

to build his missionary ship. A rude machine of his own construction supplied him with a substitute for bellows, a stone was his anvil, a pair of carpenter's pincers were his tongs, and thus the necessary smithing was accomplished.

He had no saw, but the required timber was split from the trunks of trees with the help of wedges; the bark of a particular tree, twisted into ropes, supplied the cordage; some sort of cloth that he had, did duty for sails; a pick-axe, a carpenter's adze, and a large hoe constituted his rudder; and in less than four months he had a ship ready for sea, measuring sixty feet in length, eighteen in width, and of some seventy tons burden. This strange craft he named "The Messenger of Peace." "My ship," he wrote to another missionary, soon after it was finished, "is about to convey Messrs. Pritchard and Simpson to the Margnassa, after which I propose taking a through route, and carrying as many teachers as I can get down through all the Navigators, Fijia, New-Hebrides, New Caledonia, etc. I trust that having the means in my own hands we shall speedily extend our mission far and wide. The Lord has blessed our labors in every direction, and I trust that what has been done is only an earnest of what will be done, and as the first drops of abundant rain."

This hope was speedily realized. Group after group was visited, and the welcome from some of those that had been visited before, and where native Christians had in the meantime been laboring was most touching. Even at islands that had never before been visited except by native Christians, his welcome was of the most joyous kind. Approaching one of these, he was met by the natives in their canoes, exclaiming—"We are sons of the word" we are sons of the word! We are waiting for a religious ship to bring us some people whom they call missionaries to tell us about Jesus Christ."

At one, he was met by a man who introduced himself as "a son of the word," and stated that about fifty men in his district had renounced idolatry, embraced Christianity, built a place of worship, and were waiting for the missionary. "A large party," says the narrator, "spread themselves along the beach, and looked somewhat fierce. Williams, dreading their looks, made the native Christians who were with him in the boat rest upon their oars and unite with him in prayer. The chief, who stood in the centre of the people on the shore, earnestly entreated the strangers to have confidence in them as they were Christians. Mr. Williams said he had been told that they were savages; and the chief replied:—"Oh, we are not savages now, we are Christians. A great chief from the white man's country, named Williams, came to Savaii about twenty moons ago, and placed there some teachers; and several of our people who were there began to instruct their friends when they came back, and many have become sons of the word;" and, pointing to a company separate from the rest, he added—"these are the Christians; they are known by the cloth which you see upon their arms." The missionary explained that he was Mr. Williams, and they immediately plunged into the water and carried the boat with him in it to the shore. When he inquired about the services in the chapel, the person who conducted it, explaining how he was able to do so, made the following interesting statement

"I take my canoe, go down to the teachers, get some religion which I bring carefully home, and bring to the people; and when that is gone, I take my canoe again, and fetch some more. And now you are come for whom we have been so long waiting. Where is our teacher? Give me a man full of religion, that I may not expose my life to danger going so far to fetch it."

In 1833, on account of impaired health, Mr. and Mrs. Williams returned to England where they remained four years. Here, in response to his appeal for a ship to be wholly devoted to the service of the mission, a sum was raised—in considerable part by Sunday School children—sufficient to buy, and fit out the Camden, a ship of two hundred tons burden, in which the missionaries sailed on their return voyage, on the 11th of April, 1838, Mr. Williams little dreaming, as he turned his face again towards his loved work, that that work was so nearly done.

Touching at the Island of Erromanga, one of the New Hebrides islands, on his return voyage, hoping to do the poor islanders good, he was treacherously assaulted, killed and his flesh devoured by his remorseless murderers.

His bones were afterwards recovered, and buried on one of the islands of the Samoan group, and monuments erected to his memory on both the Samoan and Herney Islands. Thus perished, after a life of singular beauty, and almost apostolic labors in behalf of the heathen of the South-Sea Islands, one of England's noblest sons, one of the Church's most trusty servants, and one of the greatest of modern missionaries.

Paper Read by Miss Stuart, at the Quarterly Meeting of Halifax and Dartmouth Aid Societies, Feb., 1835.

It is impossible in a brief sketch to give a comprehensive idea of our Great Eastern Empire, extending from Himalayas, to the Indian ocean, and from Beloochistan, to Burmah.

India has as its base the Himalaya Mountains—the highest, broadest, and one of the longest mountain ranges on our planet. Few of us comprehend the grandeur of this great Empire. When we speak of India, we are to understand that we are considering a country with an area of 1,485,950 square miles in extent equal to sixteen Great Britains, or equal to the whole of Europe, exclusive of Russia. Its length from north to south is 1,900 miles, and where widest is as broad. It presents every variety of scenery and climate from the highest mountain in the world, with summits robed in perpetual snow, to river deltas only a few inches above the level of the sea.

The greatest wealth of India consists in its fertile soil, which yields almost every variety of vegetable life necessary to man. The fertile soil fed by copious rains and abundant heat, produces an enormous amount of vegetation, which is troublesome to the cultivator, and the rapid growth followed by an equally rapid decay, produces fever and other diseases which are the bane of life in India.

By the census of 1831, the population of India amounted to over 252 millions, or about one-fifth the entire population of the earth, and more than double what Gibbon estimated the Roman Empire to contain in the highest of its power.

India is composed of many provinces speaking different languages, and with varied religious customs. Among them are spoken ninety-eight languages, with a greater number of dialects.

God has seen fit in His providence to give this vast country, with its varied resources, great wealth and enormous population to Protestant Britain, and in a great measure the work of its evangelization lies in our hands. May we be found worthy of this great trust, and be the means in God's hands of overthrowing their detestable, superstitious religion and give to this benighted people the glorious gospel of our Lord and Saviour.