

we could see it. "That is the path along which John Williams ran with the murderous natives after him, and just where the rays of the moon are dancing upon the rippling waters of the bay is the place where he was killed." We gazed sadly and silently upon the scene, imagination filling in the boat containing Captain Morgan and crew, waiting for the missionaries; the crowd of yelling savages pursuing Williams and Harris; the latter murdered by the roadside, the former rushing into the water toward the boat; the shouts, the confusion, the forest of uplifted clubs round Mr. Williams; then the yell of triumph. At that moment there arose from a cannibal village at the foot of the hill the screams of a woman, piercing the stillness of the night. Shriek after shriek rolled along the valleys and echoed among the hills, sending a thrill of horror to our young hearts. It was a rude reminder that we were among the cannibals. These were the sort of people that we were to live among! Our appointed station was on the island of Lifu, about one hundred miles to the west of Erromanga, and among the first letters that we received in our new home was one informing us that Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were murdered.

We missionaries are often given credit for more than we deserve. The humble native evangelist is generally the man who does the real pioneer work; and the missionary is, as a rule, most successful who trains a good staff of these men, superintends them in their work, and translates Scriptures and prepares books for them.

The Tahitian converts not only carried the Gospel to the islands of their own group, but to the Harvey Islands, which have supplied such a splendid staff of native evangelists to Western Polynesia. One sample will show the character of these Christian soldiers. Lifu, near New Caledonia, was the sphere of labor where the writer spent the first twelve years of his missionary life; and the apostle of Lifu was a native of Raratonga, who, like the first convert at Tahiti, had a burning desire to carry the Gospel to the regions beyond. To qualify himself for the work he was placed in the native seminary, where he had been only six months when the *John Williams* arrived on its way to the cannibal islands of Western Polynesia. Pao hastened to the mission house and asked to see the missionary on urgent business. Mr. Buzacott listened to the young enthusiast pleading to be allowed to go at once in the mission vessel to tell the cannibals the "good news." "You have only been here six months," said Mr. Buzacott; "wait till you have been with us four years, that you may learn more about the Gospel." Pao's reply was characteristic of the man. "Don't I know about the true God? Don't I know about Christ being the Saviour of the world? Don't I know about the future after death? Let me go and tell the heathen about these things. You can send other young men after me to teach them to read and write and other things that I don't know. Oh, let me go and tell them what I know!"

What missionary would take the responsibility of detaining such a man? He went; was landed at Mare, which is between forty and fifty