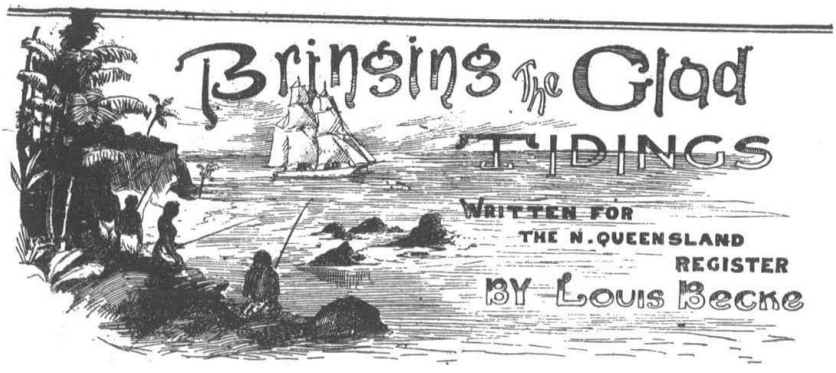


A white misty rain squall had swept down the mountain pass at the head of Lela harbour, plashed across the deep palm-fringed bay and then whirled away seaward.

Out upon ledges of the inshore reef a number of women and children were fishing. The tide was low and the water smooth, and as the fishers shook the rain drops from off their long black tresses and bright brown skins they laughed and sang and called out to one another across the deep reef-pools.

"Ai-e-eh!" cried a tall slender girl, naked to her hips, around which she wore, like her older and younger companions, a broad, woven sash of gaily-coloured banana fibre."Ai-e-eh! 'tis a cold rain, but now will the fish bite fast; and I will take me home a heavier basket than any of ye here," and then she deftly swung her long rod over the pool on whose rugged brink she stood.

"Tuh! listen to her!" called out a round faced, merry-eyed little woman, who fished on the other side, "listen to Niya the Wise-head! She hath not caught a fish yet, and now boasteth of the great basketful she will take home! Get thee home for thy father's seine net, for thou canst not catch anything with thy rod," and the speaker, with a good-humoured laugh, took a small fish out of the basket that hung at her side and threw it at the girl. She, too, laughed merrily as she ducked her head and twisted her lithe young body sideways, and the fish, flying past her face, struck a boy near to her in the back.

He swung round, and, with mock ferocity, hurled the fish back at her who threw it. "That for thee, fat-faced Tulpe; and

would that it had gone into thy big mouth and down thy throat and choked thee. Then would thy husband call me friend and seek out another wife, for, look thou, Tulpe, thou art getting old now."

A loud shriek of laughter from Niya, a merry, mocking echo from those about her, joined in with Tulpe's own good-natured chuckle, and then flinging down their rods and baskets they sprang into the water one after another and played and laughed and gambolled like the children they all were in heart if not in years.

By and by the sun came out, hot and fierce, and the women and children, rods in hand and baskets on back, made homewards to their village across the broken surface of the reef. Right before them it lay, a cluster of some two or three hundred grey-thatched, "saddle-backed" houses, with queer sharp pointed gables at either end.

Nearest to the beach and distinguishable from the others by its great size, was the dwelling of Togusa, the chief of Lela Harbour. At a distance of fifty feet or so from its canework sides was a low wall of coral slabs surrounding it on four sides, with gateways at back and front. Within the walled-in space was covered with snow-white pebbles of broken coral, save where a narrow pathway led from the front gateway to the open doorway of the house.

On they came, the older of the women walking first in twos and threes, the young girls and boys following in a noisy, laughing crowd. But as they drew nearer to the low stone wall their babbling laughter died away and they spoke to each other in lowered tones. For it had ever been the custom of Kusale* to speak in a whisper in the presence of a chief, and Togusa, chief of Lela, was master of the lives of four thousand of the people. Other chiefs were there on Kusale, who lived at Utwe and Mout and Lyinetok, and whose people exceeded in numbers those of the chief of Lela, but none were there whose name was so old and whose fame would compare with his.

So, with softened steps and bodies bent the women entered through the narrow gateway one by one and sat down in front

*Strong's Island in the Caroline Archipelago.

of the door in the manner peculiar to the women of the Caroline Islands -- bringing their thighs together and turning their legs and feet outward and backward. Apart from them and clustering together were the boys, each sitting cross-legged with outspread hands upon the pebbled ground. And all, women, girls and boys, bent their eyes to the ground and waited.

Presently there came to the open doorway of the chief's house an old, white-haired woman, who supported her feeble steps with a stick of ebony wood. For a moment or two she looked at the people assembled before her, and then a girl who followed her placed upon the cane-work verandah of the house a broad, white mat and spread it out for her to sit upon. Slowly the old woman stooped her time-worn frame and sat, and then the slave girl crouched behind her, and, with full, luminous eyes, looked over her mistress' shoulder.

Suddenly the dame raised her stick and tapped it twice on the cane-work floor, and then, with a quick, soundless motion, the fishers rose and with bent heads and stooping bodies crept up to within a few feet of her, and laid their baskets of fish silently at her feet. But though they spoke not themselves each one as she or he placed a basket down, looked at Sipi the slave, and made a slight movement of the lips, and Sipi, in a low voice and looking straight before her, murmured the giver's name to the old woman.

"'Tis the gift of Kinia, the wife of Nara, to Sean, the mother of the King."

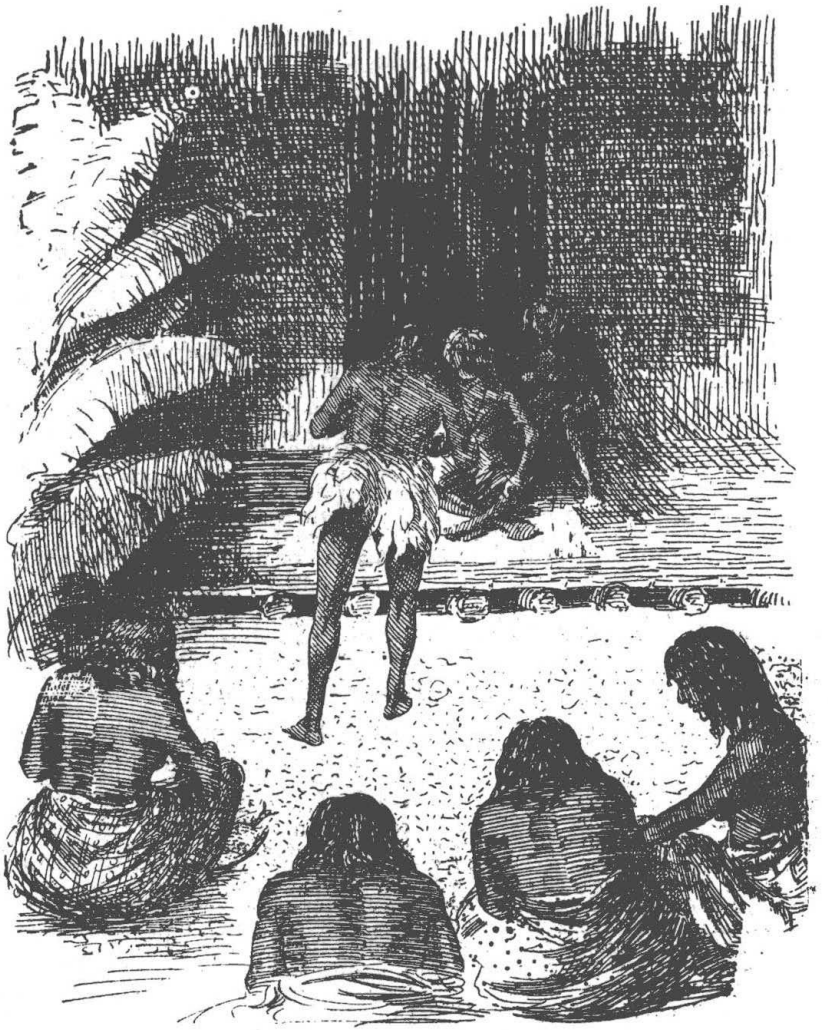
And so, one by one, they laid down their tribute till the offering was finished and they had crept back again to the place where they had first awaited old Sean's coming; and here they sat and waited for the King's mother to speak.

"Come hither, Niya."

At the sound of the old woman's voice the girl Niya came quickly out from amongst her companions, and sat down beside the piled-up baskets of fish.

"Count thee out ten fish for Togusa, the King, ten each for his wives, and two for Sipi, the slave."

With deft hands the girl did the old dame's bidding and placed the fish side by side upon narrow leaf platters brought to her by the young slave girl.



"'Tis the gift of Kinia, the wife of Nava, to Seaa, the mother of Togusa the King."

"Good," said old Sean, smiling at the girl, for Niya was niece to Sikra, and Sikra was one of the King's most trusted warriors, and nephew to old Sean; "Good, child. And now, tell the people that Togusa, the King, is sick, and so comes not out to-day to see their offerings of goodwill to him and his house. So let them away to their homes, taking with them all the fish they have brought save these fifty and two here before me."

Again the women crept up, and each taking up her basket again she walked slowly away, through the gateway and disappeared among the various houses. But Niya, at a sign from the King's mother, remained, and sat down beside Sipi the slave.

By and by, with much stamping of feet and singing a loud chorus, came a party of men, tall stalwart fellows, with their long black hair tied up in a knob at the back of their heads and stripped to the waist. As they reached the gate their song ceased, and each man placed the basket of taro or yams he carried at the feet of the old dame. From each basket the girl, Niya, at old Sean's command, took one taro and a small yam for the King's household; then the men, picking up the baskets again, followed the women into the village. So for another hour came parties of men and women and children, brown, healthy, strong and vigorous, carrying their daily offerings to the King of fish and fowl and wild pigeons and basket pigs and young coconuts and bananas and other fruits of the rich and fertile Kusale.

Then, when the last of them had come and gone the slave girl Sipi put a small conch shell to her lips and blew a note, and men and women — slaves like herself — appeared from the rear of the house and carried the baskets away to the King's cook-houses.

This was the daily life of Lela. At the very break of dawn, when the trees and grass were heavy with the dews of the night, and the flocks of mountain parrots screamed shrilly at the rising sun, and the wild boar scurried away to his lair, the people were up and at work among their plantations or out upon the blue expanse of Lela Harbour in their canoes. For though there was no need for them to do but the merest semblance of toil, yet it was and always had been the custom of the land for each family to bring a daily gift of food to the King. Sometimes if a whale ship lay outside the harbour, the King would take all they brought, to sell to the ship in exchange for guns and powder and bright turkey-red cloth, but beyond this he took but little of all that they gave him day after day. They were a happy contented race, and their land was a land of wondrous fertility and smiling plenty.

* * * *

Sometimes, even in those far off days, a whale ship cruising north-westwards to the Moluccas, or the coast of Japan, would sail close in, back her mainyard and send her boats ashore and wait till they returned laden to the gunwales with turtle, yams and fruit. Dearly would the crew, as they gazed upon the bright beaches and the thickly clustered groves of palms, amid which nestled the grey roofs of thatch, have liked to have sailed in with the ship, and heard the cable rattle through the hawse-pipes as her anchor plunged through the glassy blue of Lela Harbour. But Lela was seldom entered by a ship of any size. Her boats might come in if they liked, and the rough, reckless seamen might wander to and fro among the handsome, brown-skinned people and make sailors' love to the laughing Kusale maidens, till the ship fired a gun for them to return; but the ship herself dared not enter. Not that there was danger from the people, but because of the narrow, tortuous passage and the fierce, swift current that ever eddied through its reef-bound sides. Once, indeed, the captain of an English whale ship, as she lay-to outside, had seen a small schooner lying snugly at anchor abreast of the King's house and had boldly sailed his ship in and anchored beside the little trading schooner. In a week a dozen of his crew had deserted, lured away from the toils of a sailor's life by the smiles of the Kusale girls. Then he tried to get away before he lost any more men. Three times he tried to tow his ship out with her five boats, and thrice, to the secret joy of the Kusale people and his crew had he to return and anchor again; at the fourth attempt the ship struck and went to pieces on the reef.

In those days, and for long years afterwards, there were some five or six white men living on Kusale. They were of that class of wanderers who are to be met with even among the little known Caroline and Pelew Groups and on some of the isolated islands of the North Pacific. Of those that lived on Kusale, however, our story has to do with but one, an old and almost decrepit sailor named Charlie Westall, who then lived at Lela under the protection of Togusa, as he had lived under the protection of that chief's father thirty years before. With those white men, who lived in the three other districts of the island he had had no communication for nearly ten years, although he was separated from them but half-a-day's journey by boat or

canoe; not that he did not desire to see them, but simply because the intense jealousy that prevailed between the various native chiefs who ruled over these districts made visiting a matter of danger and possible bloodshed. Each chief was extremely jealous of his white protegé, who, although he was exceedingly well-treated and lived on the fat of the land, was yet kept under a friendly but rigid surveillance lest he should be tempted to leave his own district and settle in another.

Westall, therefore, as his years and infirmities increased, resigned himself to the knowledge that except when a ship might call at Lela he would not be likely to ever converse again in his mother tongue with men of his own colour. Although an uneducated man, he was one of singular energy and discernment, and had during his forty years' residence on the island, acquired a considerable influence over the chief Togusa and the leading native families. He was by trade a ships' carpenter and, attracted by the intelligence of the natives and the professions of friendship made to him by Togusa's father, had deserted from his ship to live among them. Unlike most of his class he was neither a drunkard nor a sensualist, and marrying a daughter of one of the minor chiefs of Lela had soon settled down on the island for a lifelong residence. As the years went by and his family increased so did his status and influence with the natives, and at the time of our story he lived in semi-European style in Lela village, about a stone's throw from the house of Togusa. He had now some twenty or thirty children by his five wives – for in accordance with native custom he had to increase the number of his wives as his wealth and influence grew – and these had mostly intermixed with natives of pure blood, so that when our story opens the old English sailor's household resembled that of some scriptural patriarch.

Early in the morning on the day following the scene described at the King's house, old Westall was sitting outside his boatshed smoking his pipe and watching some of his white-brown grandchildren at play, when a young native girl came quickly along the palm-shaded path and called out that she had news for him – a ship, she said, was in sight.

"Come thou inside, little one," said the old sailor kindly,

speaking in the Kusale tongue. Indeed, he had but seldom occasion to speak English.

The girl was Niya, the niece of Sikra, and was betrothed to one of old Westall's younger sons. She was about fifteen or so, and was possessed of that graceful carriage and those faultlessly straight features common in women of the Micronesian Islands.

Seating herself on the ground beside the old man, and native fashion, not deigning to notice her lover, who was that moment at work in his father's boatshed, the girl told Westall that she and some other girls had seen a small white-painted ship about four miles off, making towards Lela.

The old sailor's face instantly became troubled and he called out to his son Ted to come out.

"Ted," said the old man, speaking in English, "that mission ship has come at last, and now there's goin' to be a bit of trouble. You see if there won't."

Edward Westall, a short, thickset youth of twenty, with darker complexion than that of the girl who sat at his father's feet, leant upon the adze he carried and said in his curious English: "How you know she's missionary? Has you ever seen missionary ship?"

"No," replied the old man shortly, "an' I don't want to see any. But I know it's a missionary ship. She's painted white, an' I heard from Captain Deaver of the "Hattie K. Deaver," that there was a mission ship at Honolulu two years ago, an' she was painted white, an' was comin' here right through this group, blarst her."

"Well, an' what you goin' to do? You think Togusa goin' to let a missionary come ashore an' live?"

"That's just what I don't know, boy. Togusa likes the white man an' maybe he may take to these Yankee psalm-singers. An' if he does, it just means that you an' me an' all the rest of us will have to roust around for a livin'. They is hungry beggars, these missionaries, and drives every other white man away from wherever they settle down. An' I'm getting too old now to be badgered about by people like them."

"Why don' you go and tell Togusa to keep 'em from comin' ashore?"

The old man shook his head. "No good, boy, I managed to

block one missionary from landing here in the "Shawnee" whaler, when you was a babby, an' I've always been telling Togusa that it'll be a bad day for him when he lets one of them come here, but," and he shook his head again, "he's a weak man, and just like a child. His father was another sort, and had a head full of sense."

For a moment the old seaman seemed sunk in thought, and then suddenly aroused himself.

"Ted," he said, "just you go along with Niya to her uncle Sikra, and tell him an' Joran an' the other big chiefs to come here an' have a talk with me. Togusa is sick an' so I can't get in to see him."

Throwing down his adze, the young half-caste beckoned to the girl to rise and come with him. With that passive obedience so common among women of her race when spoken to by a man, the girl instantly rose and followed her betrothed husband, who, from the broad blue stripes of tatooing that covered his naked arms and thighs would never have been taken for anything else but a pure-blooded native.

Then old Westall, still wearing a troubled look upon his brown and wrinkled face, walked slowly back to his thatched dwelling and sat down to wait for the native chiefs to talk over the danger that menaced them.

* * * *

Four miles away the mission brig – for such indeed was the strange ship -- was sailing slowly along the precipitous Northern coast of the island. On the poop deck were four clerical gentlemen, clothed in rusty black and bearing on their faces an expression of great interest as the various points of the island opened to their view.

Seated a little apart from the others, as befitted his position and dignity as their leader, was the Reverend Gilead Baul. He was a man of nearly six feet in height, with shaven upper lip and white beard, and his eyes, keen, cold and gray, had for the past ten minutes been bent over a copy of the scriptures, outspread upon his huge knees.

Of his three colleagues all that need be said is that in

manner of speech, dress and appearance generally, they were minor editions of the Reverend Baul. They were but new labourers in the "Vineyard," having only arrived at Honolulu from Boston six months previously and had been selected by their principal, the Reverend Gilead, to accompany him on the present mission.

walked up to the captain, who was anxiously scrutinising the line of reef along which the mission brig was sailing.

"Friend," said he, placing his hand with condescending familiarity on the captain's shoulder, and speaking in soft gentle tones. "It hath pleased Gawd to bless us with a prosperous into the haven before us and ventoor our lives amont the ragin' heathen, it would be well for us to stay the ship awhile while the brethren and myself render up our offering of praise and thanksgiving for the manifold mercies vouchsafed to us upon the stormy ocean."

A subdued murmur of approval came from the younger missionaries, who, clasping their hands together, gazed with a rapt expression at Mr Baul. The captain of the brig looked and felt uncomfortable – "Jest as you please sir, but I would like to get the ship to an anchor as quickly as possible. I've never been here before and this Strong's Islander seems kinder stupid, and I really believe the creature doesn't know enough for me to take the ship in by his directions. I guess he's a fool –"

The missionary's face assumed a loftily severe expression.

"Captain Brandon, you surprise me – nay, more, you pain me. This young man," and he placed his large, coarse hand on the head of an undersized native, clothed, like himself, in a long black coat and wearing a stove-pipe hat with a wide, battered brim, "you do, indeed, pain me when you speak of this pious young man – one of Gawd's ministers – as a fool."

The native, who, twelve months before had been one of the crew of an American whale ship, but was now the Reverend Purity Lakolalai, turned a dull, stupid face upon the captain and, encouraged by the protecting glance of his white colleague muttered something under his breath.

"Well, I meant no offence, Mr Baul; but I feel somewhat anxious about getting to an anchor as soon as possible."

"Captain Brandon," said the missionary pompously. "It is my wish and the wish of the brethren with me that we offer up supplication for the success of our cause. Will you kindly call the crew aft so that they may join with us."

The master of the brig nodded and muttering the single word "Hell," under his breath he gave the order for the crew to lay aft.

It is necessary to explain that the presence of the Reverend Mr Baul and his brethren was largely due to the fact that twelve months previously a native sailor had run away from his ship at Honolulu. He was a low caste Strong's Islander, and spoke whaleship English fluently. By some means he came under the notice of the Reverend Gilead, who, learning that he was a native of Kusale, immediately set about his conversion, with the result that Lakolalai, being a man of the world and deeply sensible of the material advantages to be derived, expressed the greatest grief at his own and his countrymen's ignorance of the truths of the Gospel. In the course of a week or two reports were sent home to Boston that, by a marvellous dispensation of Providence, an intelligent young chief had been rescued from the degrading life of a whaler's foc's'cle, and had "greatly moved" the American brethren at Honolulu by his pictures of the hopeless savagery and sinful customs of his people. Furthermore, he had become "concerned" for his soul's welfare, and was now at that time "eagerly imbibing the Truth with tears of thankfulness." As a natural corollary subscriptions were asked for to send out a band of brethren to plant the Word on the heathen field of Kusale. In due course the subscriptions came, and then followed the imposing function of ordaining Lakolalai, formerly a slave and a "burning brand," a minister of the American Board of Missions. Then came the departure of the "Morning Star" with the missionary party just described.

An hour afterward, the devotions concluded, the brig sailed into Lela Harbour and dropped anchor off the King's house.

* * * *

At eight o'clock next morning nearly a thousand natives were assembled on the gravelled space in front of the King's house, all waiting to see the white strangers land. Already a

rumour had gone forth that they were the bearers of a message from a great king to their own chief Togusa, but who the king was and what the message was about, none knew.

In a few minutes a boat left the ship and rowed into the beach, and four white men, wearing stovepipe hats and carrying white umbrellas, stepped out and walked up to the King's gateway; at their heels followed Mr Lakolalai, dressed in exactly the same manner and carrying in addition to his umbrella a large heavy volume.

At the entrance to the King's grounds the party halted and then some discussion took place between them and Brother Lakolalai, who seemed inclined to fall back.

"'Tis but the weakness of the flesh," said Mr Baul to his brethren. "Our brother is somewhat afraid of venturing into the presence of this poor heathen King."

"Yes," said Brother Lakolalai, with emphasis, and in his excitement reverting to his whaleship English, "I'm afraid. You see I no belong to Lela; I belong to Utwe – on the other side of this island. By G–d I afraid go inside King's house here. He G–– d–– big king and want my ––– liver out."

A pained look came into the brethrens' eyes, but the Reverend Gilead at any rate was not wanting in courage, and seizing the Reverend Purity Lakolalai by the arm he drew him along with him. Followed by the brethren, they ascended the steps that led up to the King's house, and in another moment were inside.

The room was a very large one, capable of holding half the population of Lela. At the further end, seated upon mats, were the leading chiefs. Above them, lying upon a slightly raised couch was Togusa, the sick chief. He was a man of about thirty with a thick jet-black beard and pale features, and his countenance showed traces of recent illness.

The moment the missionaries entered, the natives, who were gathered outside, followed them in, the men sitting on one side of the room, the women on the other. As soon as Mr Baul and his brethren had approached within a few feet of the King, the missionary motioned to his companions to stop and advanced alone with hand outstretched.

"You are King Togusa; I am the Reverend Gilead Baul, and I bring you Peace Beyond Price."

The sick chief shook his head feebly in return, and failing to understand Mr Baul's remark inquired in broken English, if he had "come to buy pigs."

"Not pigs, my dear brother, but souls," and the Reverend Gilead smiled benignly, and then with the rest of the brethren sat down upon the mat to which the King motioned them. The Reverend Purity Lakolalai, however, sat quite apart from them, with a very uneasy expression upon his face.

For a moment or so Togusa spoke in an undertone to his chiefs. He was anxious to learn the motive of their visit and felt that his limited knowledge of English was not equal to the task of carrying on a conversation with them. Presently, however, his eye lighted up when he saw coming through the doorway the old white man, Westall, who was attended by four or five of his half-caste sons.

"Tell Challe* to come and talk to these men in their own tongue," he said to one of those of his chiefs who sat about him.

Dressed in a seaman's suit of blue dungaree, and holding his broad palm-leaf hat in his hand, the old seaman advanced through the crowded room and, first greeting the King and chiefs in the native language, he turned to the missionaries.

"Good day, gentlemen. My name is Charlie Westall. I live here. The King wishes me to ask you what is your business and in what way he can serve you. You see, gentlemen, he doesn't speak but little English, and so he wishes me to talk for him."

Then the Reverend Gilead Baul, rising to his feet, extended his right hand and pointing a large fat forefinger at the old white man, spoke.

"Old man, I have heard of you. You are one of those unfor'nit persons who are out of the Lord's fold, and whose dangerous and pernicious example to these pore heathens has done much harm. You may tell the King from me that I cannot talk to him through such a wicked man as yew."

Old Westall laughed a soft sarcastic laugh. "Thank ye, sir, I'll tell him that," and then turning to the King he said: "The

*Charlie

white men have come here to give thee and thy people a new religion; but he will not talk of it to thee, O Togusa, by my lips."

"Why is that," said the King, mildly, his dark eyes moving alternately from the face of the missionary to that of the old white man.

"Because, he sayeth, I am a bad and wicked man, and have taught thee and thy people evil."

The King's eyes flashed angrily and he made a movement as if he would spring from his couch, but in an instant he was calm again.

"That is well Challe. Let him then, if he mistrusts thee, find someone else to tell me of his business here in Kusale."

"The King, sir," said old Westall, "says that he is willing to hear what you have to say – if not through me, then through any one of you or your ship's company who can speak his language."

The calm quiet tones of the old seaman, covering as it did the rage and contempt he felt for the person addressed, deceived not only the Reverend Mr Baul and his colleagues, but their coloured brother, the Reverend Purity Lakolalai, who now stepped forward, Bible in one hand, stovepipe hat in the other. An encouraging smile on Mr Baul's face gave him courage to proceed.

Then, in the midst of a dead and ominous silence, the native minister addressed the King. His speech was a curious one. First, he warned the King and his people of the Wrath to Come if they continued in heathenism; secondly, that old Westall and all other white men but missionaries would be taken away by a man-of-war, and cast into a lake of burning fire called hell; thirdly, that Jesus Christ lived at Honolulu, and the Reverend Gilead Baul was a very rich man, and the friend of the President of the United States and God; fourthly, that if Togusa would cast away his idols, and keep but one wife, and take the missionaries to his bosom, that he would not be taken away to the lake of fire with the bad white men – but would be taken in a man-of-war to Honolulu, and Boston, and live with Jesus Christ and President Andrew Jackson; fifthly, that he, Lakolalai had been a very bad man, but now he had been "washed" and was filled with a powerful "ejon" (witchcraft) which would make him live

forever."

With his chin supported on his right hand the King of Lela listened with unmoved countenance to the native minister's speech. Then, when he had finished, he turned to Sikra, one of his favoured chiefs.

"Who is this man?" he asked, and at the savage energy of the voice the native minister quailed.

"He is Lakolalai, a pig (a slave) from Utwe. He went away from here two years ago."

"Good," and a grim smile stole over the king's features. "Thou hast heard what he has said, and the lies he has told me. Does he and these foolish white men think that I, Togusa, who ever since my birth have known white men, have not heard of these wizards they call missionaries, who would steal the hearts of my people from their gods, and make slaves of them to the god who rules over the lake of fire, bah!" and he spat fiercely on the ground, and then shook his hand threateningly at the missionaries. "Away from here I tell thee. I have heard of thee and know of thy wizardry. Shall I, Togusa, be a fool as was Kamehameha of Hawaii* and yield up my country and my wives and my slaves to such dogs as thee? Go, get thee away to some other land while thy lives are yet safe. But yet," and here he shot a quick glance at old Westall, "shalt thou stay here awhile and see how Togusa shall do justice upon this dog of Utwe, this Lakolalai, who comes into the presence of the King of Lela and threatens him with the vengeance of the Christ God, and the lake of burning fire. Take him, men of Lela, and bind him even as a hog is bound for the slaughter."

But with a wild, despairing cry the native minister had thrown himself at the King's feet, and was pleading for mercy; while from the assembled crowd of natives there came a low savage murmur – the desire for vengeance upon a slave who had insulted their king.

"Gentlemen," and old Westall advanced to the now alarmed missionaries – "You had better get aboard again. I bear you no ill-will for the hard words you have spoken, but you have come upon a fool's errand. The King will have no missionaries here."

*The King of Hawaii.

"Shameless and wicked old man," said one of the younger missionaries, "would you incite these raging heathens to deeds of bloodshed? Think you that we, the ministers of God, are to be lightly turned away by threats? No!" and with shaking hand, he grasped Gilead Baul by the arm. "I for one will not desert my leader, but will cheerfully give up my life for the Cause."

With a contemptuous smile old Westall turned away from him and walked over and stood beside the king. Then he raised his hand.

"Gentlemen, you have had your say. Now let me have mine. There is no danger to any of you – at least to any of you who are white. But, listen, for forty years I have lived here among these people and as long as I do live here missionaries shall not land again on this island. These natives may all go to hell as you say but that is none of your business. Now don't be afraid; no one is going to hurt you, but the King wants to ask you a question or two before you go."

With a pale face but a certain amount of resolution in his cold gray eyes the Reverend Gilead Baul stepped out from the others and spoke again to the king.

"Beware, O Togusa, of this old man. He is a bad man," and then he suddenly ceased as the king raised himself upon his tanned and naked arm.

"Christ man, answer me this. This dog here," and he pointed scornfully at the grovelling figure of the native minister, "this dog sayeth that he will live forever by reason of the new faith he hath gotten from thee."

"Man," said the missionary, springing forward, after old Westall had interpreted the king's words, "I implore you, nay command you, on peril of the loss of your immortal soul, to give this unhappy heathen my true answer. Tell him that Lakolalai, God's minister, will have life eternal hereafter, even if these godless heathens now take his life."

Then Westall answered to Togusa.

"The Christ man sayeth, O Togusa, that this man will have life forever."

"Ha," said Togusa, "then will we see if this be true."

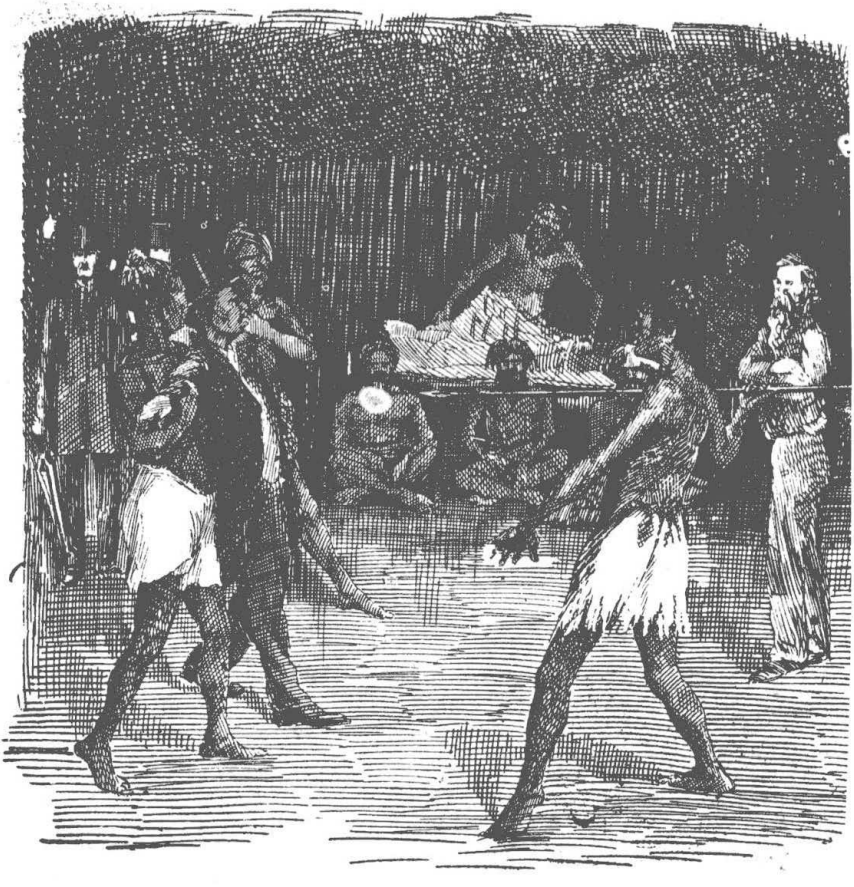
Two men advanced, and seizing the native minister they

stood him upon his trembling feet.

"Stand aside, gentlemen, if you please," said old Westall quietly to the missionaries. They moved aside, and then Togusa, calling to Sikra, the chief, pointed to the wretched Lakolalai.

"Take thou thy spear, and thrust it through this man's body thrice. Then if he live, will I believe that he will live forever."

And Sikra, with a fierce smile, seized his heavy ebony wood spear and as he raised his right hand and poised the weapon the men who held Lakolalai's arms suddenly stretched them widely apart.



The spear sped from Sikra's hand, and passing through the man's body fell at the feet of the Reverend Gilead Baul and his brethren at the other end of the room. And twice again was the bloodied weapon sent spinning through the poor wretch's heart.

In another hour the "Morning Star" was under way again, and old Westall was seated at home smoking his pipe and playing with his grandchildren, and smiling inwardly as he glanced seaward and saw the white sails of the mission brig far away to the westward.

But, after all, the visit of the "Morning Star " was long remembered by the people of Kusale, for the black coat of the late Reverend Lakolalai was given to one of the King's favourite slaves, who a week afterwards died of measles, and in less than a month seven hundred other godless heathens followed him, and old Jack Westall with Ted and Niya, his wife, and his maid servants and man servants, cleared away from the disease-stricken island, and sailed to the west in search of a new land called Ponape.