

letter, describing the incidents of the voyage, addressed to the Rev Wm Gill, by *Isaia Papehia*, the young Raratongan who, after accompanying Mr G. to England, is now returning in the ship to his native island.

"On board the *John Williams*
Table Bay, Cape Town.
Oct 1, 1855.

"MY FRIEND,—I am now writing to you a letter as a sign of my remembrance of you, and my affection towards you in this our separation. We did not lose sight of England until the 31st of July. The winds were much against us and we had to come to an anchor three or four times in the Channel. But when we got out of the Channel, the wind again was very strong and contrary, so that all the passengers were dead of sea-sickness; there was no difference; all were alike. They, however, got better; and since then we have been sailing, day and night, across the soft path of the sea. As far as I have known, all things on board have gone on well.

"On the 17th August we made the Island of St Antonio. At 5 o'clock in the morning, we were sixty miles off. It is very high land, and made me think of Raratonga. The 2nd of September we reached the Equator, where, as you know, the portions of the world are equal on either side. From this point we had a few days of contrary winds; but from the 17th to the 20th, we had a strong fair wind, which took us 257 miles in a day.

"I have written in my journal all about many things that have taken place on board since we left England, but as I cannot send it to you now, I will write from Sydney. I must, however, tell you of one sad thing that has happened. The death of *John Sands*, the ship's steward. He began to be ill in August, and on the 25th of September became out of his mind, in which state he said and did many strange things. On the 28th he went on deck; as he was going he called with a loud voice, "Good bye to all on board," and then made an attempt to throw himself overboard, which he would have done, had I not caught him. The night after this he was very ill; and during the next day it took two others beside myself to hold him. In the afternoon he appeared a little better, but

on being left a short time he quickly ran on deck, and before we could reach him he threw himself into the sea and was drowned. We thought immediately of lowering a boat, but the sea was too rough and the wind too strong. The waves were indeed very high, and poor John sunk, and was seen no more. This made us all very sorrowful; and I shall never forget the awful words he spoke about himself, as a sinner before God. On the 29th Mr Barff preached a sermon respecting this event, when thoughtfulness and grief filled all our hearts.

"The next morning we made this land. It was first seen from the mast-head, and ten minutes afterwards it was seen from the deck. The wind at this time was blowing a gale; we could only carry three small sails on the ship. As we came near shore a pilot came off to us, and we are now safely at anchor. Many ministers and friends from shore have come on board, all of whom give us welcome. I have not yet landed, but am pleased with the appearance of the town. I hope to land to-morrow; but as I am now steward, I have not much time. I will, however, see all I can, and write you again. You will see that we were 71 days from the time we left London to our reaching this place.

"In conclusion, I think of you and Mrs Gill every day, and dream of you both every night. May God be your father and your shepherd! If possible, may we meet again in this life, but if not possible, we will meet in the heaven of God. But do return to Raratonga; yes, do return if you can; and bring Mrs Gill's father with you. My love to you all. Be sure you give my love to all the friends in England that I know, when you again visit them.

"Blessing on you from God. Amen.

"ISAIA PAPEHIA.

"To the Rev William Gill."

"P. S. (by Mr Gill).—John Sands mentioned in the above letter by Isaia had been connected with the Mission ship nearly 20 years. He was an apprentice on board the *Camden*. For many years he had made a public profession of Christianity, and had maintained that profession by a consistent walk and conversation. His death leaves a widowed mother, to whom he was a kind son, and who was dependent on him for subsistence."—*Missionary Chronicle*.