

That year was one of great suffering to the missionary and his flock. Early in February a dreadful hurricane, accompanied by an earthquake, in a few hours covered that "garden island" with the ruins of houses and the trunks and branches of uprooted trees. The sea, too, rose to a great height, and the wild waves swept over many a rich plantation. Famine and disease followed. The poor islanders suffered greatly, and the Missionary and his family suffered with them. The storm had destroyed their flour and other things which were to them the necessaries of life. After some months an American whaler appeared off the island. Several natives hastened on board, and asked the captain to employ them in getting wood and water for the ship. "What is your price?" asked the captain. "Oh, we do not want money," they said. "What then," he enquired. "Let us work first, and we will tell you afterwards," was their answer. But the Captain was not content, and would make them fix their price. They then said, "We will leave it with you, but we wish you to pay us in *flour and sugar*." As the natives generally do not use flour for their food, the Captain wondered at this strange request, and at the earnest manner of the men; but, without asking any more questions he set them to work. That work was well done; the Captain was satisfied; he readily paid for it in flour and sugar, as the people desired. But what did they do with it? They sent it all as a present to their missionary, for whose wants and sorrows they felt and cared far more than for their own.

For many years, the Aitutakians had held their great missionary meeting in May, and had given willingly to the Society. But in 1854 they had lost and suffered so much that the missionary told them he thought there should not be any meeting that year. But they would not hear of his. "No," they answered; "whether our contributions be little or much, we will have our meeting." That meeting was held, and though many had lost much, and some all they possessed, they gave in money and arrowroot, to the London Missionary Society the large sum of £90.

But this was not all they did. They had missionaries of their own labouring in heathen islands—men whom they had sent, and whom they felt themselves bound to support. For these they contributed native cloth, and other articles which they needed. For one of them, named Apollo, they bought a boat which cost them £10; and to the half-taught heathen amongst whom he laboured, they sent 100 bonnets, which