

and again turned from the light of their fire into the dark forest, where we could hardly see an arm's length before us. We at length came upon a little path, and slowly following it, stumbling in the darkness over rocks and roots of trees, we came in view of the twinkling light of a lamp. I, with another one of the party, was sent forward to reconnoitre. We soon found that the light proceeded from a hut, but whether from the night-fire of a savage New Zealander, or from the light of the Christian missionary, we knew not; and few can imagine the anxiety with which we cautiously moved along to ascertain how the fact might be. Our hopes were greatly revived by the sight of a glazed window. And when through that window we saw a man in the garb of civilised life, with his wife and one child, kneeling in their evening prayers, our joy knew no bounds. Waiting a few moments till the prayer was closed, we entered the door, and though the surprise of the inmates was very great in seeing two white sailors enter their dwelling we were most hospitably received. The missionary immediately lighted his lantern, and proceeding with us, led the rest of our party to his humble abode. We all slept upon his floor for the night. Weary, however, as I was, I found but little rest. I thought of my quiet New England home, from which I had been absent but a few months. I thought of my mother, and her anxiety for her sailor-boy in this his first voyage. The scene was indeed a novel one to me. The swelling winds of the tempestuous night, the wild scenes of man and nature all around us, the vivid image of the bloody conflict, with the remembrance of its hideous and fiend-like outcries, all united so to impress my spirit, that I found but little repose. My companions, however, perhaps more accustomed to danger, and perhaps less addicted to thought, were soon soundly asleep.

Early in the morning a party of warriors came to the missionary's hut in search of us, having somehow ascertained that a boat's crew were on the shore. The missionary and his wife, both in countenance and manner, manifested the deepest anxiety for our safety. The savages were imperious and rude, and it seemed to me then, that nothing but the restraining power of God preserved this family uninjured, in the midst of such cruel and treacherous men. While they had been somewhat subdued in spirit by the kindness, the meekness, and the utter helplessness of the missionary's family, they considered us sailors fair game for plunder and abuse. By the most earnest solicitations on the part of the missionary they were induced to spare us. The missionary accompanied us to our boat, and we had for our retinue a troop of rioting and carousing savages, brandishing their heavy war clubs over our heads to convince us that we were in their power. A walk of two miles conducted us to the beach. It was a fearful walk, and the watchful anxiety of our friend proved that he considered our danger to be great. When we arrived at the beach, some of the natives manifested great reluctance to let us go. Some took hold of our boat to draw it farther upon the land, while they seemed to be earnestly arguing with the rest upon the folly of permitting our escape. At length, however, they yielded to the remonstrances of the missionary, and aided us in launching our boat through the now subsiding surf.

As we rowed from the shore, and I looked back upon that devoted man standing upon the beach in the midst of these rude savages, and thought of his return to his solitary home, and of the days, weeks, and months he must there pass in thankless labours, I thought that his lot was, in a worldly point of view, one of the hardest I had ever known; and I wondered that any man could be so hard-hearted as to speak in terms of reproach, and point the finger of scorn towards the Christian missionary.

In my last voyage, about two years ago, I again entered this same harbour. It is now called the Bay of Islands, and is one of the most beautiful places in natural scenery on the surface of the globe. I could hardly credit my eyes as I looked out upon a handsome and thrifty town, with many dwellings indicative of wealth and elegance. There were churches of tasteful architecture, and school children with their slates and books. And there were to be seen New Zealand families dwelling in cheerful parlours, sanctified by morning prayers and evening hymns. The untiring labours of the missionary had, through God's blessing, created a new world; and the emotions of deep compassion with which