

the Missionaries' home. I spent several days with his lovely family; but the time allotted to my tour was short, and I was compelled to leave this almost hallowed spot, ere I had become half acquainted with its endearments. On Sunday, at four P. M. the Rev. Mr. Forbes held divine service on board the fine ship "*Wiscasset*." We were anchored in nearly the same place where lay the ships of Capt. Cook, *but there was no sentinel's tread along the deck, and no savage huru on the shore.* The stillness of the Sabbath reigned throughout—the canoes were drawn up on the beach, and the busy trade of the week had given place to that hallowed day, the observance of which it was truly gratifying to behold.

At one o'clock Monday morning, we weighed anchor; in half an hour more, we had cleared the bay, and were moving slowly on the quiet bosom of the Pacific, and when the sun had risen, the beautiful station of Kaawloa, was hidden from our view.

In 1778, the Sandwich Islands, just rescued from the wide waste of waters, presented to the celebrated Cook a scene of thrilling interest, and excitement. He thought of the honor that would redound to him as their discoverer—he beheld their beautiful hills and vallies, fertile as Eden, and peopled by a race of noble men, and daring character—he was welcomed to their simple hospitality—reverenced as a superior being, and worshipped as a God. But, as if to signalize to the world their savage character, he fell a victim to their wrath, and the Island, whose discovery he hailed with rapture,—*became his tomb.*—What did the voyage of 1835 behold? *He stood on the rock where Captain Cook was killed, but he saw in its vicinity a Church, consecrated to Jehovah*—he saw their ancient heians, but the people no longer gathered to its bloody rites—he viewed at a little distance the Missionary station, with

its church and school house—he conversed with the wife of Karaiopu (Tereebou of Cook) now a Christian communicant—he attended divine service in an American ship—conducted by an American Missionary in the very bay which sheltered the "*Resolution and Endeavor*"—he found honesty, where they found theft—he beheld the sweets of the domestic circle, where they met infanticide, polygamy and female degradation—he saw the "*olive branch of peace*," where they heard the war shout of death—he found a reading people, who then had no written language—he met the Missionary of the cross, where they saw the priests of Baal; he was surrounded by men decently clad, where they beheld the tattooed savage—in fine, for I could extend this comparison to a greater length, *he met Christians where they saw a nation of idolatrous pagans.*

A sea Captain told the Rev. Mr. Holmes that he once had occasion to call at the very spot where Capt. Cook lost his life. He found there Mrs. Ruggles and a female, her sole attendant, while multitudes of the natives were on every side. Astonished at this serenity, he enquired the distance to the nearest Christian family; "*Fifteen miles*" was the answer. "*Are you not then,*" said he, "*in danger?*" On whom do you depend here?" "*Upon God, Sir,*" was the truly pious reply. "*And are you not afraid?*" "*Afraid,*" said she, "*not at all.*" "*And,*" said the captain (who is no professor of religion), "*when I remembered that this was the very place where Capt. Cook was murdered, and that two solitary females felt themselves perfectly safe there, with no fellow Christian nearer than fifteen miles, I thought with myself, 'could I have all our Americans here at this moment, they would never again entertain a doubt as to the influence of the Missionaries, nor ever say, that they were doing no good.'*"