

beach, discovered a canoe handy to be launched, and he informed me of it: I told him that I had a mat that we could make a lug sail of, and on a favorable hour we would try to launch the canoe and be off. Being ready, one night Steere came to me and said, "Sam. the savages are all asleep, and we will make an attempt to get away." He took me on his back and carried me down to the canoe: we took a calabash of water, some yams, breadfruit, and potatoes. We attempted to launch the canoe, but it fell off a log and partly broke in two. We got it off to a reef, but it leaked so bad as to be partly filled with water, and we found we must return. We had got back near the beach just as the savages were turning out in the morning. They ran and informed the chief, and he came in a great rage with his war club to kill us. We fell down on our knees and pleaded his clemency, and the young chief our friend, also begged that we might be spared, and finally we were forgiven, and I was returned to my hut.

In this situation I lay about three weeks longer; and during this time was awfully tempted with the devil; he told me that if I could die, it would be an end to all, and sometimes he made me believe it; but at other times I was of a different opinion, and attempted to pray, as follows; O Lord spare