In the evening had a walk by moonlight. Nothing could exceed the grandeur of the scenery. The moon was near the full, the sky clear as amber. The tall cocoanuts were waving their branches over our heads. Immediately before us the proud waves of the Pacifick were rolling in awful majesty. A strong breeze was blowing to waft the ship that had borne away our children and friends to its destined harbor. It was an hour for reflection and my sister and I talked of the strange things that have come to pass. It seems to have made a deep impression on my mind. Oh, the island seems desolate when the Ravaai is gone.

[The French Governor’s Daughter]

Have just received under my care a new pupil, said to be the daughter of the French governor on Tahiti, by a native of that island, a lovely little girl, about four years old. I was attracted to her by seeing her play in the water. One morning as I walked out I came near the bridge over the river. A company of children were jumping off the bridge into the water and playing like so many fishes. I stopt to look at them. I espied one diverse from the others. I was struck with the beauty of her form and complexion. I called to the larger children to bring her to me. They did so, and I enquired “whose child is she?” They replied, “Tamahini no Tavana no Tahiti.” The daughter of the French Governor on Tahiti. They told me the names of her “mau matua faa a mu,” (feeding parents.) I requested them to go and tell the people to bring her to the Mission House, I wished to talk with them. They did as I bade them, and very soon they were before me, and presented the little child.
I then asked the woman to give me the child's history. She had been a resident on Tahiti at the time of the child's birth. "The Governor came from France to bear rule among the islands, left his wife at home. After a residence of a few months he took a native woman to live with him, who bore two daughters. At the expiration of two years he went to France, and returned bringing with him his lawful wife. It happened one evening there was a great gathering of the people about the governor's house. Himself and wife were standing in the Piazza above. The lady looked down, saw below, sitting on the ground, a native woman with a white child in her arms. A thought struck her in a moment that it was her husband's, and she said the same to him, which he dared not deny. She then upbraided him for not informing her of the fact before she left France."

She said to him with great candor and firmness, "Had you told me that you had a child here, who had claims on your protection, of whose existence you was the author, I would have taken it into my own family and performed the part of a mother, but inasmuch as you thought to deceive me, and keep it a profound secret, I require you to send the child or children forever from my sight." Like a humbled man he hearkened to her words. They were both sent from that island. The younger was placed in charge of the above named people, who brought her to me. They had the credit of being kind sensible Guardians. I proposed taking her under my charge to teach, which they readily conceded would be desirable and appreciative. Their fondness for the little girl made them conscious that she should be improved.

She wept bitterly when they left her. I took her to my arms as if she had been my own and she soon became attached to me, and was never willingly out of my sight. With a view to learn her she must sometimes stay at home when I went out, I would steal slyly away. Generally before I could get ten rods from the door, I would hear the patter of her little feet trotting behind me, keeping at a short distance, not venturing too near, for fear of a reproof for following when she had not permission. As soon as I felt induced to turn, and with a gently voice speak her name, "Sarah, must you go?" No little wild animal would bound with more lighted feet and lightened heart. I often thought it would be hard to find a more attractive child. Her color was not objectionable. Enough of native to give a tinge not uncomely, her black hair and eyes denoted character, her ideality filled her whole being with inspiration, at the sight of anything beautiful.

Such was her aptness to learn it was a real pleasure to teach her. She had a great fancy for pronouncing English words. We dressed her in European fashion, which caused her the more to admire herself, likewise her guardians, who often visited her, seemed proud, and called her a "tomahini papa." When I left the islands, it was contemplated placing her under the tuition of the English Missionaries. Gladly would I have
brought her home, but that was contrary to French laws. Hope has inspired me to believe her father would keep a watchful eye over her, and that she grew up a brilliant woman, there is little room to doubt. Never does my mind revert to the scenes enacted on that “isolated world” but I remember the patter of those little feet, and can see the golden child in the water. I have digressed. I will return to my journal.

[Island Life—“Dull, Dull”]

Feb 3d. [1852] Received presents from little Sarah’s “mau metua,” as they are called. Kind and agreeable people are they. Last night stood an hour or more on the beach with my sister and a crowd of children. The tide was in and the breakers were dashing upon the shore. While we stood just within reach for it to cover our feet, and then recede to meet the succeeding one, as it rushed forward with a violent effort to impede its course, but in vain, it would mock the power of the receding wave and come dashing on, bury our feet, and away to meet its opponent, carrying with it the loud laughter of the children. The atmosphere was delightful, the stars were looking down in their peerless beauty. The majestic queen of the Heavens was riding on in rival grandeur, and smiling with approbation at creation beneath her. Such is an evening on Tubuai, the little world in this mighty ocean.

Everything is still and quiet no noise on the island when there are no vessels in port with spirituous liquors. Our chief amusement is on the beach at the close of the day, when the air is cool, watching the children play in the water, when the breakers are dashing on the beach. If a little one falls and the wave rolls over him the rest all shout with laughter. In a moment he is up, and ready to venture again.

5th day. Today was our weekly prayer meeting. Ellen being absent, I had no one to interpret, was compelled to rely on my own ability to speak for myself. I succeeded beyond my expectations, and they appeared to understand me well, and were pleased.

This morning I arose early and was surprised to find Mr. P. gone. Searching the house I found his gun, and knew he had not gone in search of wild fowls. I could not conjecture why he had gone without our knowledge. Towards evening he returned. He had walked a long distance to find a spot suited to the production of corn. He had planted with a view to dry it in the milk, to use on our voyage home. This encouraged us to see a move made however small in reference to that most desirable enterprise.

7th day Yesterday was Ellen’s birthday. Twenty years has she seen the light of Heaven, and oh! what a pilgrim have I been since the 6th year of her age! How have I traversed creation through! One thing is certain, if
for twenty years to come I am required to encounter similar scenes in the struggle of life, no woman's experience will exceed mine. Few are the young women of her years whose lives have been more eventful than hers.

The people are all engaged in grinding limes and making juice for the Tahitian market. Mills of their own construction are in operation. In doing the work they make a frolick, all get together and sing while gathering the limes. They must have a new song at every tree, all their own make. No matter whether it rhymes by rule or not, they can twist the tune to fit the metre. Lime juice is quite an article of commerce. It is a favorite drink, mingled with water in almost all warm climates, but is never used here. The cotton tree is really a curiosity to me; having never seen one before. It produces the finest quality of cotton, grows in pods like a bean. When ripe it bursts open. The tree grows eight or ten feet in height, with many branches.

Today had a feast of reading newspapers from the U. States. It seems cheering to hear from the world. Though all I read is not agreeable but it proves to me the world is still in existence. To be convinced of that fact is better than feeling that a little spot on which I stand in the midst of a mighty ocean is all that is left of the once populous universe. As I sat reading the news a native brother asked “ei hara to parau?” (what is the talk?) Mr. Pratt told what great improvements were being made in America. He replied (in his tongue) that, “men abroad are doing great things; while here they do nothing but eat, drink, and sleep and be idle like dogs.” Poor man, he has a true sense of his condition and desires to rise above it.

9th day. All days are alike here, dull, dull. As soon as daylight in the morning, the bell rings and the people assemble at the “Prayer House,” to read the Bible. We read and talk a little, dismiss and go to breakfast. Again the bell rings for the children. I teach them to answer questions, from scripture, pronounce English words, tell their meaning etc. Then my own children get their lessons in English. After this, I read, write and sew. How I long for intelligent associations. The few Americans are the same as one family. We meet often and exhaust our subjects of conversation, then our minds reach after variety. We cannot make companions of the natives. They can only amuse us for a little time. It is not desirable to go into their dwellings to remain long, their notions of order are diverse from ours. It would be amusing to see how their admiration would be excited could they go into a well finished and handsomely furnished house.

[Pratt’s Land]

10th day. Went to see the land which is said to belong to Paraita, far inland. It appears to be a rich soil covered with cocoanuts and faees [feitis], timber somewhat resembling black walnut, but more of a reddish
hue. On our way we saw several small improvements, and corn growing, a thing they had never seen before we came here.

[Louisa's Teaching]

What a paradise might be made of this island had the people one spark of enterprise. But that is smothered beneath the rain of ages, and swept away with the knowledge their forefathers once possessed. Now they grope in darkness at noonday. They have a kind of natural religion, pray much and seem to enjoy it. I am sometimes disposed to think they practice it for amusement. In the principles of chastity they seem wreckless. A female though known to be unvirtuous and unchaste in her habits is not denounced as unworthy of a son or brother in wedlock. Although the male may be a fairer type of humanity in regard to morals, it is, however, expected and required when she is married that she be true to her husband.

In consideration of their extreme fondness for children, it is strange they should be so stupid in regard to such principles as tend to procreation. For this cause they decrease. There was on this island at one time 5000 inhabitants. Now they number only 200 all told. My mind is continually occupied in reflecting on the conduct of those men who having had a Christian training come to these islands and corrupt themselves with the heathen women. I wish there could be an example made of a few to alarm others. I sometimes feel such indignation rise up in my heart I could almost see them hung. What are men made of? How can he stain his soul with that indelible mark which will be as lasting as eternity? In my humble opinion he will feel the effects produced by such a course in the world of spirits, memory will haunt him with the reflection, "I sinned against light and knowledge."

12th day. Today was our weekly prayer meeting. I spoke to the sisters twice at considerable length. Every attempt I make I speak with more ease. I told them about the "holy city" of which we read in John's Revelations. "That nothing unclean could enter there." Fornicators and adulterers would stand without and plead in vain for admission. Then said I, "if you are fortunate enough to be among the accepted ones, you will hear wailing and lamentation from those who are rejected." I told them to invite their irreligious relatives to come to our meetings, and we would plead with them to repent and forsake their sins, and be baptized, and begin their lives anew. At the close I asked them if they understood me well. They replied they did, and felt great joy that I could speak their language so well.

13th. Spent the entire day in Prayer House teaching the children and writing in my history. I am surprised at the accuracy with which I call
to mind scenes in my early life. Almost every circumstance seems as vivid as the day it transpired. In this way I pass many an hour which otherwise would hang heavily on my hands. Days of silence, and loneliness. This Building is like a cloister where monks reside. A place of retirement and reflection. Here the varied scenes of my life are revived and lived over.

15th. This morning early heard the cry of “Pahi a hoi.” A welcome sound indeed. We all run to see if we could ascertain what craft it was. All pronounced sooner than we expected but we thought it must be her. Very soon the news came, “It is not the Ravaai,” but a Schooner from Raivavae where brother Brown is preaching. Capt. Rutcliff came on shore with seventy passengers.

They all came to see us, shook hands very cordially. They were dressed neatly, looked clean and comely. Two letters came from Brother James B. Great contention on Raivavae about the gospel through the influence of English missionaries. Doors of publick worship closed against him. He is anxious to leave there and go where he can do more good. Those who have embraced the truth are greatly disturbed. Today a great feast is in operation for the newly arrived visitors, a great dance too, out in the groves. The rain is coming down upon them. For music they have three drums, and some whistles made of small cane, which makes sweet music, though very low. The new comers have been walking through the House all the morning exchanging presents with their friends. Every time they pass there must be a salute and ceremony. If they come to your house a dozen times in a day there must be a ceremony “ia ora na oe,” meaning life and peace to you. A female came in with a young child in her arms, born on the vessel no more than 24 hours old. She seemed as brisk as her companions showed no signs indicating an event of that nature. I am much better pleased with the appearance of these people than when I saw them on their own Island. There, they appeared careless and slovenly, here they look tidy and respectable. They are aware that the Tubuai natives consider themselves a little higher grade. In coming here to visit they have made an effort to vie with their neighbors. Just now the cry of Pahi a hoi was heard, all thought it must be the Ravaai, but the news soon resounded it was a large ship with tall masts, probably a whaler.

I have much satisfaction in endeavoring to expound the scriptures to those who come to me to be instructed. Today I was requested to search out portions of scripture to prove that God exists in a form. This I did with great ease. Hebrews 12th 3d an incontrovertible testimony appears. “Who being the brightness of his Father and the express image of his person.” And again, “Who being in the form of God thought it not robbery to be equal with God.” Many other portions I sought out, which seemed conclusive to their inquiring minds. Brother Grouard still insists on the expediency of going to California to procure a large vessel to take
us and such of the natives as desire to go to the American Coast. All do not accord with his views, reasoning that it would require too much time to accomplish such an expedition.

19th. The visitors still remain here, feasting still continues. All civil, no confusion much to their credit.

We are every hour looking for the Schooner. Wind strong and fair to bring her into port. Last night at dusk, I walked on the beach. The wind was roaring loud, the sea looked angry. The agitated water wore a dark green color. "Oh thou old dread sea, thou art the mother of the continents, the islands thy children." As I listened a trembling thought crossed my mind that perhaps the vessel might be in danger, be driven onto rocks, or in some way endanger the lives of our children. My next thought was He is whom we trust rules the raging seas. As soon as I committed them to His care I felt measurably relieved.

I returned to my sisters house collected all the children we have under our charge, and placed them in a row or class. Ann Louise, our youngest daughter pronounced little B. F. Grouard, the best looking child among them. I gave the preference to little Sarah, the French girl. She is fair, shows very little of her dark blood. Sophronia Grouard has marks of beauty. A bright expressive countenance, dark lustrous eyes, regular features. Alice, the quadroon, wears an open smile which indicates good temper, a lively animated expression, a satisfied air which gives her an affable appearance. I see more clearly how the disposition may be read in the countenance. I feel gratified at the progress I am making in acquiring the language. When I am put to the test, have no interpreter, I quite astonish my hearers. It is good for me to be compelled to speak for myself.

I read from the prophet Ezra his lamentations, and repentance before God, for the sins of the children of Israel, when they were returned from Babylon to rebuild Jerusalem. He rent his garments, tore out his hair, confessed the sins of the people, his shame for their transgressions. I compared the Prophet's sorrow to the sorrow of the missionaries who come to labor among these islands. When a portion of them have turned from their idolatry, broken away from their corrupt and abominable practices, thus causing the hearts of their teachers to rejoice; see them run well for awhile, others seeing their good works are almost persuaded to join their ranks, when suddenly as though the adversary of all good was lurking in secret laying snares for them, they turn from the holy commandments delivered to them at an incalculable cost, and commence again their livid and dishonorable practices. Then said I, your teachers know the sorrow of the prophet!

They feel like rending their garments, clothing themselves in sackcloth, lying down with dust upon their heads! Such anguish have I felt when I have seen persons, professing to know and be governed by the
principles of the everlasting gospel, forget their high and holy calling, and descend to the level of the poor degraded beings who make merchandise of their honor, which should be to them more sacred than the life blood that courses through their hearts. I think of the pure spirits I have known in my life, and ardently do I pray that I may someday see their faces, and bear my testimony to the great truths the Lord has revealed from the Heavens, in this our day and age. This promise has been made me, and by those who have authority; and claim it I must and will. Why should I doubt?

Feb 21st. This is my companions birthday 50 years old. Few men of his years have had an experience more varied. 14 years since he was baptized in Kirtland Ohio, and confirmed a member in the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. The last eight years his time has chiefly been devoted to labors in the gospel. His property has been sacrificed, his family reduced to the most abject poverty, sickness and distress in his absence. Hunger cold, and nakedness; houseless and homeless, have they wandered, in dens and caves of the earth! Over deserts and through the howling wilderness! But in the Lord have they trusted, and ere long he will put a new song in their mouths, even praise to our God. On Sabbaths we have crowded congregations; the visitors add to the numbers.

22d. This evening amused ourselves with the children, dressed little Frank G. in boy’s clothes for the first time. He walked about with all the importance of an army general, with his hands in his pockets. He performed masterly the ceremonies required, shaking hands and bowing to all in the room. He would not submit to be called anything but a man. Still he wanted his “aunty” to rock him to sleep, as usual. When told that men must not be rocked, he replied, “I am a little man.”

This afternoon a great dance and a feast has been going on. A female carried the flag, her companions followed in train, dressed in white, with wreaths of flowers on their heads, and carrying great loads of provission on their shoulders. Their singing has been very loud, drums and whistles besides their vocal musick. The church members venture to go and look on, but do not presume to join them.

Today “te mau metua no toata fran,” brought us banannas, fish and fine melons. I have spent the day quite agreably, in reading the political class book.

29th. Last evening the dance was ended. The noise was loud, and to cap the climax they set the dogs to fighting. The visitors brought a number of dogs, no doubt were anxious to know whether they would return to their island conquerors, or conquered. Scenes of a like nature show their wild and untamed habits.

Capt. Rutcliff has just set sail, going to Raiatea after his wife. He has a native woman, like all the other capt’s about the island. There is something
peculiar about them; all I believe, ran away from home, they now appear to be sober candid men. Capt R talks of his parents in England, being wealthy, his father a ship owner, and he, a wanderer about these isolated islands, and has been for nine years. We begin now to conclude the *Ravaai* has gone to the Chain Islands; probably three weeks will elapse ere she will be announced coming into this port.

Last evening went on a long walk. All had a fine bath in the deep water. Called to see the grave of John Cane, father of our little Mary, who lived with us so long. The yard seems going to decay. He lies alone in the woods. The tall limes and guaver trees hang bending over, reaching to the wind that whistles through their branches, as if to soothe his sleep dust. The spot has been neatly ornamented. A thick coat of lime has been spread over the grave to keep it forever dry. A white board with an inscription. He died five months before the birth of his child, but her mother has taught her to revere the spot where he lied buried. The woman is now the wife of Capt. Johnson. He is a kind stepfather to Mary and a sensible man.

26th. Today spoke at some length in our prayer meeting. It seemed that words were given me as I needed. I could feel that I was understood. Today Lois was taken with a severe pain in her hand. It is badly swolen. We have often marveled at our continual health, when the people in general are so often ill. Transitions with me are all of a mental nature. Transports of joy I seldom feel. Sometimes [I feel] peace and a heavenly calm, at others deep sorrow and unaccountable gloom!

Last evening I ventured a walk on the beach alone. Having never been disturbed in my nocturnal rambles I have ceased to have any fears. The beach immediately in front of my sisters door, the tide having receded, and the sovereign of night presenting her fair face from behind the beautiful clouds, seemed to urge me to venture alone. Everything was so tranquil above and below. I could see the starry heavens in the depths beneath shining up; in the firmament shining down; each vieing with the other in brillancy. I sang some favorite hymns in a low tone. A holy calm stole over me. It seemed the quiet of some soothing spirit so gentle. I thought I should creep softly home and no one would ask where I had been. As I was about to start my husband came in search of me, and uttered a reproof, that I should go out alone. To have told him the true reason would have spoiled the effect, and destroyed all the exercise had done for me. So in silence I made my way to the house, and evaded the subject as much as possible.

28th. Today translated the eight chapter of Corinthians from the Tahiti. A great source of amusement it is to study a new language. Youth is the season to learn everything.

29th. Sabbath. Three discourses today, all in Tahiti. The evening exercise was soul stiring! I understood it better than I generally do. It was
directed chiefly to those who having long heard the truth sounding in
their ears refuse to obey. They were reminded that “now is the accepted
time, and now the day of salvation!” That if now they turn a deaf ear to
the call to repent and forsake their sins, the time would come when they
would call on God, and he would not answer. It sometimes seems to me a
waste of time to preach to them. I wish the labor could be bestowed on
those who would appreciate it more. I long to see the Ravaaii coming into
Port! Who can tell but cheering intelligence will again greet our ears, and
the way be opened for us to return to our home and country.

The natives still continue their work making limejuice. Of late they
grow very noisy. The king is gone, there is no one to restrain them. As
soon as they strip the limes from one tree they set up a shout, that is
almost deafening; and then they dance, till they come to another. I have
often complained of silence, and stillness, and felt as though I were walk­ing
among the tombs! Now for a change I must hear the noise.

March 3d. The air is cool and delightful. Every morning I translate
a chapt from the Tahitian Bible into English. It does not read the same as
in our book, but it is the same in substance. I really admire the language;
it is spoken with so much ease. There is not one word in ten, of the
English, that these people can pronounce correctly.

Every day I hear the same wild singing. How free from care their
minds must be. They carol like birds, like them do they live, like chil­
dren playing in the streets, unconcerned about wants, so their lives pass
and what will they ever attain to? The human mind is better developed
under trying circumstances. In the hard struggles of life, in the stern real­
ities, the mind is more active, it thinks deeper, I never knew a person
whose life had been made up of deep afflictions, but from that one’s
experience there was wisdom to be gleaned. On the other hand there are
persons on whom providence has seemed always to smile, and they never
have a dozen thoughts in their lives, aside from business and pleasure.
When I meet with the good humble sisters in the House of Worship I
never fail to wish they could be separated from the rabble, and taken
away from the evil influences.

5th day. Translated a chapt in the morning the remainder of the day
spent in writing.

Mar 6th. This is Lois B’s birthday. 15 years old. She is a tall womanly
girl, amiable in her temper. Has two children under her charge: on them
she enforces implicit obedience. Fortunate would it be for them could
they be brought to maturity under her tuition. They seem greatly
attached to her, willing to obey the slightest command. The boy at first
apparently had no sense of subjection. If I spoke to him in a commanding
tone he looked at one with surprise, and would go his own way. Now he
obeys his teacher at a word. The little girl whom we named Alice was
much given to telling falsehoods. Lois labored faithfully to teach her to be truthful. Her word now can be relied upon as firmly as any child’s in the house.

[News via Ravaai: Prepare to Leave the Mission]

Joyful intelligence! The Ravaai is in sight. The cry of “Pahi a hoi,” is going round the island! Now we are making great preparations to receive our friends. A great feast is being prepared. Since the cry of “Ship,” I have caused the Prayer House to be cleaned throughout, had new long grass laid in both rooms of my dwelling, the walls ornamented with green ito boughs, a display of flowers which the native children spare no pains to procure for us. Let them come at any hour we shall be ready to entertain them.

7th day Sabbath. Today broke bread probably for the last time in Tubuai. The word now is that we are to go forthwith to Tahiti. This morning at two o’clock the Ravaai came into harbor. The wind which had been high all day died away and the full moon arose. She was beaming forth in all her loveliness when I heard a call at my window announcing the arrival of the Schooner! In a few moments the children were dressed and we were all on the beach. Scores of natives thronged the roads running to and fro, and immediately commenced making ovens to cook for a feast.

March 8th. The sails were all furled and the ship lay gently rolling with the swell. All seemed silent, and we could discover only one man on deck keeping watch. A canoe went off, and aboard, returned with the news that a portion of the company had staid behind, and that we were to go immediately to Tahiti, and make preparations to cross the ocean, and bid our native friends a long farewell. In a short time the passengers came on shore, and we gave them a hearty shaking of hands. They were pleased with the voyage though the vessel had not made the Chain Islands, as was expected, but had been to Rurutu, where they were detained two weeks on account of head winds. Found the people there greatly opposed to the gospel. The brethren who remained on Tahiti have engaged a job of housebuilding for which they are to have $1300. That amount of means will defray all the expenses of a home passage and leave the Ravaai for the native brethren to come hereafter.

8th day. A day of consultation and reflection upon a subject of a trying nature. My mind is disturbed. The people seem troubled about our going away. Even the roughs who do not belong to the church, urge us to stay; and although they care nothing about the gospel, they say to us, “if Paraita leaves what shall we do for a missionary?” Little as they heed our teachings, they have great faith in us as missionaries. Gladly would we take the good and faithful ones with us, if means could be obtained. Mr.
Grouard sells all his goods in one day, whether few or many. The people purchase on a large scale, they seldom buy cloth by the yard.

Mr. G. has at length given us his little boy. He is a fine promising child one year and a half old. He will be little or no trouble at present, but will be a great source of amusement on the long voyage.

10th day. Telii came to talk with me about going to California. She cannot be reconciled to have us go and leave her. We told her we would do all in our power to provide a way for her to go. When I see the people look sad I feel grieved that means cannot be had to take them all with us. But many of the church members have relatives who would oppose their going. Hoatau, our good chief, with thoughtful looks, says, “when you are gone the children you have been teaching will go back to the state they were in when you came, and all your labor will be lost.”

11th. Today was our weekly prayer meeting. I had great liberty in speaking. I spoke in reference to our leaving, that it was right for us to go. “The work of the Lord is great, and requires us to work fast. We must not stay too long in one place.” I said to them further. “We shall intercede to have you removed to the church when we get home. In the meantime you must pray for yourselves and for us.” They seemed comforted with my remarks, and reconciled to stay.

Since the return of the vessel I am sad from another source. Our boy Hiram is left on Tahiti exposed to the influences of wicked persons. I sometimes feel that he is lost and undone. Could I know he would go very soon to California where the brethren of the church will watch over him it would relieve my mind of a heavy burden. Oh! the fearful condition of a child left in the world without parents and one not willing to hearken to instruction from those older and wiser!

How terrible to be obliged to mingle with the unholy and profane. I long for the day when a division line will be drawn. Then will be fulfilled the words of Malachi. “Then shall ye return and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God, and him that serveth him not.” Brother Grouard's condition is really an unfortunate one. His native wife is stubborn and refractory. She is not willing to go with him to the church, and if she remains here she will not let the children go. Troubles assail him on every side. The natives have imposed on him by putting water in the lime juice. They have had a trial; he compels them to empty the casks and fill them again. It is indeed perplexing to trade with people who are too ignorant to be strictly honest.

Last evening the natives had a long talk which continued till midnight. Some one had named a horse, which proved to be a family name of the contending party. It was grossly insulting their dignity that a poor brute should bear the name of a family relation whereas a sensible white man would not feel dishonored in the least.
The brethren have at last concluded to sell the Ravaai. One third its value will be given to the white men for their labor upon it. This will afford us a more comfortable fit out for the voyage. I feel a silent foreboding of consequences which may grow out of certain things which have transpired. I dare not hope for good, and painful it is to expect evil. I cannot look upon a sinful course with any degree of allowance. I must regard it with utter abhorrence! Oh! how it afflicts me, to see those who know the truth turn from it into by and forbidden paths! I think and feel what it must cost them to retrace their steps! Why need I feel that the sins of the world rest on my shoulders? The glorious day is rolling on when the division line will be drawn, and those who love the right will be associated together; and the mouths of the wicked will be stopt!

Our good friend Telii seems constantly grieved about our going away to leave her. She has an adopted child belonging to the Queen, which she would not leave. The Queen would not consent that the child should be taken unless she herself could go. On every hand obstacles arise. Had I the control of the mission, "Hoatau" and Telii should be taken to the church.

Today assisted in finishing a bed quilt for the Queen. Sister C. designs presenting it to her. She has not yet seen it. When she does she will be delighted in receiving it as a present. It is really beautiful! The pattern is "the rising sun."

22d. Today Mr. G. preached a most thorough discourse. He compared his hearers to the hardened Jews, telling them how much preaching they had heard, and how they had turned a deaf ear to it all, with the exception of a few humble and faithful souls, who had received good seed into their hearts, and brought forth good fruit. "Which if they continue will make them heirs of the kingdom of heaven." A more attentive audience I never saw.

Mr. Layton is fearfully sick with the cramp cholic. We are doing all in our power to relieve him, and more than all encouraging him to lay hold on faith, to be healed by the "laying on of hands."

Mr. G. is now alive with interest in Comb's Physiology. Also the lectures of "Horace Mann," which exceed anything I have ever read of the kind. A book of invaluable merit. Banished as it were from the world of erudition we grasp eagerly at anything that feeds the intellectual part, and reminds us that there is a world that is not all ignorance and superstition.

I sometimes feel that I have laid the foundation for a great work among this poor degraded people. The children we take home with us will in a future day (if they are properly reared) remember their own people, and will seek after them to bring out of nature's darkness, into the light and liberty of the children of God. If I can save one poor child from moral degradation, I shall feel repaid for all my labor in coming
here. Br. Layton is now able to be out, to help a little about the vessel. Sister C. and I talked at length on a subject of an exciting nature. It is the worst place in the world to throw off an impression made upon the mind by any unhappy circumstance. So little to divert the attention. When a subject fastens itself on the imagination it penetrates into the inmost recesses of the mind or power of thought, and preys with all its force till the subject exhausts itself, and tired nature seeks repose in forgetfulness.

Today Sister Crosby spoke to the native sisters in their language for the first time. She has not devoted so much time to study as I have.² Oh! the long delay in getting the vessel ready to sail. What will those waiting on Tahiti think has befallen us? Frances my poor girl is there, every day expecting the Ravaai to make her appearance. Brothers Crosby and Whittaker are there engaged in building. They will pass the time with less uneasiness. We can send them no letters to inform why we are detained. Such is the fate of all who live on these islands: waiting for vessels and wind, all the days months and years!

This morning had green corn for breakfast. It would be a rarity in our own country so early in the season.

March 27th. Likewise fine ripe melons.

28th. Sabbath. Went at early sunrise to morning service. I enjoy religious exercises better at such an hour than at any other. It seems like beginning the day aright. The prayers sound sublime, the singing sweet and heavenly. The exercises seldom last more than a quarter hour, a custom I quite admire.

The natives who own shares in the vessel, begin to regret giving their consent to have it sold. Mr. G. was very angry, talked loud to them with reproving words, for their instability. I do not blame the people for wishing to keep their Schooner. They have been three years in building it, have only had the use of it once. All possible haste is making to prepare the vessel to sail. Time seems more endurable as it wears away; every day is one nearer.

31st. Last evening a long talk was held between a phrenologist and myself, concerning the moral qualities of this people. He argued that in their organization they were wholly deficient. I contended in their favor, from observation. That it was for lack of culture. That almost all brought under religious influences developed conscientiousness and moral principles; they are readily made to discern between right and wrong. Ignorance and superstitions are a legacy bequeathed to them from time immemorial and I can discern innate qualities of mind which shine forth as I teach them; and a love for the good and beautiful. Kindness and benevolence are among their more prominent traits; loving hearts towards those who are trying to do them good.
[Taking Leave From Tubuai]

April 1st. Great joy is manifest. The last stroke is made on the vessel; the cargo will soon be put on board. Today met with the native sisters for the last time. I felt the spirit to bless them. Sister C. and I, also Ellen, laid our hands upon their heads and gave them our parting blessing. They seemed much affected. I said many things with a view to console them. It grieves me to the heart to leave the children we have taught so long. To think how soon they will retrograde, if not cared for, and watched over. We appointed Telii their guardian, and Hoatau, the good old chief to assist her in counsel. Oh! that I could take them with me to the church! Their parents cling to them as they would to life if required to resign it.

3d day. This is the 21st anniversary of my marriage day. More than one third of that time I have lived a widow, or worse, alone, while my husband was on the opposite side the globe. Untold sufferings have fallen to my lot! Deeply have I drank of the cup of poverty and loneliness, with no eye to sympathize or arm to lean upon.

Cold and cruel as my fate sometimes appeared, “the fullness of the gospel” as revealed in Latter Days, seemed a balm for all my woes! I could sing myself to sleep when not a morsel of bread was in my house, neither means to buy any: But I knew the promises of God were sure, and that deliverance would come in time to save me and my children from hunger. “Who ever trusted in the Lord and was confounded?” In the course of these twenty one years I have travelled three thousand and seven hundred miles by land, and five thousand by water. And with the exception of two short journies, traveled with my four children without my husband.

4th day. Sabbath. Today broke bread in memory of the Saviour’s death and resurrection. This is the last commemoration on Tubuai. I shall never meet the good kind people again in this life, unless some of them should come to America.

It is at last decided that all the children under our care must be left behind. Every entreaty has been used to gain the consent of the mother and grandmother to take the youngest one, but no: they were inexorable! Mr. P. told the Tupuna [grandmother] that if she kept the child and allowed her to grow up in wickedness he would be a witness against her in the day of judgement, and what will be your excuse? Oh, she replies, “I shall have none, but I cannot let her go!” I could almost wish those removed who refuse to let us take the children we have taught with such diligence. The one we are the most desirous of taking (whom we have named Alice) is too good to be left here; it will grieve Lois severely!

6th day. Ann Louise’s birthday. We left Tubuai. Early in the morning the friends began to bring in food for the voyage. The friends who
refused to let us take their child, gave largely. The old grandmother shed many tears. I gave her counsel and much caution concerning the little girl, to whom she clung with such devotion, and she promised to be true and faithful. Hatau also engaged to be guardian to all the children we had under our immediate care, and preserve them as far as possible from temptation.

We set sail with a fair wind. The people followed us to the beach, and wept much. They “waild” and said “Paraita vahine” was growing old, they should never see her anymore! I told them to be comforted, I would pray that some future time they might come to the church of Christ in America, even to Zion in the valley of the Rocky Mountains! We all wept freely, as we gave them the parting hand; and they waded into the water, along side the little boat that bore us away, pronouncing blessings upon us, “from the true God.”

[To Tahiti]

At 4 o'clock we went on board. It was long before we were out of sight of the island. The scenery was grand indeed, as it receded from our view! The weather was fine, and I had high hopes that I should escape seasickness; but my hopes were vain. For three days I was not able to sit up, although the sea was exceedingly calm. Our course was slow, but onward. We [had] a splendid cook, and plenty of good food; purely native.

10th day. The men caught a large shark. They were long in tolling him to the boat. He made a grand appearance in the water, which being clear, his whole form and size could be distinctly seen. Monster of the deep! When drawn upon deck he made a great flouncing, was knocked in the head several times with an axe. It was long, before he was dead. The sailors dressed him and ate his meat but it was not given to the passengers.

Sabbath morn at the break of day we were all called on deck, to behold the beauty of the eastern horizon. The sea was calm. Not the smallest cloud was seen in the firmament. At length the great king of day gave signs of his approach, by gilding the eastern sky with his golden tinges. The scene was truly sublime! The whole world of waters seemed lulled to rest! The angry waves were gone! All nature seemed tranquil and serene. Such a scene is favorable to sickness at sea. Monday the 12th the vessel hove in sight of Tahiti. A large range of mountains, overspread with fruit trees and shrubbery in the midst of the watery world, made a most formidable and picturesque appearance. And the reflection, it is forever green! No chilling winter with biting frosts blight the embryo buds. Forever they bloom and bear fruit. The poor dark man is blessed with luxuries. The orange tree and breadfruit are trees of great beauty: natives of the soil. Their delicious fruit, Oh, how tempting to the weary
mariner! And to him it is always free, what his appetite demands while on shore.

When we were safely anchored in the harbor our friends came on board, and expressed their great joy at our long expected arrival. Their anxiety and fearful apprehensions for our safety had been great, on account of our delay. We found Frances had suffered much with uneasiness, but it was soon forgotten when she conducted us to her place of residence, and set before us a good supper, of European type which made us feel at home. It was a snug little cottage, at the corner of five roads. A beautiful yard in front of the cottage with flower trees all in bloom, revealing taste and elegance from the hands of some one, we knew not who. We could only gaze in wonder and admire! Tahiti is the garden of the world! The flowers trees which grow some twenty and thirty feet in height, fill the soul with admiration!