

Anciteum. This will occupy some time, for which I am truly sorry. But, those who ought to know, tell us that we will not lose so much time, as you would be led to suppose, by taking this circuitous rout. We take advantage of the *trade-winds*; whereas a direct course, gives us every chance to meet with head winds, and a long passage.

*Wednesday, 23rd, 23° S. Lat. 170° E. Lon.*—The first few days after we left Bass's Straits we had very favorable wind. Since then, it has been blowing strong from the S. E. and E.; a *very unusual* wind for this parallel of latitude. Hence, we have been compelled to leave our course, and to head almost directly for the New Hebrides. As we day after day slowly approached the long-looked for shores, I almost began to hope that a kind Providence, would bring us *directly* to our destination.—The captain also promised that if this wind continued, he would call and land us now. But this evening, at about 6 p. m. through the influence of certain parties on board,—when we were about 24 hours sail from Anciteum, the wind fair, and when I felt that our long journey was all but accomplished—that we were at the door—the command “*tack-ship*” fell painfully upon my ears. The feelings of that moment I shall never forget. For a time I would not be resigned. I felt that it would not be so. I could not leave the work brought so near; and my missionary friends almost in sight. I felt sad that the supplies, &c., brought so near to them should be taken away from them, I know not how long. But the vessel's bow is turned, and she is speedily bearing us away from those loved scenes. But carnal nature rebels, and I find feelings and desires arising in my bosom, not in accordance with the pure and beautiful spirit of the Gospel. I wished that God would punish these selfish men, and frustrate their selfish schemes. I turned away from the captain in disgust; saying, “he would never lament doing good service to God's cause; but he might yet lament doing the opposite.” My feelings seemed to turn with loathing from those around me, and I felt that I could not associate with beings so indifferent to the interest of Christ's kingdom. It was a trying hour. I besought God to forgive my impatience, improper feelings, and to give me right principles, feelings, pa-

tience, and perfect submission to His will. How mysterious are Gods' ways! Let mortal man be silent, and adore.—Remember, the Lord is just and good in all His ways and works. May my rebellious nature cease to murmur, and recount *all* the goodness, *forbearance*, and mercy of God to me so unworthy. Heavenly Father give me a teachable disposition—*enable me to learn the lessons* thou wouldst impress upon my mind by this decision of Thy will—and give me grace to improve the time which will be thus placed at my disposal, ere I enter upon the great work before me.

*Sabbath, May 6th.*—This morning at day light the Island of Kentone was seen in the distance like a dim cloud stretching along the horizon. It is one of the windward Islands of the Fiji group. As we drew nigh, a cloud of mist hung over the land, deeply concealing its features—emblematical of the deep spiritual darkness which envelops these fair Isles, shutting out the glorious light of the blessed gospel, and all its benign influences. But the rays of the rising sun are dispelling the clouds, and revealing the beauties and richness of the landscape. Oh! may the rays of the sun of righteousness fall upon benighted nations, dispelling the spiritual darkness, and revealing to their minds the glories and love of the cross, the way, the pleasures, that endure for evermore, and the felicities of the bright laud that is afar off. My eyes now for the first time rest upon a heathen land. It was with peculiar feelings, that I realised that I was now in sight of a land inhabited by *naked* savages, who *know not* the Saviour, worship idols, the work of men's hands. What more dismal and melancholy scene could be brought before my mind, than that which mine eyes now behold. Oh! may my heart be rightly affected by this sight! May sympathy for the perishing fill my soul, and zeal for God's glory fire my bosom. May fervent desire to promote the honor of His name prompt me to unflagging, and self denying efforts for the salvation of the world perishing in sin and darkness.

*Monday 7th.*—This morning we came to anchor in the harbor of Levuka.—The name of the island is Ovalau. The natives soon began to come off to us in their canoes. I cannot describe to you my feelings as these naked savages drew near to us. I felt that I could not