

about forty in number. When this class was first formed, Mrs. Williams made a large feast for them. On this occasion the speeches of the poor old women were simple and affecting. I will give you a few of them: 'We were as dead, now are we come to life. We were old and decrepid, now are we young again. We were despised and neglected, now we are sought out by our elder sister, and eating what our ancestors never saw or heard of—English food—in the house of the "Oromedua" (missionary or teacher). We were dirty and ragged, now we have good clothes, and even coverings for our heads. We thought our days were past, and that we should never come back again into the world; we were laid aside as castaways, but now we are beginning to live again. It is good we lived to see these days. To the word and compassion of God are we indebted.' They now have frequent feasts, at which I generally call. Besides attending to these, she is continually employed cutting gowns, teaching the females to sew, &c., &c. Mrs. Wilks would be delighted with even the very floors of our habitation. Come in who will, we have always a comfortable table to spread before them; and as I have no reason to inquire, 'What shall I eat, what shall I drink, or wherewithal shall I be clothed?' everything being admirably provided, I can with undivided attention apply myself to the various duties I am called to discharge."

Wherever Mrs. Williams went, she, like her husband, so identified herself with their wants, their feelings, and their interests, that she, with him, shared the warm affection of the natives. She continually received numerous demonstrations of this regard, and her simple wish was a command. At Samoa she was invariably called by them "mama," not merely out of respect to her age and position, but from pure love for her person. And few widows, or, perhaps none, ever received such manifestations of sympathy and kindness as

she did, when the mournful intelligence of her widowhood became known. All, from the oldest and highest, to the youngest and least, had some word of compassion and consolation, some token of affection. And in the deep waters of this affliction, her Christian soul, tried as few are, found shelter in that unfailing Refuge which she had always sought, and never failed to secure. She has sometimes alluded to this period of her life, and said that the contemplation of those hours of trial fully assured her of the preciousness of the gospel, the infinite compassion and mercy of her God, without whose sustaining hand she would assuredly have sunk.

Overtaken by the calamity with which the Christian world is already acquainted, Mrs. Williams bade a final adieu to the South Sea Islands in 1841, and after a short stay at Sydney, where she received great attention from many sympathising friends, she reached England in October, 1842. She joined the church at Stepney, then under the pastoral care of the late Rev. Dr. Joseph Fletcher, to whom she became much attached, and who showed her much kindness. The following extract from a journal is dated June, 1843.—"Sabbath. This morning I heard Dr. Read at Stepney, his text was, 'And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God,' &c. Men have a purpose for all they do, and so has God. Among other things he said, 'For what purpose were you afflicted, or bereaved of your dearest earthly relative or friend, whom you thought it impossible to live without? Say, would you have been without them? Have they not been the means of bringing you nearer to God?' O, yes! my heart was with him the whole time; they were my own thoughts. I trust I do feel resigned to the will of my heavenly Father—ready when he shall call me hence. My desire is always to realise his presence, and to be assured that he is to be with me at all times."

In July 1845, on removing to Isling-