer was not more favourably situated in the hour of nature's sorrow than Mrs Murray had been.

Ye sisters in Christ, who have bravely gone forth to promote the ingathering of souls, and to strengthen and cheer the messengers of the gospel, how often have you, in your turn, become the objects of deep solicitude! How are all the dangers and difficulties peculiar to you as the daughters of Eve aggravated by your position! How often have the spirits of your partners, the dauntless children of love, which quail not in their own dangers, trembled for yours! How often have your infirmities turned the hours of nature's repose into hours of watching and of tears! Have your sisters in the homes of England considered this? Have they sympathized as becomes women of like passions and sufferings? Have they sent, to the extent they could, of their comforts for the alleviation of your wants? Have they made your peculiar trials the subject of many errands to the footstool of mercy? Surely your debtors they are, as are all the churches; for you go not only by your activity to instruct the ignorant, and by your cordial sympathy to sustain your husbands, but, by the silent weight of example, to show to the slaves of polygamy the calm support which is obtained from a virtuous union, and all the quiet graces of domestic attachment. You go to set patterns to the newly reclaimed, of families trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

They have much to do—much to suffer—and much depends on their doing and suffering as becometh women professing godliness. We therefore owe them much. Let us watch for them, and repay them by many prayers.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TOILING ONWARD.

“Go, labour on! thy hands are weak,
Thy knees are faint, thy soul cast down;
Yet falter not—the prize is near,
The throne, the kingdom, and the crown.”

HEAVY news had reached the little flock at Pagopago from Leone. Two church members, one of them a teacher, had fallen into sin. Mr Slatyer was mourning, and George, on hearing of it, mourned with him. Yet he remarks—“I am thankful that these things did not occur in this district, where we are so much less able to sustain such strokes. Be distant such a day!” The island law, or custom rather, is very remarkable upon occasion of offence among the people. In this case the chiefs, after due consultation, issued the sentence, to reduce the offender’s “fine, large, new, and expensive house to ashes;” and it was accomplished. George thought it his duty at his teachers’ meeting to say something on the painful and humbling subject. “Several are affected in the view of having been fellow teachers and fellow church members with him who is ‘fallen,’ while they,

through grace, stand. Why was it not I—or why have I been strengthened to stand while he fell?” were the questions which seemed to pass round amongst them. He remarks regarding them, “I like the appearance of the teachers. They seem anxious and alive. The difference between the two new ones and the more accustomed men, is quite striking as regards the appearance and possession of intelligence; not that these two are at all naturally deficient, but simply they want cultivation.”

“*Friday.*—I held a teachers’ meeting to-night, as Teana’s coming and preaching spared me the fatigue of giving a discourse to another. If well, I intend to have one to-morrow, and only wish I could fall on a plan to have them much oftener. It is delightful to meet the teachers, they give such an intelligent and interested attention to what is said. I feel this to be the only scheme left for me to get at all the people. If the mind of the teacher is kept well supplied, and his heart warm, all this will surely tell on his people. Oh, that the Lord would add his blessing to the instrumentality employed!

“*Sabbath, March 28.*—I trust this day’s exercises will not prove wholly unprofitable under the blessing of Him who is strong in our weakness. I pray God to give me a single eye to his work, and desire to be hid behind the cross. The pain and great weakness I have experienced to-day, I am constrained to admit, are the result of the teachers’ meetings held last week. I still hope, however, that I shall be able to continue them.”

The same sins attach themselves to the same situations in all quarters of this evil world; it

is curious to observe the exhibitions of evil in men of power claiming kindred with each other in the civilized man and the barbarian. The summary justice of burning the house of the offender excited some stir in the "lands" around, and afforded a plea for the enemies of the gospel to promulgate new laws; and thus "the chiefs of Viatoga and the dependent towns, taking occasion at his offence, have made a law that no individual of their people shall spend the Sabbath at Leone, upon pain of having his house burned. This is a most ruinous determination. Persecution and intolerance indeed!"

If the enemies were drawn into action by these circumstances, so were the friends of Christ. The connexions of the natives seem still the objects of their care, though married and removed to a distance. The injured wife of the transgressing teacher was a native of Pagopago. The ancient custom in such cases was to fall on the family of the offending person, and seize every thing. In this case, therefore, the people of Pagopago held a *fono*, or council, to fix on their line of conduct. The speeches were of an excellent spirit, except that of one man, who gravely proposed that they should wait till one of the offender's family fell in their way, and then kill him. Many spoke and dwelt on the ancient prowess of Pagopago, as always ruling and never subdued, as a reason why she should not now have a blot on her fair name; while many deprecated all violence. At last Topo said—"It is true, as the ancient chiefs have said, Pagopago has always been of unsullied fame from time immemorial. The

most ancient traditions still tell of victory following her path at home and abroad. She has never submitted to another power. But now," said he with tears, "these times are past, and we, who have never bowed to earthly power, will bow to Jesus, and for His sake will quietly endure this insult. Let us now bow to him in council, and praise him for the blessings he has brought us, while we pray for hearts to submit to his will." The *fono* ended with solemn prayer, and some were overcome with weeping.

This was a noble and real gospel victory, gained in spite of the enemy's attempt, in the person of an individual, to turn it into a defeat. And George, in his joy, writes—"I wish I could convey this to Mr Murray, and rejoice his heart to-day, as he is, perhaps, full of anxiety in the midst of his enterprising work." He adds—"Although the *fono* issued thus, all the villages are to *fono* merely to give a strong expression to public feeling on so painful a subject, and that Leone may consider." Consider, we suppose, the wrong it had done in executing its heathen law of reducing the criminal's house to ashes.

On Wednesday George expresses satisfaction with the discourse of Teana. He had committed the service to him, from seeing how high he stood in public estimation, and how much more importance was attached to his ministrations than to those of Samoan teachers; for Teana was a stranger. On Friday, April 2, he had another pleasant and profitable meeting with teachers, "though too much for this weak body of mine. I could not hold another to-day, as instructing Peta for his discourse was all that I could do." Yet even then, he was summoned

to Leone upon the illness of Mrs Slatyer, and, instead of retiring to bed, made preparation for an early journey. Helpless and leaning creatures, how we cleave to each other! What should we think, in this country, of the support to be derived on such an occasion from the presence of a non-medical youth in his twenty-first year; himself, also, too sick—if he had done his own case justice—to do any thing but lie down and be nursed? Such are the straits to which our missionary brethren are reduced for the truth's sake. They wonder not that thorns are in the path, for they tread after Him who was the man of sorrows; and they shrink not from encountering them, for He who was tempted knoweth how to succour them that are tempted. The departing superintendent winds up his journal thus:—"I have just arranged with Teana and the preachers for the next week's work, to which they seem to bring a humble and devout spirit. It pains me more than I expected, to be again obliged to leave them. Oh, that the Lord may have mercy on them, and keep them steadfast and advancing! And may dear Mrs Slatyer experience the mercy of her loving Father, and be safely carried through this crisis! Amen."

"I set off at dawn, by canoe, and having got safely to Tafuna, where we had family worship, I mounted the mare, and arrived at Leone to breakfast." An entry in the journal shows, that towards the evening of that day, the solitary white woman on the island was enabled to forget the sorrow for joy that a man was born into the world, and that the anxious husband and his sympathizing friend were overflowing with grateful joy.

The day before he came to Leone, George had an encounter in argument with a chief, which reminds us rather of the style of missionary work among the Brahmins than that of Samoa. The chief came for medical aid, and he took the opportunity of urging him to renounce his foolish and hateful superstitions. At first he defended himself; but being led, along with the rest of the persons present, into ridiculing the folly of worshipping wood and stone, (materials, it would appear, of which *his* gods did not consist,) he found his practice of paying religious honours to birds and fish untenable, and confessed, when hard pressed, that he no more held to such things, but renounced them. He deferred, however, making a profession of his new opinions till his son was tattooed, and thus admitted to manhood, according to heathen custom. He left, having excited some hope that soon he may put himself within the sound of the gospel. "He is quite a chief in manner, being at ease and graceful in his demeanour, and possessing not a little of courtly art and compliments; but my unhesitating plainness somewhat staggered him."

During his residence at Leone, his ear was quick in listening to every sound from the station he had left, and tidings calculated to excite alarm sometimes reached him. The intended return of Tooa and Maliatoa to their home in Upolu, from which they had been driven by war, was accompanied with information that a collection of "Toga" was to be made in honour of them. That would have been in former days a most debasing and abominable feast. George sent an expostulatory message to Tooa, and received for reply, that he had not forgotten the

vows he made before God and Mr Murray, and trusted he should not soon so forget them, as to return to the hateful practice of "Toga." The matter terminated in a friendly and hospitable parting token—all who chose, without ostentation, carrying a farewell present to the chiefs who had been so long among them.

A more alarming circumstance was, that the ladies of Tooa's family and some girls, besides the mother of the chief, sailed by the schooner formerly mentioned for Upolu, thus placing themselves within the power of the wicked ship's company—at which sad thought the young under-shepherd writes—"Oh, may the Lord keep them all! Especially may the good Shepherd guard those of them who belong to his little flock! May they be upheld in the hour of temptation, and not, in their anxiety to escape a canoe at sea, fall into the dismal gulf of moral back-sliding!"

He returned to Pago on the 10th of April, and was met by a hearty welcome from all his own kind people. He had the happiness to find that the meetings had been numerous attended, and the teachers were in a vigorous and lively frame. Some had returned who had not heard the gospel since Mr Murray's departure. He found there, also, two teachers from Manuà, themselves natives of Rarotonga, who, with a party of nearly forty of their people, had arrived in four canoes, to obtain the written word of God to carry back to their land. One of them, the second chief in Manuà, compared his land to Canaan in famine, himself and his company to the sons of Jacob in search of food, Tutuila to Egypt, of which

they had heard a good report, &c. He sent to Upolu to procure the desired Scriptures for them.

“ *April 11—Sabbath.*—Taito had the forenoon service, and, in general, did admirably. The subject selected as suitable to those about to leave for Upolu. A considerable impression seemed to be made. I enjoyed it myself, in spite of one great defect. Taito failed to draw a distinct and palpable line between the true believer and all others. I had been at pains to impress what I said on that point. After service, I again tried to make it clear to his mind.

“ I had a refreshing little meeting with those of the teachers whom the dreadful weather has storm-stayed. Teana, whom I asked to pray, got out the first sentence, and then burst into irrepressible sobbing. I learned afterwards that they had had a general meeting among themselves, and then separated into parties of three for mutual edification and social prayer ; and I suppose his feelings, and those of some others, were the more easily roused on that account. This plan of social prayer had been suggested to them. It is cheering to see them employ such means to fit themselves for their work.

“ *Wednesday.*—I have just begun a new attempt to teach a few more hymn tunes. Voice, I have none ; but my accordion is a substitute, and the class get on tolerably well. It fails in guiding the learners how to fit the words to the notes—otherwise, it is excellent as a leader.

“ Our Friday meeting was very thinly attended, owing to the dreadful wind and rain, which have hardly ceased since Saturday last. I sincerely hope

we may now have a little sunshine to revive and warm the poor people. I trace in my own case a palpable decline of general vigour, and new pains and weaknesses, when wet weather is long continued.

“We had an especial and lengthened address to church members, to endeavour in some degree to compensate for the want of the frequent meetings to which they have been accustomed. These meetings press on my heart; but every thing unites to forbid my attempting to hold one.

“One of our lads has just been here—the third visit of the kind since we were left. He speaks to-night really like a true believer, and is determined to know only Jesus. This is cheering; our family worship is often a most interesting, and I trust profitable time.”

We know little, in our seas, of the tremendous surfs and mighty rollers which heave on the shore of those Pacific Islands, as though they would swallow them up at one great sweep; nor of the crafts broken like egg-shells on the rocks, and the feeble passengers plunged into the remorseless deep. Yet, in such seas, and amid such dangers, do the native teachers make their way from station to station. In the journal of *Saturday*, we find—“Poata, designed for Aumui, returned to say, the surge continues so tremendous that it is impossible to put to sea.

“I have just received from Taito a long letter from Atoa, where, I am thankful to say, he is in safety. He started on Thursday morning to come here, but had his canoe dashed to atoms in a few minutes. Another canoe put off to help, and that,

more quickly than the former, shared its fate. Unable to enter the reef at Aumui, and assistance being impossible, he swam in that awful sea with his little daughter to Amauli on the main. There, too, he was disappointed; the surf was insurmountable, and they had to turn to Alopau, where the entrance is more safe; and now they espied Pagisa on the shore, anxiously tracing their progress. Erelong, he got a canoe to meet them, and they were saved. He had nine companions; and they swam in that fearful sea from sunrise to near sundown." He writes, that he stays with Pagisa, to spend the Sabbath, to try completely to establish harmony on some points of difference. But I am led by the messenger's report to conclude, that the more pressing reason for his delay is, that the poor fellow is so much exhausted that he cannot proceed by the shore. Josepha, too, in going to his Sunday's appointment, had a very narrow escape from being dashed, with his lads, upon the rock that shivered his canoe. Such are the dangers our workmen are exposed to, and yet they press on.

"I had the pleasure of giving to Taito an axe and pair of scissors, to assist in buying a new canoe to cross and recross between Aumui and the main.

"Our services have been well managed of late, and seem not entirely destitute of effect. We have had no preachers but Peta and Taito for some time.

"*Sabbath, April 18.*—Owing to Taito's absence, Peta had both discourses to-day. In the morning I liked his spirit, and he did very well. In the afternoon he failed, missing the correct view of the passage, which I ought not to have selected, as it

requires metaphysics too deep for the Samoan half-aroused understanding. Poor fellow! he was, I suppose, conscious of his want of success, and deeply impressed with the responsibility of his task; for, when all was over, he laid his head on the table and sobbed. He could not speak; so I left him—he grasping my hand affectionately. Our family were completely broken down to-night at family worship. May it issue in the sound conversion of those still left! Oh, for enlargement of heart and vast desires! Lord, do for us according to thy knowledge of our need!

“*Friday*.—I am glad to hear that none absented themselves from our meeting to-day, although there are two English whalers in harbour.

“*Saturday*.—Constrained by a request, I visited the vessels to-day, and hope Monday will show that my visit was successful. How delightful would it be to lay the despised way of salvation before my fellow-countrymen to-morrow! But a higher will and wiser mind than mine forbids.

“*Sabbath, April 25*.—This has been with us an interesting day upon the whole. Matthew preached twice. Several sailors kept about all day. Two sat out the afternoon service; and, when I afterwards conversed with them, seemed struck with the work of God here, and glad, poor fellows! to have a word of exhortation for themselves. One of them had no Bible, so I supplied him with one, of which he seemed glad, promising to read it much; a few tracts, too, were thankfully accepted. Whalers think they cannot afford to be religious; for this

reason, besides the reasons of all other seamen—that if they make such a profession, they must forego the pursuit of whales seen on Sunday. Thus do perishing and passing things cheat their poor votaries of eternal life!”

When will the world learn that God will be no man's debtor, and that the ancient blessing on the basket and the store is not forgotten? Whalers which have ventured on His goodness, have returned laden with spoil; while those which have worn out their men, and broken and wasted their tackle on the day of rest, have returned empty. So much for the ships! Were the hearts also empty?

We find Matthew staying on Monday to purchase necessaries of the captains, and four sailors coming to the mission-house for spelling-books, tracts, and a Bible. “*There was not a Bible in the ship! Oh, England!*” They had their wants supplied, and were separately conversed with. Were our sailors instructed men, and the subject of training and care in their native land, how many opportunities of promoting and honouring the Lord's cause might they enjoy! In their neglected condition, their presence is too often a bane to the missionary, and a blight to the buds of promise; and they use the license of relief from home restraints, to prove themselves as sincerely and blindly the servants of the Wicked One, as the wild men among whom they land. The only entry in the journal showing that the tranquillity of the mission settlement was disturbed by these guests in the harbour is:—“I suppose it a matter of course, that something disagreeable should occur

when ships are present. Of this I have had a large share during the last few days. The discontent and grasping desires of some men surprise me."

The strength and days of the journalist were thus wearing away, occupied as his powers enabled him; but one post of occupation was receded from after another, as strength to retain it was withdrawn; and at last, on May 4, we find his date changed to Leone. Mr Slatyer had come over, and seeing his wasting condition, and that his exertions were hourly reducing his strength, he, with true brotherly love, refused to hearken to any of his pleas for being left behind. He forced him away to share the friendly sympathies of his own domestic circle, and thus laid upon himself, and upon his loving partner, the serious addition to their cares, of watching the last lingering sickness of the dying youth. The last extract we can make is from his private journal, and tells us not of missionary cares, but breathes of home and of heaven. It was before his journey to Leone, from which he did not return.

"*April 26, 1841.*—This is a day of sad and solemn remembrance. A press of duties kept me from seeking God's face as I should have liked to do. On this day two years I left my beloved mother and sister, and what I called home; I suppose I shall never visit that home again. The wide globe lies between us, and my health does not promise any improvement; indeed, that I could not possibly expect in my present circumstances.

"But I do not now long, as I have done, to return to——. My heart belies my pen: I can-

not write that I do not long to revisit my own, my native land, and those in it I love. But if the Lord would appoint me some sphere of usefulness within my power, I do not feel that its geographical position would much concern me. At least this is the state of mind to which I aspire, and I know in this alone can I find peace. Yes, separations here are heart-rending, and recollections of days and persons, once known, are melting; but yet a little while, and we shall all have done with earth; and if now with Jesus Christ, we shall then be for ever with each other, and for ever with the Lord. O Spirit of truth, fit and prepare my wayward heart for such a consummation! May we all meet, with no exception—and oh, that will be joyful! Yes, my happy Mary, you were early ripe, and have gone before to enjoy the sweet fields that lie beyond the swelling flood; you have found your happy home, and joyfully, and without alloy of sin, study and magnify redeeming love. Can you see us, my sister? do you form one of the ‘cloud of witnesses,’ looking on the pilgrims still treading the desert below? If so, I know that Britain alone will not attract your earnest gaze. You will visit Tutuila, and fondly, anxiously, watch the steps of your poor unworthy brother.

‘Jesus, receive me as a child—
My hope, my life, my all *in Thee*.’

But—

‘Nothing in my hand I bring—
Simply to thy cross I cling.’

Oh, for such an abiding state of mind!”

Thus was his devout heart engaged, and thus did he fill up his lonely hours with tender thoughts of the absent and the removed; looking out for the morning, and longing for the first streaks of dawn.

“Lead, Saviour, lead, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead thou me on.

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead thou me on.

Till, with the morn, those angel faces smile,

Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.”

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE DARK VALLEY.

WE have no further guidance by means of his own pen; but we trust the reader has so far given his sympathies to the journalist, as to be desirous of seeing the end, and observing missionary love and exertion, missionary trial and privation, and missionary patience of hope, as exercised in reference to a sick stranger.

Every circumstance which familiarizes the home Christian with the condition of his expatriated brethren, ought to be stated, that it may excite to sympathy, exertion, and prayer. In the hope that what follows may promote these good results, and give new evidence of the fatherly providence and love of our covenant God, in providing for his children, and hearing their cry from the uttermost ends of the earth, the writer concludes, first, the days of George Lundie, and then the details of the mission, as far as known, down to the present day.

Extracts from Letters of the Rev. Thomas Slatyer.

“Leone, Tutuila, February 17, 1842.

* * * “You will be informed of the conditions

on which your lamented son was left behind at the Pagopago station. I felt from the first that the chief responsibility of the station rested mainly with me. This induced me incessantly to urge your dear son not to take the lift of matters which he did, and to stay with us a few weeks at Leone to rest—but no ; his heart was too intently set on his duties at Pagopago, and nothing could induce him to stay from it. His notes often contained some affecting allusion to his weakness, and it was clear that the engagements with which he was burdened were accelerating the progress of disease. One thing which tended very materially to weaken him, was the vigorous attention he gave to the sickness of the people. A particular sickness, with which great numbers are afflicted in these islands, he had recently been instructed how to remedy. The attention he gave to the cure of this sickness was one of his chief labours. He had a daily attendance of from thirty to fifty patients ; this continued for some weeks. As I was pursuing the same course at my own station, I knew how arduous an undertaking it was, and therefore earnestly besought him to give up that labour ; as, though the sickness is deplorable, it is not fatal. But his compassion for suffering humanity was too great to allow him to yield, till he was literally compelled. He effected many cures, but at the expense of hastening the ravages of his own less apparent, but far more potent disease. He lives in the affectionate remembrance of many who were cripples, but, through his kind attention, were made to leap for joy.

“Mr Lundie had been appointed vice-consul by Mr John Williams, and at this time his strength was

lamentably reduced by acting as umpire and judge between two captains of ships which lay in the harbour, and the natives. One of the captains was a most troublesome man, and ceased not to harass him with complaints against the natives. Knowing, as he did, their innocence in reference to the complaints urged, he could not refrain from proving it to the captains. This brought his weakness to such a pitch, that, on perceiving his emaciated state, I resolved not to return to Leone without him, feeling convinced of the utter impropriety of his remaining amid such cares and engagements. This was my memorandum of the event at the time :—

“ ‘*May 2, 1841.*—This has been an interesting day, but I feel deeply the impropriety of my return to Leone, and leaving dear brother Lundie, now so weakened and reduced, behind. I earnestly persuaded him to accompany me on the morrow, if able, by being carried all the way. After weighing the matter seriously, and seeking together Divine direction, and, with great reluctance to leave the poor people, he saw it his duty to return with me. Oh, may the Lord graciously restore his lost strength, if it be his heavenly will, and may his residence with us be a blessing to his own soul and to us!’

“ When he was with us, we were in the exceedingly painful circumstances of not being able either to decide on or procure proper medicines. Our only resort was to do what we could with the assistance of medical books, and cast ourselves on the providence of our heavenly Father. On the 12th June I wrote to Mr McDonald of Savaii, the only doctor then among the Samoan brethren, urging him, if he

dared venture to cross fifty miles of open sea in a small boat, to come to our assistance. He was absent in attendance on a member of the mission in critical circumstances. Our affliction now seemed—yea, was—*heavy* indeed. I longed to administer something to our dear friend which might alleviate or check the progress of disease, but in vain.

* * “He took little food. Had we been in possession of greater variety of articles of diet, and such as are adapted to invalids, he would, I think, have taken more; but this was one of our painful trials. Mrs Slatyer used all the skill she could command to prepare such things as we thought he would like. After six in the morning, I used frequently to take his cup of arrow-root to his room, and often to feed him. He would get up to breakfast as long as he was able, and after it, though clothed as warmly as possible, he was regularly visited with a fit of extreme cold. The usual method of warming him was shampooing. A boy was employed to do this. Towards eleven the cold gave place to high and parching fever. As soon as this was alleviated a little, I used to read to him while he lay on his bed, and frequently engage in prayer with him. These seasons he often enjoyed, and it was then that he used to tell me his feelings; and they were often, I trust, seasons of profit to my own soul. He often expressed how comfortable he felt, and how much at home.

“On the 14th June I administered the ordinance of the Lord’s Supper, which was the last time he attended the house of God. He came simply to the sacrament, not having strength to attend the pre-

vious services, but being anxious once more to commemorate his Saviour's dying love.

“On the 17th, the chiefs and most of the male members of the church at Pagopago came to visit him, and to testify their affection for him. Only about a dozen of them were permitted to see him, and these proved too much for him. Many of them wept tenderly on meeting with him again. He attempted a word or two of affectionate exhortation, but was too much overcome to proceed. They reciprocated his affection by the tears they shed, and saw from his emaciated looks, as he lay on the sofa, that they should share in his affectionate labours among them no more. Their prayers for him were unremitting and earnest, and the memory of him among them is blessed.”

The Christian brethren among whom George found a home, expending their leisure, and ingenuity, and bodily exertion to alleviate his sufferings, and seeming to grudge nothing, and count nothing too much which might comfort him,—the natives, too, those now meek and loving people, bearing on their shoulders for many miles one who was not able to walk, visiting and weeping over him in his wasted condition,—these are fruits of the gospel victory, which may be gladly added to the results which form “the missionary's reward.” How safely might Captain Cook or the martyred Williams, or any peaceable man, traverse the earth, and rest on any spot of it, if the gospel of peace had preceded him, extirpating selfishness and casting out fear! How calmly might the feeble and the lonely lay them down among strangers, if the love of Christ

had first been there! Such examples as the above give us cheering gleams of the time of the restitution of all things; and we feel called on to look out for the promised day when the Lord shall come in his glory, and possess his ransomed world in perfect peace and love.

We should not do justice to the care of Mr and Mrs Slatyer if we were to withhold an example or two of their sympathy with the spiritual condition of their dying guest, who still walked in darkness, or having little light, yet trusting in the Lord and staying himself upon his God. It is a subject too deep and too high for us to venture upon, to account for or explain the continuance of this darkness. The Holy Spirit, who had so fully convinced him of sin, and opened to him such enlarged views of Divine purity, could also have revealed to him his own interest in Christ, whose full and free salvation he seemed at all times able joyfully to offer to others. But it was not so. It would appear that he had imagined some token which he should find in himself of his personal interest in the Saviour, some elevated outflowing after holiness, some lively swellings of joy, some unwonted freedom in prayer. His feet seemed still entangled in the miry clay. He was looking *inward* for marks of his being a child of God; and the holy consistency of his demeanour was apt to draw friends in conversing with him to direct attention to this. What he needed was to look away from self, with all its disappointing and failing results, and to look only to Jesus, to receive thankfully his love, and take joyfully the consolation of his finished righteousness. The days of his mourning are ended, and we humbly trust that now, freed from a sinking

and suffering frame, which led to feebleness and exhaustion in his spiritual efforts, and gave rise to many complaints of falling asleep even on his knees, and of wanderings in prayer, he is also freed from those errors, whatever they were, which prevented him from apprehending Christ as all his salvation, as clearly He was all his desire.

Extract, Letter from the Rev. Thos. Slatyer.

* * “He could set forth the fulness and freeness of salvation to others, but yet would exclude himself. What he related to me one morning, will give you a correct impression of what seemed to be the most frequent state of his mind. He said he had that morning, while dosing on his pillow, a peculiar view of the dispensation of God’s mercy. It seemed as though the Divine mercy were let down from heaven, like a vast overhanging canopy ; none were excluded from taking shelter under it, and every one seemed to get under it,—‘But I could not. I felt that I longed to creep under it, and take refuge, but I seemed excluded. I could not get under.’

“The following extract from my minutes is a sample of many conversations I held with him :—‘*July 17.*—Yesterday, the time was sweet that I spent with dear brother Lundie. I read and prayed with him, and he seemed to enjoy it. I was wiping the perspiration from his forehead, when he said,—“Thank you, you are very kind—that is just as my dear mother would have done it.” On visiting him in his room after meeting, I found him much exhausted. He conversed in whispers. He wished he could see sin so

as to hate it, and Christ so as to love him. I referred him to times when he told me, with tears and deep emotion, how hateful sin and ingratitude appeared to him. That, he replied, was only transient. I told him he was not now physically capable of sustaining such vivid and strong emotions, but that I trusted the principle of hatred of sin remained undiminished in his soul. He very affectingly referred to his originally joining the church in Scotland, and his deep feelings on that occasion, but lamented their transitoriness, and his many backslidings. I still tried to convince him, that his want of more vigorous exercises, and lively emotions, was owing to physical debility, and besought him not to write bitter things against himself. I gained some ground, and he appeared benefited by the conversation. Oh, may Jesus soon appear to him, to the full joy of his heart, as *his* Saviour! His outward man is decaying fast, and we can only leave ourselves in the hands of our heavenly Father. Oh, may He lay beneath him his everlasting arms!

“On another occasion he spoke in very strong terms, and with exquisitely tender feelings, of the exceeding sinfulness of sin. The tears rolled down his emaciated cheeks, while he said,—‘I see how infinitely right it is, that Jesus should have all the glory; but this base heart would fain rob him of his right, and appropriate part of the glory to itself.’ I mentioned a sermon of Edwards, on the greatness of sin; he very much wished me to read it to him. But I declined, fearing it too great a mental exercise for him, and he felt with me.

“There were times when he seemed quietly to hope

in Jesus, when I used to read to him at mid-day. He seemed to drink in some sweet sermons of the late Mr Summers of Bristol. The Bible was his principal companion during his last months. Also, he read portions of Baxter's *Saint's Rest*, and *Payson's Life*.

“On the 11th of August, a messenger came from Pagopago with the heart-cheering tidings, that the Camden had arrived with Mr and Mrs Murray, and some new missionary brethren. I feared the excitement would prove too much for your dear son ; but he endeavoured, as quietly as possible, to think of again seeing his dear friends. It was matter of thankfulness that this meeting, and the receipt of communications from home, did not affect him more. And now the business of the mission called me to Upolu—a call, however, which I should have considered fully countermanded by the afflictive circumstances of our beloved friend ; but the Rev. T. Buller, a medical brother just arrived, expressed an opinion that there were no symptoms of speedy dissolution, and another medical friend engaged to remain at Leone during my absence. Mrs Murray also came over to assist my dear partner in nursing him. In addition to all this, your son urged me to go, thinking a short respite from my more pressing duties might tend to restore my failing health. Thus I was induced, though reluctantly, to leave our beloved friend, but with the full hope of seeing him again in the flesh ; a hope which was not permitted to be realized.”

It will be seen from the subjoined extract of a letter from Mr Murray, addressed to the Rev. A.

Tidman, that Mr M. partook of Mr Slatyer's views, both as to the health and character of their friend :—

“Upolu, Sept. 15, 1841.

“I regret to say that we found our dear friend Lundie in a very low state ; and our regret was not a little increased, as it appeared that he had hastened the progress of his disease, by attempting much more than his strength was equal to, at Pagopago, after our departure in the Camden. I left him with the understanding, that he was merely to remain on the spot should his health allow, and take a general superintendence of the affairs of the station so far as he might be able, but by no means to attempt to work himself. He, in his eagerness to do something in the cause he so much loved, exerted himself to an extent far beyond what he was able to bear, among the teachers, and among the members of our family ; and, I doubt not, in this way hastened the progress of that disease, the symptoms of which are so painfully decided. He appears now in the last stage of pulmonary consumption, and is doubtless on the brink of the grave. Mr L. is a young man of great promise, and we cannot contemplate his anticipated removal without the deepest regret. But it is ours to bow with submission to the unerring will of our heavenly Father.”

Mr Slatyer's Letter continued.

“The detention of the vessel by contrary winds, deprived me and my dear brother, Murray, of the melancholy pleasure of witnessing his exit from this scene of sorrow and sin, to that of purity and joy,

for which he had long been ripening, and which he has now, doubtless, fully realized. Only fifty miles separated us from the abode where the last enemy was about to rob us of our dear friend, when a canoe of natives arrived with a note, announcing that he was apparently taken for death. I longed most intensely for the vessel, which was not yet in sight, that we might hasten to the scene of sorrow; but four days of deep anxiety rolled away, when another despatch arrived with the intelligence that he was gone, and was at rest. All my dear fellow-labourers and myself could do, was to relieve our hearts by pouring them out to God for resignation and support. To myself it came with the keenness of a dagger. I felt I had lost a dear friend. He had often wept on my neck, when telling me of his trials, afflictions, and sorrows, and I had felt that I had a sympathizing brother in him. My heart is afresh rent, while I recall the days we spent together. How keenly did I feel the absence of the member that had been rent away, when on returning, four days after his funeral, we visited his lonely grave, where his mortal remains rest, close by the west end of the chapel, the plan of which he drew, the foundation-stone of which he laid, and in the erection of which he took so lively an interest!

“It will, doubtless, dear Madam, somewhat mitigate the severity of this affliction to you, to perceive, as you will by my wife’s account, that his doubts were gradually removed, and as the dawn of eternal day drew near, his soul sweetly caught its heavenly light. Oh, how sweet the conviction that he is now basking in its full effulgence! On the morning of

the Sabbath subsequent to our return, I endeavoured to improve his death from the 15th of 1st Corinthians, v. 55—57."

To the ladies of the mission, who made themselves his nurses with the most sisterly tenderness, we owe some notes of the occurrences of the closing days. Mrs Murray mentions that George was seized by final symptoms on the 15th September, while seated at table. He said, "I am very near the swellings of Jordan." Mr Baker, the young medical man, and the faithful Matthew, were unremitting in their attendance on him night and day. Next morning he said, "How thankful I ought to be that the Lord has granted me relief from pain! I never knew what pain was till yesterday." He told Mrs Murray, that on the previous day, just before he was seized with the violent pains, he felt more comfortable in his mind than he had done for some time past, but still not as he should wish to feel. Then he told her he wanted to talk a little of worldly matters; gave directions about some business relating to the vice-consulship, and about his property, and some little remembrances which he wished to have sent to his dear relatives. That evening he was easier in body, and expressed a wish that it might be so also with his soul.

On the morning of the 17th, death seemed fast approaching. When Mrs Murray enquired about his mind, he said, "I am dreading the last conflict very much. I fear I shall not have strength to bear it." She repeated some appropriate promises, and expressed a confident hope that the Lord would be with him. He asked Mrs Murray to read him a

chapter, and she selected the 11th of John's gospel. As she read, he interrupted her, saying, "I am feeling something that I trust will do my soul good. I have been thinking of the pain I was in the other day, and if that was so great, what must the pains of hell be? I have been thinking also of what Christ suffered and endured for me. Oh," he said, "I have got quite a *new view*—quite a new view! I will try to think of this love." After a while Mrs Murray read a hymn, relative to the sufferings of Christ. He remarked, "What a sweet hymn! Jesus is mighty—oh yes! He is *all* mighty. Oh, it is all of grace—rich, free grace!" Mrs Murray read a hymn relative to the glories of heaven. When done, she asked if he had not a hope that he should soon enter into these glories. He replied that he had such a hope. After this he was almost speechless till the time of his death, which took place on the following morning.

To the unwearied kindness of both the ladies of the mission, we owe thanks, tender and true; and in the midst of our deep poverty as to any means of requital, refer with grateful hearts to the faithful word of Him who will not allow a cup of cold water, given to a disciple in his name, to lose its reward. From the ample and satisfactory memoranda of Mrs Slatyer, we cannot but take an extract or two, exhibiting the characters of patient and nurse; and also exhibiting, when the last pang was past, the friendly efforts, in most difficult circumstances, to give to the forsaken remains a respectful and Christian burial.

"As I sat with him, he alluded to his probable

dissolution, and said, 'I feel a great dread of death, and unfitness for it. Oh, if you knew my heart!—how I have slighted my Saviour, even on my knees and at his table!' But his feelings overcame him: he could not proceed—till, a gush of tears relieving him, he added, 'Excuse me, I am very miserable this morning.' It was the season for morning prayer, and my dear husband being absent, I read and prayed with him; then he seemed somewhat relieved, and, retiring to his room, I have no doubt he wept much in secret. It was, indeed, truly distressing to see him thus struggling with doubts and fears, which were in a great degree attributable to the weak state of his body.

"Often as he lay on the sofa, would he place beside him some letters from beloved friends in England, and, as he was able, occasionally read extracts; while some remark about his mother or departed sister, or other dear relative, would show with what ardent affection they were remembered. A day or two before his death, he spent what little remaining strength he had in arranging these precious letters. On one occasion, he said, 'Oh, my mother! you cannot think what a sweet encouraging letter her last is; I cannot read it without weeping.'"

CHAPTER XXXV.

FUNERAL OBSEQUIES.

AT length the messenger of death was come, and the last offices were to be performed by those who had watched his expiring hours.

Mrs Slatyer's Memoranda.

“Early in the morning we went in to see him for the last time. He recognised us, and gently pressed us each by the hand—but death was not far off. About nine, he beckoned to Mr Baker to turn him, which being done, he gently breathed his last, and all was peace. Our dear friend was thus released from a world of sin and misery, and ushered into a land of holiness and happiness; while we, in the absence of those who would have delighted to smooth his dying pillow, had to perform the last sad offices of his funeral. We were indeed painfully situated, but a kind Providence appeared for us.

“By the assistance of Mr Baker and Matthew Hunkin, we procured as neat a coffin as circumstances would allow—there being no other person at

hand capable of assisting in this last painful office. Saturday, the 26th September, about nine in the morning, was fixed for the interment. Matthew, a truly pious and devoted servant of Christ, conducted the service. A number of the natives from Pago-pago, who were much attached to our lamented friend, came over; and, together with a selection from our own teachers, a suitable band was arranged to convey his remains to the burial-ground. A long piece of grey cotton cloth, the best we possessed, with a deep border of black, which I also happened to have, formed the humble covering for the coffin.

“It was indeed a solemn and deeply affecting occasion. When he was carried out, Mr Baker preceded, and sister Murray and myself followed first; then, immediately behind us, all our domestics, many of them in tears, and all with evident tenderness of feeling, which showed how much they sympathized with us in this melancholy bereavement.

“Having paused just beyond our dwelling, the coffin was placed on rests, and the teachers and ourselves, surrounding it, sang the Samoan translation of that beautiful hymn—

‘When I survey the wondrous cross,’

which in times past he had often sung with delight. We then proceeded, and taking a circuitous course through the village towards the chapel, were followed by all the natives, in the most imposing and interesting manner. Not a child was suffered to break the solemnity of the hour.

“We then took our stand at the grave, and

Matthew delivered an appropriate and tender address, which was followed by another sweet Samoan hymn, describing the happiness of those who have joined the blessed above. The remains of our dear friend were then lowered into the grave, which was prepared outside of the chapel, at the west end; and, having taken the last look, we returned to our homes, in sure and certain hope that he whom we have thus consigned to his early tomb, will rise in a glorified body at the last great day. Yes—

‘ God, his Redeemer, lives, and, bending from the skies,
Looks down and watches o’er his dust, till he shall bid it rise.’ ”

This closes Mrs Slatyer’s simple and minute detail; and there is deposited another dweller in the dust, to await the glorious time when the earth shall cast out her dead, and no more cover her slain; and then he, with the myriads of the redeemed of the Lord, shall “awake and sing.”

The inscription which Samoan love has placed on his tombstone, looks beautiful, and sounds harmonious:—

O le tuugamau lenei
O Misi LUNITI
Na ia maliu i Leone
Sepetemepa 25,
1841.

Sa tele lona loto i le galuega le Atua i li nuu nei.

Cla manuia i latou	Ua foamanava i latou
O e ua oo i ai,	I galue sa fai;
I le nafouga lelei,	Ua oo i le mapusaga
I luga i le lagi.	Ua malolo i ai.

“ Le oti e, sifca lou fate? ”

PAULO.

Translation of the Samoan inscription :—

This is the grave
of
MR LUNDIE.
He died at Leone,
Sept. 25,
1841.

Great was his heart in the work of the Lord in this land.

Blessed are they
Who have arrived thither—
At the happy dwelling-place
Above in the skies.

Cease they do
From the works they did.
They have reached the rest,
And there they repose.

“O, death! where is thy sting?”

PAUL.

We gratefully acknowledge the copy of a minute, entered by the brethren of the Samoan mission, at their meeting at Upolu the succeeding May, and sent home by their direction, in which they state—“As Mr Lundie’s amiable manners and piety, and superior talents, had much endeared him to us during his sojourn among us, so we were gratified by the proofs of his resignation, and of preparation for a better world, and of well-grounded hope, which were developed by him on his deathbed. We once hoped that he would become one of our band; but rejoice to believe that he is united to a far nobler one above.”

We also dwell with pleasure on the testimony of his friend Mr Murray, with an extract from one of whose letters we wind up the little history.

“I am assured that you would eagerly inquire about the state of his mind, relative to the great subject of personal religion, as evinced in his daily walk and conversation. Was there any apparent

ground for those 'bitter things' which he was constantly writing against himself? On this point, I rejoice to be able to reply without the slightest hesitation. From the first of his residence among us, not one of us ever doubted his piety. On the contrary, we thought him not only pious, but eminently so; and the expectations which we cherished respecting his future usefulness, grounded on the moral and intellectual development of his character, were very high. This was the case with all the brethren connected with this mission; for all knew him, more or less.

“ He made rapid advances in the divine life during his stay on this island, though most unconsciously. He grew in the knowledge of divine things, and of experimental Christianity—especially in the knowledge of himself. His mind appeared rapidly to expand and enlarge, and his judgment was wonderfully mature, for one so young. He had a very high sense of personal obligation to God, as regarded his dealings, both in providence and grace; and his tenderness of conscience was, perhaps I may say, extreme. To these causes, I apprehend, is to be attributed much of the severe dealing with himself with which his journals are filled. He had also a very deep sense of the vast importance of eternal things, and he panted for usefulness in the cause of God and to the souls of men. I am aware that all I now say is discoverable in his own writings, which I send you; but I state the impression made on my own mind by daily intercourse with him, that you may know how exactly his life corresponded with what is there recorded.”

VALEDICTORY STANZAS.

Afar he sleeps! the ocean's roar
Disturbs his calm repose no more.
What though the rich banana-tree
Waves where the elm or yew should be!
What though the hymn, above him sung,
Breathes wildly in a foreign tongue!
What though no voice of home was near,
To soothe with love his dying ear!
What though to other hands than ours
'Twas given to tend his latest hours!
What though that gentle heart, alone,
Stood still upon a shore unknown!
That beaming eye dimm'd day by day,
While ours were weeping far away!
Not friendless did the stranger die,
Though far from scenes of infancy;
And He who did with Mary weep
Watch'd by his couch, and soothed to sleep.
We murmur not! The day draws on
When all the hidden shall be known!
We yet shall see his jewell'd crown,
Bright with the souls in exile won!
In heaven's clear light we yet shall know
The cleansing use of all this woe.
Oh! lonely though his earthly lot,
His trusting spirit fainted not.
The cloud is pass'd from that young brow;
It glows in heaven's own brightness now.
We give him up! Thrice-happy one—
The fight well fought—the victory won!
We give him up! His exile o'er,
He'll leave his Father's house no more.

J. C. L.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MISSIONARY VOYAGE THROUGH THE ISLANDS—
POMARE.

THE faithful and ardent Mr Saunders at Sydney wrote thus to G. Lundie, of the power of the Holy Spirit exercised at Tutuila :—" I rejoice that the element of spiritual life—life itself—has been brought into gracious activity with you. I do delight in a revival ! It is so especially the time to work, that I hardly allow a regret that the intensity of feeling and the stress of labour impair your health. Nevertheless, be prudent. Do not pity thyself, but compassionate the work according to the rule of a prudent man, who will be careful that he may last the longer."

Such prudence had become absolutely necessary in the case of Mr Murray, as well as in that of him to whom it was here recommended. Mr Murray saw with elevated joy the seed springing up around him, but felt that the sower was but as an earthen vessel, ready, not by reason of use alone, but by reason even of success, to fall into decay. It was happy for him that, in pursuing means for rebuilding the falling frame, he could pursue also the work in which he delights in another department. The breezy ocean

bore health to his exhausted frame, while he enjoyed respite from bodily labour and partial cessation from mental anxiety. His journal, recording the progress of his visits to various islands, addressed to the foreign secretary of the London Missionary Society, enables us to finish the story of Pomare, the native teacher, whose self-denying zeal has, we hope, awakened in the breast of the reader some portion of the generous admiration with which he inspired the missionary brethren. A few extracts from this journal will furnish still clearer views of the nature of the exertions, and anxieties, and successes of the missionary.

Mr Murray's Journal.

“*April 1841.*—We left our station in charge of our dear brother Mr Slatyer, and Mr Geo. Lundie, a young friend who has the full confidence of all the brethren of the Samoan mission, and who desires nothing so much as to spend and be spent in the cause of missions. Our parting with our beloved people at Tutuila was deeply affecting, while it was encouraging in the highest degree. Some of the last services in which we engaged together were indescribably solemn, especially that held on the morning of the sabbath immediately preceding our departure. I preached from Acts xx. 32—‘And now, brethren, I commend you to God,’ &c. It was intended to have had the ordinance of the Lord’s Supper at the close of the discourse; but such was the depth of feeling that it was found necessary to defer it till the evening. The poor people told us, that it was only the thought that we were going in obedience to the

command of Christ, and to promote his cause, that could reconcile them to our leaving; and that but for this they must have detained us by constraint. It would have been, however, the constraint of love. A more tender, and I trust a more hallowed, parting has seldom taken place.

“The people testified their interest in our voyage by furnishing us with such supplies as they were able. Every Christian village on the island contributed something. We had, in all, seventy pigs, large quantities of vegetables, and a quantity of native cloth, mats, &c. Similar contributions were collected at the Leeward also, which we found very useful in the different islands at which we have called.

“The state of things at Tutuila was highly prosperous and encouraging. Since June 1839 we have been greatly blessed, and the power and grace of God have been manifested among us to a wonderful extent. A good deal has been gained, I trust, in the way of consolidation, and numbers of those who had been aroused during the great awakening have since been gathered into the church.”

“*Tana, Resolution Bay, April.*—As we were beating our way into the harbour, Tatolagi and Vaiofaga came off to us, bringing us the painful intelligence that two of our small party who have been labouring in the heat of the day in the vineyard of the Lord here have finished their course. Salamea and Pomare have done their work below, and gone, I trust, to their reward in the presence of the Lord.” After holding intercourse with the surviving teachers, Mr Murray added the following particulars of the

two who had ceased from their labours. The evidences of steadfastness, self-denial, and consistent elevation of character, in these late savages, are all to the glory of that grace which had shined into their hearts, and delivered them from the bonds of Satan, to make of them humble and conscientious freemen in the church of the living God. Mr Murray's admiration of and regret for his friend Pomare have, happily for us, induced him to dwell more fully on his history; and thus we are furnished with a portrait of a native character, the individuality of which is very pleasing, and such as we often desired to obtain of others, but without success.

Mr Murray says, in a later page of his journal—
“I have now obtained some additional information respecting Pomare and Salamea, of a highly gratifying character. Salamea was from the district of Sangania on Upolu, and one of the first teachers who was placed on this island. He was brought here by Mr Williams, and landed by him on the day immediately preceding that on which he lost his life. His companions say, that he was very diligent in the work to which he was devoted; that he excelled in the native language, and was exemplary in his conduct. For a considerable time before death he was delirious, so that nothing is known respecting his views and the state of his mind in the prospect of dissolution.

“Pomare was a native of Tutuila, the son of Manga, a chief of the highest rank. He was the second on the island who gave evidence of a change of heart—was one of the five or six who composed our Friday meeting at its commencement, and one of the three

who composed our church at its formation. He was also a deacon, and one of our most efficient preachers. From the very commencement of our work in Tutuila, he stood by us and afforded us important aid. On our first arrival at the island he accompanied us to Upolu, and attended the meeting of chiefs that was held there, returned with us, and continued near us till he left to come to this island. He was a very superior young man, both in point of talent and piety; and I cherished high expectations in regard to his usefulness in the cause in which he died.

“It may seem strange that a young man so influential and so useful should have been sent from home. He himself was very desirous to go, and circumstances occurred which led me to think that it would be advantageous to himself to be from home for some time; and I could not but think that he would be useful wherever he might go.

“It has been exceedingly gratifying to my mind to learn, that during the short time he was permitted to labour in the Lord’s work, the high expectations I had formed of him were fully realised. While he had health, he was indefatigable; and when he was so reduced that he was unable to stand or walk, he used to crawl out from the place where he lay, in order to address the poor natives and bear his testimony for Jesus. He continued also to encourage his companions to the last, telling them that though his body was weak, yet his heart was strong in the Lord and toward his work, and that his delight in that work was very great.

“Dear Pomare! His course has been short, and he has been called away in the morning of his days,

but his memory will be embalmed in many, *many* hearts, and the savour of his piety, which was of a high order, will long remain on his interesting native isle. Nor shall I cease to cherish the fond remembrance of him who was among the first fruits of my labours in the missionary field, to whom I was bound by the tenderest ties, and who, I fully believe, will be my joy and crown in the day of the Lord. No! while I continue in this vale of tears, the memory of Pomare will be dear to my heart, and recollections of him will be among the tenderest and most interesting of my life. While I write, a thousand touching circumstances connected with the commencement and prosecution of my missionary labours in connexion with him, crowd upon my mind and fill my heart with sadness. But I know that I have no cause of sorrow, for all is well. Oh, yes—all *is* well! The Lord sanctify the dispensation abundantly to all concerned, especially to myself, and cause it to serve in a high degree the interests of his own cause!”

* * * “The following particulars are from the teachers. After the Camden left last time, a considerable number attended on the services conducted by the teachers, and things went on very encouragingly. After a month or six weeks had elapsed, the teachers, male and female, were all taken ill—not one was left to help another. The people, however, treated them kindly, doing all they could for them. Their illness appears to have been an intermittent fever, brought on, according to their opinion, by cold, which is great here compared with Samoa.”

We have special pleasure in marking here the

kind hand of our God, in sending unexpected help to his suffering children, and also in noting the quarter from which that help came. Too often has the cause of truth suffered, too often have its supporters been wounded, by British sailors in distant countries; the exceptions which show us the sailor exercising compassion to natives, and aiding the messengers of the gospel, shine like bright stars on the brow of night. The captain of a British vessel, which anchored in the bay, showed great kindness to the invalids—making them presents of calico, and various tools of iron, and a sailor's large jacket, to shelter Pomare from the cold. A Captain Bradley also visited the island, and kindly gave to each of them a blanket, as well as a bag of bread and some sugar, which were acceptable and highly serviceable in their distressed circumstances.

The wife of Pomare seems a woman worthy of such a husband. It is gratifying and consoling to find moral worth extending and increasing amongst these recently converted savages, and to see persons arising around the once solitary missionary, whom he cannot only respect and admire, but esteem and love. Those natives who rise to the rank of personal friends of the white Christian, so as to be beloved and lamented, are bound to him by a very peculiar tie, having been by him wrought like the rough ore from the mine—by him refined from much of savage nature's dross—by him, under the power of the Divine Spirit, polished, so as to shine for ever with pure lustre, to the glory of the great Redeemer.

Mr Murray says—"We brought Pomare's wife and two children with us, in the hope of finding all

well, and him engaged in the work of the Lord ; but, alas ! our hopes in this respect have been blasted, and she, instead of finding him whom she loved to welcome her to these shores, was met by the painful intelligence that he had been many months in the grave. She of course feels deeply ; but the spirit she manifests is surprising, and shows, in a striking light, the power and suitableness of the glorious gospel, to sustain and cheer under the most painful circumstances. After the first burst of feeling was over, she manifested a spirit, and gave utterance to sentiments which deeply affected my heart, and made it impossible not to drop a tear. She earnestly requested to be permitted to land, and spend her life in the work in which her husband had been engaged, that she might die where he had died, pronouncing him happy, and declaring that her only concern was, lest she should not get safe to that blessed land whither she believes he has gone. She quoted and applied that beautiful passage, ‘ Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord,’ &c. Poor woman ! she had often said, she would rather hear that her husband had died than that he had disgraced the cause of Christ. Now she has been put to the test, and has acted quite consistently with her profession. May the gracious Saviour be her support and stay ! and may He preserve her blameless till she finish her course, and enter into the joy of her Lord ! ”

CHAPTER XXXVII.

BLOSSOMS BLIGHTED—BARBARITIES OF THE
CIVILISED.

IN the course of Mr Murray's tour through various groups of islands, he met with continually renewed proofs that the interests of commerce and of science are promoted by the progress of missions; and when he and Captain Morgan discovered a new harbour, or a safe anchorage, they carefully laid down its bearings, and did their best to make it useful to other navigators.

If the children of this world did not hate the means by which lands, that were once to be shunned as the dens of wild beasts, have become harbours for provisions, and bays of shelter—if they did not loathe the evangelical truth which has tamed the savage, and set his enslaved spirit free, how keen would their perception be of the advantages to the worldly interests of man, that may be derived from the missionary's peaceful progress! How gladly would they by treaty, by countenance, by all the means of friendly support in which Britain is so rich, sustain and promote the advance of Christian truth! They would rejoice in the success of the

missionary's labours, and be jealous of any injury or impediment to their progress. When such has been the line of conduct of our traders, and the line of policy of our government, the success has been satisfactory, and the advantage mutual. When selfishness, or indifference, or barbarian oppression, have been the tactics of our so-called Christian men, the results have ever been desolating and disastrous. How have new vices and new diseases been introduced into isles already filled with the miseries produced by sin, by reason of their possessing sheltered spots, alongside of which vessels in distress have heaved down and found safety? How often has the possession of pines suitable for masts, or of bread-fruit and cocoa-nut, attracted to those shores of the vicious, civilized men, who proved themselves yet more vile than they? The abundance of sandal-wood, which is the native treasure of some of these islands, has hitherto only been their bane. Avaricious and unprincipled men frequent the shores, not to traffic with the lawful proprietors, but to rob them, and, if convenient, to murder them in heaps. How does the blood run cold at narratives of natives driven into their own caves, and either starved there, or suffocated by fires kindled at the entrance!—deeds, perpetrated by the reckless and blinded covetousness of men, far more godless than their victims, who, heathen though they be, have a dark and misty view of some superior power, that they do honestly fear.

Some of the most serious difficulties in carrying on missionary operations in the South Seas, arise from this cause. Once, we should have said the

most serious ; but, taught by the disastrous results of Jesuitical insidiousness, and Popish cupidity and ambition, we can only now repeat, that the evil doings of marauding traders and licentious sailors form *one* serious obstacle to the advance of Christian truth and civilization in these islands.

The wise man said, “one sinner can destroy much good”—and so it ever happens ;—shall we take the converse of the proverb, and say, “one holy man can do much good ?” We have but to follow the track of single missionaries, who, treading in the footsteps of that “wonderful Counsellor” who came on his mission from heaven, have been honoured to see it verified and to do much good. We look with admiration on those valuable men, who, taking their lives in their hands, venture to land among savages. Mr Pritchard tells us of two brave men, who heard from Mr Williams of the abuse inflicted on two married pairs of natives, whom he had endeavoured to settle as teachers on Mangaia, and the difficulty with which he rescued them, and restored them to his vessel—cupidity of the European dress in which they were habited having been the chief motive for their maltreatment. Instead of being deterred by this narrative, the two Christian heroes, natives of Raiatea, stripped themselves of all that could tempt the covetousness of the people, and, binding the word of God in cloths around their heads, they cast themselves naked from the ship, and swam to shore. There they presented themselves, having “the everlasting gospel” to preach to those savages. And now, through their means, the heathen idols are overturned, a place of worship erected, and the

people of Mangaia clothed and civilized, and enjoying Christian privileges.*

We read of Mr and Mrs Murray, and Captain and Mrs Morgan, walking amid a company of six or seven hundred on the Isle of Pines, a mile and a half from the beach, to hold conference with the despotic and fierce old chief Matuku. We see at once the influence of a meek and confiding bearing in obtaining promises to protect the native teachers, and to erect them a house. We see a more wonderful thing still. At the request of the missionaries, permission was granted to the degraded and timorous females to enter within the walls of their "Make," or sacred house—a privilege always denied them when it was employed as a heathen temple. So that the miserable-looking beings, who formerly had not dared to do more than skulk around and peep into the enclosure, were allowed to sit as fellow-worshippers there, the first time it was opened for the worship of the living God.

We read such things with joy, and unite our thanksgiving with the little band whose fortitude has achieved so much; and for a few months the mind's eye rests on the Isle of Pines as a missionary station, and sees the wild vine becoming trained, and buds and blossoms swelling into existence, promising, at no distant date, to produce the first grapes, sprung direct from "the true vine." But, alas! what are the heavy tidings from the lovely isle? A *confiding* ship has entered its harbour—it had been there before, and trafficked amicably, and has returned on the same errand. It is commanded by a captain

* Pritchard's *Missionary's Reward*, p. 116.

who is married to a daughter of the mission family, an upright man. The chief has constrained Taniela and Noa, two native teachers who had dwelt with him nearly two years, to tow the ship into harbour when the crew are on shore—has destroyed ship and crew, and concluded the tragedy by slaying the teachers! We cannot but drop a tear over Taniela for Tutuila's sake, and for the companionship of Pomare in past days; and over Noa for the cause and for his work's sake: and we join the general utterance of grief and indignation, that the greedy, cruel, and treacherous old chief Matuku should have done such a deed. And here we pause for a while over the ruined work in the Isle of Pines.

But more tidings are on the sea—we have not yet heard all the disastrous tale. Matuku is fierce, and covetous, and treacherous, perhaps, to the extent imputed to him. We know it was by marvellous tact that Mr Murray turned his frowns to smiles—we know he was suspected of stealing the Camden's water-casks instead of filling them—we know that he is savage, and regulates his life by savage custom and morality. But the next intelligence removes the origin of this bloody deed from the aged untaught chief, and shows us a new example of the innocent suffering for the guilty. Since the Camden had departed, leaving the teachers with feelings of security—for they had been placed on the isle by Mr Heath, and were only visited by Mr Murray after the lapse of a year—another ship had entered their port, and by the outrages of debauchery and murder that its crew had perpetrated, prepared the way for the sufferings of their successors. It was

revenge for *so-called* Christian atrocities, that destroyed the sloop with its peaceable crew. It was a desire to be rid of every thing bearing the Christian name, which cost the mission the loss of its brave and zealous teachers, and cost themselves the loss of life. We cry out against "the savages"—O England, thou shouldst humble thyself! Who more savage than thy bold and free-born sons, whom thou sufferest to grow up uninstructed, and then sendest forth in swarms to pollute the world? What so withering to the tender springing seed of the word, as the blast of pollution shed over it by men of colour and language similar to the missionaries?

The humble teacher's heart is sufficiently cast down by the intractable and insensible islanders. He feels that he has to contend with innumerable difficulties and obstacles from the corruption and ignorance of the tribes of the Pacific—and might not that suffice even the great enemy of souls himself? But must he engage, as willing tools, the countrymen of the faithful missionary, and cause the work to cease, and the truth to be derided, and the success to be maligned, by their means?

How long, O Lord! When wilt thou take to thee thy great power and reign, and sustain thy trodden down truth, and prosper it, and cause it to multiply abundantly!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE SAMOAN GROUP.

TREMBLING though they be at the present sufferings of their neighbours of the Society Islands, from French usurpation and British pusillanimity, nevertheless the influence of divine truth continues to be felt and extended through these lovely gems on ocean's bosom. From each of them ascends the incense of prayer and praise. On each of them arise the tokens of civilization. Within the homes of each dwell families who cherish blessed hopes of immortality. The church and school-house, and now in some instances also the mission-house, of stone—the printing establishment—the neat and furnished cottage—the clothed and industrious inhabitant—the workshop—the public road—the peaceful and protecting harbour, where the foreign vessel can ride in security—all these have arisen during the fifteen years that have elapsed since Williams set foot on Samoan ground. All these are the result of Christian exertion—and all these, if protected and sustained as they ought to be, not only for the benefit of our own countrymen settled there, but for the extension of commerce, and for the promotion of

the cause of Christ—all these will prosper and grow still more and more.

It is with unfeigned delight that we read of the prosperity of the work of grace at Manuà, three small isles, about sixty miles south-east from Tutuila. The fallow ground was there broken up by native teachers; and next, we find our friend Matthew Hunkin casting in the seed, and an awakening, similar in power to that experienced at Tutuila, succeeding his labours; and then the Rev. Thomas Buller forsaking his post at Leone to confirm the work of his forerunner. In May 1844, Mr Buller formed the church there—beginning with thirty members—and held their missionary meeting, where nearly a thousand—that is, the whole population—attended, hearing the word gladly, and bringing their offerings of arrowroot and cocoa-nut oil. The amount, when sold, was £25—a cheering example of the self-sustaining power which rests within the feeblest Christian body, when kindled into zeal by the Spirit of the Lord. Mr Buller returned, refreshed and encouraged, to his own station, after witnessing for a month what God has wrought in these islets of Manuà.

In Savaii, the danger and misery of a war have been averted solely by Christian influence. We may judge of the respect in which Christian institutions are held, even by the heathen, from this circumstance, that in the desolating course pursued by them in taking vengeance on their enemies, when they laid waste the dwellings and fruit-trees of their countrymen, they spared the churches and missionary houses. We subjoin an extract from a

letter of Mrs Mills, dated *Apia, Upolu, March 19, 1844*: —

“Towards the conclusion of 1843, we expected a serious war. For some months a disagreeable excitement was kept up, dispatching heralds, mustering forces, &c. ; but all has ended without bloodshed, and He who maketh the wrath of man to praise him, has overruled it for good. The cause of hostilities was an insulting speech that some of the base people of Palauli (the place where Mr M·Donald lives) had uttered against some haughty chiefs in Mr Hardie’s neighbourhood. ‘How great a matter a little fire kindleth!’ Nothing but war would satisfy their revenge, and preparations were consequently made. Their spears, clubs, and other implements of war, that they had formerly disposed of, became in demand, and they immediately set about making new ones. Heralds were dispatched to every quarter to beg assistance, and nothing was talked of but war. It was a sifting time for the wheat, which we hope is now pretty well cleared of the chaff. It is not a wonder that the heartless professor should have turned his back against Christ, and we rejoice that, after such a time of trial, so many stood firm. The offending party fled, and their enemy soon laid the land waste; not a house was spared, except the missionary’s, and a few chapels, that even the lawless seemed afraid to touch. Bread-fruit trees, cocoa-nuts, indeed, every thing of use, was plundered or destroyed, and Palauli is at present a desolation. The missionaries on Savaii had a trying time. They met frequently with the warriors—told them faithfully of the wrath of God

against sin, and even of the temporal evils that would ensue, should they persist. They met also with the faithful—exhorted them to stand firm, to fear no threats, but follow closely the Captain of their salvation. The Lord has blessed their efforts, and now they can rejoice over those who withstood many and sore temptations.”

Upolu is the island in which Mr Slatyer is now stationed. His excellent wife writes at station Saluafala, February 1845 :—“ We have many trials and discouragements, amidst a very worldly, or rather heathen people. But we desire to persevere, until, by the blessing of God, the wilderness shall rejoice, and the desert blossom. There never has been the great awakening in this island that there was at Tutuila, but we desire to go forward, knowing who hath said, “ my word shall not return unto me void.”

After the cheering work in which these faithful labourers were partakers at their outset, they must find it discouraging to toil among the dead heathen. This is their seed-time, however, and they sow in hope ; and then cometh the harvest. May it be near and abundant !

Mr Murray, after eight laborious years, writes from his original station of Pagopago. He contemplates coming dangers from the fatal cause which has turned the fruitful field of Tahiti into a wilderness, and looks from changeful and disappointing man, to the power of the Spirit of God, as their only protection.

“ Tutuila, August 1844.

“ We have every reason to conclude that

times of trial are near at hand here also. The French are acting in a most outrageous manner at Tahiti; and it is said to be their full intention to seize these islands when they have sufficiently secured themselves there. They claim the Samoan group by *right of discovery*; and England, it is said, has refused to interfere. So, unless God graciously interpose, we have nothing between us and French oppression and tyranny. A fiery trial is doubtless coming upon us. Would that we were in a more prepared state for it! We are not without decisive tokens of the presence and power of God among us; but we want another shaking, such as we had in the close of 1839 and in 1840. We had also a considerable movement about twelve months ago, which differed from the former only in its being of shorter continuance and less extent. We have not had many failures among those who have been gathered into the church from time to time. I think about twenty have been cut off since its formation in 1838. We have above three hundred members here, and at Leone, above two hundred."

Can we refrain from again repeating the cry—
O Britain! wilt thou suffer the boar out of the wood to trample down this vineyard? Wilt thou suffer the precious of thy countrymen to be chased as partridges on the mountains? Shall we, as a nation, fall under the just judgment of our offended God, because our rulers shut their ears against the cry of the bleeding flock of Christ, and close their eyes against the desolating encroachments of the French antichrist? The responsibility is solemn.

The crisis is big with events ; and the desolation, which through British neglect of the Church of Christ, may fall on Samoa, as it has fallen on Tahiti, will certainly, in its natural and just reaction, recoil on England herself.

It becomes all the servants of the Lord boldly to protest against this national sin, that they may, by that means, escape sharing in the judgment.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE MISSIONARY'S MANUAL.

PRACTICAL hints, respecting the bearing of the missionary and his dealing with the uncivilised, are scattered through the papers which it has been our privilege to collate. And one little book, in George Lundie's writing, appears to be jottings either of observations of his own, or collected in converse with the brethren. Blank pages are left for purposes of arrangement; but, fragmentary as is the form of the MS., the hints are valuable, and, as nothing similar has fallen under the writer's eye, it is preserved here—hoping it may be useful to those who are about to enter on the important work.

“The missionary must be a man who can unreservedly and confidently throw himself into the hand of God. In all difficulties, where his decision is required, he ought to be able to say—‘I have done my best in the circumstances, and my mind is easy, for the result is with God.’

“He must be ready, at any hour, to give up his life for Jesus' sake.

“ He must be fully persuaded of the sufficiency and power of the gospel, as the appointed means, under God, to renovate man.

“ He must be wholly given up to his work—not half-hearted and wavering, but choosing and delighting in this, more than in any thing else. The glory of God must be his *ruling passion*. His education must be good. A man of sense and judgment, at least in an ordinary degree. ‘Not a novice.’

“ Oh, what evil have not many done by not possessing these simple qualities !

“ *Settling in a new Station.*—Lay the main objects before the chiefs. Tell of the true God—tell of peace. You will have no part in war—your sole object, compassion for souls !

“ Stipulate for protection, and some manner of sustenance, before you put yourself and property in the power of the natives. Bargain for help to build a house.

“ Let the language engage all your best powers at first, and hold little intercourse till free of fear of being misunderstood.

“ Be very cautious not to pass the extent of your influence with natives. Interfere little, and never very positively, in any mere secular thing—such as houses or other improvements.

“ In political matters, never interfere. Give best advice, *if asked*—only let it be understood, if they follow it, it is they who act ; and they, not you, are responsible.

“ Let all laws and regulations be made *entirely* by their own will. They cannot be too much their

own. If otherwise, reflections will be made, if not by themselves, by foreigners.

“ The missionary should *show* right and wrong by his acts ; and, by keeping free from secular things, he can appeal thus—‘ I do not interfere in earthly matters—you do as you like ; therefore, let me alone in religious matters—this is my department, not yours.’

“ It is of vast consequence, in forming a new mission, to provide means for vigorously and powerfully following up the first movement. There is a stir and excitement made. The new religion bears a pleasing aspect. Some considerable chiefs give it the patronage of their names. None are decidedly opposed to it ; and if all could be now taken and supplied moderately with instruction, the probability is, that *nominal* heathenism would soon cease. This may be overstated ; but experience confirms the principle. On the contrary, when this vigour is not maintained, the bulk just learn enough about Christianity to satisfy curiosity, and then learn to dislike its restraints, and are hardly to be moved or wrought upon after.

“ In connexion with this, and applying the principle to every-day practice, is the continual following close on the heels of the retreating enemy. If he yields a step, let him have no time to re-occupy it. Take possession of it at once, in the name of Christ. Native teachers are a mighty means for effecting this.

“ First enlighten the mind and inform the judgment, and thus reach the heart. Observation proves

that those who have been long instructed thoroughly, are almost invariably those who become the subjects of a saving change, not persons newly coming to hear. Some of the latter in Tutuila have been aroused, and much frightened; but I know of none of them truly converted, at least not for a long time after.”

“At first, bear with little things that are wrong, till you can clearly show a more excellent way.

“Study to gain confidence and moral influence. One way is by steady consistency and disinterestedness. Never *seeking your own*.

“Never bribe any one to attend schools, &c. Let it be counted a privilege, and let them feel that *they* are the obliged.

“Never barter useless things, such as beads and rings, or at least as little as possible. Tell them that they are useless. Advise them to choose the useful. Never, especially, make such an exchange for any thing which they highly value. They will soon cease to value trinkets, and may reflect or murmur.”

“Complete unity among the brethren is of the last importance. The natives immediately lose confidence when this ceases.

“Be always humble, and esteem others.

“Act as much as possible with others.

“Hold as much improving intercourse as possible with others.”

“*Decision*.—Never seem to hesitate before the natives. If you meet a real difficulty, ask time to

consider. Tremblingly, and with much prayer, make your best decision, and let it be final. If missionaries hesitate, natives will hardly act.

“Never forget the dignity of your office, as an ambassador of Christ. In ship, or on shore, live for him.”

“As to commercial engagements :—*Be it far from thee!*

“Entirely avoid any thing of the kind in appearance, and in reality. There are strong apparent motives to engagement in commerce. They are all illusory. They are all temptations.

“One snare is,—We must set an example to teach the natives. Let it then be exercised on the ground, and in the property of the natives. Natives will quickly learn.

“A second snare is,—I must lay up something for my family. Where is faith? If the missionary is of a right spirit, he can trust God, and the society and churches who sent him out, to provide for his family.

“A third is,—I could lighten the burden of the society. Query—Would you? Riches are deceitful and dangerous. Many have tried to do this, but have still drawn their salary as before.

“Besides,—This is not your business. The church and society have done all in their power to free you from all care in secular matters, by pledging themselves to support you. You are their substitute in the work of Christ, and wholly devoted to that work. You are not sent to be half a missionary, and half a merchant. You are wholly a missionary, and as

your own work is confessedly far more than you can overtake, you are bound to God and man, to engage your whole time in it. Money and property always bring anxiety and other feelings, at least unfavourable to the highly spiritual life of a devoted missionary ; therefore, 'touch not the unclean thing.'

“Every thing out of the immediate work, which tends to estrange, or too much occupy the mind, must be avoided. *It is unlawful.*

“As to cattle and horses, which you will need :— They are reared on native property, and put in your power, because you are the missionary. They are not allowed to you, the man, the individual ; but to the missionary—you, or any other missionary. They belong to the mission, not to you ; and the produce, in great part, belongs also to the mission. A new calf or foal sells for very little. It is its rearing which gives it value, and this is all mission property. Let such, then, be given to new missionary brethren. In strict justice, this seems the right way ; and surely it is the nobler, and more becoming the Christian and Pilgrim.

“The missionary is bound to God, if truly devoted, and to his society, and to his church. He is emphatically not his own. Nothing is unimportant. Little things break great principles, and are more contemptible, because the temptation to them is less.

“N.B.—On the same principle, as little of any, even necessary work should be done as possible. Let natives work,—put up with some inconveniences from their ignorance ; but let all that you do, tell immediately on Eternity.

“Ship Captains.—Be kind and obliging to captains and sailors, but never do any thing not within the proper duties of a missionary.

“ Never act as interpreter in, or have any thing at all to do with barter ; for both parties will be discontented, and both will think less of you.”

Such are some of the hints extracted from the MS., which we have termed the missionary’s manual. They seem the result of wise and meek observation. We add the manly remarks which we find in Mr Murray’s unpublished journal, drawn forth by his intercourse with the “troublesome and despotie old chief of the Isle of Pines.”

“ In dealing with him, it will not do at all to crouch to him. If a missionary do that, he will be constantly interfering, and will, in a manner, trample him under his feet. The missionary must take the high ground which belongs to a servant of Christ, and never consent to the chief’s materially interfering in matters that do not belong to him. He must, however, do this in the kindest, most patient, and most prudent manner, combining firmness with kindness, and always exhibiting high and holy principle, such as will raise him above having his motive suspected, and carry to every heart the conviction, that high disinterested compassion and love are the principles by which his conduct is regulated—that he has one Master, even Christ, whom alone he fears, and whose approbation alone he supremely desires. Thus acting, all difficulties will gradually give way: the missionary will have the confidence of all, and the respect and love of many.”

CHAPTER XL.

THE MISSIONARY'S SUCCESS.

THE work is great, and the labourers are few. The obstacles are as great mountains, the discouragements as deep valleys. Still success is undoubted. It is through much tribulation—much wilderness discipline, that a soul is fitted for the dwelling-place of everlasting holiness; and it is by much weariness and painfulness, by watchings often, and by fastings often, by prayer, and by teaching, by fluctuations of hope and disappointment, that men of corrupt habits and corrupt hearts are brought into the light and liberty of the gospel. Who is sufficient for these things? No man, nor band of men. If it had not been the Lord who had been on our side, now may our Israel say, when men rose up against us,—If it had not been the Lord—they had swallowed us up quick. But the wrath of man can only accomplish what our just and holy God permits. Satan himself is chained; and that fierce Arch-foe shall be shortly bruised under our feet, not by our might or wisdom, but by the God of Peace. Faith in this promise sustains the much-enduring man. His labour is not for man alone, nor is it wrought in search of man's

applause. It is done unto God. He looks up from his designs, however holy, and from his plans, however judicious, to Him whose smile forms all the sunshine of his life. Success lies in His hand alone, and there, willingly and thankfully, does the labourer leave it. What though a shade of sadness dwell often on his mind ; and when he remembers the friends and the church of his early years, it seems to him mournful, that the shades of the everlasting night must close upon him, before his intercourse with them can be renewed ;—still, that chastened frame of mind becomes the earnest missionary, who goes forth among idol-worshippers and savages, in search of souls. That self-denying temper befits him who is treading in the steps of Jesus ; and, along with it, he has beams of light, tastes of holy communing, and glances into the eternal world, which he would not part with, on any terms that all the kingdoms of this world, and its empty glory, can offer.

In musing on the debt which the church that dwells quietly, and it may be languidly, at home, incurs to these her labourers, who, as her agents, endure the toil and heat of the day, how constantly ought we to feel that we have paid but a scanty and worldly portion of what we owe them, if, by our money, we enable them to journey beyond seas, and to have food and raiment at the scene of their labour.

Money—“miserable reward”—the badge of our necessitous state ! It was given to us, if we possess it, by Him who is their Father as well as ours, and He makes us only the medium by which it is transmitted to them. It is not lucre that can be their

reward. What consideration, what tenderness, what sympathy, what ingenuity in the exhibition of our love, should we exercise towards them! We should make them sharers in our prayers, as if they were the sons and daughters of our own bosoms. We should not only hold them in esteem, but we should take pains to cheer their hearts by letting them know it, and we should commend them continually to Him who honoureth those that seek to glorify his name.

In Mr Murray's correspondence, we find repeated allusions to their solicitude in Samoa to lay no additional burden on the parent society, on account of clothing native teachers, and the resolution of their ministers to take that upon themselves. In consequence of this, a way is opened whereby friends at home may aid the missionary personally, by contributing garments, which we may, Dorcas-like, prepare for our distant brethren. Some useful information on this subject having just reached us from Tutuila, we gladly lay it before our readers, hoping that they and the mission may profit by it.

Letter from Rev. A. W. Murray.

“For the box you so kindly sent, I beg to return to you my sincerest thanks, and, through you, I would thank all in your circle who contributed to it. It came very seasonably. For a long time before its arrival, our poor people had been engaged in building us a dwelling-house—a good, substantial, stone building. They do such work without *any remuneration*—as they ought. Still, it was a high gratification to me, to be able to give them such an expression of gratitude as the contents of the box enabled me

to do, after they had been so long at work for us. They were quite surprised, as they had no expectation of receiving any such gifts. Our teachers had the greatest share, then the body of the people; and lastly, our own servants came in for a few things."

The following hint regarding the *style* of useful articles, is of some consequence for correcting home mistakes as to what will please the Christians of the Pacific:—

"The contents of the box, generally, were well selected, though something more grave and sober would have been better substituted for the *gaudy* things to which you allude. Our Samoans were not a little amused at the notions entertained in England as to their tastes and likings, and I felt it needful to make some apology for them. Those who are brought under the saving influence of the gospel, in heathen lands, become *new creatures*, as in the more civilized and enlightened parts of the world; and a change, more or less thorough, is the consequence in all their tastes and habits.

"Very much gratitude was expressed by the various recipients of your kindness; and they do not fail to make you the only recompense in their power, by commending you to Him who can and will abundantly recompense your kindness to them.

"Such favours are especially acceptable to us, as we have our teachers—between thirty and forty, belonging to this station and Leone—in a great measure thrown upon ourselves for clothing; the supplies from the society for them being very scanty and irregular. They are, moreover, a most useful and deserving class of men.

“I am about to meet to-day with a new class of young men, who have given themselves up for foreign service among the dark islands around us, and whom I am about to take under special training for the purpose. The number is fourteen or fifteen. They will be dependent on us, and friends at home, for clothing. They are very promising—truly devoted, I trust, to the blessed work to which they have given themselves.”

The letter from which these extracts are taken is three years old, and comes at last, without power to reveal in what nook it has been detained, or how it has now reached its destination. The circumstances and wants of native teachers, however, have undergone no change; and this simple and friendly mode of serving them, and aiding the mission, is not mentioned too late for their benefit.

We feel disposed to wind up this little history of the work of grace in Samoa, by an extract from Mr Murray's unpublished journal; which exhibits the spirit of the man whose work the Lord has blessed, and is a specimen of what every missionary requires to be, if he will be really useful in his mission.

“As we came off from the shore in the boat, it was deeply interesting and affecting to look upon the large crowd of natives who stood upon the beach, looking after us, till a small island hid us from their view. Several hundreds of poor benighted heathens, all so orderly and so peaceable, and all professedly desirous of being made acquainted with the great salvation, all waiting to hail the messenger of mercy to their shores, and to say in effect—
‘How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of

him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation !”

“ Oh, who would not gladly exchange home and friends, and native land, and all the comforts and advantages of civilized life, to come and tell them of Jesus and his love, and lead them to his blessed cross, to receive forgiveness of their sins, and the salvation of their souls, together with all the blessings which it brings, even as regards the life that now is ! Surely all who from right motives make this exchange, will never have cause to regret their choice ; but, on the contrary, they will have occasion throughout eternity to acknowledge, with adoring gratitude, that to them an unspeakable grace was given, in that they were permitted to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. Oh, that the Lord may speedily raise up and thrust forth multitudes of labourers of the right stamp into his vineyard !—even into this part of his vineyard, where there are so many thousands who faint, and are as sheep without a shepherd.”

FINIS.

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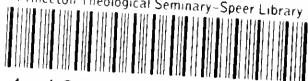




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