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MIRACLES OF MISSIONS—NO. XXIII.

THE PENTECOST AT HILO.*

BY THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Among transformed communities there is one which deserves a separate setting as a peculiarly lustrous gem. Among all miracles of missions we know of none so suggestive of supernatural working.

Titus Coan, now just sixty years ago, in 1835, began his memorable mission on the shore belt of Hawaii. He soon began to use the native tongue, and made his first tour of the island within the first year. He was a relative of Nettleton, and had been a co-laborer with Finney; and from such men had learned what arrows are best for a preacher's quiver, and how to use his bow. His whole being was full of spiritual energy and unction, and on his first tour multitudes flocked to hear, and many seemed pricked in their hearts. The crowds so thronged him and followed him that, like his Master, he had no leisure, so much as to eat; and one day preached three times before he had a chance to breakfast. He was wont to go on four or five tours a year, and saw tokens of interest that impressed him with so strange a sense of the presence of God, that he said little about them and scarcely understood them himself. He could only say, "It was wonderful." He went about like Jeremiah, with the fire of the Lord in his bones; weary with forbearing, he could not stay.

In 1837 the slumbering fires broke out. Nearly the whole population became an audience, and those who could not come to the services were brought on the backs of others or on their beds. Mr. Coan found himself ministering to fifteen thousand people, scattered along the hundred miles of coast. He longed to be able to fly, that he might get over the ground, or to be able to multiply himself twentyfold, to reach the multitudes who fainted for spiritual food.

Necessity devises new methods. He bade those to whom he could not

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