

the revelation, he recognizes a power and a light more than human, and while he falls down on his face and worships, reports that *God* is there of a truth. For there is a deep conviction in us all, that no human wisdom or insight can fathom the depths of a human heart, or reveal its secrets to itself. This is the work of God alone. And hence if any man is able to achieve such results—to show to the sinner all that he is, and “all things that ever he has done,”—this can only arise from the fact that God is with him.

### MISSIONARY PERIL—OUR FLIGHT.

All looked dark. It was night, and our staunch old friend Kuanuan had not made his appearance. We afterwards heard he was busy bundling up his little property, and removing his pigs to another village, as it seemed certain his own settlement would be first to go next day. What was now to be done? Never did we feel more at a loss to know the Divine will. The only visible hope of safety on the coming day seemed to be to fire on the enemy. What were we to do? Were we to remain and either be killed ourselves, or be the means of killing others, or should we commit ourselves to the waves and try to make some other island.

We retired together to pray and wrestle with God for guidance, and sent our Samoans to their house to do the same. For a time we felt overpowered, and could scarcely give utterance to our desires. But the Lord appeared, and enabled us freely to pour out our souls before him. Still, however, our Father's countenance seemed hidden. We could not see where he pointed, or what he wished us to do. Our hearts revolted at the thought of firing on the people. We felt willing to meet death in any form rather than do that. The question was, remain or go to sea? It occurred to us to cast lots, but although the difficulties in both cases seemed equal, we thought we had better calmly consider and decide. We prayed again, and again deliberated. As it had been squally the most of the day, there was much to forbid our going to sea. But the wind had shifted a few points, and we thought that if we could only get out of the bay, and round the east point of land, we might hoist our sail and fetch Aneiteum, an island about forty miles off. This we all thought would be the right course, and so we determined to be off to sea by midnight. This we thought would put an end to the fighting, save us from all temptation to use violence in our extremity, and we felt, too, that even if we did perish at sea, it would be better thus to enter heaven, than through the medium of savage hands. We now called our Samoan servants and teachers. They too, with one exception, had come to the conclusion that we should be off at once, and not risk the fighting of the day close at hand.

It was now eight o'clock, and we made all haste to gather together some of the necessaries we had been preparing. It was still squally—thundering and blowing hard occasionally during the evening. Now and then we trembled at the thought of exposure to the billows in a small open boat, badly manned, and scarcely knowing where we were going. But the case was desperate. Our minds were made up. We must go on, and as often as a doubt arose, we seemed to hear a voice from heaven, saying, “Be strong and of good courage, fear not, neither be afraid of them; for the Lord thy God he it is that will go with thee, he will not fail thee nor forsake thee.”

By and by we had all ready, and were only waiting the rise of the moon. This was a solemn hour. Death and eternity seemed near. This we thought might be to some, or to all of us, the last opportunity on earth for deliberate reflection. The parting message was thought of, and given with the calm heroism of a faithful male martyr—“My dear, if I die, and your life should be saved, tell mamma and my uncle that I never regretted having come in the service of Christ,” yes; this thought was uppermost in our minds amid the greatest trials. The cause of our Redeemer, we felt, was worthy, not only of one, but of ten thousand lives if we had had them to bestow.

But these solemn parting thoughts were soon interrupted by the stern reality of our midnight flight. About eleven o'clock, our servants came in to say that the