

for the missionaries was so intense that at many stations the people built places of worship, and, having prepared food on Saturday, came together at six o'clock on Sabbath morning, sitting for an hour in silence, and repeating this silent waiting on God a second and even a third time during the day. Truly the isles did "wait for His law."

When Mr. Williams first visited Raratonga, in 1823, he found them all heathens; when he left them, in 1834, they were all professed Christians; and, in the stead of idols and Maraes, were three spacious places of Christian worship, with an aggregate of six thousand attendants. He found them without a written language, and left them reading in their own tongue the wonderful works of God. He found them without a Sabbath, and when he left them there was no manner of work done on the Lord's day. He found them ignorant of the nature of true worship; he left them with family prayer every morning and evening in every house in the island; and what was true of Raratonga was true of the whole Hervey group. In ten years' time a dark and bloody idolatry, with all its horrid rites, gave way to the triumphs of the Gospel. To the close of his life he witnessed one series of successes. Island after island and group after group were successively and rapidly brought under the influence of the Gospel, till no group or island of importance could be found within two thousand miles of Tahiti, in any direction, to which the good news had not been carried. When the late Bishop of Ripon laid down the story of Williams's missionary career he said: "I have been reading the twentieth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles!" Surely those who feel no interest in the work of missions either have not the Spirit of Christ or are ignorant of the facts of missionary history.

Mr. Williams's death was the result, undoubtedly, of misapprehensions. Injuries received by the natives of Erromanga from the crew of a vessel which shortly before had landed there had irritated them, and the sight of foreigners awakened resentment. Mr. Williams, when approaching the shore, was struck with a club by one of the natives, then pierced with several arrows, and his body was drawn into the bush, and probably the greater part of it eaten by these cannibals.

In 1889, the fiftieth anniversary of John Williams's martyrdom, a monument to his memory was erected at Erromanga; and the man who laid its corner-stone was the son of that very savage who dealt the deadly blow; while, at the same time, another son of this murderer and cannibal was preaching the Gospel in Australia!