

avarice for such an undertaking." Dr. Haweis, the Anglican rector and chaplain of the Countess of Huntingdon, who was a worthy colleague of the Presbyterian, Dr. Love, spared no pains to induce his fellow-directors to answer that superficial and faithless view, to which Captain Cook had himself fallen a victim, by directing the first expedition to the islands of the South Sea, and very specially to Tahiti.

The story of Captain James Wilson's first voyage of the *Duff* in the years 1796, 1797, 1798, as authoritatively detailed at full length in the quarto volume published for the benefit of the society in 1799, has again in its past centennial year been told in popular style by Mr. George Cousins, its editorial secretary. Since this article was written there has reached Edinburgh the American Tract Society's noble little quarto written by Rev. James M. Alexander, under the title of "The Islands of the Pacific." To that our readers should turn for "a compendious sketch of missions in the Pacific," with illustrations of much beauty. Even more recently still there has returned from twenty years of labor in the New Hebrides group, the Rev. James H. Laurie, who, when the Free Church of Scotland in 1878 could not find an ordained minister to go forth to that region—so much more attractive did India and Africa and China seem to be—offered himself, layman and deacon as he then was. After building up and confirming the churches of Aneityum, founded by the apostolic Drs. Geddie and Inglis, who found not a Christian on the island, and who left it with not a heathen there, and with the whole Bible printed in the language of the people and paid for by their annual crop of arrowroot, Mr. Laurie has retired.

To the eye of sense a hundred years ago, it looked as if the opinion of Captain Cook as to the destiny of the Polynesians were more likely to prove correct than that of Love, Haweis, Captain James Wilson, and the supporters of the London Missionary Society. For years after March 5th, 1796, when Wilson left eighteen of the thirty missionaries on Tahiti, of the Society group, and the others on Tongatabu, of the Friendly Islands, and put one man, William Crook, the servant, ashore on the Marquesas, it seemed as if the whole enterprise were to be a failure. In March, 1798, one half of them left for Sydney, and "gave up the work." Only in 1800 could Nott and Jefferson build a church and preach in public. Not till 1812 did it seem possible that there could be any fruit, when King Pomare asked Nott for baptism. Who shall picture the trial of faith which that heroic missionary had patiently borne these sixteen years, while deserted by nearly all his fellows, and treated as Noah was when he was a-building the ark? But God's long-suffering, reproduced in that of His servant, proved as ever to be "salvation," to races as to individuals, to the sensual Polynesians and cannibal Melanesians as to the chosen Israel of old, and every evangelized dark people since. From Captain Cook's murder and even John Williams's martyrdom, to the churches of Maoris and Fijians, Eromangans and Samoans, what a difference the century has wrought out;