

gascar as it was under Ranavalona I., and then as it was under Ranavalona II., or Nanumaga as it was when Thomas Powell set a native evangelist there, and the superstitious inhabitants kept him two hours on the beach while they reconciled their dumb idols to his remaining; and two years later, when there was not an idol to be found on the island, and the whole community was under Christian instruction.

And these are not exceptional, but rather representative cases; for wonders like these make the march of missions, like the "milky way," a pathway of light. Take the story of Tahiti. Captain Cook thought and said: "This island can neither serve public interests or private ambition and will probably never be much known." This was before 1779 when he perished at the Sandwich Islands. About the close of the last century, under the rousing appeals of William Carey and others, the London Missionary Society sent missionaries to Tahiti. There was indeed a long "night of toil." Sixteen years and not a convert or a sign of blessing, so hard was that fallow ground to break up. Behold a missionary with a group of savages about him. The only weapon in his hand is a manuscript of the gospel of John. He reads chapter iii., and as he repeats the sixteenth verse a warrior in the group asks him to read it again and yet again. Amazed at this new revelation of a love of which he had never heard, he said: "If this is true it must be for you only." But the missionary read again, "that *whosoever* believeth on Him should not perish." "Then your God shall be my God," said the savage warrior, with the ardor of Ruth; "for never have we heard such a message as this. Our Gods do not love us so—we never heard of such love as this." At Dufftown, this summer, I heard Mr. Green himself testify, that in 1861 on the island of Taha, he himself received from his predecessor in charge an old female chief who had been converted from the lowest state of savagery, whose wonderful conceptions of grace filled even Christian missionaries with amazement. Not yet seventy-five years have passed since the first convert crowned these labors, and that convert was the first fruits of all Polynesia. Now in those Pacific Archipelagoes there are 750,000 converts and the work has reached that greatest of islands, New Guinea. A band of not less than 160 young men and women, themselves native converts, have gone from Tahiti and surrounding islands, as evangelists, and of them all not one has ever proved recreant or faithless. Among no equal number of Christian laborers in the most favored part of Christendom can a like measure of consecration and fidelity be found. And yet these are the very people, who, before the gospel touched them, had absolutely no conception of God save that somewhere, somehow, afar off from men, some sort of a being dwelt, who wielded the scepter of a divine despotism; these are the very people who were wont to go to the graves of their ancestors, and beseech them to plead with that same unknown, unattractive, unap-