

they thought the time was favourable. The moon had just risen, the wind was moderate. It rained, but that we thought was an advantage, as we wished to get off quietly without being seen by the natives, lest they should raise the hue and cry, and prevent us: they seldom go about in the rain.

Before stepping into the boat, we shut the door, and committed ourselves once more to God. The lines of Newton suggested themselves, as touchingly appropriate to our circumstances, and we sang:

Though troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us, the 'Lord will provide.'
His call we obey, like Abr'ham of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
For though we are strangers, we have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers, 'the Lord will provide.'

We read the 46th Psalm, and bowed the knee in prayer for Divine direction and protection, and preparation of soul for whatever might that night be before us. We rose from our knees and went back to the boat. Before leaving we suspended a letter by a string from one of the rafters, to intimate to the captain of any vessel which might anchor at the place and be in search of us, that we had not been killed by the natives, but had fled from the island, intending, if possible, to reach Aneiteum, and to beg that any one into whose hands the letter might fall, would follow us there and afford the friendly help we might need. I took a farewell look round the room, blew out the light, and hurried after the party to the boat. I turned back from the garden gate to pluck two water-melons, which had just ripened; and presently we were all seated and pushed off from the beach.

There was nineteen of us in all, including four children. We divided so as to have ten in the boat, and nine in our large canoe, and arranged to do all we could to keep company; our boat was a strong thirty feet long whale-boat. Just as we were leaving the beach, a squall came on with heavy rain, but we pulled off, wishing to get out without being seen by the natives. Our dear wives wrapped up as well as they could, but as Mr. Nisbet and I had to pull for our lives like the rest, there was no alternative but to give ourselves up to a thorough drenching.

"Port Resolution" is in the form of a horse-shoe; as we approached the opening between the heads, our difficulties commenced: a heavy squall was setting in, the wind was right ahead and freshening up into another squall; down came the rain again in torrents. We still headed out, and our boat went over the billows without shipping much water. As the squall cleared off, we found from the look of the land that we had been driven back a bit. The wind was now light, and we stuck to our paddles again. We saw the cocoa-nut trees passing behind us, and were cheered as we found that we were making way notwithstanding the swell. But it gets black ahead again, the wind freshens, the rollers increase, and down comes another squall upon us; we struggle on amidst wind and rain and sea, trying at least to hold our ground. Again it is clear, we see the land. "Where are we? Driven back, but further on than we were at the close of the last squall. "That's good; let us keep at it." I had my eye on a cocoa-nut tree on the north-west side of the entrance; only abreast of that, I thought, and then we will hoist the sail, and rest.

We cut into one of the melons, felt refreshed, and again pulled ahead. But the sea was rough, and those great rolling waves right against us made it terrible work. Still we hoped to get out, and kept at it. Again, however, the wind rose, and another squall came tearing along right in our teeth, torrents of rain, and for a long time we could see nothing. As it cleared off we missed the canoe; we thought she had probably shot ahead, cleared the point, and was off before us. This made us more anxious than ever to get out, and again we drove away at our paddles. Now we found that there was a current taking us nearer the lee reef than we wished to be, but still we hoped to clear it. We pulled and pulled, and thought we were making head-way, but presently one of our men shouted out that we were close upon the breakers, and going smash on to the reef; we instantly headed round, and stood across the bay a bit.