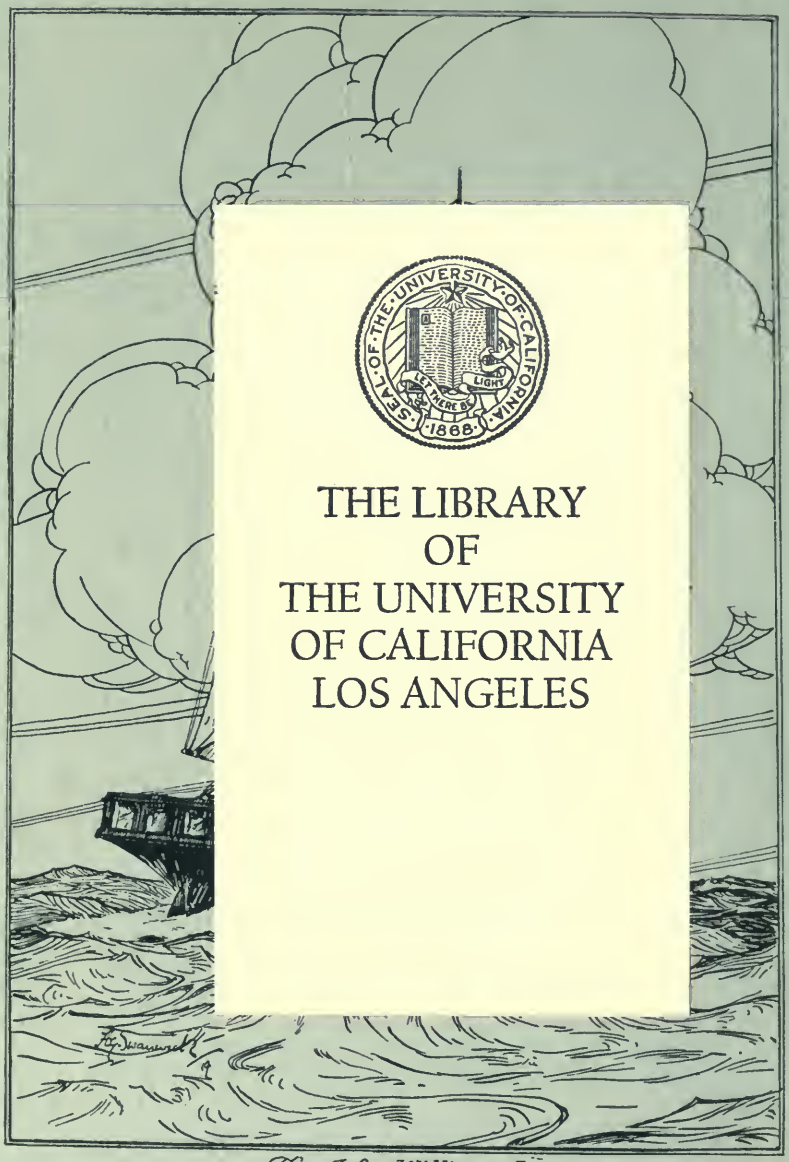
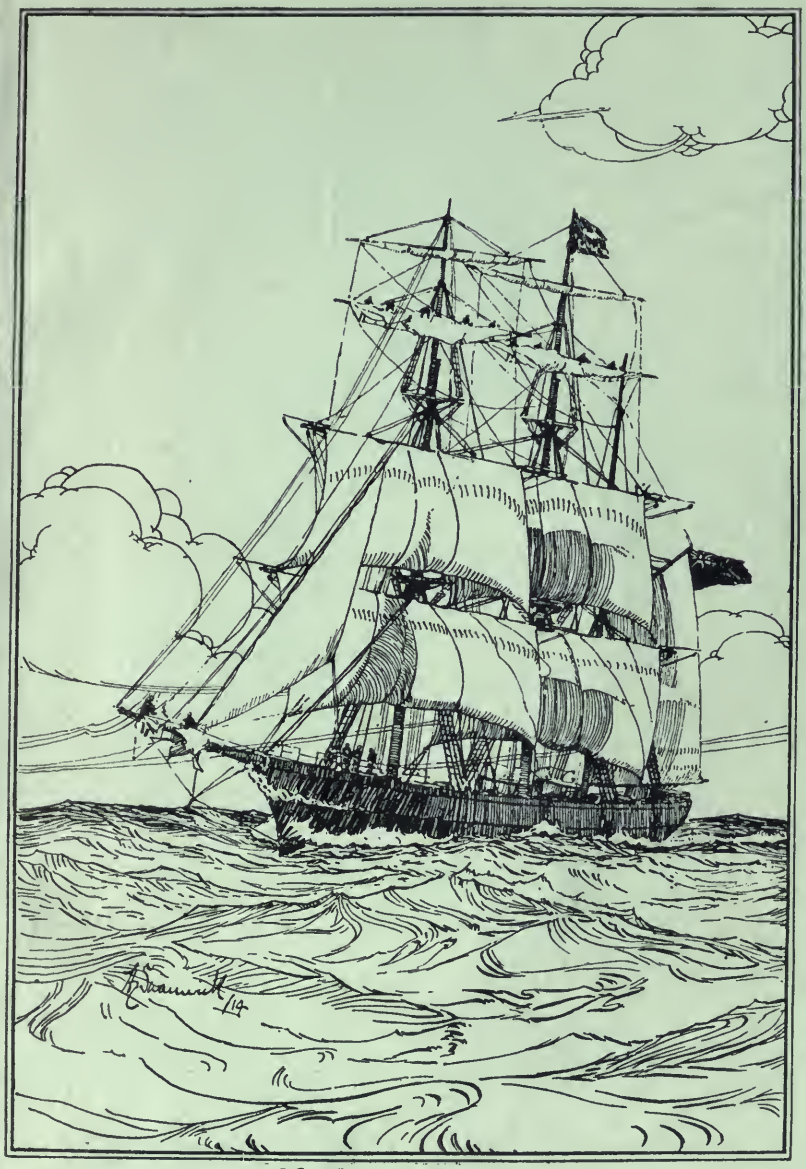
JOHN WILLIAMS the SHIPBUILDER

BASIL MATHEWS



The John Williams I



The John Williams II.

JOHN WILLIAMS
THE SHIPBUILDER

THE PATHFINDER SERIES

LIVINGSTONE THE PATHFINDER.
By Basil Mathews. Forty-fifth thousand. Also translated into Chinese, Tamil, Urdu, Malagasy (abridged), German, Dutch, and Welsh.

GREATHEART OF PAPUA
(James Chalmers).
By W. P. Nairne. Fifth thousand. Also translated into Welsh.

JOHN WILLIAMS THE SHIPBUILDER.
By Basil Mathews. Twenty-fifth thousand.

'He would slip into the Workshop to watch the smith.'

JOHN WILLIAMS
THE SHIPBUILDER

BY

BASIL MATHEWS

WITH THIRTY-THREE ILLUSTRATIONS
EIGHTEEN BY
ERNEST PRATER

HUMPHREY MILFORD
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MAPS AND DIAGRAM

THE END PAPERS

The pictures inside the front cover and the back cover are drawings of the ships named after John Williams. They were not built by him but in his memory by the children of Great Britain.

John Williams I, launched in March 1844, wrecked on Danger Island in May 1864.

John Williams II, sailed January 4, 1866, wrecked on the island of Niué on January 8, 1867.

John Williams III, launched October 1868, sold July 1895.

John Williams IV, left the Thames on May 18, 1894.

THE SEA-FARER

. . . So now the thoughts of my heart urge that I myself should try the high streams, the play of the salt waves. The desire of my mind, every moment, spurs on my soul to go, that I far hence may seek a stranger land.

For there is no man so high-hearted over earth, nor so good in gifts, nor so keen in youth, nor so brave in deeds, nor so loyal to his lord, that he may not have always sad yearning towards the sea-faring, for what the Lord will give him there.

. . . The man safe at home knoweth not what some endure who far abroad make tracks of exile. So now my mind stirreth within my breast ; my soul amid the sea-flood, over the whale's home, roameth widely over the ends of the earth, cometh back to me, . . . not to be gainsaid, whetteth my heart upon the whale-way over the plains of ocean.

(8th century. Author unknown.)

For my own part I cannot content myself within the narrow limits of a single reef.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

CAPTAIN COOK.

From the statue by Sir T. Brock, R.A.

TWO CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS

THE captain of the *Resolution* came on deck as the first gleam of gold began to fleck the rim of the ocean.[1] The rolling waste of the Pacific ran eastward, unbroken by sail or island, to the edge of the ocean where the curve of the sun's rim lifted above the sea. Half a mile to westward the sea broke on a grey shore.

The three-masted ship swung easily at anchor in seventeen fathoms of water, through which the movements of strange fishes could be seen against the dark sea-floor of brown sand. The *Resolution* was sheltered from the north-west by a curving headland.

The captain could see, on the beach, in front of the grey-green hills, the black figures of savages. They were gathering to watch this enormous canoe, which had come to them over the far waters, and had, in the evening, furled her white wings in their bay. The captain gave orders and the sailors smartly swung out two of the ship's boats. He stepped into one ; and the blades dipped and flashed as the boats made toward the shore. The men as they pulled had no feeling of curiosity or of strangeness, though the boats' bows were cutting through the water

[1] Daybreak of Thursday, August 4, 1774.

toward a beach on which no white man had ever stepped, and where savages were now gathering armed with clubs and with spears bristling with sharks' teeth.

The sailors took these things as a matter of course, because to be with Captain Cook was to expect adventure as surely as they looked for the sunrise. When their eyes rested on their commander, with his strong clean-shaven face under the three-cornered hat, the keen glance that had seen everything except fear, their faces showed that they were ready to go to the ends of the earth with him.

Indeed, they were doing this even now. They knew that this captain of theirs who loved the sea was the finest navigator in all the world. He had run away to sea at Whitby as a boy, and had lived on the ocean ever since. From Quebec and Newfoundland to the Cape of Good Hope, the southern ice-floes and the coral islands of the Pacific, Captain Cook had sailed, undaunted by spear or club, gale or rock or floating berg.

Day after day, for year after year,[1] these men had sailed with him from Britain, across the Equator, where the rays of the sun beat down on men's heads like hammer-blows and melted the very tar between the ship's timbers, southward to the frightful ice-floes where the rigging froze like iron rods and to furl a sail was agony.

[1] They had sailed from the Thames on April 9, 1772.

Turning her bows eastward the *Resolution* had explored both deep ocean and shoal-water, where—caught on the cruel teeth of a coral reef—she was becalmed and then smitten by hurricane. But, through it all, Captain Cook had led them north and south, east and west, over the Pacific. He flung aside fear as the bows of his ship threw aside the spray of the threatening waves. His own ship was called *Resolution*, and her companion was the *Adventure*. The two names summed up the character of the commander of the expedition. In peril of fog and floating iceberg, tempest and waterspout, and of cannibal savages, they had landed on a score of islands where no white man had set foot before them, and had claimed much new territory for the dominions of King George.

This morning as the sailors rowed to shore, with the rising sun in their faces, they looked to their commander for his further orders. His quick eyes were looking for a place where they could land to get wood and fresh-water. Making first for a small beach near the headland, Captain Cook had to turn about because of the rocks which lined the coast there. He went near enough to the outer beach, however, to be able to hand cloth and medals as gifts to some of the islanders who had come down to see who the strangers were.

The faces of the savages, naturally dark-brown, were blackened with a sooty mixture and reddened

with a dye. Their mops of hair were twisted into tiny whipcord plaits. They were naked ; and carried spears and clubs, bows and arrows. On receiving these gifts, they made signs, offering to haul the boats over the outer breakers on to the sandy beach beyond. Seeing that Captain Cook would not do this, they made signs to him to go farther down into the bay. Again and again he put in toward the shore ; but each time on closer view he did not like the look of the landing-places, and put out again.

The savages now came pouring down to the beach from their villages till the shore was black with them. Waving their hands, they directed him round a rocky point, where—as he tells us :

> On a fine sandy beach, I stepped out of the boat without wetting a foot, in the face of a vast multitude, with only a green branch in my hand, which I had before got from one of them.

Captain Cook took only one man out of the boat with him.

'Lie a little way out,' he shouted to the second boat, while his own lay with its nose on the sand.

The people received him with courtesy. They had never seen a man like this one, with his white face and long full coat, knee-breeches, stockings, and shoes. They crowded up too near, as he thought, to the boat ; but, at a motion of his hand, they moved back again. The chief ordered the people

to form a semi-circle round the bow of the boat, leaving space for Cook and his seaman on the beach. Some of the islanders pressed forward, but the chief lifted up his spear and beat them back with it.

Cook gave the chief many presents and then signed that he needed fresh-water, hoping by watching them to discover where the spring was. The chief gave an order, and a man ran off to one of the huts, returning with a little water in a bamboo, so that Cook was no wiser as to the whereabouts of the water-spring. When he made gestures showing that he wanted something to eat they ran and brought him a yam and some coco-nuts.

Their behaviour seemed very friendly, save that they all carried clubs, spears, darts, and bows and arrows. When the chief signed to Cook to have the boat hauled up on the shore, then slipped into the crowd and spoke to several of his men, returned and again signalled to him to haul up the boat, Cook began to be suspicious.

He stepped immediately into the boat, telling the people by signs that he would soon return. He ordered the gang-board to be pulled in and the boat pushed off from the shore. But before the sailors could get the boat off, the natives laid hold of the gang-board and unhooked it from the stern of the boat. Cook ordered the boat to put in to recover the board.

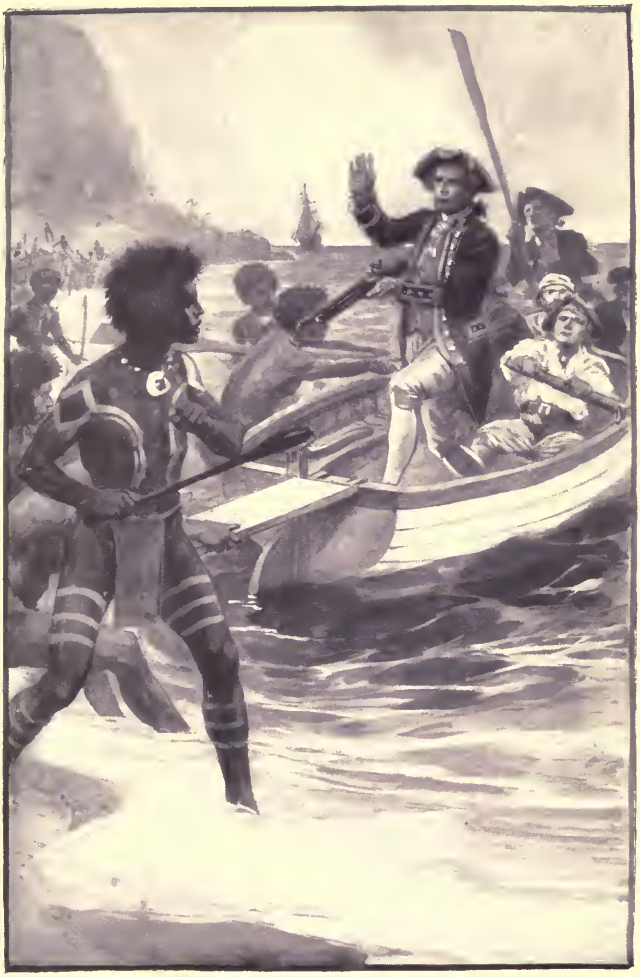
At this the islanders hooked the gang-board on to

the boat, and, digging their heels into the sand, tugged the boat toward the shore. Others leapt into the water to snatch the oars from the hands of the sailors. Cook made signs that he would shoot if they did not leave their hold of the boat. He pointed his musket at the chief, behind whom stood a multitude of savages with stones, darts, and bows and arrows all ready.

He pulled the trigger; but the flint missed fire.

In an instant arrows, stones, and darts came flying through the air. One spent arrow struck the naked breast of a man in the boat; but it did not even penetrate the skin. Another man was wounded—a dart, the point of which was as thick as a man's finger, piercing two inches into his cheek. Cook then gave orders to his men to fire. As the muskets blazed, the crowd of savages were thrown into confusion; but they recovered and stood their ground. Even a second discharge of the guns only drove them to the cover of trees and bushes, from which, every now and then, as the boats drew off, they leapt out to throw a spear or shoot an arrow.

As soon as they were once more aboard the *Resolution*, Captain Cook gave the order to weigh anchor as he wished to go in and anchor the ship near the landing-place. While the windlass was working, some of the islanders appeared on a low rocky point, holding up two oars which the sailors had lost in the scuffle. Cook took this as a sign that they



'COOK MADE SIGNS THAT HE WOULD SHOOT.'

feared punishment and wished to give the oars back. But his companions on board urged him to fire a four-pound shot at them. He was persuaded to do this. The ball fell short; but the terrific explosion and the smoke so frightened them that none of the people of the island were seen any more. They left the two oars standing up against the bushes.

The anchor was hardly hanging at the bow of the *Resolution* before the calm broke and a breeze sprang up, blowing off shore from the north. Cook decided to take advantage of this, and, setting sail, the ship plied out of the bay southward, watched by the curious eyes of the islanders from behind bush and tree and rock.

The *Resolution* never sailed back to the island again; but went southward and found other and more friendly islands, where Cook discovered that the name of the island he had left was called Erromanga. Captain Cook steered his ship on from the Tropics into the Antarctic Seas, where they saw an island surrounded by great cliffs of ice, from which pieces broke off with a noise like cannon and floated out to sea.

> The wild rocks (said Captain Cook) raised their lofty summits till they were lost in the clouds and the valleys lay covered with everlasting snow.

At last, after sailing right round the globe, Captain Cook reached Plymouth again. All Britain hailed him as the greatest hero and explorer of his day.

Boys who read or heard the story of his travels round the world, which were stranger than the stories of fairyland, yet were true in every word, dreamed at night of doing as Cook had done as a boy when he rose before daybreak and quietly opening the door, slipped out—with all his belongings in a handkerchief—to run away to sea. Grown men would sit reading the story of Cook's travels, forgetting everything as they breathlessly followed the Captain from adventure to adventure.

One day a clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Haweis, was reading the adventures of Captain Cook. But Haweis was fascinated more by the wild savage people who lived in the islands than with the islands themselves. He called seven friends of his together at a London coffee-house off Cornhill, and they formed an adventurous scheme to send out another ship to these very South Sea Islands which Captain Cook had discovered. This ship was not to go to search for new islands. It was to take men who would dare actually to stay and live among the savages themselves.

Captain Cook and his men had faced the dangers of exploring year in and year out in the service of King George. The men who were to sail to the South Seas under this new plan were to go, however, to bring the natives of the islands out of the rule of their gods of war under the dominion of God, the Father, the King of kings.

The seven men in the coffee-house formed a new

company which they called 'The Missionary Society', and got together directors who subscribed and bought a sturdy sailing-ship, the *Duff*.

Who should be its captain? To their joy they found in Captain Wilson as daring a hero as even Cook had been.

Captain Wilson, who was appointed commander of the *Duff* to sail her to the South Seas, had been the dare-devil sailor son of a sailor father, who was captain of a Newcastle collier. Young Wilson had fought in the American War and then sailed to India as captain of a ship. In India he had been captured by the French and thrown into prison, from which he had escaped by climbing a great wall and dropping down forty feet on the other side. He had then plunged into a river full of alligators, and had swum across safely—escaping the jaws of the alligators only to be captured by Indians on the other bank, fettered and made to march barefoot for 500 miles. At the end of the awful march he had been thrust into Hyder Ali's horrible prison, loaded with irons, nearly starved to death, and at the end of two years set free.

This was the daring commander who had now undertaken to captain the little *Duff* across the oceans of the world to the South Seas. There came on board with him, as the little ship waited in the channel of the Thames, six carpenters, two shoemakers, two bricklayers, two sailors, two

smiths, two weavers, a surgeon, a hatter, a shopkeeper, a cotton-factor, a cabinet-maker, a tinworker, a draper, a harness-maker, a butcher, and four ministers. But they were all of them missionaries going out together on this new adventure, better missionaries because they were carpenters and smiths and weavers—men who could work with their hands and teach the savages to do the same.

So on August 10, 1796, the *Duff* cast off her moorings. As one of a fleet of fifty-seven vessels she sailed down the English Channel and across the Bay of Biscay, protected against the French cruisers by British men-of-war; across the Atlantic, westward to Cape Horn (where violent gales swept her back in her tracks), then across the Atlantic again, eastward to the Cape of Good Hope. By February 15, 1797, she was eastward of New Zealand. For ninety-seven days after leaving Janeiro the *Duff* sighted no shore and but one sail, having run 13,820 miles, a longer voyage than was ever taken before without seeing land. The first island sighted was Tubuai.

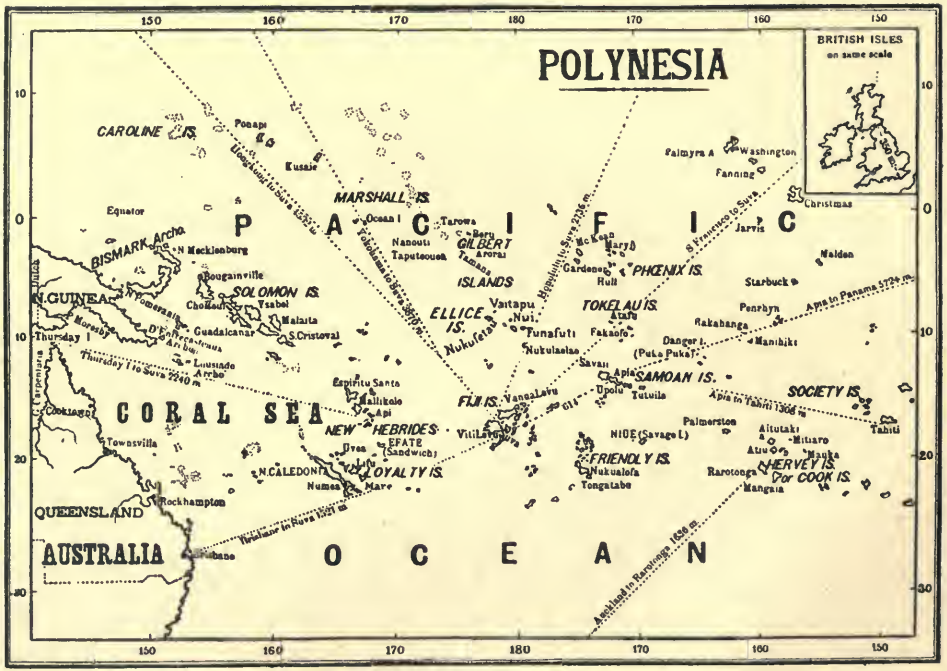
Then a gale rose. The wind howled through the rigging and tore at the sails, while the great billows rushed and hissed along the sides of the little ship and swept over her streaming decks. But she weathered the storm, and at last dropped anchor in the harbour under shelter of the great mountains of Captain Cook's island of Tahiti.[1]

[1] March 4, 1797.

The brown Tahitians came in hundreds, skimming over the bay in their canoes, leapt on board, and danced on the deck as though mad. Then they hauled up pigs, fowl, fish, and bananas for the white men to buy. But it was Sunday, and the captain and his fellow passengers were Christian missionaries. The Tahitians, puzzled as they were because the white men and women would not buy, wondered still more when they saw the men and women and children kneel down with no god to be seen. But they smiled with joy when they heard the most beautiful sounds that had ever come to their ears—the singing of the grown-up people in their service of worship on board.

Across the bay came a large canoe, and in it sat the aged and powerful chief, Haamanemane. He came aboard, walked up to the 'chief' of the ship, Captain Wilson, and called out to him, 'Taio,' which meant that he wished to be troth-friend. When the captain understood this he said, 'Taio,' in reply; and he and the wild chief, the priest of the gods of Tahiti, were brothers.

On the next day, under the palm-trees of Tahiti, with the sound of the surf in their ears and the great palm-trees spreading shade over them, the King and Queen of Tahiti gave part of their land to these strange new white people who worshipped the God-who-cannot-be-seen.


POLYNESIA
BRITISH ISLES on same scale
P A C I F I C
O C E A N
CORAL SEA
CAROLINE IS.
Ponapi
Kusaie
Honolulu to Suva 2250 m.
MARSHALL IS.
Ocean I.
Nanouti
Tarawa
Berry
GILBERT
Aroran
Tamana
Taputeouea
ISLANDS
Yokohama to Suva 4500 m.
Honolulu to Suva 2250 m.
Equator
BISMARK Archo.
N. Mecklenburg
Bougainville
SOLOMON IS.
Choiseul
Ysabel
Malaita
N. GUINEA
Port Moresby
Guadalcanar
S. Cristoval
Thursday I.
Louisiade Archo.
Thursday I. to Suva 2240 m.
Torres Strait
Cooktown
Townsville
Rockhampton
QUEENSLAND
AUSTRALIA
Brisbane
Espiritu Santa
Malikolo
Api
NEW HEBRIDES
EFATE (Sandwich)
Dyes
N. CALEDONIA
LOYALTY IS.
Numea
Mare
Vitelaine to Suva 1500 m.
Vaitapu
Nui
ELLICE IS.
Nukufetau
Funafuti
Nukulaelae
Savaii
Apia
SAMOAN IS.
Upolu
Tutuila
FIJI IS.
Vanua Levu
Viti Levu
NIUE (Savage I.)
FRIENDLY IS.
Nukualofa
Tongatabu
Honolulu to Suva 2250 m.
Mc Kean
Maryl
Gardener
Hull
PHŒNIX IS.
TOKELAU IS.
Atafu
Fakaofo
Danger I. (Puka Puka)
Palmyra A
Washington
Fanning
Christmas
Jarvis
San Francisco to Suva
Waldon
Starbuck
Penrhyn
Rakahanga
Manihiki
Apia to Panama 5700 m.
SOCIETY IS.
Apia to Tahiti 1300 m.
Palmerston
Aitutaki
Mitiaro
Atiu
Mauke
Rarotonga
HERVEY IS. or COOK IS.
Mangaia
Tahiti
Auckland to Rarotonga 1500 m.
150
160
170
180
10
0
20
30

CHAPTER I

THE BOY

'JOHN can do it,' cried Elizabeth. 'Yes,' said young William and his other sisters, Charlotte and Mary, 'John can do it. Where is he? J-O-H-N!'

At that moment a sturdy boy came into the garden, where his sisters were playing.

'Well, what can "John" do now?' he asked, smiling.

His eyes looked out with quiet humour from a round, good-natured face, crowned by a mass of brown hair. The set of the boy's mouth and chin, the fearless look of his eyes, even the arch of his nose gave an impression of clean, young strength. But what startled those who at first sight imagined him to be dull and slow was the vigour and cleverness of his swift hands. His sisters would stand with open-eyed wonder that never ceased, watching John's powerful young hands as they gripped hammer and nail, or cord and pole, and made a boat or a coach for their games, out of the most impossible materials. So it came about that when they were balked in their play by some difficulty too great for their strength or skill, they would often call out—as they did now—'Oh, John can do it.'

We can imagine them in the garden of their house at Tottenham—in those days a village six miles from London—calling out for John.

John Williams was born in the year when the *Duff* sailed out to the South Seas with Captain Wilson in command, and seventeen years after Captain Cook[1] had been clubbed to death by savages on the beach of the far-off South Sea island. Boys at school and men in workshops told one another the marvels that Captain Cook had seen as he sailed from island to island in the Pacific on his way round the world. The books that told the story of how he sailed round and round the world were read by everybody.[2]

So the Williams children in Tottenham would hear the stories and play games at being Captain Cook; and the girls would now, as John came into the garden, drag him along, saying:

'We want a ship like Captain Cook's, to sail out to a coral island on the other side of the world.'

Then we can imagine how John would take command; sending Elizabeth in to rummage for an old sheet, Mary for a broomstick, Charlotte for a big washing basket, and his little brother William for some rope. With these things his fingers could quickly rig up a ship, and, with the wind filling

[1] Captain Cook died, 1779. John Williams born, June 29, 1796.

[2] Captain Cook's Travels would have the same fascination for John Williams as a boy that Scott's South Polar Expedition has for a boy now.

the sheet-sail on the broomstick mast, send it sailing over the green sea of grass to be wrecked on the coral reef of the rockery.

The Williams children not only could play their 'Let 's pretend' games of sailing from Tottenham to Tahiti. They could go out into the real world beyond their garden wall, and walk in the summertime across the marshes of the river Lea, chasing one another and the butterflies over the grass, picking the marsh marigolds and daisies, and watching the slow barges go down the stream carrying their burdens for the great ships in the docks beside the Thames at Blackwall.

As they came back and saw a horseman go galloping by out of London toward Edmonton, one of them would be sure to say, 'There goes John Gilpin.' All the children at that time were learning that

> John Gilpin was a citizen
> Of credit and renown.
> A train-band captain eke was he
> Of famous London town.

The poem was a favourite with every boy and girl then, and would be a special joy to a boy who lived—like John Williams—near to the very road where, in the ballad:

> Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
> Away went hat and wig.

So the Williams children (we may be sure) would

repeat together how—as John Gilpin galloped through Tottenham to the 'Bell' at Edmonton, where Mrs. Gilpin and the children waited dinner for him,

> The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
> Up flew the windows all;
> And every soul cried out, 'Well done!'
> As loud as he could bawl.[1]

Down the road they would see great hooded wagons rumbling along, carrying the grain and vegetables for the citizens

> Of famous London town.

It was all the more wonderful a city to John and to his brothers and sisters because their mother had lived there. At night-times they would tease her to tell them about when she was a girl and lived right in the middle of London, so that every morning when she woke she could see high above her, but quite close, the great dome of St. Paul's. Every now and then it might even be possible to get her to tell them about when she was married to their father and went to live at Oxford, where the students walked and talked and laughed noisily along the cobbled streets, and went in and out of the grey old colleges with their lovely green gardens and ancient trees.

As John sat in the evenings (and especially on

[1] Cowper wrote *John Gilpin* at some time between 1783 and 1785.

Sunday evenings), with elbows on knees and chin in hands, listening to his mother and gazing into the fire, deeper thoughts came to him, as to many boys. Sometimes he went off all alone and wrote down these things.

One day John's mother found among her boy's belongings a piece of paper on which he had written his thoughts; it made her so happy that she kept it. He had written down some of the thoughts that came into his mind, in verses in the metre of 'John Gilpin'. Here are the first three of them:

Soon as the sun ascends the sky,
  His light and heat to shed;
I would not any longer lie,
  And slumber in my bed.

With open eyes and gladsome heart
  I welcome in the day;
I throw my bed-clothes all apart,
  And rise, and kneel and pray.

For when the little birds unite,
  Their morning song to raise;
So little boys should take delight,
  Their Maker too to praise.

John and his brothers and sisters did not see much of their father in the evenings, for he was fond of going with some companions of his to the tavern down the street to drink and talk with them. But, at breakfast, when John was nine years old, his father would be sure to tell them some of the news he had heard of, how 'Boney',

as the people called Napoleon Buonaparte, was on the cliffs of Calais, and had a fleet of French ships all ready to come over and invade England.[1] Children shivered when they heard this name, for Buonaparte was the bogy of British boys and girls then. But Mrs. Williams was much kinder and wiser than many of the mothers who, in those days, used to frighten their children by saying, 'I will let old Boney have you, if you aren't good.' John would never forget that autumn day in the same year when he heard every one cheering and saw them waving their hats as the story of the wonderful victory of Lord Nelson at Trafalgar ran like wild-fire through the land.

On Sundays all the Williams brothers and sisters went up to the Sunday school at Fore Street, Edmonton. When John was eleven years old he would be certain to hear one Sunday in the spring of 1807, his teacher telling them all how, from that day, no more negroes would be carried off from their forest homes in Africa, shackled and flogged and thrust into the loathsome holds of British slave-ships to be carried off into slavery, for the British Parliament had passed, and King George had signed, an Act doing away with the slave-trade under the British flag.

At day-school, John Williams in class and at games was just a straightforward boy, who never

[1] 1805.

told lies nor cheated at games. He was neither very clever nor very stupid over his lessons. He certainly liked to be doing carpentering rather than working at his grammar.

Sometimes, on his way to school, as a horseman, with cloak flying, cantered down the road toward London, John wondered whether he would ever go to live and work in that great city by the river, the city where carts rattled over the cobbles all day, and where courtiers galloped on fine horses and ladies rode in coaches and in covered chairs carried by men to the palace of the King.

There was, however, one thing that made him forget every other thought of London or school or even home. He would gaze fascinated into the dark cave-like workshop where the blacksmith at his forge, while the bellows sent the sparks flying, heated the iron, and then laid the glowing metal on the anvil to beat it into shape with ringing blows of his hammer.

To be able to take rough iron and timber, and to shape and make things from them with his own hands, to build a boat or weld an anchor—that was the life John Williams desired.

CHAPTER II

HAMMER AND ANVIL

One day, when John was fourteen years old, his father told him that he would not go to school any more.

'We are all going to leave Tottenham,' he said, 'and move into London; and you, John, will be an apprentice in an ironmonger's shop.'

The family left the home in which John had lived all his life up till then; and they went down the great highway to their new home among the streets on the north side of London.[1]

In the morning John's father took him to the shop where he was to earn his living as an apprentice to the ironmongery trade.[2] The shop was full of the things John wanted to make or handle—hammers, chisels and screwdrivers, iron hinges and locks and keys, grates and pulleys, chains and hooks, knives, hatchets and axes. But as he busied himself in the shop his ear caught the ringing sound of a hammer on an anvil. It was the noise of the men at work making the goods for sale. For in those days, before the great factories were built, ironmongers made many of the things they sold.

It was difficult for John to stay at the counter

[1] Spencer Street, Goswell Road. [2] 12, City Road.

selling nails when he wanted to be out in the workshop with a hammer. His master, Mr. Tonkin, smiled to himself as he saw the boy slip into the workshop to watch the smith. He was still more amused when, at the end of the day, after the shop was closed, John, instead of hurrying home, went out into the workshop, put on a leather apron, blew up the forge fire, and with swinging arms and face perspiring in the red glow of the flame, pounded and fashioned the gleaming iron.

For years John served his master the ironmonger in the shop; and, in his spare time, trained himself at the anvil and the bench with sledge-hammer and vice and file till he was a first-class mechanic.

As he grew older, however, he ceased walking with his mother to church in the evening[1] and began to lounge in the streets with companions. They were able to lead him to the tavern all the more easily because his father did the same thing. John had, indeed, almost forgotten the feelings that he had when he was a boy at school and had written:

> With open eyes and gladsome heart
> I welcome in the day;
> I throw my bed-clothes all apart,
> And rise, and kneel and pray.

One Sunday he arranged to meet some of his friends at a certain street corner for a jaunt in the evening. He reached the place at the time arranged

[1] She worshipped at the Whitefield Tabernacle, Finsbury.

and waited there, but his chums were late. Up and down the road he paced, growing more and more impatient. He became more angry still because people whom he knew began to pass on their way to church. He felt that he looked rather ridiculous.

Just then the wife of his master the ironmonger came walking by, and seeing John Williams standing looking moody and rather sheepish, she stopped and asked if he would not go with her to the service at the church to which she was going, which was the same that his mother attended. He said that he would go ; not because he really wished to do so, but mainly out of anger at his companions who had failed him.

That evening the minister preached a sermon from the text : 'What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul ?'

No one, looking at John, the ironmonger's apprentice, sitting there in the pew with his quiet reserved face lifted toward the speaker, could have realized that anything that was important to the world or exciting to John was happening. But, in that hour, John made the decision that took him from his little life in the ironmonger's shop and launched him on a sea of strange adventure among wild savage people in the enchanted islands of the South Seas. John decided to give his whole life into the hands of Him who first asked the question which, even as he listened there, the minister was

repeating from the pulpit, 'What is a man profited . . . ?' That quiet hour in which he saw his Master face to face was in reality John Williams's great adventure. For out of that hour and his obedience to the vision seen then all his adventures came; the perils on land and sea, among savage men and wild tempests.

On another day some time later, when John was already in his twentieth year, the minister of the Tabernacle[1] was telling the people about the islands that Captain Cook had discovered, far off in the South Seas. He held out the even greater adventure —that of discovering, not the islands, but the real life of the islanders—savages who made their lovely coral islands into places of horror and terror; and sacrificed the blood of men in worship of their misshapen gods of ironwood and feathers.

We do not know just what words Mr. Wilks spoke then, but they would be words like these which he used in a speech of his, which was printed, on the people of the South Sea Islands.

'"Let them alone," said an eminent British physician to me, "they are happy now, and you will disturb them." . . . "They are happy now!" Yet one of our missionaries at Tongatabu saw a warrior draw his knife and cut off a slice of flesh from the arm of his captive and eat it raw before him. "They are happy now! . . ."—yet another of our mis-

[1] The Rev. Matthew Wilks.

sionaries saw eight peaceable men seized—butchered—baked, and eaten by these "happy" savages!'

John—as he thought of the lives of the savage brown cannibals, and remembered all that he himself possessed which they were without—felt driven to believe that he was called to enlist as a Christian missionary for service among them. Just as he made a chain in the workshop, steadily beating out the glowing iron on the anvil link by link with his hammer, so he made this decision. It was not come to in a flash of sudden feeling, but was gradually tested link by link; and his determination, when his mind was fully made up, was as unbreakable as one of his own iron chains.[1]

No one except himself knew of his feelings at the time. He worked in the shop and was at home and among his friends for months without telling any one of his wish. Then he spoke to his mother and father and some close companions. At last he told his pastor, Mr. Wilks, who was very glad, and at once began to help John to make his education better than it had been, so that he should be fitted

[1] 'My heart', he said afterwards, when writing to the directors of the Missionary Society, 'was frequently with the poor heathen. . . . I made it a subject of serious prayer to God that He would . . . banish the desire, if it was not consistent with His holy mind and will; but that, if it was consistent, He would increase my knowledge with the desire. I then examined my motives and found that the sense of the value of an immortal soul . . . and a conviction of the debt of love I owe to God for His goodness, . . . were the considerations by which my desire was created.'

JOHN WILLIAMS AND HIS WIFE.
From miniature paintings.

for the work to which he intended to offer himself. At last John sent in to the Missionary Society[1] the offer of his services, and he was—after passing the examination—accepted, just after his twentieth birthday.[2]

He still had seven months to serve in the ironmonger's shop before his time as an apprentice was ended; but Mr. Tonkin excused John for these months, so that he might train himself for his new work.

John might at that time often be seen going into a house—not his own home—where a family named Chauner lived. One of the daughters was called Mary. John also often met her in the Sunday school and after the services on Sunday. He asked her to be his wife; and her love for him and for the work which he was going to do was so great that she was ready to travel to the other side of the world away from all her friends and to live among savage peoples. This, especially in those days, was braver than we can easily understand now; and was even more heroic in a girl of nineteen like Mary than it was in John.

Farewell was said to John (as well as to other young men who were about to sail away to far-off fields, like Robert Moffat, the heroic pioneer in South Africa) at a great meeting at Surrey Chapel.

[1] Now the London Missionary Society. This was the Society which (as we read at the beginning) Dr. Haweis and his friends founded.

[2] July, 1816.

John was now eager to be off to his work, though it was a wrench to tear himself away from his mother and sisters. No ship was sailing direct to the South Sea Islands from England, so a passage was taken in the *Harriet*, which was sailing from the Thames to Sydney.

At last the day came for John and Mary Williams to go with their friends down to the docks, and to embark. They went aboard the *Harriet* and, when the last fluttering handkerchief on the dock-side had passed out of sight, they turned to face the long journey that was to take a whole year, the voyage from the North Sea Islands where our own ancestors themselves were once wild savages, across the Atlantic and Pacific, to the South Sea Islands on the other side of the world.

CHAPTER III

'THE WAY OF A SHIP'

As soon as John Williams and his wife were aboard the *Harriet*, they went below to their bare rough cabin.

With a hammer and some hooks and nails, John soon put up pegs on which to hang their hats and coats, fixed their cabin lamps, hung up looking-glasses, laid down little bits of carpet, and helped to make the beds in the bunks. John's hammer was, in his hands, like a curious fairy wand that worked transformations. In an hour he changed an unlovely cell into a cosy room.

The ship had now moved down to Gravesend, where she was held up for a few days. John and Mary might have gone ashore to sleep, but they had made their cabin so attractive that they determined to stay aboard, and, in spite of a howling gale, they slept undisturbed.

So quickly had John become accustomed to the ship that, while he was ashore at Gravesend the next day, when the friend whom he was visiting asked him the time, he reached for his watch, and, finding that it was not in his pocket, exclaimed:

'I cannot tell you the time, I have left my watch *at home.*'

A few days later the *Harriet* set sail down the Channel into the open ocean. The chill of the late autumn soon fell behind them as the ship ran southward into warmer seas. John sighted the green heights of the Canary Islands—Palma and Teneriffe. As they sailed on, with the setting sun always on the starboard bow, the Pole Star which guides mariners in the northern waters slid slowly down the sky astern. Over the bows, as they came within a few degrees of the Equator, the Cross that pilots men in the Southern Seas lifted above the arc of the horizon. When it had climbed a few degrees, Williams watched the Pole Star astern dip below the northern rim of the ocean, followed by the Great Bear.

As the craft flew on, with her white sails spread over blue waters, John Williams revelled in the new sights that met his eyes each day. He was fascinated with all that he saw: the glittering flying-fish leaping from the sea and flashing back again—one of them, as it fled hunted from the sea, falling helpless on the deck; the cruel fin of a shark cutting the surface of the water; the white albatrosses and great mollymawks floating above the topsail; and, at night-time, the wavering trails of fire marbling the sea with a phosphorescent gleaming, from which a dolphin would rise with slow curving motion, to sink again, leaving ripples of orange light where he had disappeared.

He told his mother about all these things in letters home, which he wrote on board ship.

'To-day we cross the Line,' said the captain to Williams, when they had been sailing for some three weeks.

When the moment came at which the *Harriet* actually crossed the Equator, Father Neptune, trident in hand, came on board with his wife, accompanied by their court of demi-gods. They climbed over the bow of the ship. John and Mary were amused as they watched the new apprentice members of the crew being introduced to the god of the sea and then given a good sousing in a sailful of water, after which they were reckoned by their mates to be no longer 'lubbers', but regular 'sea-dogs'.

John Williams, however, though he enjoyed watching the sea and sky, fish and bird, and the sport of the sailors, was most of all fascinated by the ship herself. He watched her till he knew all 'the way of a ship in the sea'. Whether she was running free before the trade-winds or staggering under the shock of billows that lashed across the deck and went surging out through the rail, she drew his eyes till he knew every rope and sail, spar and timber, from hull to topsail and from rudder to bowsprit.

The sailors bending the fair-weather sails to the yards, the way of the ship in the sea as it came

to the man at the tiller, the taking of observations for longitude and latitude, the tying of sailors' knots and the method of splicing a rope, the set of the mast, the run of the ribs round the hull, the hold of the beams that supported her deck—all the architecture of the ship sunk into his brain and was never forgotten.

When Christmas Day came they were running south-west, within four days' sail of Rio de Janeiro, into which the *Harriet* rode triumphantly, after one of the swiftest passages of those days—6,000 miles in five weeks. Williams had never seen so wonderful a scene as the bay of Rio, with the town backed by towering heights covered from foot to crown with the glorious green of tropical trees, while birds with wings like flashing jewels and butterflies of every colour flew in the sunshine.

Then he saw a large boat full of negroes sailing down the bay—naked, save for a piece of cloth round the loins.

'Slaves! They are slaves,' he was told. The *Harriet* went on into harbour, and on the following day John and Mary Williams went ashore. The first thing that he saw was a gang of black slaves all chained together, with fetters riveted to their ankles and wrists. As they walked through the streets John saw that nearly all the people were slaves.

Then they passed through the slave-market,

'Then they passed through the Slave-market.'

where he saw the negroes crowded into pens holding about twenty in each—little round-faced, chocolate-coloured boys of ten, girls growing into young womanhood, mothers with their babies on their backs, men with hair beginning to go grey—all held for sale like cattle; and, like cattle, kept in order by a man with a whip.

'We saw some,' wrote John to his mother, 'with very heavy irons around their body and legs—others with an iron ring around their necks, with upright pieces of iron on each side, and a projecting piece like a fork behind. Thus are our fellow creatures treated in this idolatrous place. When I came home (i.e. aboard ship) I could not help weeping bitterly at the sight I had that day witnessed.'

At Rio, John Williams found two friends who were going to work in the same islands of Tahiti with them—Mr. and Mrs. Threlkeld, with their baby. They had started out for Tahiti earlier in the year, but as the baby and Mrs. Threlkeld were both taken ill on board ship they were obliged to stop at Rio in order to recover.

After the *Harriet* had stayed in Rio for three weeks, she set sail again out into the Atlantic, and then southward round the stormy Cape Horn and across the wide Pacific to Tasmania, where they went into port at Hobart, and then on again northward to Sydney.

For long weeks they stayed at Sydney, waiting for a ship that would carry them to Tahiti, the end of their journey. At last they heard that a ship, the *Active*, was preparing to sail for New Zealand, and thence to Tahiti. It was September, 1817, when John and Mary had already been ten months on their journey, before the *Active* put out from Sydney Roads into the Pacific.

For a week they sailed eastward, and on the eighth day the man at the look-out shouted, 'Land ho!' They were in sight of New Zealand, and looked forward to being in port quickly. But within a few hours' distance of harbour and anchorage the sky darkened, and they saw the distant ocean swept by wind. Then a heavy gale burst on the ship.

The captain, by trimming his sails, tried to beat up against it, but was obliged to give way, and drove before the raging storm, which tossed and rolled the *Active*, the wind howling through the rigging, and the long Pacific rollers breaking every now and then over her stern and sweeping the deck in a torrent from rudder to bows. For 300 miles she ran before the gale. Then the sun reappeared, the wind dropped, and the *Active* was able to beat back again in her tracks, until at last, after eleven wasted days, she came in sight of the harbour in the Bay of Islands.

As they dropped anchor swarms of half-naked

and wholly filthy savage Maoris rushed on to her decks, clung to her sides, hung on the rigging, pressed around the missionaries, and, to show their friendship, insisted on vigorously rubbing noses.

The *Active* had been so heavily battered in the gale that she needed to be repaired. During that time John Williams, his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Threlkeld, and other friends who were with them, stayed in the house of workers of the Church Missionary Society in New Zealand for nineteen pleasant days.

At last they set sail again for the final stage of their long journey. A cry of 'Land ho!'—and every eye was strained to catch the first glimpse of the mountain peaks and shore of Tahiti.

They saw, beyond the barrier reefs where the breakers whitened, the crown of cloud on the island mountain, and its green slopes falling down to the white beach, over which the fronds of the palm-trees waved, and from which crowds of eager Tahitian natives looked across the rippled surface of the sea to the ship that was coming to their shores.

It was exactly twelve months from the day of sailing from Gravesend when John Williams first crushed under his tread the coral sand of that island from which he was to sail to great adventure.

CHAPTER IV

INTO THE BLUE LAGOON

JOHN WILLIAMS landed from the *Active* at Tahiti in November, 1817. On the following day he sailed across the narrow strait that divides Tahiti from Eimeo, a smaller island with lovely green valleys divided by splintered peaks of dark volcanic rock.

On the beach at Eimeo he saw the skeleton of a large sailing-boat on the shore, as though men had started to build a vessel but had never completed their work.

'Who made it?' he asked, 'and why was it left there unfinished?'

He found that the missionaries on Eimeo wished to do two things that were impossible without a ship; to help Pomare, the King of the island, to open up trade in coco-nuts and palm-oil with New South Wales; and to go out themselves to carry the Faith to other islands too distant to be reached in even the largest dug-out canoes.

They therefore began to build a sailing-boat, but found that it was beyond their powers. They were obliged to leave the timbers of the keel and the ribs on the beach. Within two days of reaching the island John Williams, William Threlkeld, and the others

"His hammer was ringing on the anvil."

met to look over the timbers of the keel and hull of the vessel. They decided 'to finish her forthwith'.

John was very glad to remember now his practice at the anvil at the back of the ironmonger's shop in London on the other side of the world. He had never expected that the first thing he would put his hand to as a missionary in the Pacific would be to wield a hammer on an anvil on a coral island. But the other missionaries felt about him what his sisters had so often said when he was at home: 'John can do it.' Within three days of landing at Eimeo he was rolling up his shirt-sleeves, putting on a smith's apron, and blowing up the forge fire. For he was to be responsible for the whole of the iron-work of this vessel.

While his hammer was ringing on the anvil and the sparks flying as he beat out the red-hot iron into bolts and supports, his colleagues were busy from dawn to sunset with saw and adze and hammer preparing and fixing the timbers. All the hours that John Williams had spent examining every inch of the *Harriet* as they sailed across the Atlantic Ocean now brought him and his friends priceless help.

Within eight days, to the amazement of all the people on the island, the ship lay there on the beach ready to be launched and to sail across the ocean. The news spread like wildfire that the most wonderful little sailing-vessel that had ever been built in the island was to be launched by King Pomare. From

every hill and valley in Eimeo the people poured into the bay, till the beach was brown with the natives. Ropes were passed across the stern of the ship as she lay on the stocks on the slanting beach with her bow toward the still waters of the lagoon.

Over two hundred islanders crowded down to take hold of the ropes on either side. The signal was given. Digging their heels into the beach, the men, straining every muscle of their bare brown bodies, pulled. King Pomare, standing on the port side of the vessel, lifted the bottle of wine which he was to break as he named the ship. He hurled it at the bow, where it smashed to a thousand fragments.

All the hundred natives on King Pomare's side of the boat were so startled by the noise that they lost their grip on the ropes. But the other hundred, on the other side, went on pulling. The ship, therefore, gave a twist and a lurch and fell on her side.

'*Aue te pahi e!*' their lamentation went up. 'Alas, the poor ship!'

'I always said that she would be broken in pieces whenever we should try to launch her,' said Pomare, the king, with gloomy satisfaction, as he strode off.

The king and his people were discouraged. But Williams and his colleagues were made of sterner stuff. By the late afternoon of the same day they had raised her again to an even keel on the stocks. It was now Saturday evening. All day on Sunday the ship lay there in the sun. On Monday morning

the wedges were driven in, a cable was once more placed round her stern, and the natives were stationed at the rope as before.

By them, on a little rise, stood an old warrior, called by the natives a *taata faa ito ito*. This is the name they gave to a man who put fire into them during a battle. Now he stood there calling to them to pull. John Williams said afterwards:

'I was near him, and he did in reality "put life into them". His action was most inspiriting. There seemed not a fibre of his frame which he did not exert; and from merely looking at the old man, I felt as though I was in the very act of pulling.'

The ship began to move from the stocks, first slowly, then more swiftly, and at last slid beautifully off into the water, pursued by the triumphant shoutings of the people.

Each night, as the moon lifted above the palms and mirrored herself in the still lagoon where the little ship lay, John heard the sound of singing from the many huts. The people of Eimeo, each family in their own home, were joining in their evening prayers and song to God. John said, when he wrote home, that it was difficult to believe that these were the very people who, a few years before, had been in such terror of their bloodthirsty gods that they killed even their own relatives and gave up their children to be slain as sacrifices.

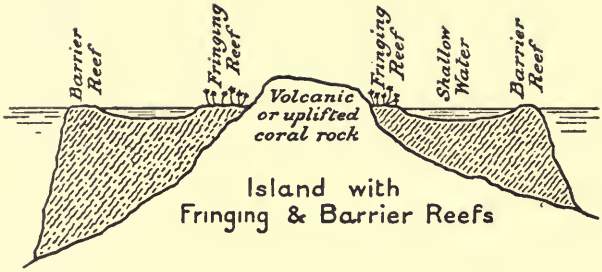
Not many months after they had reached Eimeo a baby boy was born to John and Mary. They called him John—after his father, and Chauner—his mother's maiden name. Baby John Chauner Williams, however, did not stay long on the island where he was born, for within six months he and his father and mother were sailing in the new ship over the seas westward.

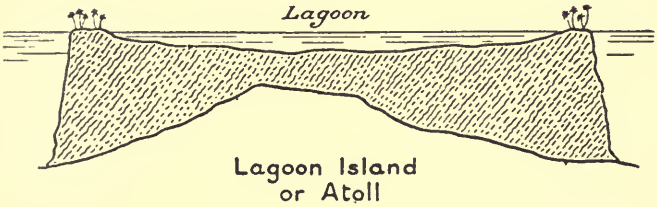
Some chiefs belonging to other islands called the Society Islands [1] had come to Eimeo and wanted their own people, who had never heard the teaching of the Faith of Christianity, to have missionaries living among them.

On a day, therefore, in the middle of June [2] the little ship, with the chiefs and the missionaries on board, put out from the lagoon at Eimeo through the rush and swirl of the tide-swept reef-channel into the open ocean. Two nights they were on board, and for three days the baby's eyes reflected the brighter blue of the limitless sea. On the third day they won their way to the smiling garden island of Huahine.

The brown people of Huahine shouted to see their chiefs back again, and when the chiefs said that the white men and women had come to tell them new teaching which would bring great good to the island, they quickly made ready one of the

[1] See map, page 14.
[2] 1818.





TYPES OF ISLANDS (Sections)

best of their wattle houses for Mr. and Mrs. Williams and the baby.

Scarcely had they gone into this little house, when people came bringing a hot baked pig to them, and a large bowl of yams.[1]

'We then made some tea,' Mary Williams said, writing home to tell the story to her friends, 'and ate a very hearty meal.

'Our next business was to fit up a lodging for the night, which was done by putting a piece of native cloth across one end of a very large house. Here we slept as soundly as if we had been in a palace.

'The next day we removed to a neat little oval house, and fitted it up with native cloth as comfortably as we could. . . . John made lime and plastered the floors.

'In a few days the principal chief of the island sent each of us nine pigs, with a roll of native cloth, and all kinds of their fruit. I wish you could taste some of our bread-fruit[2] and arrow-root cakes.

'I dare say you frequently talk of us, and wonder what we have to eat. I will tell you as nearly as I can.

[1] The yam is a root which, when baked, tastes like a mealy potato.

[2] Bread-fruit grows on a tree; it is round, and about the size of a small melon. It has a green rind and is pithy inside. Like bread it has not much flavour, but is very nourishing.

'There are plenty of fowls here. . . . Sometimes we have fresh pork, and occasionally we kill a sucking-pig, and get it cooked as well as you can in England, who have large kitchen fires. Our method is to run a long stick through it, and to let the ends rest on two fork sticks, and, having kindled a fire behind, a native sits to turn and baste it, until it is well done. . . .

'I wish we had a cow, and I should then be able to make butter, but we get plenty of milk for our tea, as we have five goats.'

John, meanwhile, was going among the people, talking to them in such words of their language as he knew, and each day learning new words and ways of speech. His brain remembered the sounds so swiftly and accurately, that he was very soon preaching to the people in their own language. The older missionaries had never known any man able to learn the language of these island people so quickly as John Williams.

As the people in their canoes went to the other islands in their group, they told the people about the wonderful white men who had come with new teaching to Huahine. So from these islands men came to gaze on the missionaries, and to beg some of them to come and live in their islands.

One day an island king came in a large canoe.

'It is Tamatoa,' the people said to one another, as a brown stalwart islander, six feet ten inches

high, surrounded by his men, came up the beach. 'It is the King of Raiatea.'[1]

'I have come', said Tamatoa, as he stood before the missionaries, 'to speak to you that some of you will return with me to Raiatea and teach us.'

John Williams knew that the island of which Tamatoa was king was the greatest of all the Society Islands. Captain Cook had discovered it, sighting from far away its volcanic peaks circled with cloud, 2,000 feet above the seas. He had called it 'Ulitea'.

But how did Tamatoa come to hear about the missionaries and to wish to have them living and teaching on his island? It happened in this way.

Only a few months before Tamatoa came from Raiatea to Huahine, King Pomare, with Mr. Wilson, one of the missionaries of Tahiti, had been blown by a terrible gale, which wrenched the ship from her anchorage at Eimeo, and drove her across the waters to Raiatea. Pomare, at Raiatea, had told some of the people how they in Eimeo had heard of God, the Father-Creator, who made all things and loved all men, and that in obedience to Him, they had given up slaying one another in war and killing men as sacrifices to the gods.

Tamatoa, the King of Raiatea, as he listened to Pomare and Mr. Wilson, believed that this was

[1] It is important to get the positions of Tahiti, Eimeo, Huahine, and Raiatea clearly in your mind, from the maps on pages 14 and 104.

A Marae.

From an engraving in *The Voyage of the Duff.*

the true worship. He himself at once gave up the worship of Oro, the dreadful god of war. Oro was the greatest and most terrible god in all the islands. From islands near and far off men had been brought through the centuries to be slain on Oro's blood-stained island *marae*[1] at Raiatea as sacrifices. More blood of men had been shed to Oro than to the gods in all the islands of the Society group. To end the worship of Oro in Raiatea and begin there the worship of the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ would therefore mean the change of the life of all the Society Islands, of which Raiatea was the leader.

But Pomare and Mr. Wilson had been obliged to go back from Raiatea to Eimeo, before Tamatoa had time to learn much. Tamatoa, who could wield a spear and a club or a canoe paddle with any man, and could read the coming storm in the colour of the sky and in the surface of the sea, could not hold or guide a pen or read a line in a book. But he could listen, and he wished to hear more; so he had hurried over the sea in his canoe to Huahine to ask a missionary to come to Raiatea.

Even while Tamatoa was speaking to the missionaries on Huahine, John Williams with difficulty

[1] The *marae* was the great open-air stone altar for sacrifices, often very high, as in the picture opposite.

held himself back from calling out to his friends, 'Here am I, send me.' But he knew that it was right that he, as the youngest of them all, for he was still only twenty-two,[1] should wait to hear if some of the older workers would wish to go to Raiatea. To his great joy the older ones did not wish to go, so he and young Threlkeld, with their wives and the two babies, set sail from Huahine.

As they sailed over the seas westward, they caught sight first of the masses of the upthrusting rocky mountains. Then, as they drew nearer, they saw, between the dark mountains, lovely green valleys, like fairy glens. The large island of Raiatea and her little baby sister island, named Tahaa, are protected by an encircling belt of coral reef from the wild fury of the storms of the Pacific and from the ceaseless roll and crash of breakers. There are openings in the reef through which great ships can pass. Sailing through one of these channels of the reef, the boat broke the quiet mirror of the spreading blue lagoon into ripples, from which the sun threw a million darts of light. The beach was alive with islanders as the Williamses and the Threlkelds came ashore. The Raiateans marvelled at the fresh, tiny faces of the little English babies. They then hurried to bring food for a feast. Five large hogs were brought for John Williams, five for Mary, and one hog

[1] September, 1818.

(larger than himself) for little Johnny, who was only nine months old, and the same number of hogs were brought for Mr. and Mrs. Threlkeld and their baby.

In those islands visitors are strangers until they have been fed, then they are *taata tabu*, that is, 'neighbours'. The people of Raiatea clearly wished to make their new visitors real neighbours; for, in addition to the pigs, they brought to them twenty crates of yams, taro[1], coco-nuts, mountain plantains, and bananas, and a great roll of native cloth.

Night fell, and the brown people of Raiatea left them to sleep for the first night on this island, which was to be their home for many years.

Again and again, in storm wrack and in sunshine, John Williams was to go out on his quest across that silent lagoon, where that night the canoes riding the water alone broke the mirrored face of the moon. He would in the days to come sail to other islands beyond that encircling reef, the ceaseless roar of whose surf now hushed him to sleep.

[1] The taro plant has leaves like those of the white arum lily, only much taller. Its root is like a mangel-wurzel. Cooked, it tastes floury and is a substitute for bread.

CHAPTER V

THE ISLAND HOME

As the dawn quickened into the full shining of the morning a brown Raiatean woman came along the shore of the lagoon. It was the Queen of Raiatea, Tamatoa's wife. She came to Williams and Threlkeld as they were walking along the ridge above the water's edge, seeking a place where they might settle and build a house and a church.

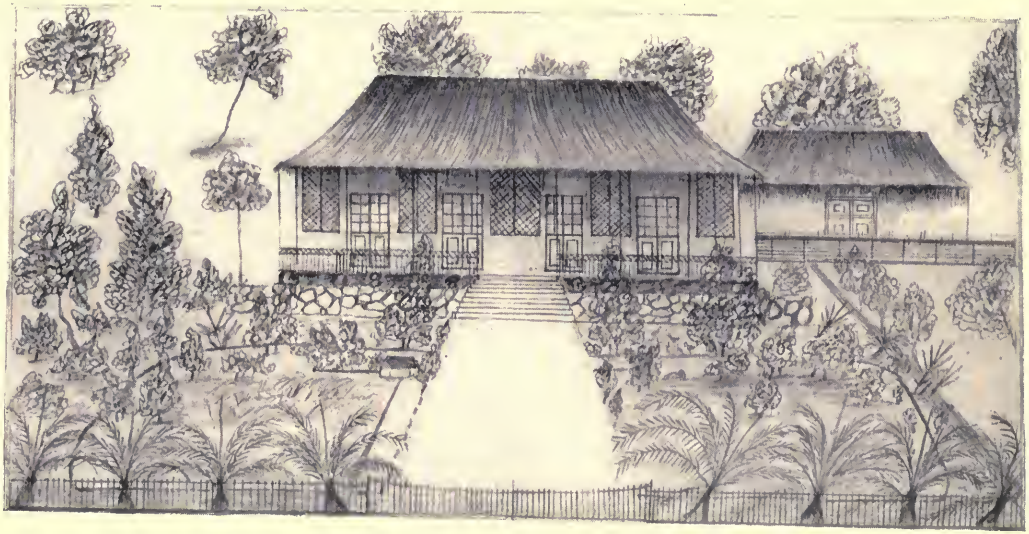
John pointed to a stretch of land close by, and said to her:

'Can we have that piece of ground on which to build a house?'

'Look forward!' answered the Queen, with a smile; 'look backward! look on this side, and on that! Look all round; for it is all yours, and wherever you say, there it shall be.'

So they chose a place for building a house; just above the beach, and looking out over the lovely lagoon-harbour.

John, who had spent his first days at Eimeo building a boat, was now to bend his powers during his first days on Raiatea to the task of building a house. The homes in which the native people lived were just thatched roofs supported on poles,



THE HOME IN RAIATEA.

From a pencil drawing made by John Williams.

with no walls at the sides. Dry grass—generally very dirty—was the carpet for the earthen floor. A number of families lived, by day and night, in the one open room. John planned to build a house for Mary and himself which the people could imitate and which (he believed) would help them to be better men and women.

He was bound to be his own carpenter and mason, architect and surveyor, for no one on the island had ever seen a door or a window, or even any wall that was stronger than a wattled hurdle. He burnt coral into powder and made a concrete plaster by mixing it with wet sand. From the same coral powder he made whitewash, and grey and orange distemper for the walls. The framework of the house, which was sixty feet long by thirty deep, was of wood; the walls between the supports were wattle covered with the coral concrete. There were three front rooms and four at the back, with French windows and a verandah shaded by Venetian blinds. When John Williams had finished it he was so proud that he made a drawing of it himself, which is shown opposite.

From the front garden, in which he planted flowers and shrubs, he and Mary could look out over the harbour to the open ocean beyond the reef. Behind the house he made a poultry yard, from which came the sound of the fussy gobble-gobble of the turkeys, the clucking of hens, the crowing of cocks,

and the quacking of ducks. Behind the poultry yard he planted a kitchen garden with cabbages, beans, peas, cucumbers, and onions; while goats were kept for supplying milk. Then, at his carpenter's bench and lathe, John set to work and made tables, chairs, and bedsteads to furnish his home.

The Raiatean people watched Williams at work with amazement. They hated to work. They would lie asleep in the deep shade of the lovely trees on which their food grew, then waken and, while they played at cat's cradle with their nimble fingers, they would tell one another the ancient stories of their people and the legends of how they came to be. They would swim and sport about in the lagoon, launch into the sea and come swirling back on the crest of a mighty breaker. They skipped, using young strong vines as ropes; and enjoyed swinging from a tough vine hung from a coco-nut tree. They would hang on to the knotted end of the vine and swing round and round the tree. They raced one another along the beach and wrestled, and at night danced on the beach to the rising of the new moon, blowing the conch-shell to greet her re-birth. Many of these things were good, but the people did nothing else when they were not fighting. Their only work had been that of killing one another, or sacrificing hogs and men to the gods.

Then the thing that Williams had looked for really happened. The people began to wish they

might have houses something like his. So they themselves set to work. These people had never before seen any tool made of steel, and, before John Williams came, had as their cutting tools horrible clubs with sharks' teeth lashed down one side. They were therefore often puzzled as to how to make a thing. At such times they looked to John, feeling about him just as his sisters did when he was a boy. 'Ah, Viriamu[1] can do it!'

He could often hardly get on with his own work; for brown heads would come peering in, and a voice would ask:

'How do I make the door?' 'How make leg of table strong?' But John Williams was always ready to stop planing or sawing in order to answer their questions, for this was part of his plan—to get them to work with their hands in good ways so that they might not do evil things.

Very soon the King had a house built for himself close to John Williams's home. His was the first house of this kind that a native of Raiatea had ever had; but others were soon built, so that along the land above the shore a settlement of pretty little houses began to grow.

When John Williams walked along the upper beach among the people he saw Raiatean men doing easily and well things that would, only a year earlier, have seemed to themselves to be wildly

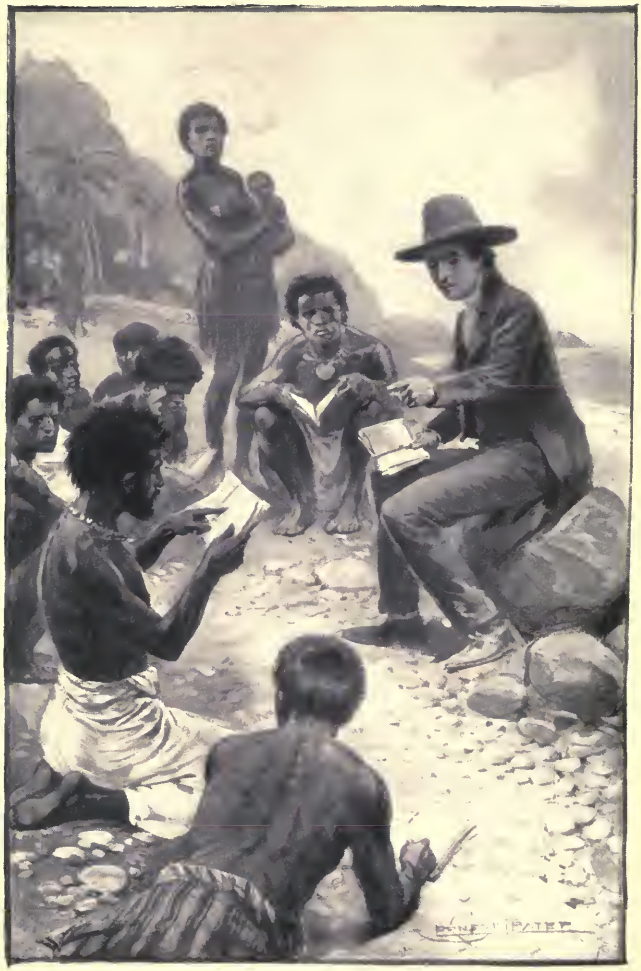
[1] 'Viriamu' was their way of saying 'Williams'.

impossible miracles. Here the brown sinewy arm was moving up and down like a piston, sawing a log of wood into boards to make a chest; there another man was at the lathe, his bare foot working the treadle while his hand held the chisel against the revolving piece of wood till he had turned a fine table leg.

Watching a column of smoke going up from a fire on the beach, Williams knew that some of his men were burning coral into lime to make the concrete for the walls and floors of the new houses that they were building. The ringing sound of hammer and anvil, and the sight of flying sparks told him that some of the others were at work at the forge, where he could now see the men looking like statues cast in glowing copper as the flames gleamed on their sweating bodies.

A curious, grinding sound drew him to a place where two men walked round and round turning heavy wooden rollers in a machine which looked like a gigantic and clumsy mangle. The sound was the crushing of canes in this new sugar-mill which John had made. Near by, steam was going up from a vat where the sugar was being boiled and purified.

One man, squatting cross-legged on the ground, was folding, sewing, and glueing the sheets of new books into a strong binding. What he was binding was by far the most wonderful of all these new



'JOHN WILLIAMS TAUGHT THE SEVENTH.'

things which had come to Raiatea through the work of John Williams. The missionaries in Huahine had written down the words of the language of the people of these islands—words that had never been written down in all the history of the world before, for the people had no alphabet at all. They had, then taken the Gospel according to St. Luke and had translated it into the language of the islands. It was set up in type on a little printing-press which they brought out from Britain to Huahine; and the whole of the book was printed off. The brown man of Raiatea, seated on the ground, was now binding this book for the Raiateans to read.

The books would have been waste paper, for the Raiatean people could not read, had not John Williams started a school in which he and his wife taught. At the sound of the bell in the morning, old and young men and women, boys and girls, all came to the school. The school building became so crowded that he was obliged to put classes outside on the ground to learn. They all sat down, and bent their puzzled heads over these curious black marks on white thin stuff—marks which we call printed letters, the first of which, with its straddling legs, was called 'A' and another, a plump one, was named 'B'.

The school was divided into seven forms with monitors. John Williams taught the 'Seventh', which was made up of the cleverest pupils. They

had learned the alphabet and were actually able to read in the one Book which existed in their language. They were very proud of this, and would gather friends round after school to admire as they read the story of the life and work of Jesus. The lower forms in the school learned from some of the quick pupils whom Williams had taught.

One Raiatean on his way to school saw a man sitting in his house. As nearly every one went to school he was surprised. He stopped and spoke.

'My friend,' he asked, 'why do you not go to school? The bell has rung some time since.'

'I am out of heart,' replied the man, 'for I am still learning in the "BA, ba". I shall never be able to read the book of Luke. I am not going to school any more.'

'That,' said his friend, 'is a bait of the devil. When you go a-fishing in the lagoon, you put on a bait so as to hide the hook, and the fish thinks not that he shall be pierced by it, should he seize the hook. The devil has a fish-hook in that evil thought of yours. Therefore do not nibble at it. Let us both go immediately and learn.'

The man stood and went with his friend to school.

From Tamatoa and his queen-wife to the fisherman in his canoe in the lagoon and the children in their sport by the running streams in the little valleys, all the people in Raiatea had now given up the

worship of their gods—Oro, the god of war, and all the other gods of the fisherman and of the digger in the earth. Babies were no longer killed by their mothers to keep away the anger of the demon gods whom the people had worshipped in terror and now remembered without any regret or thought of love. Yet although they had begun to worship the Holy Father, the people still lived very foul and unclean lives. They had begun to worship God but did not know the great laws of God, nor obey those which they knew.

John Williams and his colleague Threlkeld—like all missionaries, and like generals and governors of an Emperor when conquering new lands—planned first to bring the people into obedience as the King's subjects and then gradually to teach them His laws as shown in the life and death of our Lord, and lead them to follow in that same Way.

Their fight in Raiatea was like the fight of St. Paul in his day. And they would need to say again and again to their islanders in the Pacific what St. Paul said to those round the Mediterranean Sea.

Lead the life of the Spirit;
Then you will never satisfy the passions of the flesh.

Now the deeds of the flesh are . . .
. . . vice, impurity, sensuality, idolatry, magic,
Quarrels, dissension, jealousy, temper,
Rivalry, factions, party spirit, envy,
Drinking-bouts, revelry, and the like.

People who indulge in such practices
Will never inherit the Realm of God.
But the harvest of the Spirit is
Love, joy, peace, good-temper,
Kindliness, generosity, fidelity, gentleness, self-control.[1]

In their homes the Raiateans would, indeed, sometimes ask one another what had led 'Viriamu' to come over the ocean to them to teach them all these wonderful things. One day he and Mary had King Tamatoa and the Queen in their house and showed to them something more wonderful than even the ABC letters that meant sounds. It was a piece of card with the face of a woman on it—the photograph of John Williams's mother.

'Did she not cry when you came away from Beritani[2]?' asked the King and Queen, as they looked at the picture.

'Yes,' answered Williams, 'she cried very much!'

'Why, then, did she not stop you from sailing over the seas to us?'

'My mother would not have been willing for us to leave', he answered, 'if she had not heard of you who live in these islands, and if she had not felt very eager that you should know of the teaching of the Word of God.'

'But why, then, did it come into your mind first that you should come to us?'

[1] Gal. v: Moffat's translation.
[2] Britain.

'I believe that God put the idea into my mind.'

'Would you like to leave our islands and go to your home again?' continued Tamatoa.

John thought of his old home.

'Yes, indeed,' he said, 'and I should go to visit my home very soon if Beritani were no farther away than Tahiti' (and he pointed to the south-eastward). 'But it is so far away that I am afraid that if I went there, I might never come to you again.'

Tamatoa had got a new idea from this talk and from other things that John Williams had said to him. The missionaries had come from their far-away island to bring this Good News to this island. They must not keep the News to themselves on Raiatea, but must again pass it on to other islands.

He talked again and again with Williams and Threlkeld, and at last they called the people together to speak about this idea. They knew that many would come to this meeting; but they were amazed to see infirm people who had not been out of doors for years being carried down to the church.

'See,' shouted one of the Raiateans, 'this is a day of rising from the dead. Here are the sick, the lame, the blind, all coming out to-day.'

Long before the hour came for the service it was clear that the building would not hold all the people.

'Take out the sides of the house,' shouted the people, 'that we may all see our teachers and hear their voice.'

This was quickly done by taking the wattle sections with the plaster over them from between the pillars, so that only the upright supports of the roof remained.

Then King Tamatoa stood up and said :

'Remember what you used to do for your lying gods. If you had a canoe, or mats, or pigs, or cloth, or food, it all belonged to them. Now all our property is our own. Here are our teachers. God sent them. He is of great compassion. And they left their own land to come here. Our eyes are open, and we see that old worship is all false. Let us take pity upon other lands. Let us give willingly with our whole heart, to send them missionaries. If you do not give; do not suppose you will be punished or killed, as you would have been formerly. Let every one do what he pleases.'

Out of the congregation a man stood up named Puna. He said:

'What is it makes the heavy ships sail ? I think it is the wind. If there were no wind the ships would stay in one place. While there is wind the ships can sail. Now I think the money of the great Missionary Society is like the wind. If there had been none, no ship would have come here with missionaries. If there is none, how can missionaries be sent to other countries. Let us then give what we can.'

Then Paumoana and Uaeva and others spoke. Tuahine said :

'Our children are not now strangled, nor our brothers killed for sacrifices to the lying spirit. It is because of the good work of God. The Missionary Society in Beritani is like the great water which comes from small streams that flow into them. Let there be many little streams. Let not ours be dry.'

So they founded in Raiatea that day a new auxiliary missionary society, with the King of Raiatea as its President. John Williams proposed it, Threlkeld seconded, and a forest of naked brown arms went up in approval.

One day soon afterward when John Williams was passing near Tamatoa's house, he saw Tamatoa and his queen sitting outside hard at work preparing arrowroot.

Williams stopped, and spoke his surprise.

'Why are you doing this', he asked, 'when you have so many subjects who could do it for you?'

'Oh,' replied the King, with a smile, 'we are preparing our subscription to the Missionary Society.'[1]

'But why not let some of your people do it for you?'

'No,' answered the King, 'we would not give that to God on which we have bestowed no labour, but would rather prepare it with our own hands.'

[1] There was no money used on the island, so all gifts were in arrowroot or cloth, coco-nut oil or plantains.

CHAPTER VI

THE STORM-DRIVEN CANOE

JOHN WILLIAMS, standing on the green hill-side on the coast of Raiatea, could see in the northern loop of the lagoon a fair little pearl of an island set in the sea. This was Tahaa, the small sister of Raiatea. She lay six miles away, yet still she was within the sweep of the sheltering reef that circled the two islands. Williams knew, too, that there was another island—out of sight from Raiatea, yet not far away behind Tahaa—named Borabora. Borabora was outside the lagoon in the open ocean.

For John to see a new island was to desire to land upon its shores, and to wish to capture its people with his message. He knew how the Raiateans in the old days had swept down on Tahaa and Borabora in their war-canoes. He dreamed now of plans for the Raiateans to sweep down upon them in the Canoes of Peace. Yet, if he was to go to Tahaa with them, and to revisit it often (as he would need to do if he were to do any work there), Williams must be able to sail swiftly and surely over the lagoon in a boat.

He laid down at once in his stocks by the beach the keel of a new boat. She was to be sixteen feet

from rudder to beak, and 'a very pretty shape', as he proudly claimed. With a tough cord made by the natives from fibres—they called it *cinet*—he tied the ribs in place on the keel ready to take the planks. These planks, again, were lashed in their places on the ribs with *cinet*. Hardly any nails were used in the boat. John Williams worked without nails as far as possible, so that the natives—who said, 'We cannot build a large boat because we have no nails,'—might see how it could be done.

'*Va maitai adura*,' they said, as they saw this boat being made. 'It is now well with us—every one can have a boat who wishes one, if only he is not lazy!'

To the first man who would start to build a boat Williams and his colleague Orsmond, who had now come to live and work on Raiatea Island, each promised fifty nails to fix the ends of the planks to the gunwale. One old chief, on being promised one hundred and fifty nails for this purpose, hurried off to cut the keel of a boat which he then began to build on John Williams's own stocks.

John launched his boat on the lagoon and sailed her northward, running for Tahaa with one or two of his friends from Raiatea on board.

In Tahaa the smoke of the burning of the ancient gods had already gone up, and, in the stead of their wooden temples and stone maraes, a shining white building now grew—a church to the worship of the

God who made Tahaa and gave Himself for its people and all the world.

Out beyond the lagoon John Williams sailed his boat to Borabora, which could be seen from Tahaa. The people there had heard of the wonders worked in Raiatea by the new white 'chiefs'. Raiatean teachers had already gone over to Borabora, and the people had begun to learn to read. They therefore ran down to the beach to welcome Williams and those with him. A great crowd of Boraboran islanders gathered round him. Those at the edge of the crowd climbed up palm-trees and hung on to the bark, so that they might see and be seen.

John Williams went into a little house that was provided for him by the chief. From early morning till late at night men came to him there continually to ask questions of every kind. For over a week he preached to them every day. They built a House for Worship, which he opened.

When the time came for Williams to leave Borabora and go back home to Raiatea, the Boraborans said, 'If you cross that little island', pointing southward, 'you will be saved six or seven hours of rowing.'

They made him and the others sit in the boat, and lifted boat and passengers together on to their broad brown shoulders and carried them across the little island. On reaching the beach they launched the boat and passengers from their shoulders on to

the main ocean, so that Williams could sail homewards to Raiatea.

There were, on the island, wild young heathen men, who—before John Williams had come—used to live as brigands. Viriamu had put an end (they said to one another) to the wild life of fighting, robbing, and dancing. So they planned to kill King Tamatoa, John Williams, and Threlkeld.

Then (they told themselves) they could again live the wild old killing life of the days before Viriamu came. John Williams's own servant, Jem, knew of this plot, but, being in great dread of the men, he said nothing to his master.

Four of them volunteered to row Williams over to Tahaa on the next Saturday, as he planned to be there for the Sunday. Their plan was to throw him into the sea, but he suspected nothing. Williams had painted his boat on the Wednesday, but—contrary to his expectations—it had not dried by the Saturday. Again and again the young men came, urging him to start; but he said, 'It is impossible to go, for the paint is not dry.'

Their plot was thus spoiled, but they made another scheme. One of the young men went up to John Williams's house dressed fantastically, with leaves on his head, a pair of trousers on his arms, and a red shirt for trousers, his legs being passed through the arms and the band buttoned round his waist.

He danced in front of the house, brandishing a large carving-knife and crying, 'Turn out the hog, let us kill him; turn out the pig, let us cut his throat.'

Williams was annoyed at his behaviour, and, thinking of no danger, went out to tell him to stop. As he opened the door one of the Christians, breathless with running, rushed to Williams and pushed him back, exclaiming:

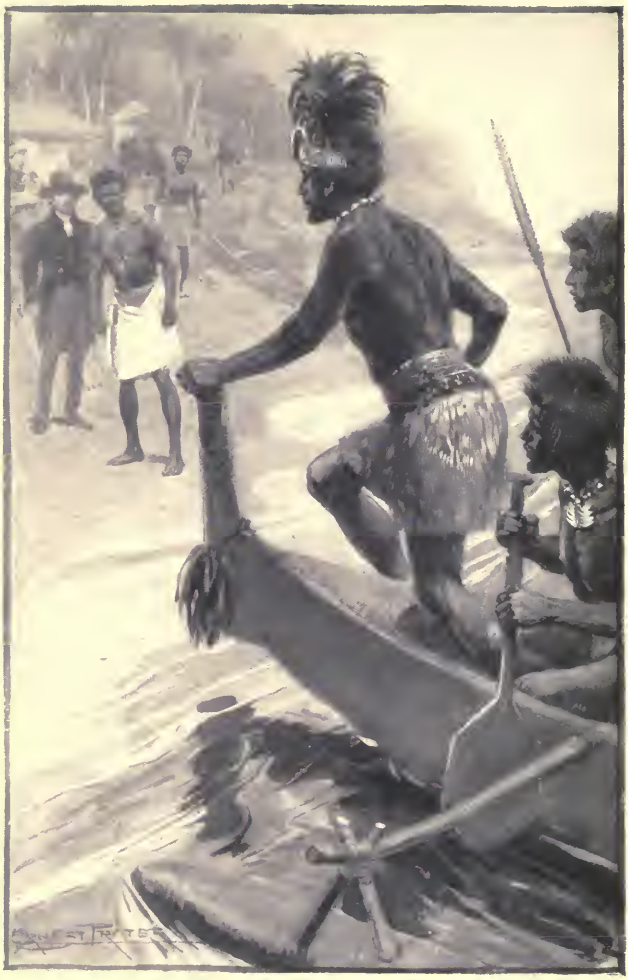
'Why do you go out? Why do you expose your life? You are the pig he is calling for. You will be dead in a moment.'

He then told Williams of the plot, which they had just discovered.

The next day the chiefs met and decided to kill the ringleaders. But Williams asked for them to be spared, and, after a day of discussion, the chiefs agreed.

As a result a new church, larger and more beautiful than anything known before, was built; and at one end of it a court-house, where a judge and a regular jury—elected by the people—tried criminals according to a new code of laws proposed by John Williams at a great meeting, and accepted with acclamation by all the people.

There were now, with John Williams on the island Raiatea, two other missionaries—Threlkeld and Orsmond. John began to feel that with all the millions of men living in other and greater lands, like China,



'A Chief leapt out.'

still without any hint of knowledge of the love of the Father, he ought not to stay on this small island longer. The pioneer spirit burned in him.

The spirit in him was that which flamed in the Anglo-Saxon sailor of twelve hundred years ago: 'The desire of my mind, every moment, spurs on my soul to go, that I far hence may seek a stranger land.'

He wrote home to England to the Directors of the Society saying that now was the time for him to move to other work, for there were others on the island who could carry on the work which he had opened up, and he himself was still only twenty-four years old. If he stayed much longer he might be too old to learn a new language.

He might, indeed, have gone so far as to sail home to Britain to ask the Directors to send him to China or some other great field, had not a strange thing happened which changed all the course that he was planning. It came about in this way.

As John Williams looked out across the blue lagoon one day he saw a strange canoe sail through the channel and come skimming over the water toward the shore. He, with the Raiateans, went down to see who might be in the canoe.

As it grated on the beach, a chief leapt out and a number of his followers. His eyes were wide open in wonder at the strange white houses on the beach, the white linen clothes worn by the

Raiateans, and above all the white man and woman and little boy who lived there.

'Who are you? Whence do you sail? Why have you come to us?' These were the questions that hailed the chief as he talked with the Raiateans on the beach. This is the story that the strange chief, Auura, had to tell.

The Story of Auura

'We come from a land distant many, many days,' said the chief, pointing with his brown hand southward. 'My island is named Rurutu.[1]

'But there came to us from the angry gods awful sickness among the people, so that they died. We said to one another: "The gods will devour us all. Let us fly from their anger."

'So another chief and myself built two large canoes,' and he pointed to where his lay on the beach, 'and put out our sails to the wind. We crossed the ocean till we came to an island named Tubuai, and we put in to her lagoon to take food.

'We stayed on Tubuai till we believed that the anger of the gods in Rurutu would be stayed. Then we launched the two canoes once more into the deep.

'The mountains of Tubuai had hardly gone down behind us into the sea before the wind rose and a great storm came upon us so that our canoes were

[1] 350 miles south of Raiatea.

tossed up and down. The crew of the other canoe were nearly all drowned in the ocean. Our canoe was driven about for many days—more days than the fingers of the hands twice-told. We saw no land; and at last we had no food left, nor any water.

'At last we saw in the dawn an island, and the wind drove us toward it so that our canoe ran on to the coral reef around the island, which is called Maurua.[1]

'When the people of Maurua had given us things to eat and water to drink, and when we felt strong again, I told them how the gods had smitten Rurutu with great sickness.

'They said to me: "We, too, in the old days worshipped the gods and believed that all evil came from the demon-spirits. But white men have come in great ships from a far-off country and have told us of the one true God, Jehovah; and now we all worship Him. He loves like a Father and does not ask that men should be killed on the marae for Him. See, we have burned our temples and thrown down our maraes and hewn our gods of wood in pieces."

'I was greatly astonished at this,' went on Auura, 'and I asked them where the white men were. They pointed toward the rising sun, to where the mountain tops of Borabora and Raiatea rise. We could not find an entrance to the Borabora lagoon and were driven here to your feet.'

[1] The most westerly of the Society Islands.

This was the end of the story that Auura told on the beach at Raiatea. The strange things that had come to him on his journey seemed to him to be nothing when he looked on the boats that the people had built at Raiatea, their shining white cottages and their tables and chairs, their sugar-mill, and above all the beautiful temple where they came to worship their God. In that church he heard the people sing praises; and he listened to the words of the Book of the great God, and to the missionary as he led them in their prayer and told them of the Love of God.

'I believe that this is the true worship,' said Auura after some days. 'We would learn how to read in these books,' pointing to the Gospel printed in the language of the islands.

Williams told some of his teachers to give them books and to teach them. So Auura, the chief, and his friends sat down to learn A B C from the spelling-book; then to read words and sentences from the Gospel, and questions and answers from the catechism.

'I wish to go back to my people,' said Auura after three months, 'and to tell them of this true God and His Son, Jesus Christ. Yet I fear that there will not be many of them on Rurutu. For the evil spirit was devouring men very fast when I came away from the island.'

On the edge of the horizon just at that time, the

Raiateans caught sight of the white sails of a ship making toward the island. In a few hours she turned in at the entrance through the reef and dropped anchor in the lagoon in front of John Williams's house.

She was on her way to England with the first cargo of produce ever sent from the islands. It was a cargo of coco-nut oil stored in big bamboos, contributed by the Christian islanders in Tahiti to the Missionary Society. The Raiatean islanders brought down their gift of coco-nut oil too, and put it on board.[1]

John Williams asked the captain if he would be ready to take Auura and the other men of Rurutu back to their home, though it was out of the direct line of his voyage.

He said that he would be glad to do so.

Chief Auura's face lighted up with joy to think that he was going home. Then his face grew sad.

'How can I go to my land of darkness, without a light in my hand?' he asked.

He meant that he wanted some one who knew far more than he knew about the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

John Williams gathered all his people together and told them how Auura wished to take some one back with him to teach the people of Rurutu. Two

[1] When the cargo reached London, King George IV was told about its being the first cargo and that the South Sea Island Christian people gave it. He said that they need not pay the duty on it—i.e. £400. The oil sold for £1,800.

men stood forward—two of the best men on Raiatea—saying:

'Here we are; send us.'

On the night before they left many Raiateans came to them with gifts for these brown missionary friends of theirs who were going far away. One brought a razor, another a knife, a third a roll of native cloth, a fourth a pair of scissors. Others brought useful tools. They also took some simple books and copies of the Gospels in the Tahitian language, which was almost the same as that of Rurutu.

Auura and his fellow islanders with the two Raiatean missionaries went aboard. Other Raiateans climbed on to the ship. A boat was also hoisted on deck from the lagoon. The other Raiateans were to go with the ship to Rurutu, stop there for a little time to see how the people treated their two friends, and then sail back in the boat to Raiatea.

The ship slipped out on the tide through the channel in the reef, and, with sails spread, gathered way as she headed southward for Rurutu.

As John Williams watched her pass out over the shimmering blue waters he saw a new field opening before him—not a continent like Asia, but an ocean starred with islands. He began to dream of a ship that would carry him from island to island through all the Pacific Ocean.

CHAPTER VII

'HAD I A SHIP'

A FEW months later, men on the look-out saw a boat coming toward Raiatea. She dropped almost out of sight in the trough of each wave and then, swinging high on its crest, came on toward the opening through the reef.

As she came nearer they saw by her build and the cut of her sail that this was the boat which they had put on board the ship with the men who went to Rurutu. Hastening to the beach, they called out to know how their friends had fared.

For answer those on board held up some of the gods of Rurutu. The people of Rurutu (they said) were now free from the sickness that had killed so many of them. They had burned some of their gods and had given up all the others to be brought back to Raiatea as trophies of victory.

They were building a church in Rurutu, and the balustrade to the pulpit was made of spears which the men had used against one another in war. The two brown missionaries who were left on the island were kindly treated. All was well.

John Williams was so glad that he called all the people together in the church to hear of these joyful tidings from over the great waters. They came in

the evening. Now an evening meeting could not be held anywhere in the islands of the seas, except at Raiatea. For the church there was beautifully lighted by ten chandeliers (made by Williams), carrying over a hundred lamps made of coco-nut shells—a thing most marvellous to the mind of the people of the island.

At this meeting the gods from Rurutu were brought up from the boat on the beach and were held up in the pulpit for the people to see.

Among these wooden gods the greatest was named Aa. He was the national god of the people of Rurutu. The ancients had always told them—and the people had repeated it to one another as they sat on the beach waiting for the rising of the new moon—that Aa was the father of all the island people of Rurutu. He was, indeed—to look at him—a strange god; for not only was his body covered with little gods, but there was a door in his back, which—when opened—showed that Aa was hollow within. And all the space inside him was filled with four-and-twenty little gods.

John Williams, with beaming face, watched the dethroned idols being displayed; and remembered that two islanders of Raiatea, who had been wild, warring savages a few years before, had in this way changed the worship of the people of Rurutu, and had led the people to fling aside their cruel sacrifices. He dreamed, as he listened to this

story of the new conquest of Rurutu, of a day when he might travel in a ship from one beach of darkness to another, placing on each shore men of this island-race.

Captain Cook, Williams remembered, had hoisted the ensign of Britain on many of these shores, claiming them for King George. John dreamed of bringing all those islands into the empire of our Lord whose Cross is blazoned upon that British flag.

As Williams paced the beach in the moonlight and looked out over the ocean, and as he bent his head over Cook's old charts of the Pacific, tracing island after island by the light of the coco-nut lamp, the dream grew to a determination and a plan. He sat down and wrote home to the Directors of the Society in London:

'To visit and keep up frequent intercourse with the adjacent islands we only want a fine schooner of about twenty to twenty-five tons. . . .'

It was the first thought that any man had had of a ship that would belong to the Missionary Society to cruise among the islands. As Alfred the Great first dreamed of a navy for the people of England, Williams worked and wrote and planned for a Ship of Peace.

At this time a letter came to him from London which, when he broke the seal, almost broke his heart; for it told him of the death of his mother, whom he loved very much, and to whom he had

hoped to return and tell the stories of his work and adventure in these South Seas. John wrote to his sisters and his father ; and in his letter to his father he pleaded that he would give up now his ways of spending his evenings in taverns with his boon companions. A great joy swept over John Williams when he found that his father, on reading this letter, determined to do just as his son desired, and kept to his resolve.

Mary Williams fell very ill at this time, and John himself was sick with a disease common in Raiatea. They both thought that they would be forced to go home to Britain in order to get well. While they were still unwell a deep-water sailing-ship hove in sight and came to anchor at Raiatea.

'I am sailing to Sydney,' said the captain, 'and touching at Aitutaki on the way.'

John and Mary therefore decided to go to Sydney in the hope of finding a doctor there and of recovering health in the better climate. John also thought of the forest of masts in Sydney harbour, and wondered whether he might discover there a schooner for his islands, and money with which to buy her.

Another plan in his mind was to use even this voyage to Aitutaki to place some of his brown missionaries there, just as the others had gone to Rurutu. He spoke of this plan to the captain, who said :

'I will gladly carry two teachers on board to Aitutaki, and will not make any charge for doing it.'

When John Williams heard this he told his people, who were delighted. They came together in a meeting and chose two men—Papeiha and Vahapata—who were proud and glad to be chosen to go out into this far-off island to be missionaries to people of their own race.

John and Mary Williams, and their son, now a fine boy, four years old, with Papeiha and Vahapata, went aboard, and amid a great fluttering and waving of hands, the ship steered westward and sailed out of sight into the sunset. When they had sailed westward for five hundred miles they came in sight of the lovely hills of Aitutaki.[1] Round the green island was the encircling reef studded with dainty islets on which the fronded palms waved. It was like a necklet of emeralds worn by some Sleeping Beauty, who was lapped by the waves and fanned by the winds of the ocean.

The dream of quiet loveliness was quickly broken.

Out from the island canoes darted across the lagoon and surrounded the ship. The clamorous people came dancing, shouting, waving their arms. Some were striped and starred with fantastic tattooing from head to foot. Others had smeared their brown bodies with hideous smudges of pipe-clay and splashes of yellow and red ochre.

When they could make their voices heard above

[1] Discovered in 1789 by Captain Bligh, of the *Bounty*, a few days before the celebrated mutiny broke out.

the uproar of voices and the splashing, Williams—who, to their surprise, could speak their language—asked the chief Tamatoa to come aboard the ship.

John Williams then told Tamatoa how in Tahiti and Eimeo, in Raiatea and Tahaa, Borabora and Rurutu the ancient gods of his race had been burned, and the people now worshipped Jehovah, the unseen God who created all the islands of the world.

'Where, then, is great Tangaroa?' asked Tamatoa.

'They have burned him,' answered Williams.

'Where is Oro of Raiatea?' asked the chief.

'He too has gone up in smoke,' Williams replied. 'I have brought two men of Raiatea with me,' he continued, 'to tell you and your people the word and knowledge of the true God.'

As he said this Williams called Papeiha and Vahapata and introduced them to Tamatoa.

'Will they come on shore with me?' asked the chief.

'Certainly,' replied Williams, 'it is for that purpose that they have come.'

This news delighted Tamatoa, and he seized hold of Papeiha and Vahapata and began to rub noses with them. He went on rubbing noses for quite a long time, to show how very glad he was.

'I wish you always to treat them well,' said

'TATTOOED AITUTAKIANS WISHED TO RUB NOSES WITH HIM.'

Williams to Tamatoa, 'and to protect them from the rough treatment of others.'

Tamatoa promised to do this.

Meanwhile many of the natives had gathered round little four-year-old John, and they wondered at his fair face and flaxen hair. He was the first white child whom they had ever seen, and every one of these tattooed, painted and pipe-clayed Aitutakians wished to rub noses with him.

'It is wrong,' they said, 'that so young and lovely a child should be among the dangers of the wide-spreading boisterous ocean. Give him to us, that we may take care of him.'

Williams was not sure that the people were not cannibals.

'We will take great care of him,' said Tamatoa; 'we will make him king of all Aitutaki.'

With this, a great clamour arose: 'Give us the boy,' they cried. Then some whispered to others, pointing first to the boy and then over the side of the ship.

His mother felt sure that they were about to snatch him from her, leap with him into the sea, and swim to the shore.

Mary Williams therefore caught him up and fled with him into the cabin.

John occupied the mind of Chief Tamatoa by asking him about the other islands near Aitutaki. He told Williams that there were many islands.

On some of them great numbers of people lived—especially on Rarotonga, which was far to the south.

Then Papeiha and Vahapata took their little store of belongings, went down over the side of the vessel into the chief's large canoe, and were paddled ashore. The ship again set sail into the west, and went onward for more than two thousand miles till she at last crept into Sydney Roads and found her moorings.

The air of Sydney, meeting with friends, and the care of the doctor, quickly made Mrs. Williams well and her husband got very much better. John lost no time in beginning to seek for a ship. His mother had left some money to him, and Williams wrote to London to the Directors to say, 'Whatever the sum may be, whether £500 or £1,000, I have, rather than not achieve the object, agreed to advance.'

A ship was soon purchased—a new schooner of from eighty to ninety tons, called the *Endeavour*.

Sir Thomas Brisbane, who was the governor of New South Wales, and lived at Sydney, became deeply interested in all that John Williams was doing and planning to do for the people of the islands. So he invited Williams to his house, inquired into all that he was arranging to do, and—when he left for Raiatea—gave him several cows, calves, and sheep for the chiefs and missionaries of the group of islands, together with two British flags and two chapel bells.

Williams arranged for the schooner to take up cargo while he, Mary, and little John sailed for Raiatea in a ship which was going east and touching at New Zealand on the way. When they rounded the northern point of New Zealand and were sailing down toward the Bay of Islands the captain—knowing that a number of whalers had put in for provisions, and fearing that there would not be enough left for themselves—stood in to the shore near the North Cape.

The Maoris swarmed out in their canoes and climbed on to the deck—gigantic savage men, tattooed, and carrying knives in their loin-cloths. Some bartered with the captain, and others roamed about the deck.

One chief, however, began to make trouble. Seeing the captain and Mrs. Williams about to go below, he deliberately seated himself in the hatchway and glared at them. Williams was moving forward to deal with the Maori, when one of the crew—a Tahitian—leapt forward and hurled the chief out of the way. Like a flash the Maori, blazing with rage, whipped out his knife and ran at the Tahitian to stab him. The Tahitian jumped behind the hood over the hatchway and picked up a sword.

The Tahitian then attacked the Maori, and they stood at bay, each watching every movement of the other and waiting an opportunity to rush in.

'Kill me, kill me,' shouted the New Zealander in a rage.

But others of the crew closed in on them and they were separated without either being wounded.

The Maoris on deck had meanwhile sent their canoes away to bring back hogs and potatoes. But when the eight canoes returned they were all filled with Maoris—with no women and children.

'All muskets on deck and load the two cannon,' ordered Captain Henry.

He then turned all the Maoris off the deck into the sea. They swam to their companions, who were paddling swiftly toward the ship. He hailed the canoes and told the men that if they came nearer the ship he would fire. At this the canoes lay to and held a consultation. For an hour the warriors waited there within a hundred yards of the ship, which was becalmed and so could not sail on. It was now clear that they had intended to attack and take the vessel.

The glassy surface of the sea was at last stirred by a ripple; the sails began to stir and flap at the mast and then to fill, till with all sails drawing she moved through the sea, leaving the disappointed savages to paddle back to shore.

For over three thousand miles they sailed eastward. For week after week, from the hour when the men on the watch saw the sun rise over her bowsprit till in the evening the last crimson flush faded from her foaming wake, no mountain peak nor palm-fringed atoll broke the endless rim of the

sea. At last there was a cry of 'Land ho!' from the man on the watch. He had sighted the hill-tops of Rurutu, the island to which the first two brown missionaries had gone from Raiatea, and where they had dethroned the god Aa. But John Williams had never before seen this island. He saw with joy that the islanders had built several neat white houses at the head of the bay—just like the houses which he had taught them to build at Raiatea. The voyagers landed at a pier, a quarter of a mile long, made of great blocks of coral.

John Williams knew that a whaling ship, the *Falcon*, under Captain Chase, had been wrecked on the reef of Rurutu. Captain Chase had, indeed, put all the cargo and stores in the charge of Williams's Raiatean teachers on Rurutu and had given Williams authority to sell the whale-oil to any trader who would pay for it.

The teacher now told John how a trader had come from Tahiti—instead of going to Williams at Raiatea—and had landed at Rurutu. The trader thought that he could easily deceive these simple island people.

'I have come,' he said, when he landed, 'to take away the oil that you have from the old *Falcon*.'

'Have you a letter from Captain Chase telling me to give it to you?' asked the teacher.

'Yes,' said the captain, 'but I have left it on the ship.'

He then rowed back to the ship and wrote a forged letter, signing it in Chase's name. This letter he handed to the teacher, who looked at it and then, in broken but vigorous English, said to the captain:

'You a liar, you a thief—you want to steal this property—you no have it.'

The captain, enraged and disappointed, began to bluster. The teacher simply took hold of his hand, led him into his house, opened his journal in which he had taken the precaution to ask Captain Chase to write. Then he placed the forged paper by the side of Chase's handwriting and again said:

'You a liar, you a thief, you shall not have this property.'

'Then I will go and load my cannon and knock down your house and take the oil by force,' blustered the angry captain.

He swaggered down the pier and went back to his ship. But, instead of hearing the roar of the cannon, the teacher saw him hoist sail and leave the island, never to return again.

After Williams had learned this and many other happenings on Rurutu from his teachers, he went aboard and, again setting sail, they steered northward till, once more, he sighted the familiar mountains of Raiatea.

Soon after Williams reached Raiatea the schooner *Endeavour* came sailing into the lagoon from Sydney, having called at Aitutaki on the way to gather news

of Papeiha and Vahapata. The chiefs of Aitutaki sent a message by the captain of the *Endeavour* to Williams, saying:

'Tell Viriamu that if he will visit us, we will burn our idols, destroy our maraes, and receive the word of the true God.'

Tamatoa, the King of Raiatea, was very proud of the *Endeavour*. He arranged with Williams that he and his subjects should pay for her, so that she would become their very own, the ship of Raiatea. As they had no money, he arranged to fill her with a precious cargo of coco-nut oil and arrowroot to be sold to the merchants of Sydney.

How glad King Tamatoa was when he saw the ship can be gathered from a letter which he sent to Britain to the Directors of the Society, without John Williams or Threlkèld knowing anything about what he was doing.

This is what the King of Raiatea wrote:

'Raiatea,
'July 9, 1822.

'DEAR FRIENDS,

'May you have health and peace, brethren, through Jesus Christ our true Lord.

'This is my speech to you, brethren. Don't think of your money (spent on the ship) that it is lost. We are collecting property to purchase the money that has been consumed: and when sufficient pro-

perty is collected we will return the money to you to whom the money belongs. . . .

'A ship is good; for it means useful property will come to our lands, and our bodies be covered with decent cloth. But this is another use of the ship, when we compassionate the little lands near to us, and desire to send two from among us to those lands to teach them the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the good word of the Kingdom.

'Behold! two of our number here are gone to Rurutu; and at Aitutaki are two others belonging to us. They are teaching the word of God to those lands that did not know the name of Jesus Christ; and they are showing to them the path of salvation.

'We have received all the deceitful, lying gods from Rurutu. They are now in our possession, and the Rurutuans are worshipping Jesus Christ, the true God. . . .

'There is another good thing of our ship. When we desire to see their faces again (i. e. of the teachers at Rurutu and Aitutaki) or to send little properties to them, we have the means. Letters will also reach them, by which they will hear and know the good word we are hearing; and, by means of this ship, they will learn from us all the good customs, and how to act. . . .

'May you have health and peace in your dwelling in Beritani, through Jesus Christ!

'TAMATOA, King of Raiatea.'

CHAPTER VIII

THE ADVENTURES OF PAPEIHA

'FAR away over the edge of the sea,' said a grey-haired, wrinkled old Raiatean to John Williams, 'there is an island called Rarotonga. Once upon a time it was here, close by Raiatea; but the gods carried it away and put it down in the sea many days' sail distant.'

'But why did the gods take away your neighbour island?' asked Williams.

'Long ago,' replied the old man, 'the people of Rarotonga made a great drum called Tai-moana, the Sounder of the Seas. They said, "We will give the Sounder of the Seas—the War Drum—to Oro the god of war in Raiatea." So they sent men of Rarotonga with the drum in a canoe to us here in Raiatea; and the people danced with joy to have the Sounder of the Seas in the temple of Oro.

'But when the drum had been given to Oro, our people grew angry with the men of Rarotonga who had come with the gift; and they speared and clubbed them so that they died. Then were the gods furious, because we had killed the friends who brought so noble a drum. To punish us they took up the island of Rarotonga, which was a great

island, and all the people upon it, and carried them over the seas.'

'Where did they carry them?' asked John Williams, now eager to discover this hidden island of the seas.

The old man hesitated and furrowed his forehead with perplexity. 'I do not know,' he replied at last, 'but I think it was over there.' Turning, he stretched out a gaunt brown arm pointing south-west.

Williams told the whole legend to his colleagues Threlkeld and Bourne. It was decided that Bourne should sail with Williams, first to Aitutaki to visit Papeiha and Vahapata and see how their work went on among the wild people of that island; and then to cruise southward in search of the mysterious island of Rarotonga.

The people of Raiatea, when they heard of this, were eager to help. They chose four men of their own island and two from Tahaa (the smaller island just to the north of Raiatea but within the same reef). The people all met together in a service for dedicating these brown missionaries and their wives to the new and perilous work. They had set their minds on sending to every one of the Cook Islands men who would carry the story of the Father-God who cannot be seen, and would lead the people to burn the wooden gods of war in great fires, scattering their ashes over the sea.

The white beach was brown with Raiateans,

fathers and mothers, boys and girls, as the canoe put out from the shore to carry the little expeditionary force aboard. The schooner, which had been called *The Endeavour* when Williams bought her at Sydney, now received a new christening from the Raiateans. They called her *The Beginning* (*Te Matamua*). Then the sails were set; and, with her bow turned south-west, the ship went gaily on her voyage with the sunlight flashing back from the waters and with pursuing breezes. The little ship sailed for five days and nights, without tempest or rain. Then the hills of Aitutaki were sighted, breaking the endless rim of the blue ocean. In a few hours they were off the reef and, having made the western entrance, the ship was soon floating at anchor in the lagoon.

The water of the lagoon was by this time white with the froth of canoes paddling swiftly toward the ship. The men of Aitutaki at once tried to swarm aboard. But John Williams had decided to have no one aboard till he had seen either the chief or one of the teachers; as the natives, if they were out for plunder, could easily have captured *Te Matamua* and slaughtered her crew.

Every canoe-crew that came alongside saluted Williams, and the men as they swung their paddles cried out:

'The Good Word has taken root in Aitutaki. Good is the Word of God. It is now well with Aitutaki.'

There was a stir among the boats as way was made for the canoe of a chief of Aitutaki to come alongside. Tebati climbed aboard and said to Williams:

'See the white flag flying on the flagstaff by the teachers' houses. The maraes have been destroyed; bonfires have been made of the idols; not a man remains who worships them. We have built a great worship-house for Jehovah. It is nearly 200 feet long; is made of wood and white plaster. We wait for you to come and declare the Word in it.'

Then Papeiha and Vahapata came aboard, their faces beaming with happiness to see their friend and leader Viriamu again. With them and the chief, Williams and Bourne went ashore and were overjoyed to see that these people, the wildest savages whom Williams had ever seen, had now built their own beautiful simple church for the worship of the Christ, and were making for themselves clean wood and plaster cottages in place of the old huts.

Next day the sound was heard of a man striking on the head of an axe with a stone as he walked along the road followed by an ever-growing crowd of the people all going toward the new church. He was ringing the axe (for there was no bell) to call the people to go to church. When the building was filled, Papeiha and Vahapata, with the six new teachers and their wives who had come with Williams from Raiatea and Tahaa, sat before the pulpit. John

Williams preached to them all on the words, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

John Williams, after the service, told Papeiha that he intended to try to find Rarotonga. But the people of Aitutaki told gruesome things of the Rarotongans: that they were a most ferocious people, horrible cannibals, as treacherous as they were fierce. This peril, however, would not stop Williams from searching for the island.

They went aboard again, with Papeiha, having left new teachers on Aitutaki. Hundreds of brown hands waved farewell from the beach as they heaved up the anchor and set sail. With gathering speed, she slipped out through the reef-passage and her bows swung southward in search of Rarotonga.

The long slow billows of the Pacific slid under the schooner as she nosed her way toward the Southern Cross. John Williams and Papeiha walked her cramped decks or sat under the steady shadow of the sail, talking of the wonderful experiences of Papeiha on Aitutaki—like nothing that had ever happened to any of his race in all the times of the ancient gods.

'What happened when you landed and we sailed away?' asked Williams.

The Story of Papeiha

'They took hold of us,' said Papeiha, 'and led us up to the maraes. There they dedicated us to the very gods whom we came to sweep away. They did us no harm then. We lived among the people and spoke to them of Jehovah. But war broke out between one tribe and another on the island; and fierce warriors came and stole all our clothes and other goods. Again and again the tribes fought; three times there was war.'

'Did you not feel cast down by the wars?' asked Williams.

'No,' answered Papeiha, with his brave smile, 'we knew that all was in the hand of God, and that He would use the war to overthrow the worship of idols in the island.'

'After the last war,' he went on, 'we went all round the island, speaking everywhere. One day, when there was a great crowd of people listening, an old, old priest came. And he cried out:

'"Te-erui made all lands, he made Aitutaki; and after he had made it he gave it its present shape by moulding it with his hands."

'"No, no," we replied, "this is not so. God alone, the Almighty, has power to create."

'But the old priest went on calling out, "Great is Te-erui: he was the first man."

'Then I asked him who was Te-erui's father.

'"Oh," he replied, "he was Te-tareva and he came from Avaiki, which is beneath. Te-tareva climbed up from the place that is under till he arrived here at the top."

'"This land was made, then," I asked, "before Te-tareva came?"

'"Most certainly," replied the priest.

'"Then how can Te-erui be the maker of the land which was here before even his father came up from beneath?"

'The poor old priest was perplexed at this,' Papeiha went on, 'and wrinkled his brow to find an answer, but could not. As he kept silent I and the others began to speak of God to the people, saying that He was before anything that was made and that He is from everlasting to everlasting. This was so new to the people that they sat spellbound, and if any one made the slightest noise they called out, "Be still, be still, let us hear," till I told them of the love of God in sending His Son into the world to save men, when they exclaimed:

'"Surely this is the truth; ours is all lies!"'

'And then?' asked John Williams.

'Then,' continued Papeiha, 'some of the people became Christians, but others raged against them, and threatened to kill them and us.

'"Who are these fellows?" the heathen people asked, and pointed to Vahapata and me. "They are just two logs of driftwood, washed on the shore

by the waves of the ocean. They say a great canoe with white wings will come to them, but it never will come."

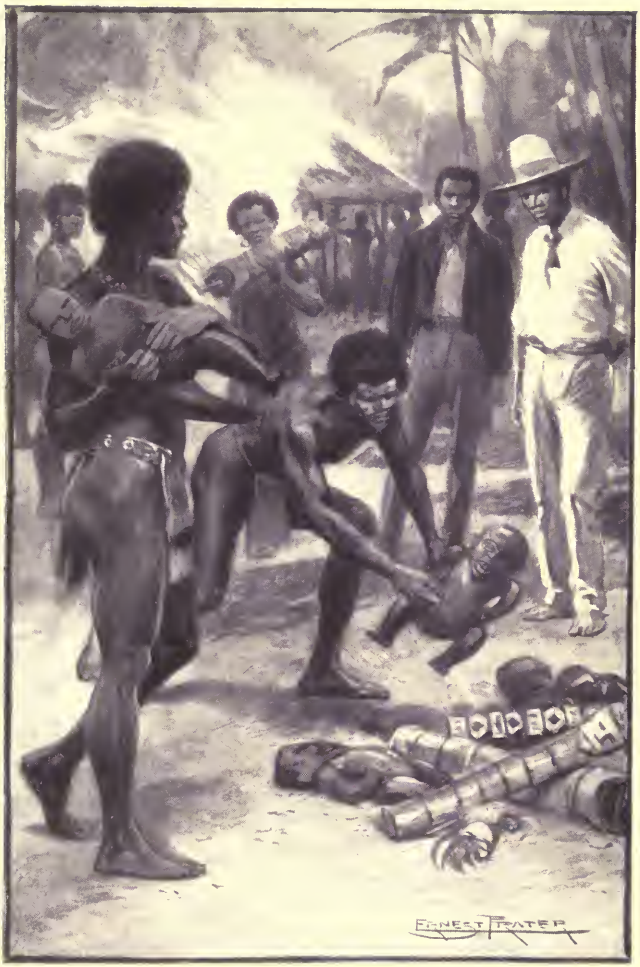
'A little time afterward the people rushed to the beach. For the ship of which you spoke to us came, and the captain of the ship made presents of axes and pigs and goats to the chiefs. Then the people turned and said:

'"Behold we called these men driftwood, but they have friends who have sent a great ship of Beritani and they have brought wonderful things such as we never saw before."

'Soon after that the people began to ask us to tell them more: and they said they would give up their old gods; but the ancient grandfather of the chief of Aitutaki would not move from his gods. While he was in the midst of feasting the gods, his daughter, whom he loved very much, was taken ill: and all his priests, morning, noon, and night, day after day, called on the gods to restore her; but she died.

'"Go," said the old man in anger to his son early next morning, "go—burn them." And the son set fire to the marae and the gods; and three of them were burned.

'It was strange on the next Sabbath,' continued Papeiha, 'to see many people coming down laden with their idols. They threw the gods at our feet, saying, "Take them, we will worship them no more."



'THEY THREW THEIR GODS AT OUR FEET.'

On the third Sabbath all the people[1] in the island came together under a great grove of chestnut-trees, where the thick leaves let through, here and there, the light of the sun; and where the breeze from the ocean came up and moved softly among the branches.

'On the next morning they came together again.

'I spoke to them, saying, "You have with your hands, and by work from the rising to the setting sun, built the maraes in which you worship these gods of yours who are not true gods. Now you come and say you will no longer worship these your idols. Two things I set before you.

'"First let all the maraes in the island be destroyed; and let all the idols that now remain be brought to me. These we will send away to Raiatea that they there may be glad at the triumphs of the Word. Secondly: let us ourselves build, in the place of the maraes, a great house for the worship of Jehovah."

'To these things the people called out, "Yes." They went, some here, some there, throughout the island, and quickly the flames of the old temples roared into the sky. Then, in a long procession, winding down the paths, they came bearing their idols, which they laid down at our feet. We gave to them a few copies of our Gospel in their language.

'Trees were cut down, and the framework of a building was put up, different from any ever seen

[1] Over 2,000.

in Aitutaki. When the frame was finished Vahapata and I took thatch—the length of a reed—and thatched up to the ridge-pole. When the people saw how it was done, they ran to help; and they were so busy that, in two days, the whole roof, 200 feet in length, was finished.

'Then I said to the chiefs: "Send your people to cut down much wood for fire; and to bring up from the shore coral rock." So we laid a great pile of wood, and on it placed the coral rock and set light to the fire. As soon as the flames began to blaze the people danced with excitement.

'"O these men from afar, they are roasting the stones! they are roasting the stones! Come hurricane and blow down our bananas and our bread-fruit! Never shall we suffer famine again. The men from afar are teaching us to roast stones."

'Night fell, and all went to their rest. In the morning, to their utter astonishment, the people found the burnt coral was a beautiful powder, soft and white. They actually whitewashed their hats and clothes with it and strutted about, admiring each other.

'A space of the wall of the church had been wattled. Vahapata and I took wet sand from the shore, mixed it with the roasted stone, plastered it over the wattle, and hung mats over to prevent the people from scratching the coral plaster before it became hard.

'Early on the following morning, the chiefs and all the people, men, women, and children, hurried to the place. We took off the covering and a sheet of beautiful white plastering showed itself to their wondering eyes. They all pressed forward to examine it: some put their noses to it and smelt it; some scratched it; while others took up stones and struck it.

'"Wonderful, wonderful!" they said. "The very stones in the sea and the sand on the shore become good to have in the hands of those who worship the true God and who listen to His good Word."'

So ended the story which Papeiha told to John Williams as they sailed over the seas in quest of Rarotonga.

The heart of John Williams was glad within him and proud that these brown men—Papeiha and Vahapata—whom he himself had led into the Way, had in so short a space overthrown the old worship of the demon-gods. Even at that hour the ferns began to throw fresh greenness over the charred and fallen timbers of the dark temples of Aitutaki, and, from the height of the island's topmost hill down to where the edge of the water frets the coral-beach, all men worshipped the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER IX

THE BEACH OF DARKNESS

WHILE John Williams's ears were drinking in the story of Papeiha's adventures in Aitutaki, his eyes were scanning the horizon to the south in search of Rarotonga.[1] But no island lifted its hills above the waters. From sundown to dawn and from morning till evening they sailed, till a week had passed without sight either of shore or sail. Rarotonga, the mysterious island of which all the islanders spoke but for which white men had searched in vain, was still hidden from them.

John Williams knew, however, that in those seas there lay another island named Mangaia, which Captain Cook had visited some forty-five years before. The gifts of Captain Cook to the Mangaians had made the natives so friendly that, when he had sailed away, they wished that such another 'mighty canoe' might come to them. And a whaling ship had come, some twenty years before John Williams sailed there; but—just as the natives were in the midst of happy trading with the men on the ship—

[1] Follow this journey with the aid of the map on p. 104.

one of the Mangaians, named Tairoa, had speared a white man and killed him. Swiftly Tairoa had paddled away, pleased with his own valour, and then in his canoe had watched the confusion that followed from what he thought was a safe distance.

A long bamboo (as it appeared to Tairoa) was pointed at him; a blaze of light leapt from it and a loud report; and Tairoa lay dead at the bottom of his canoe. The whaler sailed off with the body of Tairoa and with his canoe.

Now, when the brown people of Mangaia saw another 'mighty canoe, without paddles or outrigger', which like Tute's [1] ship moved of itself as though it had life, they remembered the bamboo that spat death and stood on the shore waiting for the white men, half revengeful and half afraid.

Te Matamua sailed straight toward the island, and from the bow John Williams could see many natives, on the coral beach, waving a white cloth. This he understood to mean (as it did in all the islands of the Pacific) that they wished the people to whom they waved to come toward them.

'Wave a white flag in reply,' ordered Williams. Soon it was fluttering from the ship's deck. The Mangaians, however, would not come from the beach. The schooner lowered a boat. Papeiha and two of his teachers jumped into it and pulled toward the shore. As they were leaving the ship John

[1] Their name for Captain Cook.

Williams gave them strict orders not to land, but to speak to the Mangaians from the boat.

'Invite the chief of the island to come out and visit us in the ship,' he said.

Mangaia is surrounded by a reef with no opening for boats, and the people land on the reef in canoes on the crest of the surf-waves, and then cross the narrow stretch of shallow water to the beach.

Time passed, and those on deck watched Papeiha talking with the natives on the beach. But he and the others returned without having persuaded any man to come from the island. As they were talking on board, however, they saw two canoes put out beyond the reef and paddle toward them. To show his friendliness, John Williams again sent out the ship's boat. But, on seeing this, they swung round and drove their canoes with frenzied speed through the water, with every muscle straining at the flashing paddles. As soon as the bows grated on the reef they leapt ashore, seized their spears, and stood awaiting the enemy. The ship's boat again returned disappointed.

Torn between fear and curiosity, dread of the enemy and desire for more of such gifts as 'Tute' had brought to their fathers, the Mangaians, in their canoes, at length crept out from the shore toward the ship. Quietly the ship's boat put out once more. In the bow stood one of John Williams's men holding out some knives and mother-of-pearl

oyster shells. Thus they coaxed the nervous savages to the side of the vessel.

Above the canoes the side of the ship loomed immense—as it seemed to them. Nothing, it appeared, could bring any one of the Mangaians to set foot on this monstrous canoe. The chiefs from Aitutaki on board came to the side of the ship and called down to the men in the canoe to come up and see the ship for themselves.

'No harm will come upon you,' they said, 'for this is the ship of God.'

Trembling at his own audacity, one Mangaian, at length, dared to climb the ship's side, and stepped aboard. No sooner had he done so than his comrade took fright, and feeling his canoe loosened, paddled swiftly away. This threw his companion, now isolated on the deck, into utter terror. Great man as he was, with broad shoulders and mighty arms, he shook like a leaf with fright.

He, at length, asked one or two questions, saying that this was the second ship that he himself had ever seen; Tute's being the first.

John Williams asked him if he would go back to the shore with some of the teachers from the ship. He gave every appearance of being delighted with this idea. Quickly he let himself down over the ship's side, to 'bale water out of his canoe', he said. But once safely in his own canoe, he, with nimble fingers, untied the rope and paddled away

after his companion. John Williams was foiled again of making a friendly landing among the savages of Mangaia.

At this moment, Papeiha, who never knew fear, came to him and outlined a daring plan, to which Williams agreed. Papeiha went down into the boat once more, and rowed toward the reef. He reached the reef, only to find the savages in ranks along the shore with spears poised and slings ready to resist the invasion that they dreaded.

Papeiha stood up, and, turning his dark keen face to them, he said:

'We have come in peace. I wish to come on shore, and to come alone. But I will not come among you unless you tie your spears into bundles, with your slings around them as string.'

At once they did this, and laid the faggots of spears on the beach. Papeiha, with a spring, dived straight into the tossing sea, waited for a great billow to come rolling in from the Pacific, and then swam in on its foaming crest to the shore.

The very daring and unexpectedness of the deed seemed to hold them in awe, for they stood silently watching, and then listened while he spoke to them. He told them how John Williams and he and the other teachers had come as the messengers of the God who is above all, who made all things. They had come to tell the people on Mangaia of His love for them.

'We wish,' he said, 'to leave among you two

teachers, who will each day tell you more and more of these wonderful things.'

'Yes,' came the answer, 'we will listen to the teachers with gladness. Go back now to the great canoe and bring them at once to us.'

With that, Papeiha turned, and, regaining the reef, was rowed back to the ship.

'I do not think we need fear any damage from them,' he said to John Williams, as they stood on deck while the teachers prepared to go ashore.

The two native teachers and their wives, with Papeiha, then got down into the boat and rowed to the reef. They found that the slings had been untied, and the spears once more were loose.

'Tie them up once more,' said Papeiha, 'or we will not land.'

His wish was obeyed. The little company of brown apostles were landed from the reef to the beach. But no sooner had their feet touched the shore than the savages rushed upon them—not from desire to kill them, but from greed. They snatched a saw from the hand of one of the teachers, snapped it into three pieces, and stuck the fragments into their ears as ornaments. A special box of bonnets, which they had intended to give to the wives of the chiefs, was dragged through the water. The bedsteads were snatched up. One taking one post, and others seizing the rest, they ran away up the beach to hide their booty.

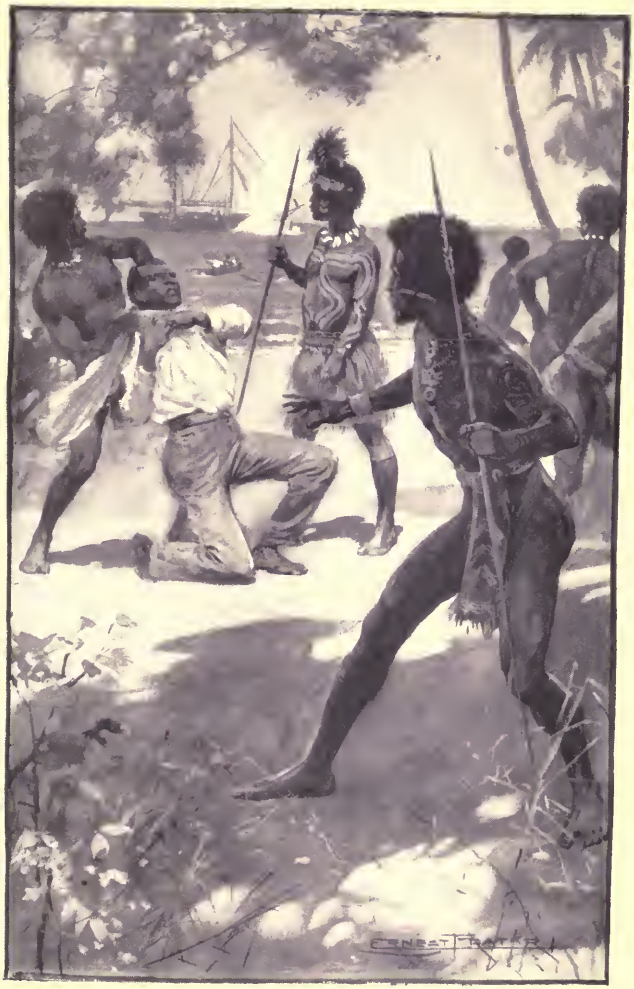
The teachers had also landed a number of bamboo canes filled with coco-nut oil. The savages took the canes, broke them open, and poured the oil over each other's heads, so that it ran down their bodies till they glistened in the sunlight.

Then a squeal was heard. The chief had given orders to capture the two pigs which had been landed. The people gazed in astonishment. Never had they seen such amazing creatures—so large (for the only quadruped that had ever before been seen in the island was the rat), so black, and giving out such strange noises.

'They are gods!' cried the Mangaians. Solemnly the chief took off his own scanty clothes and his marks of chieftainship, and placed them all upon the pigs, which were then led away into the maraes of the gods. And they named the sow Makave, that is 'Ringlet', and the boar Taniti, that is 'Little Pet'.

A scream, and then another was heard. The wives of the teachers had been seized by the savages. Their husbands were tripped up and thrown to the ground and held there by some of the savages, while others carried the women away into the woods. Papeiha attempted rescue, but a *tiputa*[1] was thrown over his head and quickly twisted tightly round his throat to strangle him. Swift as the savage was, however, Papeiha was swifter, and had already got

[1] A garment like a Spanish-American poncho, or cape, with a hole through which to put the head.



'A *TIPUTA* WAS THROWN OVER HIS HEAD—TO STRANGLE HIM.'

his hands into the *tiputa* to save his throat. But the twisting went on, and out of the woods came the screams of the teachers' wives, when——

BOOM!

The sky and sea and the hollows in the hills roared with a sound such as the savages had never heard, even when hurricane waves broke on the reef. Every savage leapt as though he had been shot, and fled in terror. Only the chief remained. A curl of angry smoke floated away from the mouth of the ship's cannon, from which Williams had fired a blank charge of powder.

The two women, released by their startled captors, came running back to the beach. Papeiha turned on the chief.

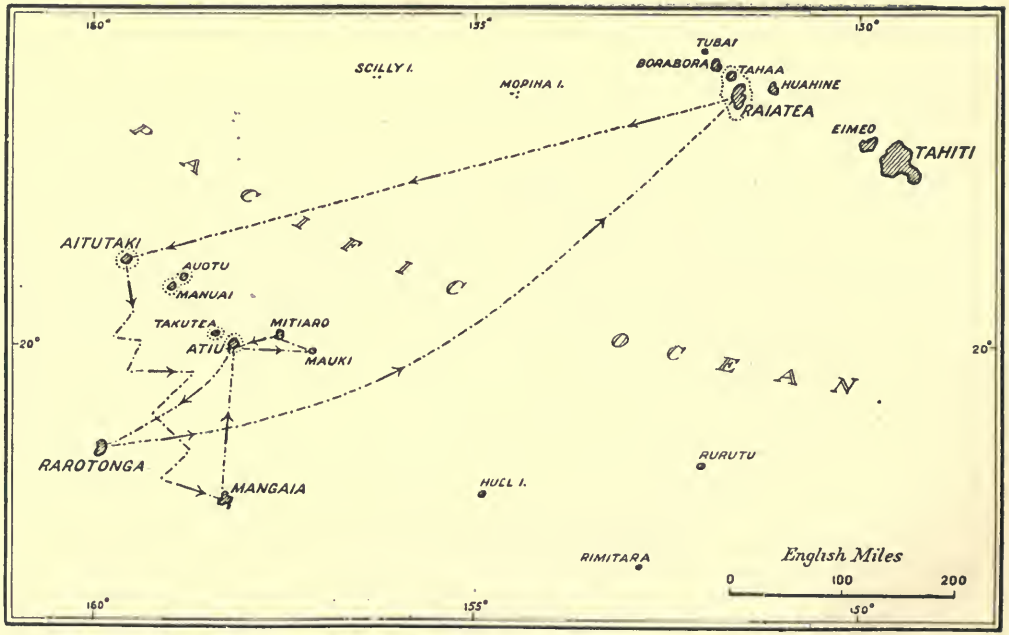
'How dare you,' he asked, 'invite us on shore, and then suffer us to be torn to pieces? Is it the act of a chief?'

The chief hung his head, and tears rolled down his cheeks.

'In this island,' he said sadly, 'all heads are of equal height,' meaning that he, as chief, had little authority.

Then Papeiha and his friends went from the shore to the reef, got into the ship's boat, and were pulled out to the schooner, muddy and bedraggled.

The anchor was weighed, and with grief they turned their backs on the lovely island whose treacherous people had spurned them.



THE SOCIETY ISLANDS AND THE COOK ISLANDS.

The Cruise of *Te Matamua* is marked thus - - - - -

CHAPTER X

THE KING OF THREE CANNIBAL ISLANDS

WITH the trade-wind on her starboard beam *Te Matamua* headed northward for another island named Atiu.[1]

Not many weeks earlier the missionaries had sent two teachers from Raiatea to Atiu. Williams wished to see how they had been treated by the natives. When the man on watch shouted, 'Land ho!' Williams saw, over the sea, a low island with a flat-topped hill in the centre, covered with green to the water's-edge, where the ironwood-trees leaned over and dipped their trailing leaves in the sea.

There was no harbour into which the schooner could put. She had to navigate with care off the cruel coast of dead coral, which was hollowed out into deep caverns through which the onrushing tide surged and thundered.

Canoes put off from the shore. From one of them came two dispirited men, with thin faces and desponding looks. Ragged clothes hung on their lean bodies. Williams could hardly recognize in them the two happy men who had sailed out to Atiu from Raiatea.

[1] Follow the journey in Chapters X and XI by the map on the opposite page.

'We have been stripped of all our goods,' they told him, 'and they have refused food to us. The people of Atiu will not turn away from their gods nor listen to our teaching.'

At this moment they saw a chief's canoe put out through the breakers. Two large canoes had been joined together by a wooden platform above them both. The canoes were filled with men paddling the canoe-raft toward the schooner. On the platform the cannibal-king of the island was seated.

As the double canoe came nearer Williams could see his strong face and commanding figure. He was tall and slender. Round his loins was a *lava-lava* of Indian print. He wore also a white shirt. It is quite likely that these were clothes taken from the two Raiatean men. Long and beautiful black hair hung down over his shoulders and blew out in the breeze as he swung his body to and fro with each stroke of the paddles.

He climbed from his canoe up the side of the schooner. No sooner was he on board than the chief of Aitutaki took him by the hand and led him to a place on the boat where he could talk quietly to him.

'We have overthrown the maraes of Aitutaki,' he said to Roma-tane, for that was the name of this Atiu chief. 'The great idols we have burned with fire; the smaller ones, they are down in the ship (and he pointed into the hold). We have made a great new

white house of *toka tunu* (roasted stones), and in it we worship the one true God. All the sacrifices of living men and maidens, slain in the maraes of the gods, do nothing. They are useless, for they do not make God forgive us. Mercy comes to us only through the Son of God, Jesus, who came to die for us.'

The tall brown chief of Atiu listened with wonder, hardly believing that this could be true, nor really understanding it. Williams saw the face of the Christian chief of Aitutaki gleaming with eager desire as he went on :

'I advise you to receive the good Word. Once your gods in Atiu and our gods in Aitutaki were the same gods. But now mine at Aitutaki are burned and cast down. Burn yours ! Let there be one God for us both, the one true God. Come ! '

He led the astonished Roma-tane down the companion-ladder into the hold of the schooner. There he showed the chief the ancient gods of Aitutaki lying, like so many baulks of old timber.

It was Saturday, and the chief was persuaded to stay on board over the Sabbath.

When day came, and all on board the ship gathered together for worship, Roma-tane sat with the others so that he could see their worship and listen to more of this strange new teaching.

John Williams spoke to them about the stupidity of thinking that a piece of wood could hear and help.

The eyes of Roma-tane opened with new understanding as Williams read out, in the language of the island people:

Then shall a tree be for a man to burn;
And he takes it and warms himself;
Yea, he kindles it into a fire and bakes bread;
Yea, he makes a god, and worships it;
He makes it a carved image, and falls down to it.
He burns a part of it in the fire;
With a part he eats flesh.
He roasts meat and is satisfied:
Yea, he warms himself, and says,
Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire:
And the rest of it he makes into a god![1]

This all flashed in on Roma-tane's mind like a blaze of sunshine in a dark cavern. If he wanted to say that something was very sacred indeed, he said 'moa'; if he wished to speak of something being low and bestial he said 'noa'. The word 'noa' was used about food and 'moa' about the gods. Now Roma-tane saw the foolishness of thinking that you could cook food (noa) and make a god (moa) from a tree.

Williams, turning to another place in his Bible, read on:

They have mouths, but they speak not;
Eyes have they, but they see not;
They have ears, but they hear not;
Neither is there any breath in their mouths.[2]

For some time Chief Roma-tane sat there on the deck, silent, lost in wonder. As night fell he rose

[1] Isa. xliv. [2] Ps. cxxxv.

and went below-deck to talk with the chiefs of Aitutaki and the Raiatean teachers. He asked fresh questions about the burning of the idols, and listened as they spoke of the one great God above all, who made the islands and the sea.

In the middle of the talk he stood up, walked about in excitement, stamping on the floor with astonishment and disgust with himself for having been so blind as to think the wooden idols were really alive.

'Never more,' he said, stamping again, 'will I bow down to them and sacrifice to them. Eyes, it is true, they have,' he went on, 'but wood cannot see; ears they have, but wood cannot hear.'

Roma-tane could not sleep, for his mind was aflame with these new ideas. All night he sat there with the chiefs and the teachers asking questions, and learning more and more about the Father-God shown by Jesus Christ.

When John Williams came on deck as the sun rose on Monday the teachers ran to him with faces shining with joy.

'Roma-tane says that he will raze his maraes to the ground, burn his idols, and begin at once to build a house in which to worship Jehovah.'

Williams spoke to Roma-tane and said, 'Will you come with us to the islands where we live—to Raiatea?'

'No,' he answered, 'I desire to begin at once. I wish you to sell me an axe with which I can cut down trees for posts for God's house.'

John Williams had heard, however, that, near to the island of Atiu were two other islands—Mitiaro and Mauki—one of which no man of the white race had ever seen. Roma-tane, he now learned, was not only Chief of Atiu, but also King of both these other islands. Williams asked him to come and visit his other islands on the schooner.

This pleased Roma-tane. So he sent word to his people on Atiu that he was going away for a while, but would soon return.

'Do not scratch your faces with sharks' teeth, nor cut your heads or breasts with stones,' he ordered.

His people obeyed, though they wondered why he had told them thus to break their old custom. The reason was that already he began to see that such slashing of their bodies was not part of the will of the great Father-Spirit.

The schooner put out to sea and sailed north-east by east. As they sighted Mitiaro they saw that it was a little low island fringed with palm-trees down to the white coral beach. Around it they found a deep and beautiful lagoon.[1]

Canoes put out to the 'great canoe with white wings', and the men of Mitiaro opened their eyes in wonder to find their own over-lord, Roma-tane, on board. 'Tell the chief of Mitiaro to come to me,' he ordered.

[1] The island of Mitiaro only rises fifty feet above the Pacific. It is three miles long and two miles wide.

Swiftly they paddled back to the shore and to the chief, who was of course subject to Roma-tane. Before he came off in the canoe, however, the chief of Mitiaro told the people to make haste to build a house in which King Roma-tane would stay, when he came on shore. He then leapt into his canoe and was paddled out to the schooner.[1]

He came aboard trembling. Only four years earlier, Roma-tane, the fierce and cruel cannibal King, had come to Mitiaro with war-canoes, had leapt upon their shores, bound shrieking men and women hand and foot and hurled them into the flaming cannibal oven; while the brains of little children were dashed out on the stones in sight of their mothers, and children were skewered together, by twos and threes, through their ears. Instead of banana-stumps Roma-tane had used living men and women for rollers on which the war-canoes were dragged down the coral beach again to the sea.

The Mitiaro chief was staggered with amazement as he stepped on to the deck and heard his king say:

'I am come to call you to burn the maraes, and abandon the worship of your gods. I will leave with you a man who will tell you of the one true God whom all men should worship.'

'What!' cried the chief and those with him,

[1] The next paragraph should be omitted by any who are reading this book aloud to little children.

'destroy the maraes? The gods will be furious. Will they not strangle us?'

'No,' answered King Roma-tane, 'it is out of the power of a piece of wood, that we have put ornaments upon and called a god, to kill us.'

'But,' asked one, 'must we give up Tarianui (Great Ears)?'

This he asked because the King himself was priest to Great Ears.

'Yes,' answered the King, without a second's hesitation, 'cease to worship him and all the other evil spirits. I am going to leave Taua, a teacher, with you. Treat him well; give him a house to live in, and food to eat; and listen to his words. The house which I see you are building for me I will not use. Make it into a house in which you will pray to Jehovah, the great God. Taua will tell you how to do this.'

'You sent orders to us,' said the chief to King Roma-tane, 'that we should make ready for a great feasting and dancing. Will you come again for that?'

'I will come again,' he replied, 'but not for that feast. I shall return to look on your steadfastness in this good work and your kindness to Taua.'

So the astonished chief of Mitiaro returned to the island to carry out the strange order of his king.

John Williams now wished to seek for the island of

'THEY SMELT HIS HANDS AND TURNED UP HIS SLEEVES.'

Mauki, which was on no chart, for it had never been seen by any white man.

'Mauki is over there,' said Roma-tane, pointing south-east by south. The bows of *Te Matamua* were therefore turned as nearly to that direction as the trade-wind would allow. By tacking they at last sighted Mauki, a little island with no reef or lagoon, but covered with lovely trees.

Canoes were soon dancing from crest to trough of the blue-green rollers, and paddling out to the schooner.

The savages were astonished to see their own king looking down at them over the rail of the ship.

As they came on board they were still more amazed at John Williams and the captain and Mr. Threlkeld, the first white men they had ever seen. They took hold of their hands and smelt them, turning up their sleeves and pointing out to one another the wonderful whiteness of the skin.

'They are very great chiefs,' they said.

John Williams brought out some fish-hooks to give to them, but they looked at these with great scorn; for they had never seen any metal, and did not know its strength.

'See,' they said, as they showed him some of their own big thick hooks, cut out of coco-nut shells, pearl shells, and wood. 'If the fish break these hooks that are so thick and strong, alas! for such slender things.'

Some goats were brought forward to put into the boat that was to go ashore with the teacher and his wife, and the King. Never had such strange and wonderful beasts appeared to them before.

'Come,' they shouted to their companions, pointing to the goats, 'look at these birds with great teeth upon their heads.'

At last the King, the teacher, and the stores were ready to go ashore and the boat was let down into the sea.

'It will upset,' cried the Maukians frantically, 'it will upset! It has no outrigger.'

They could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the boat floating easily and safely like a seagull on the water. She cast off her painter, and the oars flashed back the light as she raced the canoes for the shore. Swinging in on the crest of the big seventh breaker, the King leapt out of the boat on to shore. As his feet touched the soil, he said, in his first words to the savages who had crowded down to the beach, with Tararo, their chief, to greet him:

'I am come to advise you to receive the Word of Jehovah, the true God, and to leave with you a teacher and his wife, who will give you knowledge. Let us destroy our maraes. Let us burn all the evil spirits with fire. Never let us worship them again. Build also a new house in which to worship the true God.'

The people caught their breath in astonishment

as they heard the King daring to urge them to throw into the fire the gods before whom even he had always trembled. At last, when they had recovered themselves a little, they said:

'You say to us that it is a good Word and brings power to save. We will receive it and will sit at the feet of the teacher.'

'When will you come to the *Takurua*?' they asked the King.

Now the *Takurua* was a great feast, when the people of Mauki danced and glutted themselves with food and went through very foul and abominable ceremonies.

'All those customs,' he said to them, 'are done away. When I come to you it will be to see how gladly and with what steadfastness you have accepted the good Word.'

Then he turned, and having said farewell to the teachers and his astonished subjects, this brown king leapt back into the boat, and the men pulled for the schooner.

As Roma-tane came aboard *Te Matamua* and she hove anchor and shaped her course back towards Atiu, John Williams spoke to him, saying:

'Do you know an island named Rarotonga?'

Williams had been baffled again and again in his search for this mysterious island—so large, the savages had told him, so crowded with fierce warriors whose very name made their foes tremble.

His joy was great when Roma-tane said at once:

'Yes, it is only a day and a night's sail from Atiu.'

'In which direction does it lie?' Williams asked, as they came near Atiu.

'Over there,' said the Chief, pointing in one direction.

A little later, when they had sailed some distance, John Williams, in order to be sure that he had in his mind the precise direction, asked the same question again.

'Over there,' answered the King, pointing in an entirely different direction.

For the moment Williams was baffled again. 'The King does not really know after all,' he thought. Then he recalled that he had noticed that the island people always worked their directions from 'starting-points', and that the King, in answer to the question, had simply pointed to the starting-point each time. Having no compass at all, the South Sea Islanders used to start a journey so that certain landmarks would be in sight till nightfall, after which they could guide by the stars.

Williams therefore ordered the schooner to be headed for the starting-point.

'You look at the landmarks,' said Williams to Roma-tane, 'and call out to me when they are in exactly the right position from the ship.'

Then he gave orders for the ship to be turned slowly round. Suddenly the King cried out excitedly:

'That 's it ! that is it.'

Williams had his eyes fixed on the compass and, on hearing the cry, he noted that the schooner headed precisely south-west by west.

Then they put back to Atiu, presented the King with axes, with which, as he had said, he could 'cut down trees for posts for the house of God'. The large double canoe which had brought him out to the ship a cannibal savage now came off again for Roma-tane. Once more he sat on the stage built between the two canoes, and seated there, went back to his people.

John Williams watched Roma-tane, the tall graceful King of Atiu, Mitiaro and Mauki, sitting in the stern of the boat, his glossy hair blowing in the breeze and his face glowing with joy. Wonders were the daily food of Williams's life. But here, he felt, was a stranger miracle than any he had ever known, or, indeed, ever heard told in all the strange story of man. The King of three islands, himself a week ago a remorseless and ferocious cannibal, threatening the lives of the brown teachers on Atiu, had now become a flaming apostle of the God of Love.

Roma-tane, indeed, as yet knew little of what the love of God meant ; but with swiftness he put all that he knew into action. He had in that week swept away from his islands the worship of spirits that had held them in thrall ever since, in the dawn of the world, the first man had been blown on to those shores.

CHAPTER XI

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND FOUND

Te Matamua was headed south-west by west ; but she could not keep her course.

Baffled by contrary winds she tacked east and west and swung away from the line of her quest for Rarotonga. Day after day passed ; the provisions on board were nearly all eaten ; but no island lifted its fronded palms before them.

One morning, when the eastern edge of the sea caught the first promise of dawn, the captain came on deck. As the schooner tossed and rolled on the tumbling ocean he looked out anxiously over the bow. But everywhere around him the wild waste of the Pacific Ocean stretched in the strange and lonely morning twilight. The sea was unbroken by any mountain peak.

Again the captain searched the horizon, but he saw nothing, except that ahead of him, on the sky-line to the south-west, great threatening clouds had gathered. His patience was exhausted. If they went on further, starvation on the open ocean stared all on board in the face. He turned and went to Williams.

'We must give up the search, or we shall all be starved,' he said.

John Williams knew that this was true ; but he hated the thought of going back. The island and all its people might be just beyond the horizon.

It was seven o'clock when the captain told Williams that they must give up the search.

'In an hour's time,' said Williams, with a heavy heart, 'we will turn back if we have not sighted Rarotonga.'

So they sailed on. Some Rarotongans were on board. They had been carried to Aitutaki by a wicked British captain who had, with his men, lived a foul life on Rarotonga and then sailed off with the King's cousin and some other women of the island. He was evidently ashamed of his deed, for he never told the world that he had discovered Rarotonga.

The Rarotongans had never been able to find their way back from Aitutaki to their native land again till John Williams took them aboard. Now they gazed over the bows with tense anxiety. From Aitutaki, to Mangaia, and thence from Atiu to Mitiaro and Mauki, these Rarotongans had sailed with Williams ; always searching the sky-line for the mountain peaks that meant home to them. Were they again to be baffled ?

The sun climbed the sky ; the cool freshness of dawn was giving way to the heat of day.

'Go up the mast, and look ahead,' said Williams to one of the crew with the clear-sighted eyes of an

island-sailor. Then he paced the deck, waiting for the sound of 'Land ho!' but the man could see nothing.

'Go up again,' cried Williams, a little later. Again there was nothing. Four times the man climbed the mast, and four times he reported only sea and sky and cloud. In a few minutes the hour would strike and the ship must turn back.

Gradually the sun's heat was dispersing the great mountains of cloud. The sky at last was clear to the edge of the ocean. From the masthead there came a sudden, thrilling cry.

'*Teie teie, taua fenua, nei!*'

'Here, here is the land we have been seeking!'

All rushed to the bows. John Williams's eyes gleamed exultingly. As the ship sailed on and they came nearer, they saw a lovely island. Mountains towered peak beyond peak, and under the brown rocky heights of the tallest peak were deep green valleys, hung with vines. The great ocean breakers boomed in one unbroken white line of foaming surf on the barrier reef of living coral. It looked like a vision of fairy-land.

They had discovered Rarotonga.

But what of the people of the island? Williams knew they were a turbulent people. Would they slay any who landed? On board the schooner was a canoe which they had taken on board at Aitutaki, when they first set out for Rarotonga.

Papeiha stepped forward and said:

'Let me go ashore in the canoe with one other man.'

Vahineino, one of the Rarotongans from Aitutaki, who had all become Christians, came alongside, and these two dropped down into the canoe, which had been run from the deck and lowered on to the sea.

Each taking a paddle in his sinewy hands, they made fearlessly towards the shore, which was now one brown stretch of Rarotongans who had crowded down to see this wonderful sight.

Papeiha and Vahineino, who knew the ways of the water from babyhood and could swim before they could walk, waited for a great breaker and then, paddling with all their might, swept in on its racing crest. The canoe grated on the beach and they leapt ashore.

The Rarotongans were glad to see Vahineino again, so they welcomed the two, and led them up under the shade of a great grove of timona-trees.

In front of Papeiha and Vahineino stood King Makea, a fine-looking man, six feet high, with a commanding look that made those about him swift to do his bidding. His body was beautifully tattooed, and he had been rubbed over with turmeric and ginger, which made him the colour of an orange. Behind the King the ground beneath the trees was covered with a great crowd of Rarotongans, their brown faces and wondering eyes turned toward Papeiha and Vahineino.

'We have come,' said Papeiha, 'to tell you that in many of the islands of the sea they have burned their idols. To-day we come—before you have altogether destroyed each other in your wars—to tell you of the great God, our Father, who through His son Jesus Christ has taught us how to live as brothers. We have brought from Aitutaki some of your own people who have accepted this Christian way of life, and others who will stay as teachers to tell you the true good Word of God.'

'The King's cousin, Tapairu, is on board. The white man, Viriamu, has brought us all back,' said Vahineino.

King Makea was overjoyed at this. 'I will go on the ship,' he said, 'and lead my people and the teachers ashore.' So, with some others, he entered his large canoe and was paddled out to the schooner.

The King was delighted, when he had climbed aboard, to greet on deck his own cousin, Tapairu, among the Rarotongans from Aitutaki. Makea had never expected to see her alive again. They fell on each other's necks, wept, and then rubbed noses.

'Are you the Kookees?' asked the King.

'The Kookees?'

'Yes, a woman came over the sea from Tahiti to Rarotonga, and these are the things that she told to us:

'She said to us: "There are people in the world not the ordinary colour—brown—but white.

They are called Kookees from their great chief,[1] who once went to Tahiti. Afterwards other white Kookees came, subjects of *Tehovah* and *Tee-tee-try*.[2]

"To Tahiti the Kookees brought sharp things—called *opahi*—which would cut down trees far more swiftly than stone axes. No longer do we use the bone of a man's leg or arm for tools for making canoes; nor do the children cry and scream while they have their hair cut—as they did when it was cut with sharks' teeth—for the Kookees have brought sharp, bright things that make it pleasant to have the hair cut.

"If we in Tahiti wish to look at ourselves now, we do not go down to the water and stoop; but these wonderful people have small shining things in which you can see yourself as plainly as you can see another man or woman!"

'Many other wonderful things did the woman from Tahiti tell us,' said Makea. 'So we thought that you, with your white skin, would be of the tribe of the Kookees.'

After more talk with Williams, Makea led his cousin, Tapairu, and other Rarotongans, with the teachers, into the canoe and ashore.

The schooner stood off from the island for the night, for the ocean off Rarotonga is too deep for anchorage, and there is no good harbourage.

Night fell. Papeiha and his friends made their preparations for sleeping. Above the thud and hiss of the waves, they heard the noise of approaching

[1] Captain Cook.

[2] Her way of saying 'Jehovah' and 'Jesus Christ'.

footsteps. The little group of Christians listened intently. Then a man came forward out of the darkness, the fiercest and most powerful chief on the island.

He came up to Papeiha and demanded that the wife of one of the Christian teachers should be given to him, so that he might take her away with him. 'She shall be the chief among my wives,' he said. He already had nineteen wives.

The teachers argued with the chief. The woman wept.

'Seize the woman and take her off,' cried the chief to his followers. They caught hold of her; she resisted, and the others helped her. Their clothes were torn in tatters by the ferocious Rarotongans.

All would have been over with the Christians had not Tapairu, the brave Rarotongan cousin of Makea, wept, argued, and opposed the chief, and even fought with her hands to save the teacher's wife. At last the fierce chief, partly through fear of Tapairu's influence with her cousin the King, went off without taking the teacher's wife with him.

Papeiha and his friends did not wait for sunrise, but hurried down to the misty beach, leapt into their canoe and paddled swiftly out to the schooner to tell John Williams of all that had happened.

'We must wait and come to this island another day when the people are more friendly,' said Williams.

Papeiha, however, would rather die than turn back.

'As Papeiha landed they made a rush at him.'

'Let me stay with them,' he said. 'But you must send me my friend;' and he named one of the Christians of Raiatea.

He knew that he might be slain by the savages. But, without fuss, and leaving everything he had upon the ship except his clothes, his Testament, and a few very simple reading primers, he dropped into the canoe, seized the paddle, and with swift, strong strokes that never faltered, drove the canoe skimming over the rolling waves till it leapt to the summit of a breaking wave and ground upon the shore.

The savage Rarotongans made a rush at him, jostling and waving spears and clubs as they crowded round him.

'Let us take him to Makea.'

. . . . . .

John Williams, anxious as he was for his brave South Sea Island helper, Papeiha, was obliged to go on with his work. He sailed his schooner back toward Raiatea. The taut little ship (he remembered with pride) had sailed from Raiatea to Aitutaki, to Mangaia and Atiu, Mitiaro and Mauki, and had at last sighted Rarotonga.[1] The life of six islands was entirely changed by the short voyage of *Te Matamua*.

'Bring up the idols of Aitutaki,' Williams said, as Raiatea came in sight.

The men plunged down into the hold and handed

[1] See map, p. 104.

out, one after the other, the fantastic wooden gods. Among them was Tangaroa, the supreme idol of Aitutaki, who caught in his net the souls of men and then slew them with his spear. Cord was tied round each one, and soon the yards of the ship were triumphantly decorated with the fallen idols.

So *Te Matamua* sailed into harbour at Raiatea with the spoils of a great victory.

CHAPTER XII

THE BONFIRE OF THE GODS

THE story of the cruise of *Te Matamua* sped from mouth to mouth among the people of Raiatea. From the cottages by the white beach through all the green valleys up to where the brown pinnacles of rock thrust themselves toward the sky, there was wonder in the hearts of all the brown island people at the tale of Roma-tane, the cannibal king. And they glowed with pride in possessing their own schooner on which Roma-tane had visited his islands and John Williams had found Rarotonga.

Before the story had grown old, John Williams heard with great joy that a colleague, Mr. Pitman, had been sent to take up the work at Rarotonga. He therefore sailed to Tahiti to meet Mr. and Mrs. Pitman and bring them to Raiatea. They were to live on Raiatea with Mr. and Mrs. John Williams till they had learned the language of the people, and then go on to Rarotonga where Papeiha and Vahineino were at work.

Williams could not stay his desire to go himself to Rarotonga with the Pitmans; indeed, he had already promised Papeiha that he would visit Rarotonga to strengthen his hands. So Viriamu and Pitimani, as the brown people called them,

and their wives, went aboard and set sail for Rarotonga.[1] All the work in Raiatea was trusted, in their absence, to the hands of a leader among the brown people themselves—named Tuahine.

The island was hard to get at; for the course lay contrary to the trade-winds and the wind roused the waves of the Pacific so that the ship was much tossed. There is no proper harbour at Rarotonga for such a ship as they were in; and they must needs, therefore, when they arrived, leave the vessel while still three miles from the beach, and try to go ashore in a boat.[2] All around them the boisterous ocean tossed wildly, while the wind howled through the rigging. The ship's boat was old, and the water leaked in through her sides.

John Williams was in the boat, with his wife and with Mr. and Mrs. Pitman. He stood up with one foot on the gunwale reaching out for his baby son Samuel,[3] who was being handed to him from the ship. Suddenly, just as he caught hold of the little boy in his arms, a wave hurled the boat against the side of the ship, overbalancing Williams. In a moment both father and baby must have been crushed between the boat and the ship, when Mrs. Pitman leapt up and caught hold of Williams's coat and, with all her might, pulled them both back into the boat.

They then turned the bows of the boat toward

[1] April 26, 1827. [2] May 5, 1827. [3] Samuel Tamatoa Williams.

the island. From crest to trough and up again she was swept, seeming helpless in the play of the waves. Mrs. Williams was obliged to sit in the bottom of the boat and keep baling without rest. Again and again the brown people on the beach caught their breath as they lost sight of the little vessel in the dark valley of a green wave, till she righted herself and came to the crest once more.

At last, amid the joyful cries of the multitude of Rarotongans on shore, they shot the last breaker and their boat was dragged up the beach. For days the wind blew and the sea tossed. The ship lay off from the island. On board of her were the food and goods of the missionaries, yet no one could go out to get them.

Then the captain sent a note ashore.

'I must sail,' he wrote, 'as the ship has suffered damage.'

Williams and Pitman immediately entered the leaky old boat, pulled through the stormy sea to the ship, took some of their stores from the vessel into the boat, scribbled a few letters for England, and leapt back into the boat for shore.

Their danger was appalling. The boat was deeply laden with clothes, flour, sugar, and other foods; the sea, lashed by the gale, ran high. They had only two oars, and the shore was more than six miles distant. As they were labouring in great distress one of the largest Rarotongan double-

canoes came by them. They hailed her, and she came to their rescue. Yet, even with her help, Williams and Pitman pulled for hour after hour through the wild waste of tumbling waters before they reached the shore.

Before John Williams and Pitman had reached Rarotonga, those living near the landing-place at Avarua (where most of the people on the island had settled and where Papeiha lived) had decided to separate; a great body of them going to the east side of the island. Although many were going to live still at Avarua, the whole multitude of people, two thousand strong, trekked from the old station of Avarua to the new one of Ngatangiia to help in building the new village.

The Rarotongans were like schoolboys on a picnic as they started out on this great removal. They clamoured for the honour of carrying the missionaries' furniture; one had a kettle, another held aloft a frying-pan, a third flourished a bedpost, the king himself walking along happy and dignified, carrying an earthenware crock.

As they walked along, Papeiha told Williams the story of all that had happened in the days since he had gone ashore alone in his canoe.[1] These are the adventures of which he spoke:

[1] See Chap. XI, p. 125.

The Story of Papeiha

'When I landed, the people shook their spears at me, shouting:

'"Let us take him to Makea."

'So they led me to the king, who looked at me and said:

'"Speak to us, O man, that we may know why you persist in coming."

'"I come," I replied, "so that you may all learn of the true God, and that you, like all the people in the far-off islands of the sea, may take your gods made of wood and of birds' feathers and of cloth and may burn them."

'A roar of anger and of horror burst from the people.

'"What!" they cried, "burn the gods! What shall we do without the gods?"

'They were angry with me, but something kept them from slaying me. Soon after this I one day heard shrieking and shouting, a wild roaring as of men in a frenzy. I saw crowds of people around the gods, offering food to them. The priests had their faces blackened with charcoal. Their bodies were painted with stripes of red and yellow. The warriors wore great waving head-dresses of birds' feathers and white sea-shells. I ran into the midst of them and said:

'"Why do you act so foolishly? Why do you take this log of wood and carve it, and then offer worship to it as a god, bringing food to it? It is only fit to be burned. Some day soon you will make these very gods fuel for fire."

'Then I told them, as they listened astonished, of the story of the love of God shown in Jesus.

'"Where does your God live?" they called out.

'"He fills the heavens and the earth with His presence," I replied.

'"We cannot see Him," replied one of them. "Surely if He were as big as you say, we should see Him!"

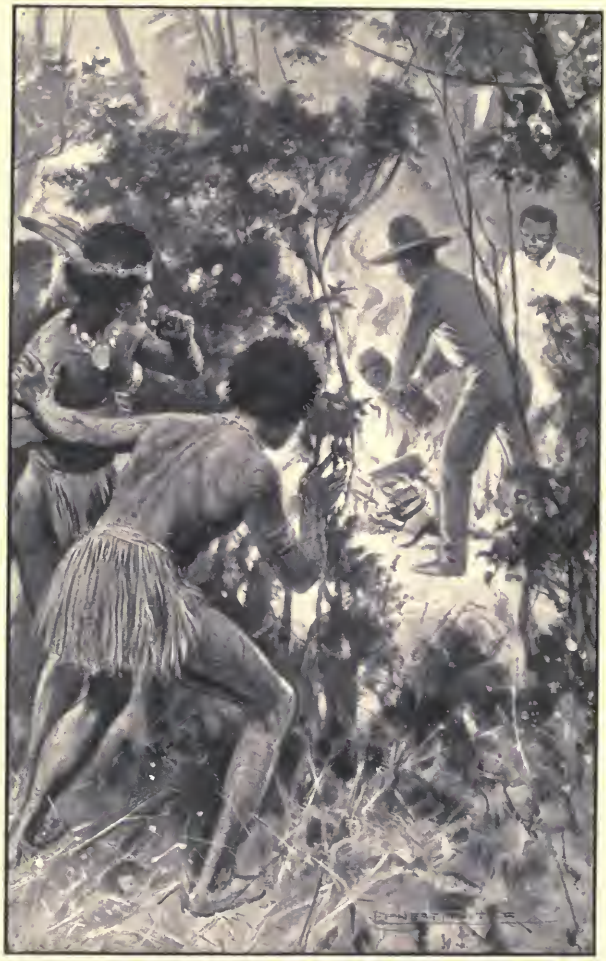
'"And should we not run against Him?" asked another.

'"The earth is full of air," I replied, "but we do not see it, nor run against it."

'So, sometimes on a great stone in the banana-grove, or in the village, or under the palm-trees, I spoke with them. Some of them gave up their gods, and became worshippers of Jesus.

'One day, to my surprise, one of the priests of the gods came to me leading his ten-years old boy.

'"Take care of my boy," he said to me, "I am going to burn my god, and I do not want my god's anger to hurt the boy. Ask your God to protect him." So the priest went home.



'OTHERS PEERED THROUGH THE LEAVES TO SEE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN.'

'Next morning, quite early, before the heat of the sun was very great, I looked out and saw the priest tottering along with bent and aching shoulders. On his back was his wooden god. Behind him came a furious crowd, waving their arms, and crying out:

'"Madman, madman, the god will kill you."

'"You may shout," gasped the priest, "but you will not change me. I am going to worship Jehovah, the God of Papeiha."

'With that he threw down the god at my feet. My brother-teacher ran to bring a saw. First we cut off the god's head, and then sawed him into big logs. Some of the people rushed away in dread. Others—even some of the newly converted Christians—hid in the bush and peered through the leaves to see what would happen. I lit a fire, and we threw the logs on it. As the flames blazed up, the other priests of the fallen god called out:

'"You will die! you will die!"

'To show that the god was just a log of wood I took a bunch of bananas and placed them on the glowing ashes of the fire. When the bananas were roasted we sat down and ate them.

'The watching crowd waited, awe-struck, and looked to see us fall dead, but nothing happened.

'Immediately afterwards a chief, Tinomana, sent for me and Tiberio[1] to go to his home among the mountains.

[1] Tiberio had been sent by Williams to help Papeiha.

'"I wish to be a Christian," he said. "What must I do?"

'"Destroy your maraes and burn your idols," we said.

'"Come with me," he answered, "and see them destroyed."

'Taking a lighted torch, he set fire to the temple, to its *atarau* (altar), and to the *unus* (the sacred pieces of carved wood which decorated the marae).

'They brought four great idols and laid them at our feet.

'Then I read to the people over the idols these words:

> And the seventy returned with joy, saying,
> Lord, even the devils are subject unto us in thy name.
> And he said unto them, I beheld Satan fallen as lightning from heaven.
> Behold I have given you authority to tread upon serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy, and nothing shall in any wise hurt you.
> Howbeit in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rejoice that your names are written in heaven.[1]

'Then we threw the four gods into the flames. Many of the people were angry out of measure. The women waited and howled, blackened themselves with charcoal, and cut deep gashes on their hands and faces with sharp shells and sharks' teeth, crying:

[1] Luke x. 17–20.

'"Alas! alas! the gods of the madman Tinomana, the gods of the lunatic chief are given to the flames."

'During the week Pa himself, the head chief of the people who had conquered Tinomana, sent for us and said that he too would become a Christian.

'At night, as we sat talking with the chief, there came a raving man shouting as though possessed by the great god of the island, Tangaroa.

'"Pa, Pa, give me these two men! Why do you keep two rotten sticks, driven on the shore by the waves? Why do you listen to this froth of the sea? I am the great Tangaroa; give them to me, and I'll eat them."

'As he came nearer I said to Tiberio as a joke:

'"Let us take out our knives and cut him open to search inside him for the great god Tangaroa!"

'Pa, the chief, then called out to the raving priest:

'"Do not come in; for Papeiha and Tiberio are here ready with their knives to cut you open and search for Tangaroa."

'At that the priest was silent and scampered away; and no more was heard of his ravings.

'In such ways as this,' said Papeiha, as he ended the story of his adventures, 'within a year the people of Rarotonga had brought together hundreds of their idols of wood and feathers and had burned them in great bonfires.'

CHAPTER XIII

THE CHIP THAT TALKED

As John Williams heard Papeiha's story and thought of how the light of those bonfires of the gods had blazed across the Pacific, it seemed to him that Papeiha and those who were now Christians with him on Rarotonga were as beacon fires whose light would shine far over the ocean. And this afterwards came to pass in wonderful ways, of which we shall read later.

A few days afterward Papeiha asked Viriamu and Pitimani to sit down outside the door of the house. As they did so they saw, coming along the way toward them, a great crowd of people. On the shoulders of many of them were great burdens. As the procession came nearer Williams could see that on their shoulders were immense idols, the smallest of them being fifteen feet high. They were made of a long bar of *aito* (ironwood), with a rough carving of a head at one end, wrapped round and round with Rarotongan cloth, and decorated with a kind of necklet of mother-of-pearl, which (they said) was the soul of the idol.[1]

[1] A photograph of one of the very idols which Williams saw on that day appears in the picture opposite.

SOUTH SEA IDOLS BROUGHT TO ENGLAND BY JOHN WILLIAMS.

Some of these were broken up at once. Others were offered as wood for building the Christian church.

Already at their old station at Avarua the people, under the guidance of Papeiha and Tiberio, had built a church in which to worship. They had not been many hours in this new settlement at Ngatangiia before John Williams had laid down the plans and chosen the site for a great church to hold three thousand people.

Soon the sound of axes swung at the roots of great trees broke on the quietness, followed by a rending crash as one after another fell to make pillars for the church. The straining of sinewy shoulders and strong legs as they tugged the timber down to the site; the hacking with hatchets to smooth the surface; the twisting of fibre for binding the timbers; the sound of the mallet driving the wooden tree-nails through the joists,—all showed a people with a mind to work.

While at work on the building, Williams one day wanted his carpenter's square and found that he had left it at home. Near him, at work, was a man of strange appearance, a great warrior of the old cannibal days who, in one of his many fights, had lost an eye. This chief was noted for the quickness of his movements.

Williams took up a chip of wood and a piece of charcoal and wrote on the chip a note to

Mrs. Williams saying that he wanted his square. He then called up the Rarotongan.

'Friend,' he said, 'take this, carry it to our house, and give it to Mrs. Williams.'

The Rarotongan rolled his one eye with a look of inexpressible perplexity and of wonder as to whether Williams was playing a trick on him.

'Take that!' he exclaimed, holding up the chip. 'She will call me a fool and scold me if I carry a chip to her.'

'No,' answered Williams, 'she will not; take it and go immediately; I am in haste.'

Seeing that Williams was not making game of him the chief took the chip and asked:

'What must I say?'

'You have nothing to say,' replied Williams; 'the chip will say all I wish.'

With a look of astonishment and contempt the chief held up the piece of wood.

'How can this speak?' he asked. 'Has this a mouth?'

'I should be glad if you would take it quickly and not spend so much time talking about it,' retorted Williams.

The chief went off utterly perplexed, but ran to the house and gave the chip to Mrs. Williams. She read what was written on it, threw it away, and went to the tool-chest. The chief, who had made up his mind to sound the depths of this mystery,

walked close by her and peered into the chest with his one eye. Mrs. Williams took out the needed square, and then handed it to the astonished warrior.

'Stay, daughter,' he said to her, 'how do you know that this is what Mr. Williams wants?'

'Why!' she replied, 'did you not bring me a chip just now?'

'Yes,' he answered in surprise, 'but I did not hear it say anything.'

'If you did not, I did,' replied Mrs. Williams, 'for it made known to me what he wanted, and all you have to do is to return with this square as quickly as possible.'

The chief, quivering with excitement, leaped out of the house, caught up the mysterious piece of wood from the ground, and ran down among the people, holding the chip and the square up as high as his arms could reach, shouting as he went:

'See the wisdom of these British people; they can make chips talk! they can make chips talk!'

'How did you make the chip talk?' he asked Williams as he handed him the square.

John Williams tried to explain to him how marks on a chip equally with sounds from the lips could mean things. But the more closely he explained what writing was, the more mysterious did it seem to the chief. So wonderful did the talking chip appear that the Rarotongan tied a piece of string to it and hung it round his neck. During the next

few days Williams again and again saw the chief the centre of a wondering group, who listened open-eyed while he told them the marvellous story of the chip that talked.

While Williams was building this church he was listening carefully to the words that the people used, and noticing that while their language was very much like that of Raiatea and the other Society Islands, where Williams had been living before he went to stay in Rarotonga, it was different in many of the words and in pronunciation. For instance, when the people of Raiatea called out 'Va'a', they meant 'Canoe'; but the Rarotongans would say 'Vaka'.

In the evenings, when carpentering was over for the day, John would sit down indoors to work at translating St. John's Gospel into the Rarotongan language. He also wrote a little elementary reading-book for them, beginning at the A B C. These were sent to Huahine by the next vessel that sailed there, and were set up and printed.

Viriamu and Pitimani, as the Rarotongans called Williams and his colleague Pitman, then gathered their people together and began to teach them to read in their own language; so that the mystery of the chip that talked became plain to them, and they were able to send messages to one another by writing. These grisly warriors, cruel cannibals till only a few months before, could now begin to read

in St. John's Gospel the great Message which Williams had sailed over the waters to bring to them,—that 'God is Love'.

Now the people who had come over from Avarua to Ngatangiia, intending to return after they had helped their friends to build themselves a church and houses, were eager to go home again. But they would not leave till their great chief Viriamu would return with them to Avarua.

At last he felt that he had done all that was needed at Ngatangiia; and he set out, with the Avaruans, back to the westward side of the island, leaving Pitman in charge in the east.[1] The Avaruans had only been away from their settlement for three months; but, when they got home they found that, already, their houses were breaking down, the fences had been destroyed, the fields and gardens had grown wild with weeds. Under Williams's lead they swiftly set to work, and in a very short time the gardens were clean, the houses and fences repaired, and the church made fit for the worship of those who crowded it each Sabbath day.

When Williams was at work at the forge or at the bench, they would come with questions, waiting for his answer. He would sit in the evening on the beach with these brown disciples round him listening and asking questions. Before him the mighty breakers crashed against the barrier reef. The

[1] July 30, 1827.

white foam gleamed in the moonlight and the wide sea-plain sparkled beyond. The roar of the advancing wave and the hiss of its retreat mingled with question and answer. So they learned more and more of the Unseen God, the Creator of sea and sky and island, and the Father of them all.

Williams had not intended to stay at Rarotonga for more than three months; but now month followed month; and, though each day his eyes swept the sea from east to west in search of the gleam of a sail, he never saw one.

His people at Raiatea needed him; the other islands called him—but no ship came.

No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.[1]

[1] Tennyson, *Enoch Arden.*

CHAPTER XIV

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

In these days the last gods of the 'cruel killing times' had gone up in flame and smoke on all the islands about Rarotonga. The work of teaching its brown people this new way of life—which teaching is never finished for any of us—was now well begun.

As John Williams stood on the hills of Rarotonga and looked out along the shining sea-way to the setting sun, he could not curb his longing. There were islands across the ocean westward—where savage people lived, men more ferocious than any he had seen. Among those islands was Erromanga, where—as we read at the beginning of this book—Captain Cook turned away from the grey beach under a hail of stones, spears and arrows. But no man had landed on those shores with the Message for which Williams was ready to face even death among these fiercer people.

He ached with the desire to sail across the trackless ocean to the new islands. He spoke to Mary, his wife, of his longing. She understood all that was in his heart, but she had a nameless dread of his going. She thought of her great loneliness, and of John far away amid all the

Anger and solitude of seething sea.

So she spoke against his plan. Yet still the yearning for the sea-faring came on him.

Then Mary was taken very ill and was indeed likely to die, lying for hours unconscious, awfully still, as one who waits the turn of the tide of life, nor knows whether it will ever flow again. Yet she was, at last, stronger; and, as she thought again and again of her husband's great desire, she called him to where she lay and she said to him that he should go out on this new quest. Then he was glad and very proud of her. For it was a more terrible ordeal for her to stay at home and be still, than for him to go out on such an adventure.

But John had no ship; and all the islands were over a thousand miles away. The ocean which, if only he had a ship, would be a highway to the islands, was a prison of triple brass to a man without a ship. Round all the coasts of Rarotonga and the other islands there was no boat larger than a war-canoe. Nor would a sailing-boat like those which John Williams had made at Eimeo and Raiatea be seaworthy for a great voyage. A seventy-ton ship would be needed if a man was to face the thousands of miles of trackless ocean.

John Williams determined to build such a ship.

In all the long story of the building of ships, the record of no determination has come down to us that seemed more impossible to achieve.

There were trees growing upon the island, but no saw to divide them into planks. There was no iron in the rocks for the inner supports of a ship and to make its anchor. Williams had no canvas for sails, nor rope for rigging. There was no machinery for making the great ribs of wood that a ship must have, or curving the stout planks to the shape of the hull. Williams had never even seen a ship built, nor had any Rarotongan knowledge of how to do more than hack a canoe out of a tree-trunk with a hatchet.

Yet on that island Williams set himself to build a seventy- or eighty-ton ship, fit for ocean voyages.

On the beach lay an old chain cable which a ship's company had left there years before when they had tried to land and had been forced to fly in terror from the savages. John also had a few tools, with a pick-axe, a hoe, an adze, some hatchets and hammers.

The chain cable might be hammered into nails and bolts. But to mould the iron a forge was needed. He had no anvil, nor coal for a forge-fire, nor had he the necessary bellows. Leather was needed for bellows, and the only leather on the island was on the bodies of four goats, one of which gave milk and therefore could not be spared.

John Williams began by killing three goats and making their skin into leather for the bellows. After much toil the bellows were completed. But they were very unsatisfactory, as they drew in the flame as well as blowing it. John did his best to remedy

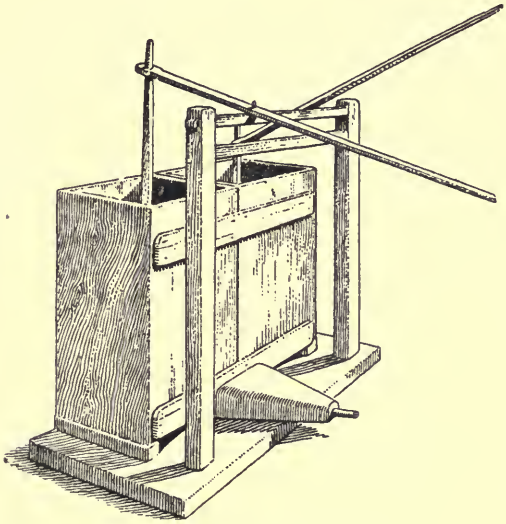
this. But one morning, coming to look at his bellows, he found only the bare boards. Every shred of leather had disappeared. The rats of Rarotonga, which infested the island like a plague, had eaten it all in the night.

It seemed impossible to make bellows without leather. Williams, as he brooded over this difficulty, remembered, however, that a pump threw water by a piston stroke. Would it be possible to do the same with air? He decided to experiment. He made a box entirely free from crevices and cracks, twenty inches square and four feet high. An outlet with a valve was put near the bottom—like the tap from a water-butt. In place of a lid he made a square wooden plate exactly fitted to the inside measurement of the box. A lever like a pump-handle was fitted to this plate, which was loaded with stones. The result was that the stones forced the plate down swiftly inside the box, driving out the air through the valve at the bottom. Then the plate could be lifted by pulling the pump-handle down. So by stroke upon stroke he hoped to be able to blow up the forge-fire.

Before placing this new form of bellows near the fire John tried it, and was delighted with the blast of air driven out through the valve. But when he placed it near the fire he found that, as it took so long to pull the lever down, there was too great an interval between the blasts. Worse still, when

the lever was pulled down, the plate, as it lifted, sucked air back from the fire into the box, drawing in the flame and setting the bellows ablaze.

The flame in the bellows-box was quickly put out.



THE BOX BELLOWS.

John Williams then fitted a valve to the pipe at the bottom. The valve opened to let the wind out, but shut when the box was again filling with air. To give more frequent and regular blasts he made another box like the first, with plate, stones, and pump-handle complete. He fixed both boxes to the one outlet and thus got a regular flow of wind to the fire.

It took ten men to work this double bellows.

But that made no difficulty; for the Rarotongans crowded round, delighted to take turns at the levers. The end of the blast outlet from the bellows was fitted to a perforated stone on which the fire was made. In place of coal, Williams set the people making charcoal from the coco-nut, timona, and other trees. The anvil was a big stone. A pair of carpenter's pincers were used in place of a smith's grip.

Grey-haired old Rarotongan men, wondering children, the king, the fishermen, and the peasants came crowding down to see the new wonder. They could hardly believe their eyes when they saw two pieces of the chain-iron made white-hot in the fire, and then beaten into one piece.

'Why did we not think of heating the hard stuff also,' they said to one another, 'instead of beating it with stones? What a reign of dark hearts Satan's is!'

Since there was no saw, John Williams was obliged to make wedges and slit the trees in two with these. Then the Rarotongans—fitting hatchet-heads to crooked pieces of wood—adzed the split trees down to planks of the thickness needed for the ship. It was impossible to bend these, as John Williams had no steaming apparatus. When, therefore, a bent or twisted timber was needed, a bamboo was bent to the shape that was wanted. Holding this in his hand, one of the islanders would go into the woods

and search till he had found a tree or branch that had grown in the shape that was needed. This was then cut down and split into two halves, to be used one on each side of the ship.

The great keel was laid down and the ribs fixed to it with large wooden pins—called tree-nails—which Williams made. Then the planks, which the natives had adzed to some smoothness, were fixed in place by boring auger-holes through the inner and outer planks and the ribs, and driving tree-nails through the three thicknesses. This held all firmly together. There was no oakum for caulking the seams in these timbers; but this he made from coco-nut husk, dried banana-stump, and shredded native cloth. This was then forced between the timbers with chisel and mallet.

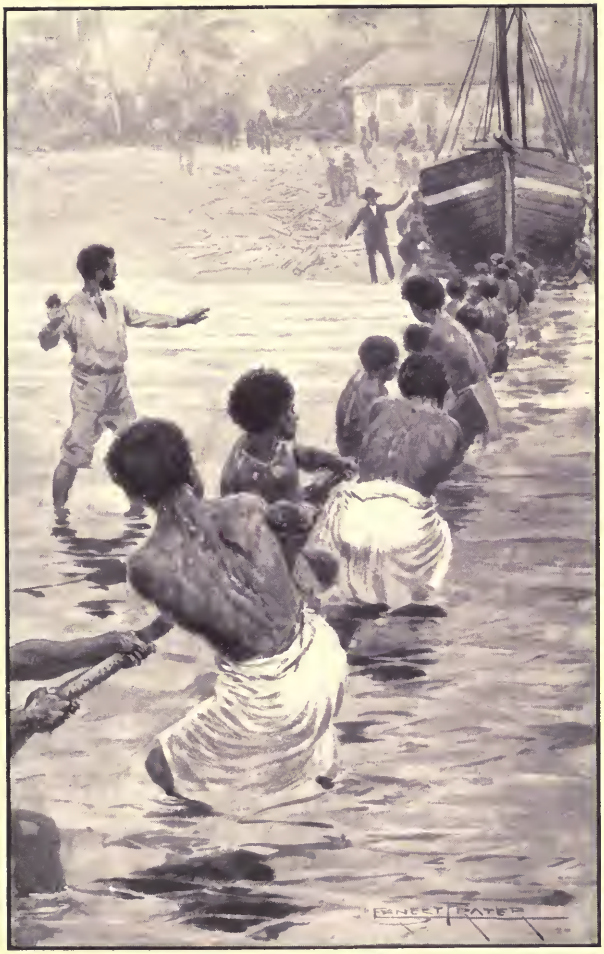
The hull of the vessel was now well on the way to completion; but Williams had neither cordage nor sails. Having constructed a rope-making machine, he took the bark of the hibiscus-tree—a tree bearing a lovely flower which the people wear in their hair—and had its fibres twisted into strong rope for hoisting the sails and for making the rigging. For sails he took the native mats which the Rarotongans use for sleeping upon, and quilted them[1] so that they would resist the wind.

[1] This would mean taking two mats and sewing them by criss-cross stitching, which would make them strong enough not to give way in a high wind.

To raise and furl sail, the ship must have blocks (with little grooved wheels—called sheaves—in them) through which the ropes could run. Williams could only make the sheaves to these blocks properly if he had a lathe. He therefore set to work to make a turning-lathe. With this he turned the sheaves, making them from the ironwood (*aito*), a tree which grew on the island shores by the water, its lovely leaves drooping down till they brushed the surface of the sea.

Within fifteen weeks of laying down the keel, everything was now ready for sailing, save hanging the rudder. This proved very difficult, for more iron was needed than the old chain cable would provide. Williams therefore took a pickaxe, a cooper's adze, and a large hoe, and with these made very strong pintles on which the rudder would swing. But, as the very life of the ship depended on the power to steer her, Williams made a substitute for a rudder which could be used if the tiller went out of order. The anchor was made of a crate of wood filled with stone.

The ship was complete down to the very pump for clearing her hull from water. This pump greatly attracted the King of Rarotonga. When the ship had been launched, the King again and again ordered his favourite stool to be carried on board, and he sat on deck for hours amusing himself by pumping up the bilge water.



LAUNCHING *THE MESSENGER OF PEACE.*

John Williams named his ship *The Messenger of Peace*, and she flew the flag of the dove of peace. His ambition for her was that she would carry the message of 'Peace on earth' to islands which now were fighting tribe against tribe and island against island.

To launch her, at her first journey, on a seven or eight hundred miles' sail, would have been to court shipwreck. Williams therefore made up his mind first to take a trial trip with her and visit Aitutaki, which was only one hundred and seventy miles away to the north-east. The King of Rarotonga, Makea, had never seen any other island except his own. He therefore determined to sail with Williams in the *Messenger of Peace*.

John Williams took his compass and quadrant, went aboard, raised the stone anchors, hoisted the mat sails, and put out to sea. As he felt his own ship's deck under his feet, and saw her breasting the ocean, with every inch of her, from topsail to keel, built in spite of baffling difficulties, he felt a great gladness. The shore of Rarotonga began to fade astern. They were some six miles from shore, with a strong trade-wind blowing from the south-east, when the Rarotongan crew were told to shift the sails. The men had, of course, never worked aboard ship before. By a blunder they let the foresail go. The foremast bent and swung back, then bent again. There was a grinding crash. The

mast had broken off twelve or fifteen feet above deck.

The crew were aghast, but Williams alone realized the full measure of their danger. The high wind was growing more violent. With no foresail the only alternatives were either to try to get the *Messenger of Peace* back to Rarotonga, or to let her drive with the wind, with scanty provision on board and crippled sailing-gear, on a track where there was not an island for a thousand miles. She was now miles to leeward of harbour. John Williams could not see how, in her crippled state, she could beat up against the wind. He felt convinced he would need to drive her on to the reef, where his treasured ship, the fruit of months of unceasing labour and planning, and his only means for reaching far-off islands, would smash to pieces.

Williams set the crew to clear the wreckage of the mast ; rigged part of the foresail on the stump of the mast, and turned her bow toward the island. They got near the shore, outside the coral barrier ; Williams having ordered the crew to fill a cask with stones from the ballast as an extra anchor if it were needed.

The white surf of the billows roared on the cruel coast from which Williams was trying to fend his vessel by every trick of seamanship. The sun was getting low in the sky. Night would soon be on them. He kept the whole crew at work vigorously.

At last, clean contrary to his expectation, Williams worked her into the little harbour. As the sun set and darkness fell swiftly over the sea he dropped anchor again in the bay in front of his own house.

A new foremast was quickly placed in the socket from which the stump of the broken one was taken. In a few days, with the strong south-easterly wind blowing, they hove anchor again and sailed out into the open sea. The wind grew to a gale and a heavy cross-sea buffeted the ship with many blows. Again and again John Williams had to come up from below in the night to see that all was well and to have the sails shifted. But each time he came up King Makea, who had never been upon the water in such a storm, came with him.

'Will not the waves knock her to pieces?' he asked.

'It is quite safe,' John Williams answered.

The King was only partly satisfied, and kept close by Williams all through the stormy night.

After a quick run they sighted Aitutaki and ran into harbour on Sabbath morning in time to conduct the services for the delighted people of the island. Makea examined all things in this new island during the next week. He was overjoyed at being able to put three strange kinds of cargo on board the *Messenger of Peace* to take back with him—cats, coco-nuts, and pigs.

There was a great mewing and grunting as the

cats and seventy pigs were taken aboard. The Rarotongan crew stood round and gazed at these creatures with astonishment and amazement. What were these beasts for ?

The cats were to come to Rarotonga in order to wage war against the rats that had eaten John Williams's bellows. Indeed there were so many and such audacious rats in Rarotonga that when John Williams and Mary sat down to supper they always were forced to have two or even more people to drive the rats away and keep them off the table. When they knelt down at night for family prayer the rats ran over them. Often the creatures even got into their beds, four of them at one time making a snug resting-place under John Williams's pillow. A pair of shoes left on the floor all night were eaten by the morning ; which was a great loss, as no shoes could be bought within some three thousand miles of Rarotonga. On the loss of the shoes every one turned out—men, women, and children—and in an hour slew enough rats to fill thirty coco-nut leaf baskets each five feet long. This slaughter, however, did not appear to reduce either the number or the impudence of the rats.

The cats therefore made a valuable cargo for the ship to take back to the island. But it was curious to discover, after all, that the hogs killed many more rats than even the cats could destroy. King Makea was also glad to have a great pile of coco-nuts on

board; for an enemy who had defeated the King some time before John Williams visited the island had destroyed almost all of his coco-nut palms. These new nuts, then, were of great value as seed for growing new plantations.

When 'All aboard' was called and the ship weighed anchor again to leave Aitutaki for home, she found herself with a head wind against her. Williams was obliged to tack, taking his observations with the quadrant and keeping his direction by compass. Three days and two nights passed, and King Makea began to get restless for his beloved Rarotonga.

'Have we not missed my island?' he asked. 'We are sailing *i te tareva kaua*—into wide, gaping space.'

At last the sun set on the third evening.

'I shall never see Rarotonga again,' wailed the despairing King.

'Go down and go to sleep now,' said Williams. 'When the moon rises above the edge of the sea I will call you up and you shall see the island.'

'*Ka moe ia e tama*'—'Can I sleep, friend?' asked King Makea. 'Nay, I will stay on deck and watch.'

At last the first silver threads of the light of the moon crept over the edge of the sea. She rose and the gloomy wastes of the sea sparkled and threw back a myriad diamonds of light.

King Makea went to the bow and, shading his eyes with his hand, looked southward. There he

saw a thin white line, the foam of the surf in the rays of the moon ; and behind it, in dark relief, the wild mountains that he knew so well.

He leapt with joy and clapped his hands. Then his eyes sparkled with wonder.

'How do you tell just when the island will come over the edge of the sea ?' he asked; and everything that Williams could explain only made his amazement deeper.

The *Messenger of Peace* ran in to the harbourage of Rarotonga again, and Makea was safe once more, with his people round him listening open-eyed to the wonders of the voyage and gazing with astonishment and joy at the cats, the pigs, and the heaps of coco-nuts.

Then the King, pointing to John Williams, said to his subjects :

'Never again will I call those men warriors who fight on the shore ; the English only, who battle with the winds and waves of the ocean, are worthy of that name.'

CHAPTER XV

THE FIVE ISLANDS

WILLIAMS hardly recognized his own home as he again walked up the beach at Rarotonga, though he had only been away for a week on the voyage to Aitutaki and back again.

The *Messenger of Peace* had been built just in front of his house. So that when he had sailed away he had left great heaps of rubbish, a litter of wood-chips and branches, coco-nut shell and banana stumps. The fence round his house had been broken down, and the banana-trees and shrubs were destroyed.

Mrs. Williams, while her husband was away, was talking to some of the women, and said :

' I wish I could have the pathway and the garden in order before John returns.'

Their faces beamed with delight at the thought, and they rose up, saying :

' We will not leave a chip against which, on his return, he shall strike his foot.'

They got large, flat stones for a kerb edging to the paths, and filled in the path with *kiukiu* (small pieces of white branching coral) mingled with black pebbles. They made an avenue of full-grown ti-trees,

with plants of the gigantic taro in full leaf. Their husbands were called in to mend the fence, and they themselves planted full-grown banana and plantain trees from which ripe golden fruit hung among the deep-green leaves when Williams returned.

That their beloved Viriamu should smile with joy on seeing his garden so beautiful and should thank them for it, made them feel altogether repaid for the work that they had done.

Not long after this the sails of a ship appeared on the horizon. When it hove to in front of Avarua, Williams was full of joy, for a new colleague came ashore—Aaron Buzacott,[1] and his wife.

The Rarotongans wondered what kind of man their new leader would be. On the first morning after he reached Avarua he put on his smith's apron, turned up his sleeves, and began to work at the forge.

'This is the man for us! This is the man for us!' exclaimed King Makea with delight as he saw Buzacott swinging his smith's hammer.

'But what have we here?' asked Buzacott, looking at the construction of boxes and levers by the forge.

'That,' said Williams with pride, 'is the bellows.'

Buzacott, who was a good craftsman, roared with laughter at the strange bellows.

'Let me break them up,' he laughed, 'and with them make a new, proper pair.'

'No,' said John Williams, smiling, 'they are, I

[1] Of South Molton, North Devon.

know, unwieldy, ugly, and unbellowslike, but they work! I shall need to see your new bellows at work before I consent to your destroying these which necessity forced me to invent.'

Aaron Buzacott brought letters with him. One was from Tuahine,[1] whom Williams had left in charge of the work at Raiatea, written as he lay dying; and another from Uaeva, who had been elected in Tuahine's place.

'Where are you?' wrote Uaeva. 'What are you doing? Is it well with you? Are you dead? Alas! how long it is since our eyes saw each other's face. Tuahine is dead. . . .

'Dear friend, it is more than I can carry. I am as a child who, with his parent by his side, thinks himself great and clever, but when unsupported by his parent, learns his deficiency. . . . I am anxiously desiring your return. . . .

'Do not come in the vessel you are building lest Mrs. Williams and the children should be drowned in the sea. Hasten home. . . . Your gardens are overgrown with weeds; your large boat is being eaten by worms, and your cattle are running wild; for the people in charge of them are neglectful.'

John Williams, since Buzacott had come to take up his work at Rarotonga, prepared to leave for Raiatea. He strengthened the *Messenger of Peace* with iron which Buzacott had brought; all the

[1] See page 128.

while teaching his new colleague the language of Rarotonga.

In the cool of the evenings, for more than a month before Williams left, the people would gather together in groups under the shade of a banana-grove or around the trunk of a mighty tree, and would sing mournful chants of sorrow.

At last the evening came on which John and Mary Williams were to leave the island, after living there for a whole year. King Makea was to journey with them. They all entered the boat by the beach, where great crowds of Rarotongans were gathered. As the boat left the shore the brown islanders sang together again and again :

> 'Kia ora e Tama ma
> I te aerenga i te moana e !'
>
> (Blessing on you, beloved friends ;
> Blessing on you in journeying on the deep.)

As the oars flashed in the sunset glow and the boat swung out toward the ship, the sound of the song from the beach came fainter and fainter until it was lost in the distance. And no one of those in the boat could keep from weeping.

The *Messenger of Peace* sailed eastward on her journey to Tahiti and thence to Raiatea. The winds (though they nearly always blew from the east) came now softly from the west, blowing lightly ; while the sea in unruffled blue seemed to be holding back its strength.

'THEY ARE PIRATES,' SAID SOME.

It was dark when they arrived off Papeete harbour at Tahiti. In the morning they crept into the harbour. The crews of the vessels at anchor looked with amazement at this strange ship, and the people ran down to see its mat sails and rough timbers, its bending masts and quaint rigging.

'They are pirates,' said some; but most people confessed that they did not know what to make of this strangest ship that ever sailed.

King Makea went ashore on Tahiti with Williams and the others. After some days' rest there they sailed on again northward to Raiatea, where they found the people overjoyed at the return of Viriamu.

As John Williams looked each morning from his verandah out over the lagoon to the rolling plain of the queen of oceans, he dreamed of a more adventurous voyage than any he had yet dared. He planned for that great expedition to the islands of the wild West Pacific in preparation for which he had laboured to build his ship.

At last his preparations were complete. He beautified the *Messenger of Peace* with green paint presented by a naval friend, the Hon. Captain Waldegrave, of H.M.S. *Seringapatam*, who had been staying with him. A colleague named Barff had come to work alongside John Williams. It was decided that he should sail with Williams on this voyage. Then, saying farewell to his wife and

young John, who was now a twelve-years old boy, Williams and Barff went aboard.

The anchor—a cask of stones—was weighed. The *Messenger of Peace* (flying her flag of a dove on purple ground) ran out on the tide through the scour of the reef channel into the heave and fall of the open sea.[1] Under Williams's feet was the deck of the ship which his own hands had planned and built, rigged and sailed. He tingled with the thrill of the sea-farer, as her bows forged through the waters westward. The pent-up desire of the years to carry his message to those other islands was now to be satisfied. Storm and cruel reef, spear and club lay ahead of him ; and the thought of these perils braced him.

The water made music at the bows of the ship and the breeze sang cheerily through the rigging. As the sun set it smote a gleaming road across the Pacific, from the broken water at the ship's foot out to the horizon ; the long trail to the west. As darkness came Williams saw the masts swinging to and fro across the face of the sky—a heavenly ocean sparkling with island stars.

The masts and spars, the rigging and sails were new. The *Messenger of Peace* was now a safer, better ship to sail than she had been when Williams launched her at Rarotonga. But she had lost the fine rakish, pirate look of her days of quilted-mat

[1] May 24, 1830.

sails, undulating masts, and hibiscus-fibre rigging. Yet she still kept her dear, obstinate old habit of sailing faster on one tack than on the other.

The first part of the journey was to be among islands to which Williams had already sailed; the later part was to shores which he had never before seen.[1]

Five days later night had fallen on the Sabbath evening when the *Messenger of Peace* came round the promontory to the west side of Mangaia. It was the island where, seven years earlier, Williams had been forced to fire a blank charge from the cannon on board *Te Matamua* to save Papeiha, Taua, and Haavi and their wives from the savage people.[2] Again Williams fired a charge from his cannon, but this time it was to tell Davida of Tahaa, the teacher, and all the Christian people with him that their friends were at hand. It was quickly answered by beacon lights which flamed from cliff and shore.

Davida, in the year after Williams with Papeiha had found it impossible to land on Mangaia, had, with another teacher, been taken there in a ship. Having wrapped their New Testaments in cloths on the top of their heads, the two brown heroes had leapt into the surf to swim ashore in the face of hundreds of warriors,[3] one of whom, as Davida's feet

[1] Follow this first part of the journey on the map on p. 104.
[2] Chapter VI. [3] June 15, 1824.

touched the reef, had thrust a long spear at him shouting :

'Thou shalt never catch sharks !'

But the young prince of the island, who later became king, had caught the arm of the warrior just as he lunged at Davida with his spear. The King of Mangaia had at once taken Davida and his companion by the hand, and led them to the marae of Rongo the Resounder, to dedicate them to the god. Rongo was the chief god of the Mangaians, dwelling in the shades, and his only food was man.

Now, when dawn came behind the hills of Mangaia, Williams went ashore. As the boat neared the reef he saw that Davida and the Christian people had built a large white church on the slope of the hill facing the sea ; and neat cottages grouped near the shore, a good road having been made through the Christian village.

The principal chief welcomed Williams and Barff and took them to his house, where food was spread upon a tablecloth of green leaves. Then the Christian people told Williams how the heathen people of Mangaia still persecuted them.

'They come,' said the chief, 'on our Sabbath, and dance and shout near the church. They declare that they will burn our houses ; and slay our teacher, crying out, "We will use his skull as a drinking-cup."'

The heathen people believed that Rongo, the great god, would be angry unless the Christians were destroyed. He would let the sea sweep away all the people on the islands. They chanted:

'These surf gods are for ever thundering.
These angry sea-gods are ever at work.
Breaking down and crashing the trees;
E'en climbing the rocks and high cliffs.
'Tis Rongo who wards off the mad billows.'

'We fought with these heathen,' said the Christian chief to Williams, 'and we killed many of them, hewing them in pieces.'

Williams told them that he was grieved that they had not shown mercy; but had, by their revengefulness, hardened the heathen people against them.

The people came to Williams also with this question:

'Ought girls and women to be obliged to wade for hours every day in the deep mud of the taro plantations, while the men do nothing?'

Williams said most strongly that they ought not to do such dirty work; and an agreement was made that the girls and women should be free from this labour in the mud. This arrangement they celebrated with joy by a great feast.

From Mangaia the *Messenger of Peace* sailed north-west to Atiu, the island of Roma-tane. To his delight Williams found that he was just in time for the wedding of King Roma-tane to the daughter of the Chief of Mauki. All the principal chiefs and

many people from Mitiaro, as well as from Mauki, were there. A great new church holding fifteen hundred people had also just been built; and Williams and Barff opened it on the following day.

The people on Atiu were just like boys and girls who have reached the age when they keep asking questions. They had made notes in their Testaments of questions that they wished to ask when Williams should come again. So they did not let both Williams and Barff go to sleep at the same time during the whole of their time on Atiu. They asked Williams questions through the night till he was so worn out that he could not keep his eyes open any longer. As he lay down to sleep, they woke up Barff and began to question him and ask him to teach them to sing! So they went on alternately, through day and night.

At last the missionaries sailed away to Mauki and Mitiaro, the smaller islands over which Romatane was king. On these islands they saw a strange sight. At the foot of great trees, fires were burning. The men waited and waited till the tree, being burned away at the foot, fell with a crash. Then they burned away the branches and lighted fires under the tree at different places, which burned it into lengths.

'What are you doing?' asked Williams.

'We are building a temple for Jehovah, the true God,' they replied. 'We have only a few axes; so

we fell our trees by fire, and by fire lop them, and divide them into lengths.'

Some friends living in Birmingham had sent to Williams a good supply of axes and saws, hinges, and other tools and ironmongery. He therefore gave a good supply of these to the brown people of Mauki and Mitiaro to hew down and to shape the trees for building their church.

The ship now bore away to the south-west. The sun shone and the breezes were with them as they made for Rarotonga. At the end of two days' run, therefore, the *Messenger of Peace* sighted the lovely island. But under the shadow of its wild peaks no crowd of smiling and shouting people thronged to the beach to welcome Viriamu. And the face of Buzacott was downcast.

'What has happened?' asked Williams.

A frightful disease had swept over the island. Hundreds of men and women and children had died, while many others were ill. Those who had sufficient strength crawled out to hold Williams's hand or to sit at his feet and clasp his leg. He did all that he could to comfort them; but he could do little. With a sad heart he sailed on to Aitutaki.

When Williams landed on that island the people amazed him by putting into his hands one hundred and three pounds in money.

'This,' they said, 'is to cause the Word of God to grow in other lands.'

Now Williams knew that they had never before had any money in their hands. How had this great wealth come to them? Then he remembered a conversation that he had had with the Aitutaki people on his last visit to them.

'How are you able to come here and to bring this message to us?' the people had asked.

'Men and women and boys and girls in the far-off islands of Beritani collect money in order to send missionaries to you,' he had replied.

'What is money?' they had asked. In the islands then there was no such thing; all buying and selling were by exchange—say, of sailors bartering a tomahawk with them for coco-nuts.

When Williams had explained money to them, they had exclaimed:

'What a pity that we have no money to help the good work of causing the Word of God to grow!'

'You can buy money with your hogs. Let every family set aside a pig for the purposes of making the Word grow.'

Early next morning he had been awakened by the piercing squeals of a hundred pigs all along the beach. The people were busy cutting a nick in the ears of the selected pigs, marking them out to be sold for the sake of the Word.

Now they had sold all the marked hogs to a captain who anchored off the island. He had paid one hundred and three pounds for them. Every farthing

of this great sum, the first money that the people of Aitutaki had ever handled, was given to help to spread the Good News which had come to them.

With a joyful heart Williams went aboard with his colleague, and with ten teachers and their wives and little brown boys and girls. The Aitutakians had sent much food—taro and bananas and coconuts—on board. Williams hoisted the flag of peace, with its dove and olive branch, and set sail into the unknown west.

So long as they could see even a speck on the horizon the Aitutakians followed with wistful eyes the ship that had brought sunrise to their shores. Williams, as he looked back on the receding island, remembered with wonder and great joy that no man of the white race had lived among them; but that on these islands to which he had sailed—Mangaia, Atiu, Mauki, Mitiaro, and Aitutaki—the people had learned from brown apostles, men of their own race.

Through the teaching of island men and women whom Williams had trained, the people had destroyed the cannibal oven, broken down the blood-stained maraes, had burned Rongo of Mangaia, had given up Great Ears of Mauki, and a hundred other gods of dread in the five islands. They now desired greatly and gave freely to send the Word to other islands, and to free them also from the bondage of the demon-gods.

CHAPTER XVI

SAVAGE AND FRIENDLY ISLANDS

For five days the immensity of ocean was about them. John Williams remembered the story of Captain Cook trying to land among people so ferocious and frightful that, as he sailed away, he named their home Savage Island.[1] This island lay right in the track of the ship as she ran westward.[2]

The *Messenger of Peace* skirted the precipitous coral shores, broken by little bays, and riven with chasms and caverns. At last they sighted a landing-place, where some islanders had gathered. Williams waved a white flag. But no canoes put off from the shore. They, however, waved from the shore. Williams ordered a boat to be lowered, and some of the teachers jumped into it. Neither of the white men entered, as that would have made the islanders still more difficult to reach.

The boat was pulled toward the shore, but the teachers stopped when they were so close that they could see the Savage Islanders drawn up in battle array on the beach. Each man had three or four spears, and a belt full of fighting stones.

[1] Now called Niué and a part of the British Empire. Missionaries of the London Missionary Society are at work there.

[2] Follow this part of the journey by the map on p. 14.

The teachers were very careful, for they knew that, not long before, a boat's crew which had landed on the island had been captured, the boat smashed, and the men killed. They paused, therefore, bowed their heads in prayer for a moment; then, once more, pulled for the shore. A man in the bow made signals to the savages to lay down their arms. When the boat was so close that they could see that there was no white man on board, they did this.

Some of the islanders then walked out to the end of a jutting reef of rock and gave into the boat their *utu*, or peace-offering; a bread-fruit, a piece of cloth, and *Tapaau*, the sacred coco-nut leaf. The teachers made a gift to the islanders. It was now understood that their meeting would be peaceable.

Some of the Savage Island people now launched canoes and paddled, slowly and cautiously, out toward the ship. At last an old chief ventured into the boat with the teachers, who rowed back to the ship. He clambered on board, a terrifying figure.

His tall body was smeared with charcoal; his long grey hair and matted beard were plaited and twisted like whipcord, the beard hanging about his mouth like rats' tails. As his feet touched the deck the old man began to leap about, shouting and howling.

One of the teachers came up to him with a piece of cloth and attempted to fasten it round his waist. In a fury of rage he tore it off, threw it on the deck, and stamped on it.

'Am I a woman,' he yelled, 'that I should be hampered by that stuff?'

He then leapt up and down in a war-dance, howling horribly, poising and quivering his spear, running to and fro and leaping, gnashing his teeth and glaring till his eyes stuck out from their sockets. He ended by thrusting his long grey beard into his mouth and gnawing it savagely.

The boat put off again, leaving the old chief aboard. A chief on shore sent word back that the ship should sail round to another part of the coast. When the boat returned, the old chief made ready to leave. A hatchet, a knife, a looking-glass and a pair of scissors were given to him. But he cared for none of them, and, indeed, knew nothing of their use.

Suddenly his eyes glittered. He sprang forward, seized a piece of mother-of-pearl which he saw in the hands of one of the teachers, shouted with joy and leapt overboard, when he was rowed back to the shore, proud of his escape from such a perilous place.

Night began to fall. As there was no safe anchorage, the ship stood out to sea to escape the danger of drifting on to the rocks of Savage Island. All

night she sailed to and fro in the open sea, and in the morning stood in again to try to get into touch with the people.

Two of the teachers from Aitutaki landed. They were handled and smelt by the islanders who had come down to the beach. A great crowd of men came down toward the beach, armed with spears and stones. The Aitutakians turned to their boat and pulled swiftly back to the *Messenger of Peace* with one man who declared that he was a great chief. He wore a few shells and part of an old clasp-knife handle dangling from a narrow girdle.

It seemed impossible to leave any teachers with these wild people. Williams therefore, with difficulty, persuaded two young Savage Islanders, named Uea and Niumanga, to sail with them till they should reach Raiatea.

The young islanders came aboard, but as the ship left the island and they saw their home gradually becoming smaller they began to yell and tear their hair. For three days they neither ate nor drank nor slept. When they saw dinner being cooked they howled piteously, as they thought that the cook was grilling human flesh and that, when it was eaten, they themselves would be killed and cooked. When they saw a pig killed they became less fearful.

By this time the ship sighted Eua, a small island

jutting up to a mountain peak. Skirting it they sailed into the channel among many lovely islets and between shoals and rocks. They went with great care and sounding the depths as they went, for they had no chart or pilot; but, all the while, gradually nearing the wide flat island of Tongatabu,[1] where at last they dropped anchor off Nukualofa village.[2]

They put ashore at once, for already, years earlier, brown teachers had been landed there, and now two missionaries[3] were busily at work there. Williams and Barff had intended to sail still farther westward to the Fiji Islands. But they found that their friends on Tongatabu were planning to work there; so the bows of the *Messenger of Peace* were turned northward toward the Samoan Islands.[4]

As they sailed, they took aboard a man named Fauea.

'I am a chief of the Samoan Islands,' he said, 'but for eleven years I have been away from my home and know not how to return if you will not take me. I will tell the people there to receive you well.'

Tupou, the king of Tongatabu, told Williams that what Fauea said was true; and that his wife was

[1] Tongatabu is a hundred miles in circumference, but is only a few feet above sea-level.

[2] July, 1830.

[3] Of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society.

[4] Then called Navigators' Islands. See map, page 179.

a Christian and he, though not a declared worshipper of our Lord, was friendly to the new religion.

'We will take you and your wife and family to the islands,' said Williams, to Fauea's great delight. Cross, one of the missionaries on Tongatabu, sailed with Williams, in order to visit their colleague, Thomas, on an island between Tongatabu and Samoa.

All round the edge of the decks Williams had now fitted up netting on poles. The nets, ten feet high, were made of rope about the thickness of the little finger. The people of these western islands of the Pacific were fiercer and more treacherous than those of the eastern Pacific. The boarding-nets were therefore put up so that the ship could not be rushed and captured by a crowd of savages.

As the dawn came bringing in the day after they had left Tongatabu, they heard the cry of the men: '*Coe afi a Devolo*' ('The Devil's Fire'). Looking up they saw heavy clouds of smoke rolling from the crater of the volcano of Tofua.

Williams could hardly look at the burning mountain, however; for shoals and sunken reefs and islets were all around. The ship might run aground at any moment and suffer such a gash as would wreck her. Among the reefs were some island fishermen in canoes. Hailing these, Williams explained that he wanted to find a deep channel. They pointed to an opening between two islands.

They steered the ship through this channel and, hoisting all sail, ran rapidly northward. All seemed fair sailing for the island of Lefuga[1] when the *Messenger of Peace* suddenly found herself, again, in the thick of shoals and reefs and islets. In a few moments she would have run on to the rocks and been shattered to pieces. The men ran to shorten sail. Strong as the wind was, with unwinking watchfulness they tacked and veered, creeping in and out among the islets and avoiding the jagged reefs, till, at eight o'clock, just as dark was beginning to fall, she slipped out from the labyrinth and dropped anchor for the night in safe water.

The dove-coloured dawn had hardly broken before they weighed anchor again, and were running straight for Lefuga, where they found Thomas, the colleague of the Tongatabu missionaries, waiting on the beach.

Thomas led them straight to the home of the chief Taufaahau, the ruler of the island.

'Finau, the chief of the Vavau Islands,[2] is here on Lefuga,' said Thomas.

The voyagers were delighted to hear this, as they had intended to sail to his islands. They therefore went to find Finau. They discovered a short, very

[1] The largest island in the Hapai group, which is made up of thirty or forty small coralline islands, eighteen or twenty of which are inhabited.

[2] A group north of Lefuga, on the way from the Hapai group and the Samoan Islands.

dark, glowering man, with his chiefs. They were amusing themselves with their favourite sport: competing to throw a spear up in the air so that it would come down perpendicularly and stick quivering in the top of a post of soft wood which had been set up.

Finau ceased his sport and came to sit down and talk with the missionaries.

'We have come,' they said, 'to speak with you, because (out of three teachers who have been sent to you) two have left their Christian faith through your threats and have fallen back into evil ways. We wish to place another and a better teacher with you.'

'If you do so,' said Finau, scowling, 'I will protect him from harm. But I will slay the very first of my own people—man, woman, or child—who becomes Christian.'

They decided that, at this time, it was impossible to leave any teacher with such a man as Finau, but that Thomas should press forward when a clearer opportunity opened.

The sails filled to a strong following breeze the next day when they laid a course NNW. for the Samoan Islands. Fauea was full of joy at the hope of seeing his home again in a few days. Then his face became thoughtful and he wrinkled his brow as though puzzling over some difficult obstacle. He went and sat down by Williams.

'There is great work in front of us,' he said; 'and I think both the chiefs and the people will listen; if they do as they would naturally wish to do. But there is a man in Samoa, named Tamafainga, who will, I fear, be against us; and the people are all in terror of him.'

'Who is Tamafainga?' said Williams.

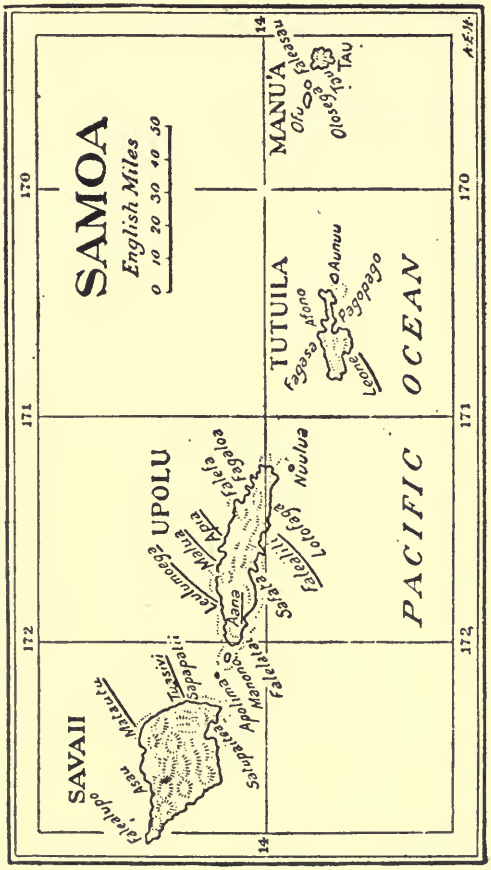
'He is the man into whom the spirit of the gods has come. All men dread him; for to fight against him—they say—is to bring down the fury of the gods.'

The favouring wind—as though the spirit of Tamafainga himself were in it—now veered, swung round against them, and broke on the ship in raging storm. The sails strained and then tore into tatters as the gale flung itself on the ship, which staggered in the waves like a stricken animal.

On the seventh day from leaving Lefuga the man at the look-out shouted, 'Land ho.' Ahead on the very verge could be seen a cloud capping the tallest mountain of Savaii,[1] the greatest island in the group. The wind was still furious, but the *Messenger of Peace*, though strained and groaning in every timber, held out gamely while they put her round to the leeward of the island.

They could find no anchorage, but, as they came near to the shore, many Samoans put out in canoes and paddled toward the ship.

[1] See map on opposite page.



MAP OF SAMOAN GROUP.

Fauea leaned over the rail and asked them questions. At last, with a voice that trembled because of his dread of the man whom he named, he asked:

'And where is Tamafainga?'

'Oh,' shouted the people, with joyful faces, 'he is dead, he is dead! He was killed about ten days ago!'

Fauea, wild with joy, leapt into the air and danced across the deck to Williams, shouting:

'*Va mate le Devolo, va mate le Devolo.*' 'The devil is dead, the devil is dead! our work is done; the devil is dead!'

The *Messenger of Peace* was still over sixty miles from Sapapalii, the village on this island where Malietoa lived, the great chief on whose shore they wished to land. For day after day she beat up against the violent head-wind. The Sabbath came; but the wind held. With torn sails and battered hull they crept into bay after bay seeking anchorage. At last they found good soundings and dropped anchor, to get rest and repair damages to the ship.

All hope of quiet was shattered, however, for canoes came shooting out from the shore to bring goods for barter.

Fauea leaned over the rail and shouted: 'This is *e vaa lotu* [a praying ship], and this is *le aso sa* [a sacred day]. Bring food and goods to-morrow.'

Some of the savages came aboard, and Fauea gathered them on the quarter-deck.

'Tahiti, Rarotonga, Tongatabu,' he said, 'have burned their gods and have turned to the worship of the God who made all things. These white men have come to bring you knowledge which will end your wars. Can the religion of these wonderful *papalangi* [foreigners] be anything but wise and good?' he said, pointing to Williams and Barff. 'Their heads are covered, ours are open to the heat of the sun and the wet of the rain; their bodies are covered with beautiful cloth, we have nothing but a girdle of leaves; they have clothes on their very feet, while ours are naked like a dog's.'

Some of the Samoans came up to Williams and began to feel his dress; then one stooped and pulled off his shoe. He jumped with surprise.

'These *papalangi* have no toes!' he said to Fauea.

'They have clothes on their feet,' replied Fauea; 'feel, and you will find that they have toes.'

They crowded round Williams and Barff; took off their shoes and carefully examined their mysterious socks.

Meanwhile some of the teachers had gone ashore. But the wind and waves were so strong that the anchor began to drag. The *Messenger of Peace* was driven toward the sea and lay with forty fathoms of chain paid out. Williams sent ashore for the

teachers to come aboard. They all toiled at the chain and anchor; but not till they had laboured for hours did the anchor swing clear and the ship sail out to sea.

At sunrise on the second morning they found themselves on the narrow waters of a lovely strait between the glorious islands of Savaii and Upolu.[1] The entrance to the strait was guarded by two tiny islands—Apolima and Manono. Apolima means 'the Hollow of the Hand'. The island is really the crater of an extinct volcano, the edge of which is broken down at one point. The whole cup of the crater is green with palms and the leafage of many trees; while the outside is stark, precipitous rock.

As the sun rose to full shining over the hills, the *Messenger of Peace* hove to in front of the village of Sapapalii, the home of Fauea and of the great chief Malietoa.[2] The sea was too deep for anchorage. The Samoans swarmed on board, and, to Williams's amazement, went up his ten-foot boarding-nets like monkeys, and dropped over on to the deck.

'Here is *Tamalelangi*' ('Son of the Skies'), they cried, as the younger brother of Malietoa came aboard.

'Malietoa is across the strait in Upolu, fighting in a war,' he told Williams. 'We will send to him.' And he gave orders for a canoe to paddle at once to Upolu.

[1] See map on p. 179. [2] August, 1830.

Tamalelangi then returned to shore with the teachers and their wives and children. Williams and Barff stayed on board to wait for Malietoa. As the teachers were landing with 'the Son of the Skies', they looked across and saw the mountains on the opposite shore wrapped in flames and smoke.

'What is that?' asked Williams.

'Those are the flames of the houses and plantations of our enemies. The flames are burning the bodies of the women, children, and old men of Upolu.'

In the very hour of war the brown apostles from the *Messenger of Peace* were landing to wage their campaigns of love.

In the afternoon the great chief Malietoa came aboard—a fine, sturdy old man of sixty-five, wearing only the girdle of ti-leaves worn by the Samoans. Fauea bowed before him, and led his little child to stoop and kiss the soles of Malietoa's feet.

Williams led the chief to his cabin.

'I am grieved that you are fighting in this war,' said Williams.

'They killed Tamafainga,' he replied stoutly. 'Tamafainga was related to me. We must avenge his death. If I did not fight and break down my enemies I should be spat upon. When it is finished, I will place myself under your teachers.

'This morning,' he continued, 'I have driven

them into the mountains, burned their houses, laid waste their plantations.'

In vain Williams pleaded with him to make peace. He would not stop, he declared, until he had crushed his enemy.

Malietoa's eye was attracted by a brass blunderbuss in the cabin. Thinking of how it would help him to fight his enemies, he took it down, cocked it, and playfully pointed the muzzle at Williams, who sat coolly, sure that it was not loaded. Malietoa was just about to pull the trigger.

'Stop,' shouted one of the men, 'perhaps it is loaded.'

Malietoa paused.

At that moment the young ship's captain rushed down the companion-way, shouting:

'Oh, sir, you have nearly been blown to atoms. Why did you let the chief touch that blunderbuss? I have just loaded it with eight bullets!'

Malietoa left the ship soon after this, promising to come in the morning with his largest canoe to bring Williams and Barff ashore.

A dead calm had now fallen on the sea. When they awoke in the morning they found that they had drifted twelve miles—as they thought—down the strait between the islands; the village of Malietoa being, therefore, far out of sight.

It was impossible for the chief to come with his canoe and bring them ashore. So Williams and

'MALIETOA WAS ABOUT TO PULL THE TRIGGER.'

Barff determined to go ashore in the ship's boat. They started soon after nine o'clock in the morning. The boat had received a blow in the gale and was leaky. They tugged at the oars for hour after hour. Morning turned to afternoon and evening drew on, but still they were miles from their landing-place. The boat leaked now so dreadfully that it was difficult to keep her afloat.

Malietoa, seeing their distress, sent out a canoe to help. Darkness had already fallen. On the shore the Samoans had gathered in great numbers. They heaped up a beacon fire that blazed against the dark background and the trees. This fire was lighted to guide the canoe back to the landing-place.

Hundreds of Samoans had provided themselves with torches of dried coco-nut and other leaves twisted together. As they landed the torches were lighted. A way was made and kept through the dense crowd of people by the chief's bodyguard, armed with spears and clubs. These 'police' smote the heads of any who dared to push forward. Others rushed into the water to haul the boat ashore and carry the goods up to the house where the missionaries were to sleep.

Hundreds climbed the coco-nut trees to get a clear view of the amazing white strangers. The red glare of the fire and the waving flame of the torches lighted up the bronze faces and gleaming eyes that

peeped out with wonderment through the dark leaves of the palms.

Williams, talking to the young chief as they walked along, said how tired he was with the long day's rowing.

The chief said something to the people, which he did not catch. In an instant a score of young savages were round Williams; and, by arms, legs and body, lifted him up till he lay flat on a platform of uplifted hands and was carried, in this way, for half a mile. He was then lowered gently, in the presence of Malietoa and his principal wife, on to a beautiful spread mat.

After the chief had welcomed them to the island, Williams and Barff went away, first to see that their teachers were safe and then to sleep.

To their joy they found that not a single article of all that had been brought from the ship in the different canoes was missing.

Some of the teachers had missed their children and had been very anxious; but found that any Samoans who had been lucky enough to snatch up a child from a canoe on landing had run off with the boy or girl to his home, killed a pig, filled an oven with food, cooked it, and given the child as much as he or she would eat of the very best that a Samoan home could supply. Having kept the child as long as they dared, the Samoans then ran with it to the anxious parents.

It was now late in the night. The teachers' wives made a cup of tea for the tired missionaries. And, after family prayers, they screened off a part of the house with Samoan cloth. With his head on a bundle of dried grass, Williams slept a happy, deep sleep.

CHAPTER XVII

BROWN CHIEFS AND WHITE

'*Le alii papalangi,*' ('the kings from afar') murmured the Savaians to each other next morning, as Williams and Barff walked into the chief's large dancing-house—a wide thatched roof upheld by many tree-pillars.

Gleaming eyes looked out with wonder from every part of the crowded place on the two white 'chiefs'. As '*le alii papalangi*' made their way through the people, two of King Malietoa's daughters came forward. Each wore a beautiful mat round her waist, a wreath of flowers round her head, and a string of blue beads about her neck. The upper part of their bodies shone with scented coco-nut oil. These girls—one eighteen years old and the other twenty—spread mats on the ground for Williams and Barff. At this moment Malietoa himself entered, carrying valuable mats in his hands. He walked up to Williams and placed them as a gift at his feet; went out and returned with mats for Barff.

The King then sat down on a mat opposite to them, with his brother Tamalelangi (the Son of the Skies) near him.

The brown warriors and their women and boys

and girls sat in a circle watching the strange white chiefs.

'Thank you, King Malietoa, for your gifts,' said Williams. 'We did not, however, sail over the seas to gain property. Our only desire is to bring to you and all your people the knowledge of the true God. The teachers are here in your midst. Are you willing that they shall stay?'

'Truly I am thankful that you and they have come,' answered the King.

'Will you help the teachers and prevent your people from pillaging their property or ill-treating their wives? And will you build a house for the worship of the true invisible God Jehovah?'

'I will protect them,' answered the King. 'I and my people must now go over to Upolu to fight in the war; but, when I return, I will worship Jehovah. I will learn from the teachers; and will build a house for God. Behold there are two homes now waiting for the teachers.'

Williams made a sign to one of his teachers, who immediately brought two baskets and opened them—one in front of Malietoa and the other before Tamalelangi.

Malietoa put his hand into the basket and took out, to his great delight, a large axe. He placed it at once on top of his head, exclaiming:

'*Faafetai le toi tele*'—'Thank you for this large axe.'

One by one he took the gifts out of the basket:

a red shirt, six yards of English printed linen, two more axes, three hatchets, some strings of bright blue beads, knives, three pairs of scissors, some small looking-glasses, hammers, gimlets, fish-hooks, and nails. Malietoa touched the top of his head with each thing as he held it, saying, 'Thank you,' and ended up by exclaiming:

'Thank you for all, thank you for all. This is the happiest day of my life, not only because of your gifts, but that to-day two great British chiefs have come to see me and to bring me good. Now and always we shall say that you and ourselves are *ainga tasi* [one family].'

His younger brother, Tamalelangi, having opened his basket of presents, took a knife and gave it to his son. To each of his wives he handed a looking-glass and a pair of scissors. Then he carried the basket and laid it in front of the King.

'I did not expect,' he said, 'that a present would be given to me. I thought that all would be yours. I pass them all to you, my elder brother.'

'No, brother,' replied Malietoa, who was, however, greatly pleased at the respect paid to him by his younger brother; 'these *alii papalangi* have given these things to you; it is all yours, and you must keep it.'

Then Malietoa turned to his people, as they sat around in wonder and awe, and said to them:

'The white chiefs from afar have given these

things to us ; but they need gifts of food for their sailing. There are no pigs running about on the sea ; nor any bread-fruit growing in the waves.'

Immediately the crowd of people scampered out of the dancing-house and returned with many pigs and with bread-fruit, yams, and other vegetables for provisioning the *Messenger of Peace.*

On the following day Williams and Barff went down to the beach. The teachers and their wives, with their little children running alongside, went down with them, under the shade of the coco-nut palms, to say farewell.

Out in the channel beyond the shallows lay the ship, her white sails reflected in the blue water. She had, while Williams and Barff were on the island, beaten her way back up the channel. The teachers and their wives and the little children wept very much as their great leaders made ready to get into the boat to pull out to the ship.

On the beach was a mighty chief, Matetau, of the island of Manono—a brown giant with enormous limbs and gnarled muscles like the roots of a timona-tree.

'He is a greater warrior even than Malietoa,' the people said.

'Come with us to our ship!' said Williams to this chief.

Matetau agreed, and was paddled out to the *Messenger of Peace* in his canoe.

As the boat with Williams and Barff left the shore hundreds of Savaians cried out:

'*Ole alofa i le alii*'—'Great is our love for you.'

Matetau went on board the *Messenger of Peace* with the missionaries; and she hoisted sail to carry him toward his beautiful little island of Manono, which lay at the entrance to the straits between the two islands.

'I wish with a great desire that you will give me a teacher on Manono,' said the gigantic chief.

'I have no teacher remaining with me,' said Williams, 'but I am returning to these islands when twelve moons have passed; and I will bring one to you then.'

With such talk they came to the island of Manono. Williams gave the giant Matetau two axes, two hatchets, four knives, two pairs of scissors, a mirror, and some blue beads.

At this the chief seized Williams's head between his enormous hands and vigorously rubbed noses, to show his great delight.

He leapt into his canoe, and, hoisting its mat sail, swept swiftly to the shore. In a wonderfully short time he was back again and handed up from the canoe gifts of yams, bread-fruit, and other food for Williams.

The chief was just going to leave the ship for the second time and her sails were trimmed for sailing homeward, when Williams saw another canoe paddling toward them.

In the canoe was Malietoa. A new young wife whom he had just purchased was seated on the prow of the canoe. He had brought her with him lest she should run away in his absence, as he was on his way to the war. The ship's sails were backed to wait for them.

So the two warrior chiefs met on the ship and gave each other greeting. Then the mighty Matetau sailed off for the shore of his little pearl-island of Manono, while Malietoa, spear in hand, was paddled to Upolu to lead his 'braves' against the enemy.

The *Messenger of Peace* bore on round the north side of the island of Upolu. Then she headed SSW. toward Savage Island to take back the two wild young warriors who were still aboard. They were by this time indeed homesick for their native shore.

A calm fell on the ocean. The ship lay swinging in the heave and fall of the long smooth Pacific rollers. Her sails hung loose against the yards, or flapped lazily against the mast in the blazing sun. Then a wind sprang up and filled her sails; but the breeze was baffling and uncertain. At last it rose to a strong wind, which drove the *Messenger of Peace* out of her track.

For fourteen days Williams sailed; but still Savage Island was two hundred miles westward. They had only covered three hundred miles in the fortnight. Provisions were running short; it would probably be impossible to re-stock the ship with

food when they should have made Savage Island. Rarotonga, their next port, lay eight hundred miles farther west, while the trade-winds nearly always blew east. They must reach port with all speed or starve on the wilderness of the ocean.

The wind veered; dropped, then sprang up again from the west, blowing toward Rarotonga. This is so rare a happening in the South Seas that Williams leapt at the opportunity, crowded on all sail, and headed the *Messenger of Peace* east. With the wind astern she bowled across the leagues of ocean.

Every one was delighted, except the two young Savage Islanders, Uea and Niumanga. They, however, forgot their grief and were quite glad to sail east when Williams told them that he would make up to them for their disappointment by giving them presents to take back from Raiatea. To his joy and astonishment the west wind held for a week, when they sighted the mountains of Rarotonga.

As the ship glided along near the shore past the village of Arorangi, in the midday blaze of the sun, Williams saw, instead of the deserted bay that he had seen as he left, Papeiha and hundreds of Rarotongans crowded along the white beach waving their hands and shouting, 'Welcome.'

Williams was overjoyed; for he knew now that the dreadful plague which had swept Rarotonga was gone. Sailing along the coast eastward, they

at last, at four o'clock in the same afternoon, dropped anchor off Avarua village.

As Williams and Barff landed they found the shore there crowded with Rarotongans, with Buzacott and King Makea in the centre. On every face there was a glad smile of welcome.

'The disease has gone?' asked Williams.

'Oh,' they replied, 'you carried it away with you. For we began to be well immediately after your visit. Now Rarotonga is again Rarotonga.'

Three days later they sailed eastward again, calling at Mangaia and Rurutu on their way to Tahiti.[1] They left Rurutu with all sail set, under a spanking breeze from the west. The *Messenger of Peace,* like a horse whose head has been turned homeward, raced through the seas with every sail drawing. In forty-eight hours she had run three hundred and fifty miles and sighted Tahiti. With this wonderful wind from the west—in an ocean where the wind nearly always blows from the east—the *Messenger of Peace* had actually sailed eighteen hundred miles eastward in fifteen days.

From Tahiti Williams visited Eimeo and then sailed for Huahine. At last the *Messenger of Peace* proudly ran once more into the familiar lagoon under the shelter of the towering peaks of Raiatea.

John Williams, sailing in the ship which he had built with the help of tattooed savages who had never

[1] Follow this with map on page 104.

before seen a steel tool, had voyaged in her from island to island for thousands of miles through storm and fair weather, from east to west of the Pacific and back again. The beacon fires lighted in Raiatea had now been kindled from Rurutu to Rarotonga. from Aitutaki to the far Samoan island of Savaii.

But already Williams was dreaming and planning that the Samoans, which had been his goal, should now be the port of sail for further ventures to still more perilous shores.

Williams believed that the time had now come for him to move to islands farther west and to press on to shores which had not yet been sighted. He read in the *Voyages* of Captain Cook—that 'prince of navigators' as Williams called him—about other islands like Erromanga, of which we read at the beginning of this book. He longed to sail to these. He knew, also, that a young missionary was coming out to settle on Raiatea; and this would free him to press westward.

When he went ashore on Raiatea from the *Messenger of Peace*, however, he found great sorrow and danger.

'Fenuapeho of Tahaa is dead,' said the people to him, 'and his son, Tapoa the Fierce, reigns in his stead. He swears that he will conquer all the islands and be a great king, and that he will set up the worship of Oro, the god of war, again.'

Williams knew that Fenuapeho had once been

"JUST AS HE WAS LANDING MY MEN RUSHED OUT."

a fierce and cruel warrior himself. Often Tamatoa, the King of Raiatea, had told John the story of how Fenuapeho fought with him.

> 'It was in the year before you came to Raiatea,' Tamatoa would say to Williams. 'I had heard the Word of God already. And I sent with torches and burned down the temples of Oro, the lying god of blood. I hurled his maraes to the ground. Yes, and I burned even Oro himself.
>
> 'Then, indeed, was Fenuapeho of Tahaa (who worshipped Oro) angry. He took his war-canoes and his best warriors, and came down the lagoon with spear and club to avenge the destruction of Oro. He swept down upon our shore. I hid my picked warriors among the trees. Just as he was landing, my men rushed out, and the Tahaans, stricken with terror, fled.
>
> 'We captured Fenuapeho and many of his warriors. They were brought to me, and they expected that I would exult over them with savage joy and then, as was our custom in the old days, fell Fenuapeho to the ground with my club.
>
> 'But I told Fenuapeho that the true God wished men to have mercy. I forgave him and set him free, telling him that he might still be chief of Tahaa.
>
> 'He was so amazed that he could scarcely believe his ears. Then he was full of joy; and, on the next day, at a great feast of rejoicing, he and his men said that they would never again worship Oro.'

John Williams knew that, from that day, Fenuapeho had been the friend of Tamatoa and of himself through all the years. But now Fenuapeho of Tahaa

was dead; and his ferocious son, Tapoa—imitating his grandfather, who had carried war into all the islands in the group—was planning to war upon Raiatea.

Tamatoa, King of Raiatea, who was terribly worried by the threats of Tapoa, was now an old man, and fell ill and died. Williams went to Tahaa to persuade Tapoa to cease his plans of war, but he could not move the ambitious young warrior. As Williams was talking, a Tahaan warrior, who had a gun, levelled it, and took aim at him. The assassin was just on the point of pulling the trigger, when an islander of the party, friendly to Williams, leapt forward, and, seizing the gun, wrenched it from the warrior's hands just in time to save Williams's life.

John, having failed to move Tapoa, then sailed to Tahiti to ask some of the powerful chiefs there to go to Tahaa and to Raiatea and to tell Tapoa that, if he persisted in fighting, they too would be his enemies. The chiefs went across from Tahiti and reached Raiatea, just as the Tahaans had begun to fight, and were on the point of swooping down in force on the island. The Tahitian chiefs quickly stopped the fighting and peace was restored.

While these clouds were brooding over Raiatea, a ship sailed into harbour one day in front of John Williams's home. A young Englishman and his wife came ashore. To the delight of John and Mary

they found that this was the young missionary named Smith who was coming to take Williams's place at Raiatea. For six months Williams stayed on, helping Smith to learn the language and to understand the ways of the brown people. Then he and Mary, with the boys John and Samuel, went aboard the *Messenger of Peace* and sailed out on to the boundless rolling plain of the Pacific.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE HURRICANE

A WEEK'S swift sailing passed, and the boys sighted Rarotonga.[1] They landed there to the sound of the cheers of the islanders who crowded the beach to welcome Viriamu.

Young John was now a big boy, fifteen years old. He spent his mornings on Rarotonga at his lessons, and in the afternoons he worked at the carpenter's bench. He made boxes to hold his mother's, Mrs. Buzacott's, and Mrs. Pitman's scissors, thimbles, and cottons, veneering the outside of the boxes with beautiful Rarotongan woods. As his father was preparing for this long voyage, John set to work to make a fine wooden dressing-case for him, fitted to take his brushes, razors, strop, and so on.

Samuel, his younger brother, was not so lively as John, but was a general favourite with all the people in the island. He worked at his lessons with his mother as teacher.

Williams had hardly set foot ashore before he had begun to plan a cruise with Buzacott and King Makea round those islands which he had visited in

[1] September 28, 1831.

Te Matamua—Aitutaki, Mangaia, Atiu, and Mauki.[1] So they sailed, first to Mangaia and Aitutaki, and then to Atiu.

As they were putting off in the boat from the reef at Atiu to row back to the *Messenger of Peace*, they tried to launch her out immediately after a wave had crashed on the reef, and row swiftly over the crest of the next roller before it broke. But, before they could get far enough out, a wave raced in, rose, curled, and came crashing down on them, dashing the boat and her crew on the reef.

Williams in the bow was swept from the boat, out into the open sea, by the recoil of the wave. The waters broke over him, twirled him like a twig in a whirlpool, and carried him down—down into the green; cold depths, till he could hold his breath no longer. He felt that he would never come up again. On the reef the islanders stood petrified, in an agony of dread. The rock at the water's edge, as they knew only too well, is overhanging; and horrible green caverns are underneath where the waters churn and swirl. To be swept by a wave into these awful chasms was certain death.

Another wave broke and sank back. Then Williams's head appeared above the water. He struck with all his might for the reef. Two Atiuans leapt into the sea and caught him by the arms. The next billow broke just behind him with a fierce crash,

[1] See map, p. 104.

foaming as if with baffled anger. But Williams was standing breathless yet safe on the reef.

With tears and laughter breaking in on one another, the islanders crowded round him, touched his clothes, and caught and kissed his hands.

The boat was righted and put out safely to the *Messenger of Peace*, which sailed off to Mauki, and so back to Rarotonga.

Williams knew that, for the longer perilous voyages that he was planning, beyond even Samoa, he must repair and strengthen the sturdy old *Messenger of Peace*. He determined to make her six feet longer and give her a new stern. Iron, copper, and other shipwright's materials had been sent from Britain. So she was sailed into the bay in front of King Makea's village, and beached for her repairs.

One day, as the ship was lying in this harbourage, the breeze from the sea fell to a deathly stillness, as though the world was holding its breath in dread of some awful calamity. The ocean stirred uneasily ; the long sulky breakers crashing sullenly on the barrier reef. The sound of the surf was hollow and threatening.

A Rarotongan ran breathlessly along the road from Avarua to Williams, and handed him a hurried note from Buzacott.

'Heavy sea rolling into the harbour,' read Williams. 'No immediate danger, but if storm increases *Messenger of Peace* will be damaged.'

Williams hurried along the road to Avarua. Over the sea the sky lowered, and a dense pall blotted out the horizon. A terrible flash of lightning lighted the ocean from rim to rim; and thunder rolled wildly in the black cavern of the sky. Calling to the Avaruans, as he ran down the beach, Williams quickly had the men heaving coral rock down into the water between the ship and the sea.

While one gang of workers was building this hasty breakwater, others splashed out to the ship, and, working with those on shore, paid out the chain cable. One end of the cable was fastened to the ship, the other was made fast round the main pillar of the school-house, which stood upon a coral bank, ten feet high, about forty or fifty yards from the sea.

With feverish speed the Rarotongans took up the great baulks of timber, the copper sheeting, and other stores for the ship's repair, and carried them up the beach into the school-house. A roof was lashed over the ship's deck. All was now as taut as ingenuity could make it.

Williams started to go back to Ngatangiia, where he knew Mary would be anxious for him. As he stood on the upper beach, he turned to take a last look at the *Messenger of Peace*. A heavy sea rolled in: she lifted up, up till he felt that she must heel over and crash on the beach; but she settled very gently again into her place.

As he started along the path, darkness, borne on the hurricane, rushed across the ocean. The leaden sky went black. The first squall smote the island with a furious roar. All through the night and on into the Sabbath day the wind howled. In the morning the people staggered their way to church for worship, and tried to still their fears while the tempest shook the very walls of the House.

As afternoon wore on the fury of the raging storm grew fiercer. Giant trees bent and swung and then were snapped in two with a rending crash. Branches flew like wisps of straw. The cottages of the people were swept into ruin like houses of cards. An old school-house, now used as a boat-house, fell, burying Williams's best boat in its ruins.

All day he could not rest for the thought of his ship. Buzacott had sent no word, so he thought that all must be well. Then—at nine o'clock at night—a man ran into the village with a note for Williams.

'Sea has risen to an alarming height. The vessel has been thumping on the shore all day. At six the roof over her deck was blown away.'

'The sea has gone over the bank,' said the messenger, 'and has reached the school-house where are the rigging, the copper, and the stores.'

The night was as black as pitch; the path ran by the sea where no man could travel against the furies of the wind that would batter him. The

road through the groves was still more perilous from falling trees. It was useless to try to go from Ngatangiia till the morning; yet sleep was impossible.

All through the night he and Mary lay listening to the howling of the tempest, the hollow roar of the billows as they burst on the reef; the shouting of the Rarotongans as their houses crashed to the ground; the writhing and creaking of the Williamses' own house in the violent grasp of the hurricane.

Before the cold dawn came Williams was out and on his way to Avarua.[1] He tried first to take the sea-path, in order to avoid the perils of the whirling branches of trees torn from their trunks. For some minutes he struggled to make progress; but the wind and the rain had him in their grip. It was impossible to move. The screaming hurricane strangled him; he could hardly get his breath.

He turned to take the road. Again and again a tree fell crashing across the road just before him, and a branch, that would have crushed him to death, fell behind. But by careful watching, he escaped without harm. Half-way along he saw men coming toward him. They were his own men.

'The sea,' they said, 'has risen right over the bank. The storehouse with all the rigging and copper and the timber is swept away. The ship is driven on the bank, and is dashed against it

[1] December 23, 1831.

by every wave falling back again as the water recedes.'

Drenched with the driving rain, his strength drained by the fight with the wind and dodging the fallen trees, cold after his sleepless night, Williams came out from the trees only to see the beautiful village—its lovely groves of trees, its pretty rows of white cottages—smashed into one welter of ruin and wreckage.

The Avaruan women ran screaming with their whimpering children seeking shelter where none existed except under the remaining trees, which were one by one being torn up by the tempest. The men shouted to one another as they dragged all that they could rescue from the ruins of their homes.

'The roaring sea,' said Williams afterwards, 'the pelting rain, the howling wind, the falling trees, and the infuriated appearance of the atmosphere, presented a spectacle the most sublime and terrible, which made us stand, tremble, and adore.'

The church was still standing. Just as Williams passed it, however, feeling glad the building had resisted the storm, a frightful gust burst in the eastern wall. Then a heavy sea, roaring over the bank, tore away the very foundation of the great church, which fell with an awful crash. The same wave dashed against Buzacott's house and laid it flat upon the ground. Mrs. Buzacott, with her three

little children, ran with Makea's wife to take shelter in the King's house.

No sooner were they inside than the wind tore off the roof, and the sea dashed against the walls. Mrs. Buzacott was forced to fly inland to the mountains with the King's wife. They waded for nearly a mile through water that was often above the waists of the children. They went toward a little house where they expected shelter. When they reached the place a huge tree had been blown down upon it and had crushed it. Pressing on again, they at last reached a hut already crowded with brown women and children. But the Rarotongans smiled a welcome even in the storm, and crowded up a little closer to make room for the white mother and her little ones.

Williams and Buzacott stayed near the Avarua beach. They took refuge in a little house, which they tried to anchor to the earth by making ropes fast to the woodwork and pegging them to the ground. Then a great wave surged over the bank and dashed against this little house. It stood, but the next wave would almost certainly smash it to ruins. The two missionaries went out into the storm.

The rain fell in torrents from dense black clouds that made the day like night. Forked lightning flashed incessantly across the black sky, and the thunder roared and echoed from sky to mountain ravine and back again, drowning even the shock and bellow of the breakers.

Through all this terrible time Mrs. Williams had stayed at Ngatangiia. As daylight came she saw the roof above her bed writhe in the grip of the storm. Hastily getting up from bed, she began to gather things together for flight.

An awful grinding noise was heard, followed by a crash. The wall and roof of the bedroom had fallen in, burying the bed which she had left two minutes earlier.

Hurriedly wrapping blankets round themselves, she and Mrs. Pitman went out into the tempest. They stood for a moment—the falling house behind them, the fury of the hurricane around—not knowing whither to go. Some men went to search for any house that might remain standing. They came running back. 'There is a small house back there,' they called out.

Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Pitman hastened to the cottage. But even as they walked toward it a great coco-nut-tree swung and bent as though wrestling with the tempest, then tottered and fell across the cottage, smashing it in two.

The shelter of houses and of trees seemed more dangerous than even the scourging rain that beat on these defenceless women. Then a man ran to them, shouting through the hurricane:

'The house of Pa the chief still stands. He has tethered it with ropes. Come.'

They struggled to the house. It stood;—but over

it a tall coco-nut-tree swung and bent, threatening to crash down at each gust.

A young Rarotongan slipped a hatchet into his belt, ran to the tree, and clung to it, doubled up with the soles of his feet against the trunk. The hurricane tore at him with frenzied fingers to balk his plan. But he gradually climbed the giddily swaying trunk. The tree swung as though it would hurl him, as from a catapult, through space. At last he reached the crest, hung on with one hand, took out his hatchet with the other, and hacked at the great fronds which formed the crest of the tree and caught the wind.

One by one they were swept into the darkness, till the tree stood stripped as bare as a mast, but erect. The house of Pa and all those within it were now safe.

At the moment of most awful intensity, when wind, sea, and sky raved, and lightning smote the mountains as though together they would shatter and uproot the island itself, the wind shifted a few points to the westward. As if by magic the storm was hushed. The black clouds swept away over the ocean; the sun shone out; the ocean ceased to hurl its waves over the bank.

In both the villages men and women began to creep out of their hiding-places and the children stopped whimpering and began to run about in the sun.

The first thought to spring into Williams's mind was, 'What of the ship?'

They came out on to the edge of the bank and looked into the bay, expecting to find the shattered remains of the *Messenger of Peace.* But she had disappeared, leaving not a spar or a broken timber on the beach or in the water.

Then a shout came from inland: 'The ship, the ship!'

Williams went up over the coral bank, among the chaos of fallen trees, to a large grove of chestnut-trees almost a quarter of a mile inland. There on land among the trees, out of sight even of the sea, lay the *Messenger of Peace,* unharmed. The enormous waves had lifted her right over the upper beach and had driven her across the flat ground on the other side for hundreds of yards. The chestnut-trees then held her up or she would have slipped into a deep bog on the other side of the grove, from which she could never have been recovered.

The women and children came back from the mountains. Long thick grass was spread out in the afternoon sun. When it had dried it was shaken together and mats laid upon it.

As the sun set they all knelt down to give thanks to God that they were all spared through so many and great dangers. Then they lay down on the bank, with the stars looking down quietly from the clear night-sky, and slept.

CHAPTER XIX

THE SHIP'S OVERLAND JOURNEY

Of all the thousands of banana-trees in the island barely one was left standing. Coco-nut, and chest-nut and bread-fruit trees lay all over the island—as Williams put it, 'strewed upon the ground in wild confusion, like the bodies of prostrate warriors after some terrific and murderous battle.'

Mrs. Williams was ill. She lay for hours so terribly still, with her heart-movement so feeble, that those who watched by her thought that she was, indeed, dead. But gradually she gathered strength again.

Her little baby, who was born just after the hurricane, died. The kind-hearted Rarotongan people wept very much, and came in hundreds, bringing mats and other little presents to show their love and to try to console the sorrowing father and mother.

The Rarotongans held a great meeting to make plans for rebuilding their houses and planting new trees after the hurricane. At this meeting some said:

'The great tempest came upon us because many of the people have started again the ancient heathen ways.'

The greater number of them felt this; but a few

said: 'These evils have come upon us because of the missionaries.'

Then one old chieftain, to whom all the people listened with great respect, rose and cheered up the islanders, saying, 'True, all our food is destroyed, but our lives are spared. Our houses are blown down, but our wives and children have escaped. Our great new church is a heap of ruins—and for this I grieve most of all; yet we have a God to worship.

'Our school-house is washed away,' he went on, 'but our teachers are spared to us; and we have still this precious Book (he held aloft his New Testament) to instruct us.'

'Let us rebuild the church, the school, and the houses of the King and of the missionaries,' said the people. They could hardly begin to work, however, for want of tools. Williams therefore opened a cask of ironmongery that had been sent from Birmingham.[1] Armed with these new axes, hatchets, and saws, they set to work with such energy that, in a few weeks, many comfortable new houses were built.

While the islanders were busy building these houses Williams could do very little to his precious ship, which had worked her way down into the mud till her hull was covered to four feet of its depth. He spent this time in translating, in company with

[1] Carrs Lane Church, under the Rev. John Angell James.

Buzacott and Pitman, parts of the Bible into Rarotongan.

In the middle of March,[1] however, when the houses were rebuilt, they set themselves to the task of getting the seventy-ton ship into the sea from her muddy bed, nearly a quarter of a mile from the coral beach.

Mighty levers of wood were prepared, and one end of each was thrust into the mud under the bow of the ship, the fulcrum being made by transverse beams laid on the earth. The poles stood at an angle of forty-five degrees. The top ends of these levers were then joined together by beams which made platforms on which enormous stones were laid. At last the weight of the coral on the platforms was so great that the weighted levers gradually went down, lifting the bows of the ship upward.

Great baulks of timber were then thrust under the uplifted bows, the levers were removed and thrust under the stern, which was then raised in the same way. By repeating this three or four times they lifted the whole ship sheer out of the mud.

Then repairs were made to her hull and she was lengthened and strengthened ready for sailing. But how could she get to the sea? They filled the bog with stones, and laid logs of wood on the stones. Tree-trunks were put as rollers under the ship, and the chain cable was made fast round her.

[1] 1832.

Then the Rarotongans were called together. They flocked down from all parts, till the ground round the ship could not be seen for brown islanders. The brown and white children pranced and wriggled with excitement as the two thousand men and women set to work to move the ship. Some took hold of the cable, others pushed the hull of the ship or tugged at the ropes.

With faces quivering, with every sinew strained and heels dug into the crevices between the logs, they tugged as they had never tugged before. A cry of joy went up as the ship first budged, and then slid along on the rollers in the direction of the sea. For hundreds of yards they pulled the *Messenger of Peace* on this strange sea-on-land voyage. Once safely pulled on to the bank, she easily slid down the beach. The people shouted again when she slipped into the water and—as Williams joyfully put it—' floated in her pride upon the sea.'

The awful destruction wrought by the hurricane had left Rarotonga with so little food that they had not enough to live upon. Still less could they provision the ship for the long journey to the Samoan Islands. So Williams and Buzacott turned and ran her eastward to Tahiti, where Buzacott stayed to learn how to be a printer. He helped to compose in type his translation of the Epistles of Peter in the printing-house of the missionaries there.

Williams went aboard the *Messenger of Peace*

again, and sailed north to his old home at Raiatea. His face was very sad and his speech full of grief when he saw many of his people there rolling about hopelessly drunk. Old Tamatoa would never allow spirits to be landed on his island; but, now that he was dead, his son, the new King, permitted it. White traders had sold a cask of spirits to the Raiateans, who drank the fiery liquor, then built stills [1] for making more of it. By the time Williams landed there were twenty stills on Raiatea making strong drink. The people were maddened with alcohol, though about a hundred of them had remained firm against the temptation.

When Williams landed, many of them were dreadfully ashamed of themselves. They called a meeting, asked him to come, and decided to destroy all the stills in the island. With the help of Maihara, the Queen of Huahine, the favourite daughter of good old King Tamatoa—who was very strong-willed and had grieved that her brother had allowed the strong drink to be made—every still was smashed. Williams then went back to Tahiti, though he was very sad because the young chief of the island had determined to buy more spirits.[2]

[1] An apparatus for distilling liquids.

[2] But some years later, April 30, 1836, the young chief wrote this letter to Williams:

'Dear Friend. Blessing on you, Viriamu, from the true God, through Jesus Christ, the King of Peace, the Saviour in whom alone we can be saved. This is my little communication to

Barrels of flour, bananas, yams, taro, and many other things were put aboard the *Messenger of Peace* at Tahiti, not only for the journey to Samoa but to feed the famine-stricken people at Rarotonga. Animals were put on board of kinds that had never before been seen at Rarotonga. For, at first, before Williams went to the island, they had no four-footed animal bigger than a rat; then a cat came, and afterwards, pigs. John Williams now had on board some horses, cattle, and donkeys.

While they are sailing from Tahiti to Rarotonga, we can listen to the tragic story of Tom, the first cat who ever lived and died on Rarotonga.

> A favourite cat named Tom was taken on shore at Rarotonga by one of the teachers whom Williams had left on the island on his first visit. Tom did not like his home, so he fled toward the mountains.
>
> Now there was a priest, Tiaki, who had decided to learn from the teacher, and had destroyed his idol. At midnight Tiaki lay asleep on his mat. His wife was sitting up, awake. In the doorway, to her horror, she saw two small round balls of fire glistening. A mysterious voice, unlike anything she had ever heard before, said, 'Miaou, miaou!'
>
> Petrified with terror she woke her husband.
>
> 'O foolish man to burn your god,' she said.

you. The spirits about which your thoughts were evil towards me, I have entirely done away with, because my heart is sick of that bad path, and I am now "pressing towards the mark for the prize of my high calling". These are now my thoughts, that God may become my own God. This is really my wish.'

'The god has come with eyes of flame to be avenged. Get up and pray; get up and pray.'

The man, in an agony of fear, began to repeat what he had learnt from the teacher as a charm against this awful god. He shouted his A B C as fast as ever he could. The cat was so frightened that he ran away, leaving the priest congratulating himself on the power of this new prayer.

Tom went through some trees to a quiet house where no one would disturb him. It was a temple of gods which had not yet been overthrown. So the cat lived with the gods. Some days later the priest came with food-offerings for the gods; and Tom, glad to think that some one had come to feed him, went forward as the priest opened the door.

'Miaou, miaou!'

The priest rushed back in terror, shouting: 'Here 's a monster from the deep, here 's a monster from the deep!'

He and his companions hurried home and gathered together the tribe. Several hundred warriors, at the news of this terrible beast, put on their war-caps, blackened their faces with charcoal, took spears, clubs, and slings, and marched, shouting, to attack 'poor Puss'.

Tom, thoroughly frightened, sprang at the open door and darted through the terror-stricken warriors, who fled, helter-skelter, in all directions. At night, these heroic fellows were engaged in a dance with a great crowd of their friends watching. The cat, wishing to see the sport, came strolling in to the circle. The terrified watchers fled for their lives; the warriors gave chase; but Tom was too quick for them.

Tired out and desiring company, Tom went, at dead of night, into a house; and, for warmth, crept

in under a great cloth that covered the whole family as they lay on their mats asleep. The cat was so comfortable that he purred himself to sleep. The strange noise woke the man, who rose softly, closed the doorway, took a light and found Puss fast asleep. He called in other warriors with spears and clubs. Summoning up all their valour, they slew poor Tom as he slept. When morning broke they made the whole village ring with the story of their singular bravery.

Cats, however, were now no longer terrifying 'monsters of the deep' to the Rarotongans, as we already know.[1] When the *Messenger of Peace* arrived at Rarotonga from Tahiti with the cattle, the horses, the donkeys, and a dog, the islanders were astonished beyond measure. They had never dreamed that any animals could be so enormous. Their only idea of a large animal was the pig, which they called *buaka.*

So they called that astonishing monster the horse, *e buaka apa tangata*—'the great pig that carries the man'; the dog they named *e buaka asa*—'the barking pig'; while the donkeys were labelled *e buaka taringa roa*—'the long-eared pig', until the people heard them bray, and then they gave the asses a second name, *e buaka turituri*—'the noisy pig!'

Williams now began to make ready for his second voyage to the great Samoan Islands in the west.

'I wish to come and see these islands,' said King Makea.

[1] Chapter XIV.

So he and Williams went aboard with a new teacher, Te-ava, who was to be a brown missionary on the Samoan island, Manono, where the giant-chief Matetau ruled. The sails were hoisted, the anchor weighed, and the *Messenger of Peace* again turned westward on the sunset trail.

CHAPTER XX

'PEARLS OF THE PACIFIC'

On his first visit to the Samoan Islands, Williams had only seen two of this lovely group of 'Pearls of the Pacific'. These, we remember, were Savaii, where he landed at Sapapalii to stay with King Malietoa, and Upolu, where Malietoa was at war. But John had now set his mind on sailing to every island[1] in the group.

As the *Messenger of Peace* went sailing into the sunset that evening,[2] with Rarotonga's mountains, tipped with the crimson glow, gradually fading behind her, Williams crowded on every sail to catch the fine trade-wind that was pursuing them. Through the night, till the dawn showed a sea of unbroken glory, and on till dark again, for five days, the wind held and not a sail was shifted. Through the deep blue waters the vessel dashed, striding the waves and flinging the spray from her bows. So swiftly did she sail that at the end of five days, having sailed eight hundred miles, Williams sighted land.

This was Manu'a, the most easterly Samoan island, whose mountain-tops can be seen at fifty miles away across the sea. Savaii was still two hundred and

[1] Follow the islands by the map, p. 179.
[2] Thursday, October 11, 1832.

fifty miles farther on. Canoes began to put off from the shore to the ship. Williams knew that no white missionary had ever visited the island. He was startled beyond measure, therefore, to hear the natives shouting from the canoes:

'We are sons of the Word! We are sons of the Word! We are waiting for a *folau lotu* ['religion ship'] to bring to us people whom they call missionaries, to tell us about Jesus Christ. Is yours the ship that we are waiting for?'

'Yes,' they shouted back from the deck, 'this is the *folau lotu*.'

A strapping brown islander sprang on board; and told his companions to hand up from the canoe the coco-nuts and other food that they had brought as a gift.

'Leave a teacher of the Word on my island,' he pleaded.

'I have only one with me,' said Williams, 'and I have promised to leave him on Manono. But I will bring one to you on my next journey.'

Meanwhile the ship's boat had put out to the shore, and came back with a man from far-away Raivavae, three hundred and fifty miles south of Tahiti. This was the man who had led the people of Manu'a to be Christians.

'How did you come here?' asked Williams in surprise, 'for you are two thousand miles from your home.'

'One day,' he replied, 'I and some companions were sailing to Raivavae from Tubuai, when we lost our course and were driven about the ocean for nearly three moons, and saw nothing but the sea and sky. One by one our people died from hunger and thirst, till twenty had gone overboard. At last we were blown upon this shore. Now we have built a church on this island, and we are teaching the people to read the Scriptures which we had with us in the canoe when we landed here.'

The sails of the *Messenger of Peace* were unfurled again, and the ship was just beginning to gather way, when a young islander climbed aboard from a canoe.

'I am a son of the Word,' he said. 'I was born in Tutuila,' and he pointed westward. 'I wish to take the Word to my island. Will you carry me?'

So he joined the ship's company and she sailed across the strait—two miles wide—that divides the main island, Tau, from two smaller islands, Olosenga and Ofu. A canoe put out as the vessel ran into the bay. In the canoe was a grey-haired chief. He climbed up the side of the ship and was greatly surprised at all that he saw, but most of all at what he heard.

'Have you heard of the worship of the one invisible God, the Lord of all the earth, whom they worship at Savaii and Upolu?' asked Williams.

'No,' replied the old man, astonished to hear of

this God. 'Will you leave a man with me who can tell me of this worship? I will give him plenty to eat.'

Williams said that he could not leave a teacher, but that he would bring one when he returned.

'Give me a musket and powder to kill my enemies,' said the fierce old chief.

'My ship carries no muskets, but books to tell men of the worship of Jehovah, who is a God of Mercy and Peace.'

'That is very good,' said the old man, 'it pleases my heart to hear it. But how can I know it, if I have no man to tell me?'

Leaving the old chief, Williams put on a press of sail to make for the lovely Samoan island, Tutuila. Williams knew that an explorer who had landed on this island had been slain with all his men. Now canoes shot out from the coast filled with fierce-looking savages. On all sides they surrounded the ship, like a school of sharks round a whale.

There were twenty and even thirty men in some of the canoes, and the whole mass of them could easily have overpowered the ship's company. Williams sailed on; the ship making seven knots an hour. But the savages swung their paddles, shouting in chorus, and kept pace with the ship. Some clung to her sides and then climbed up and swung themselves aboard ship.

'Muskets,' they cried; 'we want muskets and powder.'

Williams, looking overboard, was startled to see a canoe paddling out with a white man on board. He helped the man aboard.

'My name is William Gray,' said the man. 'I am an Englishman. I have been on this island for three years. Two powerful chiefs on the island are just going to war. So the islanders want muskets and powder.'

'Are there any Christian people on this island?'

'Very few here,' answered the man, 'though many in Savaii and Upolu have given up heathen worship.'

Gray then dropped over the side again and paddled back to the island, to be heard and seen no more.

The brown young Tutuilan, who had come aboard at Manu'a, now told Williams how to sail to the bay where he lived. So they steered the ship southward past Pagopago[1] Bay, where the green trees stretch in forests from the tops of the towering hills down till their fronds dip in the fringe of the ocean.

'There is the place,' shouted the young islander.

The ship swung round into the loveliest of sheltered bays. On the beach were many Tutuilans. Williams, as he looked at the white beach fringed with palms and protected by bold hills, remembered that in this haunt of peace, Leone Bay, the islanders had slaughtered a boat's crew of white men.

A canoe was paddled across the bay. A man came aboard.

[1] Pronounce 'Pangopango'.

'THE CHIEF WADED OUT TO THE BOAT.'

From an engraving by G. Baxter.

'I am a son of the Word,' he said, as he sprang on deck.

Williams was surprised, after what Gray had told him, that the first islander to come aboard should declare that he was a Christian.

He put down the ship's boat and went into it. The men pulled for the shore. When they were only twenty yards from the beach Williams called to his men to 'easy'. The crowd on the beach looked threatening. Williams feared treachery. He and his men then bowed their heads to pray—as Williams always did before landing. As they did so they heard a splashing in the water.

The chief, seeing the boat stop, had made all his people sit down under the shade of the coco-nut and bread-fruit trees on the shore. Now he waded out to the boat, till he was up to his shoulders in the water.

'Son,' he said to Williams, 'will you not come ashore? Will you not land amongst us?'

'I do not know that I shall trust myself,' said Williams. 'I have heard that in this bay you have captured two such boats as mine and have treated the people savagely.'

'Oh,' shouted the chief, 'we are not savage now; we are Christians.'

'You Christians?' Williams exclaimed, astonished. 'Where did you hear of Christianity?'

'Oh,' replied Amoamo the chief, 'a great chief

came from the white man's country. His name was Viliamu.[1] He came to Savaii about twenty moons ago. He placed some *tama-fai-lotu* [workers of religion] there. Some of our men were on Savaii. They became sons of the Word and have come back to us. Many of our people are now Christians. Don't you see them ? '

He pointed over the water to a group of fifty Tutuilans sitting under the spreading trees. Each of them had a piece of white native cloth round his arm to distinguish them from those who still worshipped the spirits.

'Why,' exclaimed Williams, 'I am Viliamu. I took the *tama-fai-lotu* to Savaii twenty moons ago.'

At that the chief, full of excitement, signalled to his people. They rushed down the beach, dashed through the water, surrounded the boat, and putting their shoulders under it carried the boat, Williams, crew and all to the shore.

The Christian people came to Williams.

'See,' said one, pointing through the trees, 'there is our church.'

'Who conducts the worship of Jehovah there ? '

'I do,' answered the man.

'But who taught you ? ' asked Williams, wondering.

[1] The Samoans use 'l' and 'p' instead of the 'r' and 'b' used in the western islands like Rarotonga. Thus 'marae' becomes 'malae'; 'Beritani' becomes 'Peritania'; 'Viriamu' is 'Viliamu'.

'Why,' said the man, 'did you not see a little canoe by the side of your boat when we carried you on shore just now? That is my canoe in which I go down to the teachers at Savaii, get some Christianity, which I bring carefully home and give it the people here. When that is gone, I take my canoe again, and fetch some more.

'Now that you are come,' he went on, 'for whom we have been waiting so long, where is our teacher?'

On hearing that Williams had only one teacher, who was promised to the chief of Manono, tears of disappointment came into the Tutuilan Christian's eyes. And Williams himself was grieved beyond measure that he could not leave a teacher here; for the people knew very little of the story of Jesus Christ and of His message, and had great desire to learn.

Williams, when he had looked at the rough little church and had entered the chief's house, went down to the beach again, and rowed out to the ship. As he came up over the ship's side to step on deck, a chief, who had come aboard from the next valley, ran to him. Instead of rubbing noses, he rubbed his nose in Williams's hand. This was to show that he thought Williams a greater chief than himself.

'I am a son of the Word,' said the chief. 'I have been to Sapapalii and have brought the *lotu* [religion] from the teachers and tell it every day to my people here.'

'How can you show to me that you are a Christian?' said Williams, for he could hardly believe his ears.

The chief, as they stood there on the little quarter-deck of the *Messenger of Peace*, at once spread his hands out, palm upwards, like a book, and repeated a chapter of Williams's own easy reading-book in the Tahitian language. Then he knelt down on the quarter-deck, and saying 'Let us pray', he repeated the Lord's Prayer in broken Tahitian.

'I will try to come back to you on my way from Savaii,' said Williams, as the chief went over the ship's side into his canoe and the *Messenger of Peace* put out of the harbour. She made westward along the coast of Tutuila to Upolu. On the Saturday afternoon she was off the beautiful little island of Manono.

A canoe shot out from the shore with the giant chief, Matetau, on board. He clambered up on to the deck, ran to Williams, and, clasping him in his enormous hands, rubbed noses with a vigorous friendliness that made Viliamu's nose quite sore.

Matetau, with King Makea, who was himself six feet ten inches tall, standing beside him, made a magnificent pair of noble chiefs.

'Where is my missionary?' Matetau asked. 'I have not forgotten your promise!'

'Neither have I,' replied Williams; 'here he is.' He led forward Te-ava, of Rarotonga, and his wife.

Matetau seized hold of them with delight and

gave each of their noses in turn a long and hearty rub.

'*Lelei, lelei, lava!*' he exclaimed. 'Good, very good, I am happy now.'

'I must reach Sapapalii before it is dark,' said Williams. 'Will you come with me and return after a few days, or will you go ashore?'

'I must hasten to tell my people the good news,' cried the chief, smiling. With that he stooped, rubbed poor Williams's nose vigorously again, leapt into his canoe, and went skimming over the waves shoreward, shouting again and again:

'Viliamu has brought the missionary for us.'

As the sun sank toward the horizon, the *Messenger of Peace* hove to off Sapapalii, and Williams and Makea were quickly on shore with his teachers, and the Samoans weeping for joy that, after all, he had come back to them.

'Malietoa is Christian,' said the teachers to Williams, who glowed with joy at all that they said, 'and so are his brother, the Son of the Skies, and nearly all the other chiefs. We have built a church holding seven hundred people, and it is always full. More than thirty villages now have the Word. The other people are only waiting for you to come, in order to throw off the old heathen life.'

The teachers had no story of the burning of temples and razing malaes to the ground, for the Samoan people had none of these things and had

few idols, the chief of these being a curious bundle of rotten matting, named Papo, the god of war.

A great meeting was called when Malietoa became a Christian to discuss what was to be done with Papo. One daring man said, 'Let us burn Papo!'

A burst of horrified disapproval broke from the people.

'It will be less cruel to drown Papo,' they said.

So a stone was tied to him and he was solemnly taken out to sea by the chiefs to be drowned.

But the missionary teachers paddled swiftly out and rescued Papo, to give him to Williams when he arrived. Williams then took Papo home tc Britain, where he now lives in the British Museum.

Instead of an idol each man had an *aitu* [1]—that is, an animal in whom the man's special spirit was believed to live. As a man became a Christian in Samoa he showed it by eating his *aitu*, just as the men of the eastern islands did by burning their idols.

The very first man to eat his spirit-animal in this way was a Savaian chief, whose *aitu* was an eel.

He gathered the people together, took a fishing-spear, stabbed an eel with it, cooked the eel, and ate it; while the people stood round, their eyes staring with horror, expecting him to swell up with poison or be seized with convulsions. But nothing happened.

When Williams arrived Malietoa was away catching wood-pigeons—a favourite sport of his.

[1] Ay-too.

At one o'clock on the following day King Malietoa came back. Williams introduced to him King Makea of Rarotonga. The old King Malietoa, who was dressed in a white shirt and waistcoat with a beautifully embroidered mat round his loins, looked King Makea up and down with eagle eye.

'He is the finest man whom I have ever looked upon,' said Malietoa to Williams, as he gazed with admiration at Makea's magnificent build. 'He is not equalled by any chief on any island in all the Samoan group.'

They went next day to a great meeting, where all the people had crowded together to see and hear the great King of Rarotonga.

As King Makea—standing head and shoulders above the people—stalked into the great building, wearing on his mighty shoulders the flowing red cloak that Mrs. Buzacott had made for him, the Samoans gazed with wonder. He was, they all agreed, the most splendid and princely chief ever seen in the Southern Seas.

'I have come,' said Williams to Malietoa, in the hearing of all the people, 'according to my promise. Great is my joy that you also have kept your promises to me, that you worship Jehovah.'

After Malietoa had replied, King Makea stood up and gave the people great delight by telling all the good work that had been done in his island of Rarotonga.

'Now,' he said, 'we enjoy happiness, which our fathers never had. Our fierce and deadly wars are over. We have books printed in our own language—the language which, like yours to-day, had never been written before.

'Our boys and girls can read. Above all, we know the true God, and the way to salvation through Jesus Christ. Grasp His Word with a firm hand,' cried Makea, stretching forth his arm, 'for this alone can make you a peaceful and happy people. But for this I should have died a savage.'

'I *will* hold to this Word with a firm grasp,' said Malietoa.

'If you do so,' replied Williams, 'I will tell the people in Peritania, and they will wish to send missionaries to teach you more.'

Malietoa leapt to his feet, his eyes glowing, his arms outstretched.

'We are one,' he cried; 'we are only one; we are thoroughly one in our determination to be Christians. Our wish is that you should bring Viliamu wife and Viliamu boys, and come and live and die with us—to teach us how to love Jesus Christ.'

'But,' said Williams, 'I am only one. Yet there are eight islands. There are too many people for me alone. It will be better to go to Peritania to tell them of your need.'

'Well,' replied the chief, 'go then, go with all

speed! Bring all the missionaries you can. Sail again to us quickly.' Then his voice rang out with sorrow: 'But we shall be dead, many of us will be dead, before you return.'

'Will you protect them if I bring them?' asked Williams.

A red glow of anger came into Malietoa's eyes. He was dreadfully hurt at this question.

'Have I not carried out all my promises?' he asked, with pain in his voice, and all his people leaned forward to listen.

'I said to you, "I will end this war quickly." This I have done. There has been no war since.

'I gave you my word that I would build a church. It is finished.

'I told you that I would learn of the teachers. I am doing so.

'Twenty moons ago you gave your teachers, their wives, their boys and girls, their goods, into my care. Has any one of them or anything of theirs been injured?

'And now you ask me, will I protect the Peritania missionaries! Why, why do you ask?'

He ceased speaking. All eyes were now upon Williams.

'I do not ask this question to satisfy myself,' he answered. 'I am absolutely satisfied. But the white people of far away are very wise and careful. They will say to me, "Who is Malietoa: how do

you know that he will make our people safe ? " I wish to take words home to them which I can repeat, saying : " These are the words of Malietoa." '

' Oh,' exclaimed the chief, now all smiles, ' that is what you wish, is it ? '

Moving his hand again and again from his mouth toward Williams, he said :

' Here they are, the words; take them. Here they are ; take them. Tell them to come with confidence.'

Then raising his hand to point toward the great mountains of Savaii that soared behind him—

' If they bring goods enough to reach from the top of yonder high mountain down to the sea-beach, and if they leave them on the ground from one year's end to another, not a particle shall be touched. I have spoken ! '

As the evening came and the moon rose over the shoulder of the mountains, making white splashes of light between the trees, the women came together to sing of Williams and all that his coming had meant to their people in Savaii. They sang many songs. This is one of the verses :

The birds are crying for Viliamu.
His ship has sailed another way.
The birds are crying for Viliamu.
Long time is he in coming.
Will he ever come again ?
Will he ever come again ?
Tired are we of the taunts of the insolent Samoans.
' Who knows,' say they, ' that white chief's land ? '

Now our land is sacred made, and evil practices
have ceased.
Come! let us sleep and dream of Viliamu.
Pistaulau[1] has risen. Taulua[1] has also risen.
But the war-star has ceased to rise.
For Sulueleele[2] and the king have embraced the
sacred Word.
And war has become an evil thing.

[1] Names of stars. [2] King Malietoa's daughter.

CHAPTER XXI

THE QUARREL OF THE CHIEFS

WILLIAMS, after the great meeting with Malietoa and Makea, walked for many days in the island of Savaii, from village to village. He went through lovely valleys where little streams ran noisily down between banks covered with palms, and over mountains all covered from peak to foot with forests of evergreen trees.

As he walked he was lost in wonder at the way in which, in so short a time, the lamp of the Faith had been carried from village to village in this island. It made him full of a great gladness. Yet he was troubled by one boulder of difficulty.

His host, Malietoa of Sapapalii, and giant Matetau, the chief of the island of Manono, had for long been enemies. If Williams so much as spoke of Matetau to Malietoa, the chief scowled and looked very fierce. And Matetau often threatened that he would come over from his island and slay Malietoa. Williams knew that, if some one did not lead them to become friends, war would certainly break out.

He was glad that, though they hated one another, both the chiefs were his friends. So he sent the *Messenger of Peace* across to Manono with a message

to Matetau, asking that he would come to the island of Savaii to visit Malietoa.

Matetau scowled and refused to come.

When Malietoa heard this he was furious with anger and would have sailed off at once to fight Matetau. But Williams said:

'No; let us go—you and your brother Tuiano, with two or three of the brown teachers, and with Te-ava [Matetau's missionary]—and let us speak with him.'

'I will not go,' said Malietoa. 'The ship has been sent to him. He is too proud and insolent to come here to us. Why should I go to him?'

'If he behaves like one of "the sons of the devil,"[1]' answered Williams, 'that does not mean that you, a son of the Word, should do likewise. It is to our honour, and it pleases God, that we should be first to seek to be friends.'

'Then I'll go to Manono,' Malietoa instantly said; 'we'll go to-morrow.'

Early in the morning they all went down to the beach—Williams, King Makea, King Malietoa, his brother Tuiano, and their wives. Crowds of the island people sat by the wayside. As Williams passed, many of them came over to him, and, lifting his hand in theirs, kissed it; for they knew that he was going away soon.

[1] The name which those took who had stood fast to their old customs and worship.

They put out in canoes and paddled to the *Messenger of Peace.* Although the island of Manono was not very far away the weather was foul and the wind against them, so that the journey took them all night. Those of the chiefs and their wives who had not been on board ship before wondered greatly at the size of the *Messenger of Peace*: the deck, the trees for masts, the rudder, and, down in the hull, the cabins.

Two of the Samoan women went into Williams's cabin. They looked into the bunk where he slept. They had never seen soft pillows covered with linen, nor mattresses, for the Samoans have a bar of wood on short legs—like a dachshund—for a pillow.

'Let us have this place,' they said, 'let us sleep in this bed.'

Now these women, like all the Samoans, covered the upper parts of their bodies with coco-nut oil, and rubbed oil and a red grease on their faces. This, they thought, made them look very beautiful. John Williams did not wish his sheets and pillows to be smeared over with coco-nut oil and red grease, so he said:

'You will find it easy to sleep in the lockers,' and pointed to those bunks.

'True,' they said, 'but these are not so soft and pretty as yours.'

Then they went and patted the pillows and put them to their cheeks, saying:

'*Lelei malu*'—'Good, soft.'

At night they slept very comfortably in the bunks which Williams had pointed out to them; except that, each time that the ship swung round on to another tack, they rolled off with a bump on to the cabin floor.

The ship hove to off Manono on the following day, and Williams went down into the ship's boat and hurried ashore to the little garden island, leaving Malietoa on board. Matetau at first hung back from going out to the ship to meet his enemy. But at last he gave way, and they rowed out to the *Messenger of Peace.*

'Now,' said Williams to Malietoa and Matetau, 'both of you are great chiefs—both of you have become "sons of the Word". Both of you have teachers of mine on your islands. If you quarrel, and then fight in a war, great will be the harm among the islands; for the people will say, "What is this religion of peace, if those who believe it fight one another?" Now I leave you to speak with one another.'

So he went to the other end of the vessel, while the two great island chiefs talked with one another.

For an hour they talked; then they came to him, smiling.

'We two have now but one heart,' they said. 'We will be together to prevent war and to spread the Word.'

'That is good,' said Williams, who was overjoyed that they had made friends on the deck of his ship. 'Now I give over to you, Matetau, your missionary Te-ava and his wife. Care for them.'

Then Williams and the others knelt down on the deck of the ship and prayed to God to bless Te-ava of Rarotonga and his wife, and Matetau, on Manono. The chief and the two Rarotongans went down over the side of the ship into the boat. The *Messenger of Peace* spread her sails, landed Malietoa back at Sapapalii, and went on her journey among the islands, in search of a harbour where they could anchor, refit the ship's worn rigging and sails, and take in water and food for the return voyage to Rarotonga.

As the *Messenger of Peace* ran along under the lee of the extinct volcano island, Apolima, and was weathering the rocky point, the breeze dropped to a calm. With no wind in her sails the ship was caught by a whirling eddying current and carried swiftly toward the rocks where a terrific sea was dashing. The ship was within a few yards of jagged rocks that, in a minute or two, would rip her hull up; but, at that moment, the breeze sprang up again; and she sailed off, just escaping from being wrecked on the surf-covered rocks.

Running eastward along the north shore of Upolu, Williams found the entrance to a beautiful harbour. He put off in the boat and rowed in to examine it.

Around him spread the white beach with hills behind. The water was deep. He stood up in the boat and waved a signal to the *Messenger of Peace.* She then put in and dropped anchor in six fathoms of water in the harbour of Apia.

Canoes came out from all sides. The Upoluans swarmed up the sides on to the deck. Then Malietoa's *tuulaafale*—i. e. orator—who was with Williams, called out with a loud voice for silence. The people all looked at Williams and the speaker, who cried out :

'Malietoa, the chief, has given his name to this great white king from afar. This white chief desires to bring water from your island for his ship, and food for his long voyage toward the rising sun. It is the will of Malietoa that you shall give him all protection and help.'

Williams knew, then, that it would be quite safe to put ashore. For Malietoa was the most powerful chief among the islanders. He therefore rowed to the beach, surrounded by the swift canoes of the Upoluan people ; and walked up the beach to the house of Punipuniolu, the principal chief, to talk with him.

'What do you think of my harbour ? ' asked the chief.

'It is one of the best that I have seen,' replied Williams.

'Will you, then, tell this to captains of ships that they may sail here ? '

'I will do that,' answered Williams. 'But they will say to me, "Are the people who live there savage? Is the King a Christian?"'

'I had made up my mind,' replied Chief Punipuniolu, 'to imitate Chief Malietoa, and become a son of the Word.'

When the sun was shining across the harbour on the following morning, Williams went ashore again.

'Hail, Malietoa,' the people saluted him—for they knew that Malietoa had given Williams his name.

Williams sat on a mat provided for him, with the chief before him and the brown island people of the tribe around them.

Then the chief said, 'I have made up my mind to put away the worship of my fathers and wish you to make me a Christian.'

'I cannot make you a Christian,' answered Williams. 'That comes by the change of your heart. But I am very glad that you wish to be one. I will pray for you.'

The chief then said, 'Let all those who wish to do as I do stay here, so that we may pray to our God. But let all others, for a while, go from this place.'

One by one men stood, till twenty had gone out, when Williams bowed in prayer with those who remained.

Then the men who would not follow the chief in becoming a Christian returned; and Punipuniolu rose and said:

'Let none of us speak with scorn of the religion of the other. Do not rail against my worship. I will not revile yours.'

As Williams and the chief were walking up and down on the beach later Punipuniolu wrung his hands and wrinkled his brow.

'What troubles you?' asked Williams.

'Oh! I am in great perplexity,' he answered. 'I have become a worshipper of Jehovah. Yet I am ignorant of how to please Him: I have no one to teach me.'

'I will ask Malietoa to send a teacher to you,' answered Williams, to the chief's great delight.

The *Messenger of Peace* was now fitted for her long voyage. She ran back by the beautiful shores of Upolu to Manono and Sapapalii and then turned her bows south.

For Williams had heard that Puna—the brave brown teacher in far-off Rurutu—had been blown, in a little schooner of his own building, across the many leagues of ocean and the wilderness of waves, till, at last, with his wife and his boys and girls, he had been driven on to the island of Niuatabutabu.[1] He died, and now his widow and their children were all alone on that island among a fierce people.

So Williams turned the boat's bow towards Niuatabutabu, took the woman and her children on board and set sail. They had gone some three hundred

[1] Keppel's Island.

miles, with winds that drove them to much tacking. Williams was asleep in his bunk. At midnight the mate of the ship ran down the companion-ladder and awoke Williams, calling out :

'You must get up at once, sir ; the ship has sprung a leak. She is half full of water, and is sinking fast.'

CHAPTER XXII

THE SHIP'S LEAK

WILLIAMS ran on deck at once. He found, to his alarm, that the water was already four feet deep in the hold. They must pump or sink. Some went to the pump and worked with might and main, relieving each other. Others took buckets, and baled the water out with all speed. For an hour they worked without pausing. Then Williams went to discover whether the water was gaining on them.

To his unspeakable relief he found that they had reduced the water in the hold by six inches. Yet they were not safe. For a small leak in a ship will often spring to a great one. So, while some pumped and others handed up the buckets of bilge water, a third section of the ship's company got the ship's boats ready, and stored them with provisions of biscuits, water, and coco-nuts [1] so that, if they were forced to take to the boats adrift on

[1] The coco-nut straight from the tree has not the rather rancid milk that we drink from the coco-nuts that reach our land. They are deliciously fresh and full of lovely milk as refreshing as lemonade. Even when the sun is so hot that it makes the earth like an oven, a man can climb a tree and get from the coco-nut a cooling drink.

the ocean, they should have food and drink with them.

All through the dark hours they pumped, but dawn brought no sight of land. They had, however, emptied the hull of water when morning came. When they looked in the hold they found that the sea was pouring in : so they were obliged to continue pumping all day.

The wind now turned ; it blew them from their course and stiffened to a gale. For day after day and through weary nights, they veered and tacked ; and never for five minutes in all that time did the sound of the clack and swish of the pump and its stream of water cease.

'Land ho !' shouted the watch one morning.

It was Vavau, the place of shoals and islets and sunken reefs. All day, among the multitude of islets they went in quest of anchorage. At last they found anchorage as the sun was setting.

All night they stayed at anchor, though the water rushed in faster when they were still than when sailing. As soon as the dawn lightened the sky to the east, the brown islanders on board dived into the sea, swam under the vessel through the green depths of the water searching every inch of her for the place of the leak. But they found not a break nor a defect anywhere.

This was a disappointment full of peril, yet Williams had great joy at Vavau. For they found

that the fiery chief Finau, who had sworn that he would slaughter any of his subjects who became Christian,[1] was now himself a Christian learning from a teacher from another island.

Williams put to sea again for Tonga, which was only twenty-four hours' good sailing distant. But, from contrary winds the journey took five days, through which the weary clanking of the pump went on ceaselessly.

When he sighted the harbour at Tonga, Williams, to his joy, found a ship was riding at anchor there, with Captain Henry on board. On the next day a British whaling ship came sailing in, the *Elizabeth*, under Captain Deanes.

With the advice of these two men, and the help of the Tongan islanders, they beached and careened[2] the *Messenger of Peace*. To their astonishment they found a large auger-hole in the keel into which the bolt had never been driven.

In the hurricane at Rarotonga mud and stones had been driven into the hole. For six months, sailing over thousands of miles, the mud and stones had stayed there; and, indeed, the carpenter, as he tried to put in a bolt, found a stone still wedged in the hole. If that stone had dropped out, he said, the ship must have sunk.

Taut and trim as ever, the *Messenger of Peace* was righted once more; and, turning her bows eastward,

[1] See p. 177. [2] Heaved her on her side, to show the keel.

she sailed on till every face lighted with joy as, after fifteen weeks of journeying, the familiar mountain-tops of Rarotonga broke the horizon.[1]

There on the beach stood the boys, John and Samuel, with Mother waving to the good ship and to the broad-shouldered, smiling Father whom they loved so well, and who waved back to them from the deck.

When he landed and asked the people how all had been going with them, the brown children proudly showed him how well they were writing on their slates.

They were, indeed, very proud of the slates. Williams and Buzacott had made sand trays for them, on which they wrote with their fingers. Paper was terribly expensive and had to be brought from thousands of miles away. They had a few slates; but there were two thousand one hundred children at the schools in the three villages. What were they to do?

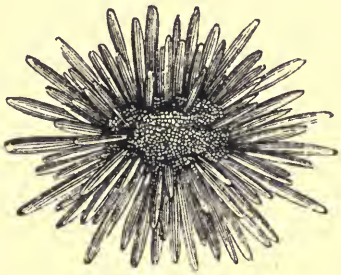
One morning, after school, the boys and girls went scampering off mysteriously to the mountains. They came back with large flat flakes of the rock from the mountain. They then ran down to the sea-beach and sat down. They took up sand and fine coral and rubbed the rock-flakes till they were quite smooth and flat.

The 'slates' then looked too light in colour, so

[1] January, 1833.

the boys and girls ran for mountain plantains and squeezed out the purple juice on to the rock-slates. When this had soaked in, some of the older boys cut their rock-slates square and put them into a frame of wood.

There were the slates, but no pencils existed! The children ran down to the edge of the sea and paddled and swam about finding sea-urchins. The



A Sea-Urchin (*Echinus*), from which the Rarotongan Children made Slate Pencils.

sea-urchin has twenty or thirty stony spines all round, like a petrified hedgehog. The boys and girls broke off the spines, and put them into the fire to soften them a little, so that they would not scratch or make squeaky noises on the slates.

While the children were at work on their slates Williams and Buzacott were carefully going through their translation of the New Testament into Rarotongan; for John Williams was to take this home with him (to Britain) to be printed.

In the midst of this work, another awful hurricane

swept all the newly-growing trees away, and levelled the houses to the ground again. Undaunted and undiscouraged they set to work to build new houses. Williams was specially proud of two new colourings for the plastered walls. They were tired of the glare of the white coral walls, so he took red ochre and mixed it with the coral whitewash. This made a dainty salmon-pink colour. With other whitewash he mixed the black charcoal of soft wood, and produced a delicate French grey.

Mary and John Williams were made very happy at this time because a baby-boy was born to them ; so they had now three sons, John, Samuel, and Baby[1]. They decided to go home to Britain. Williams sent the *Messenger of Peace* off to Tahiti to be sold, thinking that he could follow in another ship which he expected would call at Rarotonga. But no ship came.

Williams was just beginning to think of building another ship to carry them all to Tahiti, when he found that a trader, who had landed on the island, had tried to build a ship, but had not been able to finish her. Williams paid the trader for the hull as it stood, set to work with forge and anvil, saw and hammer, and swiftly completed the ship

The day before they were going to start the boys and girls came to Williams and laid hundreds of

[1] They named him William Aaron Barff Williams: William, after his uncle (see page 16); Aaron, after Buzacott; Barff, after the missionary at Huahine.

slates before him. They had all written letters to say how much they loved him and Mary and the boys. One Rarotongan boy wrote:

> 'Servant of God,
>
> 'We are grieving very much for you; our hearts are sore with grieving, because you are going to that far distant country of yours, and we fear that we shall not see your face again.
>
> 'Leave John to teach us while you go, then we may expect to see you again; but if you take John too, we shall give up all hope. But why do you go? You are not an old man and worn out. Stay till you cannot work any longer for God, and then go home.'

They could not stay, however. They went on board ship and sailed to Tahiti. So Baby Williams took his first voyage with Mother and John, Samuel and Father on board.[1]

Williams wanted to go home to Britain, yet it was very hard for him to tear himself away from the sound of the surf on the shores of the islands, the shining coral beaches, the brown island men and women and children whom he loved. On Eimeo, the sister-island of Tahiti, he met a British weaver, named Armitage, who had been sent out by the Missionary Society to teach the brown people there to work with their hands at the loom. But ships were coming continually to Eimeo now; so the islanders could buy cloth from the ships with coco-

[1] July, 1833.

nuts and bananas, and preferred to buy the cloth in this way rather than to work at the loom.

'Will you go to Rarotonga', said Williams to Armitage, 'and teach the people there how to weave?'

'Yes,' replied the master-weaver, 'if you will take me there.'

Williams therefore took Baby, Mother, John, and Samuel to their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Barff, at Huahine,[1] and he himself sailed off for Rarotonga, deciding to visit Atiu on the way.

The brown islanders of Atiu leapt with joy to see their Viriamu back again. They remembered how, when he last visited them, he had nearly been drowned in the surf. Williams and Armitage landed and slept on the island. During the night the wind rose to a gale, and in the morning a heavy sea was running. Their little ship, unable to anchor, as Atiu had no harbour, was obliged to run out to sea for safety from the rocks.

Williams was thrown into consternation, for there was no man on board the little ship who knew how to navigate her. Day after day he went to the top of the hill behind the beach and searched the horizon, but no sail broke the vast wilderness of the water.

At last they gave up all hope of ever seeing the little ship again. Williams discussed with his friends whether they should build a boat with what few

[1] See map, p. 104.

tools they had, and sail in her to Rarotonga; but they decided to stay quiet, working among the people till some ship should come and take them away.

One night when they were waiting, Williams and his friends went out in a canoe with some of the Atiuans to catch flying-fish, which can only be captured after dark. Going down on to the beach, after sunset, at about eight o'clock in the evening, they were accompanied by almost all the men and women and boys and girls in the village, who brought their sleeping-mats and laid them on the shore. They all knelt down on the coral bank, and one of the islanders prayed that they might fish through the surf in safety.

The men then ran up the rocks, thirty feet above the level of the water, and dragged their tree-canoes down a broad ladder that slanted down the rock to the sea. Jumping into the canoes, they paddled out over the surf into the sea. The canoes were all double ones, having a platform between them like that on which Williams saw Roma-tane come out on his first visit to Atiu.

When the men at the oars were ready, a torch was lighted in each of the three canoes. A man stood in the bow of the canoe with a net on the end of a fifteen-foot pole. The men paddled with all their strength, making a great splashing. The headsmen stamped on the platform, which, being hollow, made a noise like a drum. The flying-fish, who were feeding in the water close to the reef,

startled by the noise, darted back towards the ocean, dashing along on the surface of the water. The flame of the torches dazzled the fish and showed the man with the net where they were flying.

As the fish darted past the canoes the men pushed out their nets swiftly and turned them over on the fish. These fish they gave to Williams.

A few days afterwards, as Williams was getting trees cut down to build a new school-house, a little Atiuan boy ran to them just at dusk.

'There is a speck on the edge of the sea,' he said.

Could it be their little ship come back again? They ran to look; but already the sun had gone, and the surface of the sea was dark.

Williams woke long before the sun rose next morning and climbed to the edge of the hill. As the first faint rays of pink light flushed the sky and lighted the sea, he looked out over the water and, to his joy, saw, approaching the island, their little ship.

Without any delay they went aboard amid the weeping of the Atiuans, who were disappointed that the ship had come back to take away their white friends.

From Atiu he sailed to Rarotonga, where King Makea and all the people clustered round him as he landed with Armitage, the master-weaver; and so back to Tahiti and Raiatea.

In Raiatea he found the house that he had built falling to ruin; the garden where he had played with the boys all rank with gross weeds; the fences grown

with moss and broken down. The people clung round Williams ; a chief with all his passion pleaded with him to stay and lead them. He could see that these brown people, whose fathers and grandfathers for ages had been wild savages, were not yet strong enough to stand alone without their 'great white chief' to lead them.

But the mother of his boys was desperately ill ; he had not seen Britain for seventeen years ; he had plans for a ship that should be always passing from island to island so that none should fall into such neglect as had come on Raiatea. He would call to the people of Britain to give such a ship to the South Seas.

So he tore himself away from the weeping islanders who had been his companions since seventeen years ago, when he landed on Raiatea with his wife and baby.

The sails filled, and the ship, as she gathered way, ran through the tide-rip of the reef channel and began to throw the white spray aside. She headed for Tahiti. John stood in the stern watching the shore that he knew better than any place in the world ; the dazzling white coral beach flinging back the blazing rays of the sun ; the fringe of palms, their brown trunks crowned with green fronds ; then the soaring mountains thrusting their pinnacles up into the intense blue of the sky and reflected in the emerald green of the still lagoon.

CHAPTER XXIII

HOMEWARD BOUND

A HOMEWARD-BOUND British ship that had been hunting whales in the Southern Seas came sailing into Papeete harbour at Tahiti. The crew of the *Sir Andrew Hamilton* had harpooned many whales in the colder waters among the icebergs to the south. Now, having boiled down the blubber, Captain Cuthell was eager to sail his vessel home to Britain with its precious cargo of oil.

The *Sir Andrew Hamilton* was a rough ship to travel in, built for perilous work in tempestuous seas. But so rare was the chance of finding a home-going ship direct from Tahiti to Britain, and so desperately did Mary Williams's health cry out for instant travel homeward, that John at once decided to sail on the long homeward trail to Britain.

South and east they sailed, round Cape Horn, whose name is made a thing of terror to seamen by its blinding mists, frightful cold, and shattering tempests; and up through the tropical Atlantic. When they crossed the Equator young John and Samuel, as they looked across the bows of the whaler in the evening, saw, for the first time in their lives, the Great Bear and the North Pole star rise over the edge of the horizon.

At last the man in the crow's-nest shouted, 'Land ho!' and they strained their eyes to see the white cliffs that seemed to the eyes of John and Mary Williams, who had not looked on them for nearly eighteen years, to be more beautiful than the loveliest coral island in the Pacific Ocean.

Brothers and sisters, now married and with children who called John Williams and his wife 'Uncle' and 'Aunt', greeted them. The Directors of the London Missionary Society listened with wonder to the amazing stories of Raiatea and Rarotonga and all the other islands, the stories that we have read in this book, which seemed to them more wonderful than all the fairy-tales, and were true as true. From Scotland to the South Coast and from Wales to the North Sea Williams travelled over Britain, telling to crowded meetings the wonderful miracles of transformation of those island people from ferocious cannibals to heroic Christians like Papeiha.

'He told such tales as no man ever told before,' wrote a great orator of that day[1] who often heard him speak. 'He spoke as a messenger from fairyland. . . . Every sentence bore the deep impress of truth. . . . The conviction which darted into the mind of every hearer was, This is an honest man!'

So moved were the people who heard him, that they would sob and laugh and then break into

[1] *The Martyr of Erromanga*, by Dr. John Campbell.

uncontrollable cheering. They felt that they would do and give anything to help this glorious work.

For instance, one night, when John Williams had been speaking at a meeting a few miles from London, a fly had been ordered to take him home. The drive was long; the hour was late. At last the carriage rattled up to Williams's house in Bedford Square. He jumped out and asked the fare, intending to pay more than the just charge, because it was so late.

'O sir,' answered the cab-driver, 'I shall take nothing from you. I have been at the meeting to-night. I heard you speak. I think it an honour to have had you in my fly.'

John was greatly pleased at the spirit of the man, but he held out the money, pressing the driver to take it. The man moved back. Williams followed him, still holding out the money. But the cabby sprang upon the box, saying:

'I have been well repaid by what I have heard.' He cracked his whip and drove rapidly off into the darkness.

When John Williams could get a night free from speaking at a meeting, he would be at home enjoying himself with his boys, his wife, and friends whom they would invite in for the evening.

Then, to the joy of the boys, Father John would get out the terrific jagged clubs, the spears, and the chief's caps and the loin mats. He would dress

himself up with a towering cap of many colours on his head, a mat wrapped round his waist, shaking a spear in one hand and whirling a club in the other, and would stride up and down, while the merry party rolled with laughter at this plump and cheerful 'chief' attempting to look ferocious and terrifying.

Williams would then take Aa, the god with the four-and-twenty little gods inside, or some other idol, and would tell the thrilling story of how he had landed on the island where the god was once a thing of terror, to satisfy whose thirst for blood men were strangled and children were clubbed to death.

When he could get quiet in the daytime, John Williams sat down to write the story of his adventures in the Pacific. It took him a long time to write the book, for the white people of Britain were as bad as the brown people of Raiatea for interrupting his work. And John was really a better workman with his saw and hammer than with a pen.

The book was finished at last, however, and published[1] with the long title, 'A Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands, with Remarks upon the Natural History of the Islands, Origin, Languages, Traditions, and Usages of the Inhabitants.' In a short time everybody was reading it. Edition after edition was published. Men said that nothing so exciting and wonderful had been written

[1] April, 1837.

since Captain Cook wrote the story of his exploring voyages.

John Williams's brain was planning, however, through all this time, to achieve the thing of which he had been dreaming for so many years: to buy a ship that should be stronger, sail faster, and hold more people than the stout old *Messenger of Peace.* He wanted this ship to be used by the London Missionary Society for sending white and brown missionaries from island to island, and especially to press on to the cannibal shores of the islands of the Western Pacific.

In all parts of Britain he spoke of his plan; and at length men had given enough money to buy a fine brig, the *Camden,* in which Williams and sixteen other missionaries were to sail from the Thames to the South Seas.

The feeling that had made the cab-driver refuse to take a fare from John Williams, the wish to serve the great venture in which Williams was risking his life, moved many people.

A ship's pilot came one day saying, 'I wish to have the privilege of piloting the *Camden* out of port for nothing.'

The regular pilot's fee for this was from £20 to £25.

Another man, who made his living by supplying ships with pure, filtered water for long voyages, after he had put twenty tons of water on the *Camden,* refused to be paid.

'I know what this ship is going for, and I too will have the pleasure of giving a cup of cold water.'

Presents of food of all kinds flowed in on the *Camden*; one friend, Sir Cutting Smith, stocking all the pens and coops on the deck with the finest sheep and the best poultry on his estate.

What made Williams happiest of all, however, was that his great friend, Captain Morgan, a splendid navigator, who knew all the islands of the South Seas, took command of the ship.

A steamship, the *City of Canterbury*, was chartered to carry the missionaries from London Bridge out to the *Camden* at Gravesend. Four hundred friends came on that early spring morning on board the *City of Canterbury*.[1] The east parapet of London Bridge was lined with others who had come down to wave farewell.

As the steamship began to move, Williams stood on a platform and waved to the people on London Bridge. In an instant a thousand handkerchiefs were fluttering in response; and a cheer went up, but many could not cheer for very sorrow.

His son John, now a young man, was aboard with his wife Carrie. They were sailing with Williams.[2] Samuel clung to his mother and wept, for he was to stay at home in England.

At last Gravesend was sighted, and the *City of Canterbury* ran alongside the *Camden*. John and

[1] April 11, 1838. [2] He became British Consul in Samoa.

Mary Williams and their little boy, Willy, with young John and his wife, went on board with the other missionaries bound for Raiatea, Tahiti, Rarotonga, and Samoa. The *Camden's* sails were set and she got under way, with the *City of Canterbury* steaming alongside for some knots. Then the steamship turned and the boy Samuel, waving his handkerchief from her stern to the *Camden*, looked for the last time on the face of his father.

Next day the *Camden*, having anchored overnight off Margate, put out of Deal, having dropped the friendly pilot who had conducted the ship past the treacherous and shifting Goodwin Sands.

Williams was in high spirits. He wrote home to his sisters in London:

> We are gliding down the Channel most delightfully with a fine breeze and a smooth sea. The bleating of the sheep, the quacking of the ducks, the crowing of the cocks, and the singing of John's canaries, make us think that we are still on shore, though I cannot persuade our sea-sick folks that such is the case. The vessel is the most perfect we could have obtained.

Williams loved a fast ship, and he exulted as the *Camden* outdistanced other craft. He wrote, on the next day, as they were passing the Isle of Wight:

> Our vessel is gliding splendidly past every ship she sees, even those double her size. The weather is beautiful, and the wind veering round just as we require it.

By Saturday night, however, the wind had changed, and blew violently against them. They ran in to Dartmouth harbour, and stayed there till the following Wednesday, when, toward sunset, the *Camden* set sail again; and the shores of Devon were the last that Williams was to see of Britain.

Southward they ran, past Portugal and the Madeiras, across the Equator and down the fiery coast of Africa. Williams was busy every day teaching the other missionaries the Tahitian language, which most of them would need to use when they reached the South Seas. They landed[1] in Simon's Bay and went across the peninsula to Cape Town by coach.

Little six-years old Willy, their youngest son, had received a good mark from his mother for doing his lessons well on board ship. With the pence that were given him he bought in Cape Town a toy omnibus with 'Baker, Whitechapel, Mile End,' painted on it, which brought back the busy streets of London and all their friends so vividly that, before the mother realized, she was weeping for the boy Samuel whom she had left in England.

By July 9 the *Camden* set all her sails to a fair wind and ran out of Simon's Bay eastward. A violent gale battered her, but she weathered it grandly and sailed triumphantly into Sydney harbour.

For some weeks they waited in Sydney, meeting

[1] July 1, 1838.

old friends and making new ones. Then one morning[1] a steamer ran down to the Government jetty at Sydney. Friends who had come to see Williams and the other missionaries off, came aboard and crowded her decks. She steamed for three hours down the beautiful waters of Sydney Roads toward the open sea. There they sighted the *Camden* lying out in the channel waiting for them. The missionaries all went down into boats and climbed aboard the *Camden,* while the steamer made a circle round her, the people on deck shouting cheers across the water.

[1] October 25, 1838.

PAGOPAGO HARBOUR.

CHAPTER XXIV

VILIAMU IS COMING

THE brig unfurled her sails and ran with a good breeze for the open sea.

Day after day for four weeks, with the blue sky by day and clear shining stars at night, she leapt along her track eastward with all sails set. She overhauled an American whaler which was sailing east; and the two ships ran along side by side for some days. At length the *Camden* sighted the green heights of Tutuila [1], swung round, and dropped anchor in the lovely bay of Pagopago.

The fierce and terrible chief who had slain Tamafainga, the master of spirits, and thus caused the war with King Matetau, was the first man to spring aboard the brig. Williams spoke long with him. Then they put to shore in boats.

An old, old chief, whose grey hair hung over his wrinkled brown face, rose to his feet, at a meeting that was held in the new church which the people had built, and said to them:

'There was a chief in a village on the hill. Many, many moons ago he said to us: "The worship of the spirits will cease in all the Samoan Islands.

[1] For islands refer to map, p. 104.

A great white chief will come from over the edge of the sea. He will end our worship. And this will happen a little time after I die."

'The chief who spoke those words,' said the aged Tutuilan, 'died just before the new worship was brought to our land.' Then swinging round and fixing his eyes on Williams, he stretched out his lean old arm and pointed at him.

'See,' he said, and his voice trembled with excitement, 'the foretelling has come to pass. This is the great white chief who was to come from beyond the edge where the sky meets the sea. This is he who has brought the new Word. Hold fast to all that he teaches you.'

Leaving some of the missionaries at Pagopago, Williams and the others went aboard. They sailed out of the harbour, round the curving bays and green headlands to Leone Bay, where we remember the chief Amoamo had, on Williams's first visit, run out into the water up to his neck to welcome them. Now Amoamo put out in his canoe, boarded the *Camden*, and ran to Williams with great joy. Williams went down to his cabin and brought up a copy of his book, *Missionary Enterprises*. He opened it at the page where was a picture of Amoamo out in the water, and the others sitting on the beach.[1] It was the first picture that Amoamo had ever seen. He stood like a bronze statue, motionless with amaze-

[1] Reproduced, facing p. 226.

ment. How could he, Amoamo, the Samoan chief, be on that piece of paper? It was too much.

'Yes,' he said when he could recover his speech, 'it is so truly! That is I myself,' and his brown finger-tip came down on the picture, 'and there are my people.'

'What wonderful people are these *papalangi* [these chiefs from afar], who can put on paper things that they have never seen!'

As soon as they landed they were invited to sit down and eat a pig that had been roasted whole. So each sat on the ground and had a big, thick, green leaf from a tree as his plate, and Amoamo pressed upon them all the roast pig that they could eat.

The *Camden* then swung out on to the ocean again and bore up for the next island, Upolu. As they came near to the harbour of Apia they saw, gleaming between the brown trunks of the trees, the new white coral-plaster churches of the different villages under the dark rich green of the palm fronds.

On board were three missionaries intended for this great island. As they landed the news spread like a forest-fire over the hills and mountains. Chiefs came hurrying down from distant parts of the island to plead for one of the *papalangi* to settle with his tribe.

Williams went round the island till he came to a place all scarred with burnt trees. Large black

patches were on the ground. It was Fasetootai, the place where King Malietoa of Sapapalii had conquered the Upoluans. The hills behind were aflame with burning trees when Williams had landed six years before on the opposite shore.[1] The black patches were the remains of the enormous fires into which Malietoa had hurled the women and children and old men of Fasetootai.

As Williams and his wife stopped to look at this place two fine young chiefs, tall men with limbs like young pine-trees, came to John and Mary.

'Stay with us. Live with us,' they pleaded. 'It is because of the Word that we are here and can lie down and sleep in peace at night without the dread of the slaying-club of the warriors. Only one thing we lack. If you would come and live among us we should never cease rejoicing for the whole of our lives!'

Williams did not have to say that he would. He had only got as far as nodding his assent when they jumped with joy, ran to the village, shouted to the people. Over five hundred of them ran as hard as they could through the woods. They ran for twenty miles, till they came to Apia, where, they knew, all the luggage of their beloved Viliamu was.

Some of them had already learned the shape of a letter W. Running in and out among the luggage, wherever they came on a package labelled with

[1] See pp. 183–6.

Williams's initial they shouted with joy and picked it up. At last they had found every box that he owned.

They formed up in single file along the shore, and started off home again with bundles, boxes, crates on their heads, shouting, laughing, and, when the bundle was not too heavy, dancing for joy.

Songs were made up, which they sang as they marched along between the surf and the palms. The chorus which all the five hundred thundered out at the top of their voices was:

> Viliamu is coming, is coming, is coming;
> He is bringing the *lotu*[1] to Fasetootai.

We cannot wonder that the people of Fasetootai in this Aana district of Upolu were wild with delight. For since they had been beaten in war by Malietoa all the conquering tribes had scorned them. The very children of the conquerors would come to Fasetootai and swagger up to the chiefs, saying:

'Climb those coco-nut trees and bring coco-nuts to us, or our fathers will come and kill you.'

'Viliamu at Fasetootai!' said the conquering chiefs in amazed disgust when they heard. 'Does Viliamu know that the people of Fasetootai are dust?'

They could hardly believe that it could be true that this great white chief should be so stupid as to

[1] The true religion.

choose to live with these despised and rejected people.

Williams knew what this step meant. He well understood how despised this conquered people were. Yet he knew that they had in them the power to be strong. He had not come out to the South Seas to side with the strong ; for the strong peoples of the earth are not in the Pacific. Any bully or other weakling could decide to live with a powerful chief. Williams knew that the courageous Christian warrior places himself, not alongside Apollyon straddling across the path of the weak, but alongside the weak so that, by his help, they may become strong.

Williams, meanwhile, had planned a house and church. Every one ran to do as he wished. The chiefs sent some hurrying off to the mountains with axes. The sound of the blows at the roots of the trees could be heard, followed by a shout and a grinding crash as a gigantic tree fell to the ground. Then the branches were lopped off, while other men were digging great holes to take these trees for pillars of the house and the church.

Two hundred men on the mountain-side would then stoop on each side of the fallen tree. With a shout and a tense strain the great tree would be gradually lifted till it rested on two hundred brown shoulders.

Down the hill-side they came with their enormous

burden, while a lively, swiftly-moving Upoluan, as he sung to them, danced and pranced, running round them and at last leaping right up on to the tree-trunk itself. He ran up and down the trunk, between the heads of the two hundred burden-bearers, singing his solo:

This is the log for the house of our teacher Viliamu.
He the good Word has brought to our land.
He is coming to live at Fasetootai.

Then from the throats of the two hundred men the roaring chorus would surge to the sky:

Viliamu is coming, is coming, is coming;
He is bringing the *lotu* to Fasetootai.

CHAPTER XXV

VILIAMU—TAMA

'THE war-canoes are coming.'

The cry went across Fasetootai and the whole Aana district; and a thrill of dread went through the people. Looking out fearfully across the blue water they watched the canoes of their conquerors dancing over the waves. The feathery war-helmets of the chiefs could already be seen.

Williams, their defender, was away in a distant part of the island. Their enemies, knowing that the great Viliamu, the white chief from afar, was away, and eaten up with envy that he should live among these conquered people, flung themselves in a raid on the shore.

Though Williams himself was away, young John, with his wife and mother, were at Fasetootai. Unarmed he ran down to the beach. He reached the sea just as the prows of the canoes grated on the shingle. The warriors, with spears and clubs in hand, waited the word to leap ashore and slay the people.

'Stay,' cried young Williams; and he urged the chief to peace.

'Young man,' cried the furious chief, 'if you were

not the son of Viliamu you would be dead at this moment.'

John did not flinch; but—in the very spirit of his father—strove for peace. Gradually the warrior-chief became calmer. At last he turned and told his men to paddle back, 'because the son of Viliamu has spoken for the people of Fasetootai.'

All was now quiet again; but no sooner did the brown people begin to feel secure and able to go about their work without gazing with fear over the waters, than another flotilla of canoes raided the coast. The warriors had landed and were just starting to lay waste a village when young John again ran to them to urge peace. For a time they hesitated; then their chiefs said:

'We love the name that you carry, Viliamu, so much that we cannot fight against your wishes.'

So John led them back down to the shore and they leapt into their canoes and paddled away.

Viliamu Tama—'Williams our father'—as the brown people now loved to call him, came back, and some time afterward he sailed across to Tutuila, where the *Camden* lay. The old yearning was on him, to see his beloved island-peoples of the eastern ocean and then to come back and launch out still farther west. So the brig weighed anchor and set her sails for Rarotonga.[1] For over a fortnight they tacked eastward, and at last the green forests and brown peak

[1] January 17, 1839.

of Rarotonga, which Williams had not seen for over five years, rose over the edge of the sea.[1]

As they sailed past the beach, above which the white cottages and church glittered in the sunshine, the cannon aboard the *Camden* boomed out a salute. Canoes were soon shooting out from the shore. The Rarotongans in the canoes saw the face that they knew so well and, turning, shouted with joy to their friends:

'Viriamu has come! It is Viriamu!'

The people on the shore danced for joy, and in a few moments the whole village was thrilling with the excitement of the news. The ship sailed on, and half an hour later the cannon boomed out again in salute of the royal village of Avarua.

Davida, the son of Makea, put out with Buzacott, and, in a few minutes, they were hailing their old leader with delight. No sooner had he landed and been soundly scolded by all the people for not having brought Mrs. Williams and John, than he was back getting some great boxes hoisted from the hold.

'Take care,' he shouted, as these were let down over the side. They were, in his view, the most precious freight that any of his ships had ever carried—five thousand Rarotongan New Testaments.[2]

As the boxes were opened the people crowded round to secure one of these priceless treasures. Every one was eager to buy a copy. One man, as he

[1] February 4.
[2] Printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

secured his, hugged the book in ecstasy; another and another kissed it; others held them up and waved them in the air.

'Some sprang away,' as Williams tells us, 'like a dart, and did not stop till they entered their own dwelling, and exhibited their treasure to their wives and children, while others jumped and capered about like persons half frantic with joy.'

Many had no money, but bought the New Testaments with an equal value in coco-nuts and dried bananas.

Nothing they could do for their Viriamu was good enough. The King's own house was put ready for him to live in. If he left a pair of stockings or a shirt in his room and went out for a walk, by the time he returned they had been washed, dried, ironed, and were lying ready for him. The people were all just waiting and watching for a chance to show how they loved him.

He made ready to go round to visit the old islands of his early work—Eimeo, Raiatea, Aitutaki, and the rest; and to leave on them the missionaries with whom he had returned. But, one night, a great wind arose and howled about the island. In the morning, as they looked out across the wild, tumbling waste of waters, the *Camden* had disappeared. Day followed day; but weeks passed before the brig sighted Rarotonga again.

At last she hove in sight, and on the next day they

were all aboard.[1] From Tahiti they sailed to Eimeo and to Huahine.[2] As the ship came near to Huahine the breeze fell to a dead calm as evening came on. The boats were put down to tow the *Camden* into Fare harbour. In a cloudless sky the full moon shone on the sea and shore, till the ocean sparkled and the white beach gleamed like marble under the dark fringe of palms. No sound broke the stillness of the night, save the beat of the oars.

On Huahine Williams opened a dainty little Christian church that was built on the very spot where, in the 'cruel killing days,' a marae stood on which men and women and children had been slain as sacrifices to the gods.

Viriamu then sailed to his first-beloved island, Raiatea—though, indeed, Rarotonga, which he discovered, was his best-beloved. At Raiatea the men who had been so wild and drunken were now busily building double-decked sailing-boats, and giving out of their goods for sending the Word to the other islands.

From Raiatea to Borabora the *Camden* sailed, and on to Atiu—where, again, Viriamu was hurled into the sea by a wave which turned their canoe upside down like a wisp of straw. The ship's boat was close by; the receding wave swung Williams out to sea; and half a dozen hands reached out to grasp him and pull him aboard. This was the seventh time that he had escaped being drowned.

[1] March 5, 1839. [2] Follow these on the map, p. 104.

When the *Camden* had run down again to Rarotonga and up to Aitutaki, Williams had seen most of the islands in which he had been the pioneer-apostle. In all of them he spoke to the listening people of the great dark islands of the western ocean where none had heard of the Word. In those islands mothers still slew their babies to please the loathsome gods of blood, just as they had done in Raiatea and the islands of the Eastern Pacific before the coming of the Good News of the Kingdom.

As the bow of the *Camden* was turned westward again, and she sailed toward Samoa, Williams, gazing back at Rarotonga, took his last look on the lovely island. Then he turned, untired and undaunted, to the new perils of the savage islands where man rarely dared to land.

He was back on Upolu[1] in time to join in the great Mê meetings, at which he told them of his careful and daring plans for carrying the Word to the islands beyond. The *Camden*, meanwhile, sailed off on another journey, leaving Williams at work from dawn to dark among his people at Fasetootai on Upolu. His fame was in all the island, and warriors would walk from the other end of Upolu to see the great *Tama*—'father'—as they called him.

At last the *Camden* returned; and on board of her was an Englishman named Harris, who had come out to these islands for the sake of his health; but

[1] May 2, 1839.

who now wished to give himself to the great work which he saw that Williams and the other missionaries were doing.

Williams gathered all his people together in the church and spoke to them of 'the great voyage' that he was to take on the morrow. And he read to them these words:

> And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down, and prayed with them all.
> And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him,
> Sorrowing most of all for the word which he had spoken, that they should behold his face no more.
> And they brought him on his way unto the ship.[1]

It was more than the Upoluans, who loved their *Tama Viliamu*, could stand. Strong, hardened warriors, who could face death without flinching, bowed their heads, and tears ran down their brown cheeks.

Williams went out into the darkening twilight, and he himself was weeping. His wife had never, in all his life of peril and adventure, seen him so sad. At midnight he said farewell to her and to John and Carrie, and took up little William and kissed him.

'Do not, do not land on Erromanga,' said Mary Williams.

And with those words in his ears John passed from her.

[1] Acts xx. 36–38.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE DAYBREAK CALL

He went down to the harbour at Apia. In the morning he went aboard an American ship, the *Vincennes*. The last sermon that he preached was to those American officers and scientific explorers who were in the Pacific trying to find how the mysterious islands of the South Seas had been made by flaming volcano and tiny coral insects.

As Williams sat that night at Apia, talking with a friend over his plans, a blind Samoan chief came in.

'Teacher Viliamu,' he said, 'I am a blind man. But I have a great desire to go to these dark islands. Perhaps my being blind will make them pity me and not kill me. While I can talk to them, my boy here,' and he put his hand on the brown head of his son, 'can read and write and teach them things.'

It brought great cheer to Williams, in those last hours on Upolu, that the desire of this Samoan chief should be to risk his very life to carry the Word into the islands of the wilder west.

When dawn came up, Williams, Harris, Cunningham (British Vice-Consul in the Pacific), and Captain Morgan went aboard the *Camden*. With them were twelve brown teachers for the unknown islands of

the west. The brig's sails were spread and her course set westward. She ran like a deer along the plain of the great ocean. By the Tuesday she had run six hundred miles in less than three days, and sighted Rotuma.[1]

As they left Rotuma, Captain Morgan, the finest navigator of the South Seas of his day, and Williams, the greatest of the heroes of the Pacific, strode up and down the deck together talking of the future.

'We are sixty miles from the nearest of the Hebrides,' said Captain Morgan. 'We shall be there early in the morning.'

These were the islands of which Williams had dreamed for years. At last he was to reach these wildest shores of the Pacific. Once they were captured, he would press on to the steaming shores of cannibal New Guinea itself.

At dawn, when Williams went on deck, he found the ship close to an island. It was Fotuna, which loomed ahead like one high, rugged mountain. Dark grey cliffs shot up from the sea to unscalable heights.

Two canoes shot out from the beach. In them were four sooty-coloured men. Their faces were smeared with red. A long white feather stuck up from the back of each head. Six tortoise-shell rings hung from each ear.

Williams leaned over the side trying to coax them

[1] November 12.

on to the ship with looking-glasses, scissors, fish-hooks : but they were afraid.

So he put down in a boat with the captain. They rowed to the shore. A chief sprang into the boat.

'I wish to go on the ship,' he said.

So they pulled back. He jumped aboard.

Williams gave him a red shirt, which the chief put on and strutted up and down the deck, shouting most lustily in admiration of himself.

But soon he was sea-sick and sat down on the deck.

'I'm helpless,' he cried piteously, 'I'm dead.'

As the day wore on Williams asked many questions of him. At last he wished to go ashore, and was overjoyed to have as a gift what seemed to be a miraculous piece of flat shining stone that showed him his own face—a mirror. Williams also presented him with a little pig.

The journey had started well. They had made friends with the people of this lonely island. So the brig sailed on through the night. By dawn the *Camden* was off another island, Tanna. The ship's boat put down and took out three of the brown teachers from Samoa.

'These,' said Williams to the three Tanna chiefs, Lalolago, Salamea, and Mose, who came to greet them, 'are the chiefs of God who are come to live with you and to teach you,' and he pointed to the three teachers.

The Tanna chiefs smiled delightedly at this, and gave Williams and Captain Morgan a pig, some yams, bananas, and coco-nuts.

But when Williams went ashore in the evening tribes had come from other parts of the island to the bay, carrying spears and bludgeons, bows and arrows, and howling for fish-hooks and other gifts. When Williams and Morgan and Harris refused to give them anything, a hundred of them surrounded the boat and held on to her.

The friendly chief went to them and talked till they became quieter, and, at last, left their hold of the boat. Williams and his friends got into her and pulled back to the ship for the night. The teachers stayed on shore to see if the Tanna islanders were friendly.

All through the night the teachers were left in peace. So their goods were landed and the *Camden* set her sails for the next island. The people of Tanna ran down along the shore and out on to the rocky point shouting, as the ship sailed by:

'One, two, three moons, and you will come back.'

The brig stood northward for Erromanga—the island from whose shore even Captain Cook had turned away, pursued by spears and stones and arrows.

On the next day, as the red glow of the rising sun was changing to the full, clear light of morning,[1]

[1] November 20, 1839.

Reception of John Williams at Tanna, New Hebrides, on November 19, 1839.

A native teacher is introducing John Williams, Mr. Cunningham (Vice-Consul for the South Seas) is exhibiting some coloured cloth and a mirror to attract the islanders.

Cunningham and Williams leaned on the rail of the brig as she swept slowly along the southern shore of Erromanga. A steady breeze filled her sails. The sea heaved in long, silky billows.

The two men, as they talked, scanned the coastline closely. There was the grey, stone-covered beach, and, behind the beach, the dense bush and the waving fronds of palms. Behind the palms rose the volcanic hills of the island. Williams straightened himself as his strong hands grasped the rail. He looked keenly to the bay from which a canoe was swiftly gliding.

'It is strange,' Williams was saying to his friend, 'but I have not slept all through the night.'

How came it that this man, who for over twenty years had faced tempests by sea, who had never flinched before perils from savage men and from fever, on the shores of a hundred islands in the South Seas, should stay awake all night as his ship skirted the strange island of Erromanga?

It was because, having lived for all those years among the brown Polynesians of the Eastern Pacific, he was now in the New Hebrides, among the fierce and black cannibal islanders of the Western Pacific. If he won here a thousand islands were open to him.

As he thought of the fierce men of Erromanga, he remembered the waving forests of brown hands he had seen, the shouts of 'Come back again

to us!' that he had heard as he left his Samoan islands.

But he did not flinch, though he knew that these black islanders were wild men whose cruel hearts were blacker than their sooted faces, and their anger more fiery than their scarlet-painted lips. They were treacherous and violent savages who would smash a skull by one blow with a great club; or leaping on a man from behind, would cut through his spine with a single stroke of their tomahawks, and then drag him off to their cannibal oven.

John Williams cared so much for his work of telling the islanders about God their Father, that he had lain awake wondering how he could carry it on among these wild people. It never crossed his mind that he should hold back to save himself from danger. It was for this work that he had crossed the world.

'Let down the whale-boat.' His voice rang out without tremor of fear. His eyes were on the canoe in which three black Erromangans were paddling across the bay. As the boat touched the water, he and the crew of four dropped into her with Captain Morgan and the two friends, Harris and Cunningham.

The oars dipped and flashed in the morning sun as the whale-boat flew along towards the canoe. When they reached it Williams spoke in the dialects of his other islands, but none could the three savages in the canoe understand. So he gave them some beads

THE SHIP *CAMDEN* LEAVING THE ISLE OF TANNA FOR ERROMANGA.

and fish-hooks as a present to show that he was a friend; and again his boat shot away toward the beach.

They pulled to a creek where a brook ran down in a lovely valley between two mountains. On the beach stood some Erromangan natives with their eyes (half fierce, half frightened) looking out under their matted jungle of hair.

Picking up a bucket from the boat, Williams held it out to the chief and made signs to show that he wished for water from the brook. The chief took the bucket, and turning, ran up the beach and disappeared. For a quarter of an hour they waited, and for half an hour. At last, when the sun was now high in the sky, the chief returned with the water.

Williams drank from the water to show his friendliness. Then his friend Harris, getting over the side of the boat, waded ashore through the cool, sparkling, shallow water and sat down. The natives ran away, but soon came back with coco-nuts and opened them for him to drink.

. . . . . .

'See,' said Williams, 'there are boys playing on the beach; that is a good sign.'

'Yes,' answered Captain Morgan, 'but there are no women, and (as we all know) when the savages mean mischief they send their women away.'

Williams now waded ashore and Cunningham followed. Captain Morgan stopped to throw out the

anchor of his little boat and then stepped out and went ashore, leaving his crew of four brown islanders resting on their oars.

Williams and his two companions scrambled up the stony beach, over the grey stones and boulders alongside the tumbling brook, for over a hundred yards. Turning to the right they were lost to sight from the water's-edge. Captain Morgan was just following them when he heard a terrified yell from the crew in the boat.

Williams and his friends had gone into the bush. Harris in front, Cunningham next, and Williams last. Suddenly Harris, who had disappeared in the bush, rushed out followed by yelling savages with clubs. Harris rushed down the bank of the brook, stumbled, and fell in. The water dashed over him, and the Erromangans, with the red fury of slaughter in their eyes, leapt in and beat in his skull with clubs.

Cunningham, with a native at his heels with lifted club, stooped, picked up a great pebble and hurled it full in the face of the savage who was pursuing him; the man was stunned. Turning again, Cunningham leapt safely into the boat.

Williams, leaving the brook, had rushed down the beach to leap into the sea. Reaching the edge of the water, where the beach falls steeply into the sea, he slipped on a pebble and fell into the water.

Cunningham, from the boat, hurled stones at the natives who rushed at Williams as he lay prostrate

THE MARTYRDOM ON THE BEACH OF ERROMANGA.

in the water with a savage over him with uplifted club. The club fell, and other Erromangans, rushing in, beat him with their clubs and shot with their arrows. Boys rushed down and beat his body with stones until the ripples of the beach ran red with his blood.

The hero of a hundred islands was dead—the first martyr of Erromanga.

EPILOGUE

THE FLAG OF THE *JOHN WILLIAMS*

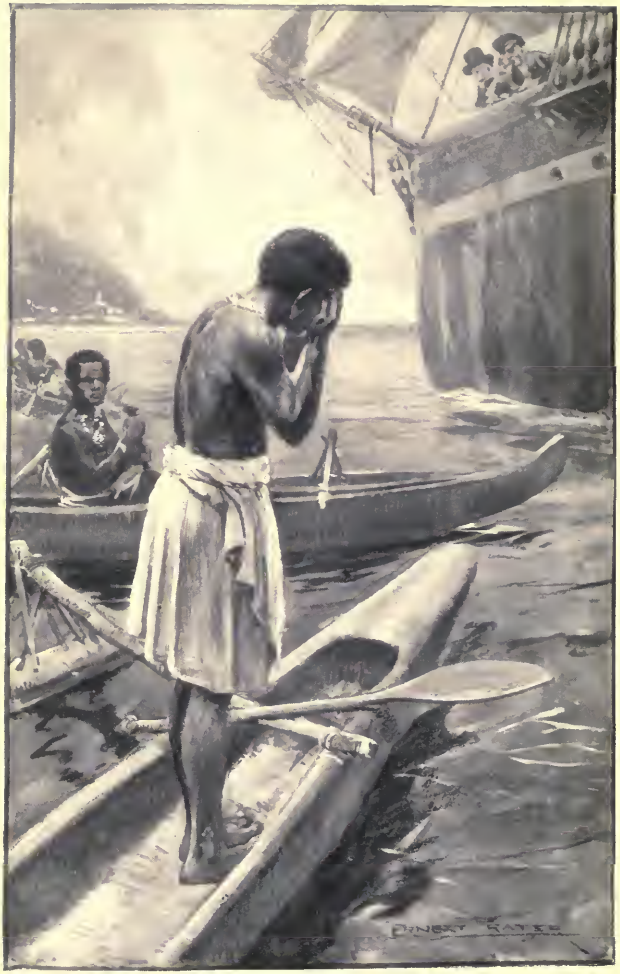
CAPTAIN MORGAN as he leapt into the boat headed her for the shore.

'The natives shot an arrow at us,' Captain Morgan tells us, 'which went under the arm of one of our seamen, through the lining of the boat into the timber, and there stuck fast.

'They hove stones at us at the same time. The boat's crew called out to me to lay the boat off; I did so, and we got clear of the arrows. I thought I might be able to get the body, for it lay on the beach a long time.

'At last I pulled alongside the brig and made all sail, perceiving with the glass that the natives had left the body on the beach. I also ordered a gun to be fired, loaded with powder only, thinking to frighten the natives, so that I might get the body; the natives, however, made their appearance and dragged the body out of sight.'

Captain Morgan, knowing that to recover Williams's body was impossible, sailed to Sydney. A ship-of-war, H.M.S. *Favourite*, Captain Croker, was commissioned by the governor to sail for Erromanga and Samoa.



THE SAMOAN DROPPED HIS PADDLE AND WEPT.

On sighting the shore of Erromanga,[1] the Captain put down a ship's boat and with his second lieutenant and Cunningham went ashore. From the island came the wild sounding of the war-conch. The black savages flew in all directions. At last some were taken.

'We ate them,' they confessed when the burying-places of the bodies was demanded.[2]

When the *Favourite* sailed on to Samoa, scores of canoes put out to meet her. A brown Samoan guided the first canoe.

'Missi Viliamu,' he shouted.

'He is dead,' came the answer.

The man stood as though stunned. He dropped his paddle; he drooped his head, and great tears welled out from the eyes of this dark islander and ran down his cheeks.

'*Aue, Viliamu! aue, Tama!*' he wailed. 'Alas, Williams! alas, our father!'

It was at dead of night when a panting messenger reached Fasetootai, and awakened Mary Williams from her quiet sleep to break to her the tidings.

She could not weep; she sat stunned with an agony of sorrow, speechless, tearless.

Then, in the growing morning twilight, came cries of anguish. Chiefs, teachers, and multitudes of

[1] February 27, 1840.

[2] The skull and bones were taken back to Samoa and buried in Apia.

Samoans came gathering round the house, crying, '*Aue, Viliamu! aue, Tama!*'

They pleaded to see Mary; but this she could not bear till, at sunset, Malietoa—who had sailed swiftly across the strait—was allowed to come in.

'Alas, Viliamu, Viliamu, our father, our father!' he broke out, beating his breast, 'he has turned his face from us! We shall never see him more! He that brought us the good word of Salvation is gone! O cruel heathen, they know not what they did! How great a man they have destroyed!'

Then, kneeling by the side of Mary Williams, the chief took her hand in his great brown palm and said, while the tears ran down his cheeks:

'Oh! my mother! do not grieve so much; do not kill yourself with grieving. You, too, will die with sorrow, and be taken away from us, and then, oh! what shall we do?

'Think of John, and of your very little boy who is with you, and think of that other little one, Samuel, in a far distant land, and do not kill yourself.

'Do love, and pity, and compassionate us.'

So through all the Pacific, from Samoa to Rarotonga, and on to Tahiti and Raiatea, the brown island-folk mourned as they never had done before or have mourned since.

. . . . . .

The boys and girls of Britain, especially those who had heard his voice and seen his smile, were sad.

But they knew that what John Williams would desire above everything would be that the work for which he had given his life should go on.

The brig *Camden* came back to Britain. A new ship was needed. The boys and girls of Britain went among their friends.

'We want to build a new ship in memory of John Williams.'

They collected over £6,000. A ship was bought, and the name *John Williams* painted on her bows. Captain Morgan commanded her, while the flag of the doves of peace flew from her mast.[1]

For twenty years the *John Williams* sailed the South Seas, visited islands which he had never seen, and kept the great work alive in the islands that he loved. At last, in 1864, she was wrecked on a reef as she was carrying the workers from island to island near Rarotonga.

The boys and girls set to work and raised £11,000 for the *John Williams II*;[2] but she was wrecked on her first voyage. Undaunted, the children built again in the very next year (1868) the *John Williams III*. On her starboard bow was painted 'Peace on Earth', and on the port bow 'Good will to men'.[3]

John Williams IV,[3] which sails the Pacific now, is a steam yacht, with her moorings at Sydney, and

[1] See drawing on end-paper inside front cover of this book.
[2] See end-paper facing front cover.
[3] See end-papers at end of book.

she runs a journey of fifteen thousand miles, some of which she covers three times a year. To-day she carries Samoan teachers even to cannibal New Guinea, where John Williams had dared to dream that some day the Word would go.

Viliamu is dead; but through the children of Britain he is still John Williams, the Shipbuilder.

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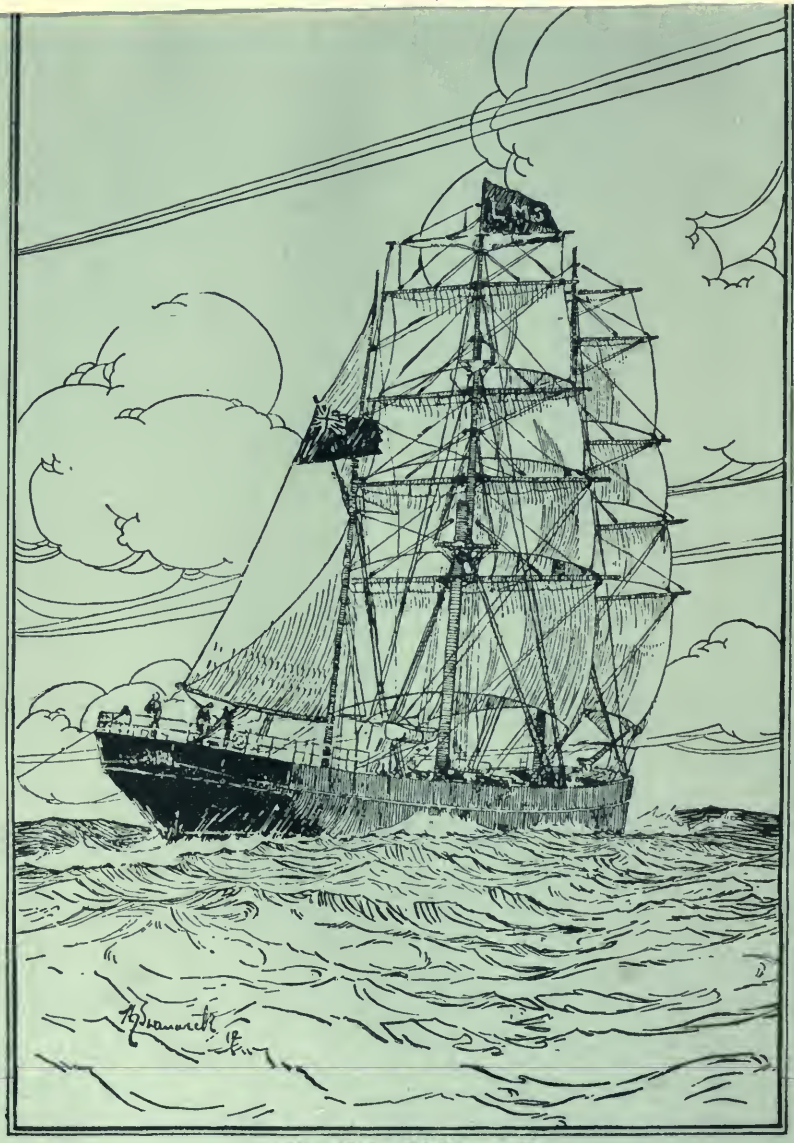
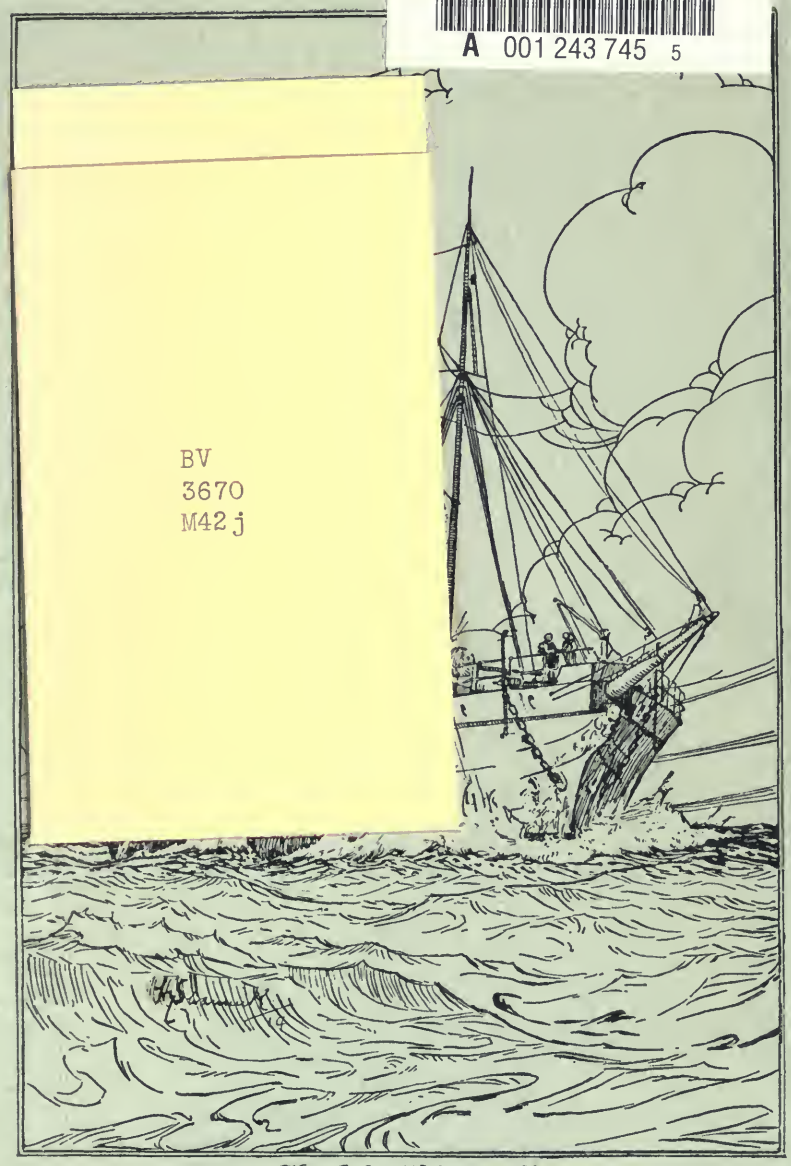


The John Williams III



The John Williams IV