

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. Copyright No.

Shelf

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



OCT 20 1884

REV. TITUS COAN—A MEMORIAL.



PHOTOGRAPH

BY G. S. WALKER

PHILADELPHIA.

Titus Coan,

TITUS COAN.

A MEMORIAL,

BY

MRS. LYDIA (BINGHAM) COAN.

INTRODUCTION BY

REV. S. J. HUMPHREY, D. D.,

Dist. Sec., A. B. C. F. M.



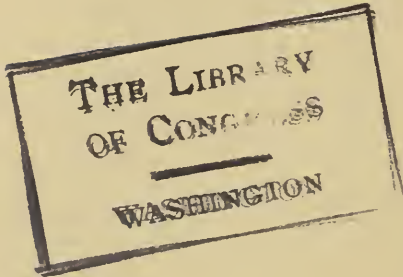
CHICAGO: ^D

FLEMING H. REVELL, 148 & 150 MADISON ST.,

Publisher of Evangelical Literature.

1884

BV3680
.H4C6
copy 2



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1884, by
LYDIA BINGHAM COAN,
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

INTRODUCTION.

THE heritage of the Church in her Missionaries grows richer with each new generation. The gains are not only in the roll of distinguished names and the record of grand achievements, but also in a wide diversity of peculiar gifts. Some have wrought at foundations, out of the sight of men. Some have left monuments of long suffering toil in languages reduced to writing and in translations of the word of God. To others it has been given to illustrate, in some heroic way, the "*patience of hope.*" It is said that at the opening of the American Board's work in India more missionaries died in the first twenty years, than there were converts made. The men sent by the London Missionary Society to the South Seas spent fourteen years of self denying service before a single native's voice was heard in prayer, and it was only after twenty-two years of toil that they were made glad by the baptism of the first convert.

The subject of this Memorial was permitted, through the abounding grace of God, to enjoy a wholly different experience. He entered upon his mission to the Sandwich

Islands, on the eve of a mighty outpouring of the Spirit; and he seems to have been divinely fitted for this crisis of the work by a large endowment of *evangelistic gifts*. In three months from the time he first set foot on the shores of Hawaii he began to preach in the native tongue. Before his first year closed, the audiences, drawn to hear the Word by his peculiar power, reached many hundreds. And in six years from his arrival three-fourths of the adult population of his parish, to the number of more than seven thousand, were gathered into the bonds of Christian fellowship. There have been few thus honored of the Spirit in any age. It certainly is a success almost unparalleled in the annals of modern missions. A rare privilege then is given us in being permitted to look into the more private workings of a life so eminently blessed. This volume composed chiefly of unstudied utterances of the heart in familiar letters to kindred and missionary associates, will form a fitting companion. and will be, in some sort, a complement to Mr. Coan's own two volumes, *Adventures in Patagonia*, and *Life in Hawaii*. The labor of collecting and arranging the material is an offering of tender affection by the wife of his later years, herself born on missionary soil, and bearing an honored missionary name. The entire proceeds of the work are consecrated to the cause to which Mr. Coan and his noble associates gave their lives.

This Memorial will be read with special interest by those who have long been familiar with the bright particu-

lar spot which the Sandwich Islands furnish in the history of modern missions. It can scarcely fail to be a source of rich spiritual profit and encouragement to the growing number who pray in the secret place for the speedy coming of the Kingdom, and whose faith finds its assurance in the divine promise, "All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord: and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee."

S. J. H.

CONTENTS.

I.

Parentage—Youthful experiences—In the militia—Teaching—Conversion—At Auburn Theological Seminary—Tribute of Rev. Newton Reed—Letters to Miss Church—To his brother—His inner life. 1

II.

Ordination—Commission to Patagonia—A struggle and victory—Farewell letters—The voyage to and return from Patagonia. 10

III.

Appointed to the Hawaiian Mission—Marriage—Farewell letter from Boston to his parents—Letters from on shipboard to his brother—To his father—At Valparaiso—A horseback journey to Santiago—Arrival at Honolulu 21

IV.

First experiences on missionary ground—The people's welcome—A royal banquet—From Honolulu to Hilo—Distressing experiences—A picture of loveliness—The new home—Work for sailors—The first sermon in Hawaiian 34

V.

Division of labor—A vast parish—Increasing interest—Protracted meetings—A visitation from God—"Four mem-

orable years at Hilo"—Letters to Rev. Lorenzo Lyons—
 A continued manifestations of the Spirit's presence—
 Doubts and fears—Continuous labors—A tour through Puna
 —System of examination of candidates—A place of
 weeping—Tidings of revival in Honolulu—Sanitary pre-
 cautions—The great ingathering—The Fall communion—
 The noise of battle—The general meeting of 1839.... 40

VI.

An extensive correspondence—To private friends—
 To benevolent and missionary societies—Home life at
 Hilo—A glorious revival—Adverse influences—Romanism
 —Visits from foreigners—A Seaman's chapel—Volcanic
 phenomena 51

VII.

Among the Children—The *Morning Star* first planned
 —Hawaiian Missions in Polynesia—The arrival of the
 missionary ship—A call for a steamship—The great erup-
 tion of 1855—Awful experiences—Exploring the active
 volcano—Hilo in danger—A mighty deliverance—Mis-
 cellaneous letters—On the Civil War—On Abraham
 Lincoln's death—Alone at home—A visit to North Hawaii
 70

VIII.

Voyage to Micronesia—Extracts from journal—King
 George's Isles—A desolated Island—Results of French rule
 —Abandoned fortifications—Organizing a Church—A war
 just closed—A volcanic island—Landing through the surf
 —General meeting of the Micronesian Mission—Return
 to Hawaii 103

IX.

Proposed visit to the United States postponed—Immature Christians—Dreadful experiences with earthquakes—Great destruction in Kau, Hilo, and Puna—A tidal wave—Letter to the “Friends”—*The Herald of Peace*—Native pastorates—Death of Rev. Hiram Bingham—Letter of condolence—Native benevolence 115

X.

Return to the United States in 1870—Great activity—At Oberlin—At Plymouth Church, Brooklyn—In New England—At Washington—Busy times—Return to Hawaii—A beautiful tribute 127

XI.

A cordial welcome—Death of Mrs. Fidelia Coan—A blessed departure—Letter to his son—To Prof. J. D. Dana—Second marriage—Advice to his son—The transit of Venus—A night on Haleakala—A glorious view—A tour in Puna—A dangerous incident—Bad weather—A happy occasion—Touring in Hilo—Letters to his wife—Christmas in Hilo—Contentment—On the revival of 1876 in the United States—Avarice in the Islands—Resting on the rock—Letters to Rev. G. W. Coan—Yearning to work for other races—Ignorance on the subject of Missions—“Distance lends enchantment”—Memories of the past 134

XII.

Publication of “Adventures in Patagonia”—Preparing the autobiography, “Life in Hawaii”—The eruption of 1880-’81—Letter to Rev. H. Halsey—Old-time reminiscences—Deaths among friends—To his children on his

eightieth birthday—Exhortation to faith—Description of the eruption—To Rev. Jas. Boyd, D. D.—Divine deliverance from the volcano—Mr. Hallenbeck’s visit—Results—A steady work—On Garfield’s assassination—To F. W. Damon—On Missions in China—To Dr. Boyd—On the Revised Testament—To Rev. H. Halsey—“The True Church, which is it?” 168

XIII.

Small-pox at Honolulu—The general meeting at Honolulu of 1882—The voyage—A railroad on Hawaii—Address to the children of the Foreign Church—To the students of Oahu College—Return to Emerald Bower—Letter to Rev. N. G. Clark D. D.—Joyful and sad news from the Micronesia Mission—Great changes at Honolulu in fifty years—Chinamen in the Islands—Labors of Mr. Damon among them—The letting in of alcohol—Sorrow for the danger—Letter to Rev. E. P. Goodwin D. D.—Impressions on interest in Missions—Women’s work—General apathy deplored—Generosity of the Hawaiians favorably contrasted with that of the American Christians—Renewed blessings among his people—Meeting of East Hawaii Association in Hilo—The last day of health—Last letters to his nephews—The summons from the Master—A glorified death-bed—Tarrying of the messenger—The Land of Beulah—Accounts of the Meeting of the American Board—Examinations of candidates for admission to the Church—A blessed benediction—The departure—Funeral services 184

XIV.

IN MEMORIAM.

The memorial service in Haili Church—Letters of condolence and appreciation—From Wm. T. Brigham—

His widespread labors—From Rev. Jas. R. Boyd—From Rev. N. G. Clark D. D.—From his daughter, Mrs. E. E. Waters—From Rev. S. J. Humphrey D. D.—Rev. E. P. Goodwin D. D.—Rev. E. K. Alden D. D.—Pres. C. M. Hyde—Rev. Hiram Bingham—Rev. S. C. Damon D. D.—Prof. Alexander—His devotion to science—From Hon. S. N. Castle—From Rev. S. E. Bishop—His power over children—An enclosed letter—From Rev. L. Lyons—Unremitting trials—Journeys on foot—From Paakala, a native parishioner—From Ili, another parishioner—From Dr. C. H. Wetmore—Tribute by Mrs. H. Bingham—Memorial Poem by Mrs. M. C. Kittredge—Letter from Rev. E. Bond—From Joel Bean—Paper read by Rev. E. P. Baker, at the monthly concert at Hawaii—Epitaph 206



I.

“Serve Him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind.”

IN his autobiography,* Mr. Coan tells in brief words the story of his first three decades. Giving his parentage—Gaylord Coan, of Killingworth, Conn., and Tamza Nettleton, an aunt of the Evangelist, Asahel Nettleton—he states his birthday, 1st of February, 1801, and then in rapid survey gives the reader glimpses of his early childhood, of work and study, of leaving home and of settlement in Western New York. He introduces one, afterward to be most intimately associated with him; tells of his choice of a profession; of preparation for the ministry, of ordination at Boston, and of embarkation for Patagonia.

Through all this history the reader is hurried forward over sixteen short pages, as if the narrator were eager to enter upon the main business of his life, his earnest work on a mid-ocean isle.

But the experiences of those earlier years were of untold value to the future. He was never to lose through life the influence of his childhood, which passed in a home so beautifully ordered by pious parents that obedience, truthfulness, and filial and fraternal affection were the characteristics of the eight children reared there.

His vigorous youthful sports, and the severer toils upon his father's farm, developed and strengthened his sturdy frame. Military drill in the militia ranks

*“Life in Hawaii.” A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York.

of the state confirmed his natural promptness and precision, while self-reliance and quiet dignity were the outgrowth of responsibilities early assumed at the teacher's desk of the village school. Seven winters were passed in teaching, his success as an instructor securing for him the best schools and the highest salaries in the neighboring towns. Both teacher and pupils carried in the years that followed happiest memories of those days.

Four of Mr. Coan's brothers removed from the sequestered New England home to the broader fields of what was then the West. To the eldest, Rev. George Coan, he wrote: "When I reflect on the many happy hours I have spent in your society, the lessons of moral and literary improvement received from your lips, and, in a word, the numberless acts of kindness, benevolence and attention, of which I have been made the recipient, I must acknowledge that to your care, under God, I owe much, very much. May my heart never fail to swell with gratitude at the recollection."

His attachment to this brother led him gladly to accept an opportunity to teach in Riga, N. Y., where George was then settled as pastor. Thus, providentially, he was led to the companionship of excellent ministers, by whose example and conversation his own soul was quickened in all its higher impulses. Here, too, he met her who was yet to be his "peerless helper."

Thoughtful and sober as he had been for years, he had as yet come to no fixed determination to enlist on the Lord's side. When at last this resolve was made, it was one, he says, in which he was greatly helped, comforted and established, so that duty done for Christ was a sweet and joyous pleasure.

But how could he best serve the Master? Of the professions, only that of the ministry attracted him;

for this he felt entirely unfit and unworthy. His choice was, therefore, for a business career, following which he meant to be an active and devoted layman. And for such a career, doubtless, his talents fitted him. His perfect integrity, his abhorrence of debt, which led to an early formed and conscientiously practiced rule of his life, never to owe a farthing which he had not means to pay, his sound judgment, unflagging energy and uniform urbanity of manner, would have secured for him a leading place in business circles, and guaranteed pecuniary success. But when he had planned for this, the Lord revealed another way. God's providences, the advice of thoughtful friends and the convictions which sprang from his own religious vitality, led him to reconsider his decision and to fix upon the ministry. In June, 1831, he entered the middle class of Auburn Theological Seminary. He is remembered by those who knew him there as "unostentatious, devotedly pious, and possessed of a very sweet spirit." Rev. Newton Reed, one of his fellow-students at Auburn, gives the following tribute:

"My memory is full of pleasant recollections of Mr. Coan. When I returned to the Seminary in 1832, I found him the superintendent of the Prison Sunday School, a position that must have been conceded to him spontaneously. I immediately became acquainted with him, and had many occasions to know the value of his wise counsel and his tender sympathy. There was a revival in the First Church that winter, under the ministry of the Evangelist, Burchard, attended with great extravagance, and some of the students as well as the citizens lost their discretion. Mr. Coan attended the meetings with the others, but without being critical or captious, or in opposition to a work which seemed to some a marvel of grace, he was very useful to many. Dr.

Richards himself could hardly have taken a wiser course.

"In the prison school he became acquainted, through the teachers and by his own personal enquiries, with the religious condition of the prisoners. Those whose time was about to expire were invited to come to his room, when released, and he would give them advice and encouragement which was suited to their case. He was very discerning of their true character, and was led to a reasonable hope in the conversion of some.*

"In the prayer-meeting Brother Coan was distinguished by no special fervency in his voice or manner, but by expressions of confidence and the reality of expectation. It was a steady fire, not a flashing blaze.

"He almost rebuked the candidates for the foreign mission field for speaking of their going as a *sacrifice*. He evidently had a steady delight in the anticipation of going, and for the true reason—love of the Master. The only thing for which I ever heard him criticised was a sharp expression against the unbecoming rivalry of ministers of different names crowding each other in a little village, while the great field of the world is calling for laborers.

"The great beauty of Mr. Coan's character was in its symmetry. He was all over alike, not greatly above his fellows in any one thing, but in the combination, physical, intellectual and emotional, and even in the imagination, he was head and shoulders above them.

"The first constituent of his character was remarkable common sense, and the completeness of it was his intelligent piety, his faith. In all the men I

*A discharged prisoner, who professed to be converted, came to his room, and they had a prayer together. When the prisoner prayed, he said "I" instead of "We." "That is an evidence," said Coan, "that he has been accustomed to pray in his cell."

have ever met I don't think I have known one so well proportioned."

With characteristic ardor and fidelity, Mr. Coan devoted himself to every duty of the class-room, while he improved each opportunity that offered for direct work for the Lord. Time he had none for keeping a private diary; nor in those days of slow mails and expensive postage, was his correspondence large. But to his nearest kin, and to her whom he had chosen, his heart must speak.* Extracts from these letters will reveal the lovely spirit that irradiated his whole life.

TO MISS CHURCH.

Auburn, July, 1831. — "From this consecrated spot I sometimes attempt to survey the vast whitening harvest field as it spreads around me to the east and west, to the north and south. My eye affects my heart and I exclaim, Lord, send me *where* thou wilt, only go with me, lay on me *what* thou wilt, only sustain me. Cut any cord but the one which binds me to *thy cause*, to thy heart."

January, 1832. — "My good works need covering, my prayers need praying for, my repentance needs repenting of. I ask not to be pardoned in my sin, but to be delivered from it.

"I have now another class in the Prison. Most of them I hope are converted. 'Tis truly affecting to hear some of them confess their former sins and

* "During the summer of 1826, I often rode by a school-house in a western district of Riga, and through the windows I saw a face that beamed on me like that of an angel. The image was deeply impressed, and is still ineffaceable. On inquiry, the young lady proved to be Miss Fidelia Church, of Churchville."—*Life in Hawaii*, p. 9.

with bursting hearts tell of the love of Jesus. I love to go into that prison because Jesus loves to go there. I often feel as if I wanted to wash the feet of those who are Christ's free men there, for it seems as if my Master would do it. Jesus visits their dungeon, lights up their dark cells, communes with them at midnight and converts their dreary mansion into a sanctuary of their souls."

TO HIS BROTHER.

March, 1832. — "I am pent up here amid the venerable lore of ages, and hurried from field to field of metaphysical, ethical, and theological research. After examining the various and contending theories, the magisterial dogmas, the abstruse and subtle disquisitions, the vain and unsatisfying speculations, the grave and confident conclusions of numerous theological disputants, I gain relief from their perplexing speculations by taking my precious Bible, and stealing away close to the feet of Jesus. He has told me, when I want anything, to ask him, and his promise never fails, he never upbraids. He does not, indeed, answer all my irreverent inquiries, but he teaches me not to dive beyond my depth, nor soar amid brightness too dazzling. Here I learn that I cannot trace the mysterious phenomena of my own mind, then why should I think to find out the Almighty to perfection? Thus I can run to my Bible, and when the billows begin to beat around me, I can lay my hand upon that and find it '*Rock*,' and thus with Jesus for my teacher, I can sit and quiet myself as a weaned child."

TO MISS CHURCH.

July, 1832.—“The Lord my Savior is still good, supremely good, to me. I *know* I love him, and I can as confidently say, I know I abuse him and am unworthy of his love, yet he still smiles. Oh, he sometimes shines upon my ravished soul. I can't sacrifice, I can't *suffer* anything in his service. I can never make myself poor nor sorrowful while laboring for *him*. . . . I think that I am willing to go anywhere at the call of my Lord. But I will not forget what Peter said. I pray God to show me the path of duty, to make me holy, and nerve me for toil. He only knows where our lot will be cast, and where our flesh will rest in hope. I wrote you that I had established a little Sabbath school and Bible class at 5 P. M. on the Sabbath. This is in a very wicked neighborhood, half a mile from Auburn. The school was small at its commencement, but it now numbers nearly a hundred, and is constantly increasing. There is much tenderness and solemnity in the school.”

November, 1832.—“When meditating on the subject of missions, I often feel ‘I cannot rest.’ Keep your heart much on the subject. Examine it, pray over it, count the cost. Pray for me. Don't faint; remember the promise; think of ‘the eye that kindly watches over all our paths,’ the ‘arm unseen that holds us up,’ the hand that crowns us when the battle's fought.”

December, 1832.—“It is but a little time since I found my sins an oppressive load. My Savior hid

his face for a moment. I sought him at twilight, at midnight. I inquired of the watchmen. I wandered over the field of truth. I looked, I listened, I fainted. My Beloved spake—my soul melted—I bathed his feet with my tears. I would not let him go till he pardoned and smiled. Do you ask where I found him? In Jer. iii, 19. At first his voice was indistinct, but it arrested my attention. I listened and he spake again. Is this, said I, the voice of my Father? Again the notes became more distinct and tender and earnest. He was inquiring how he should put *me* among his children. He stated the condition. ‘Thou shalt call me my Father, and thou shalt not turn away from me.’ My heart responded, ‘My Father, my Father, thou art the guide of my youth.’ I had read these words before, but I never found and ate them with such relish as now. The condition, ‘Thou shalt not turn away from me,’ seemed equally precious as the privilege of adoption. I thought I made or renewed an unreserved, an unconditional, cheerful, eternal, surrender of myself to God. . . . I have not only been willing for years to go on a mission, but more than willing. I have been *anxious*. The Lord may not count me worthy of the *privilege*. Let *God* reign.

January, 1833.—“God blesses me abundantly. My soul is calm and serene. My cup runs over. I sometimes seem to bathe in an ocean of tenderness and love and bliss. I have not yet offered myself formally to the Board. Dr. Richards says he can cheerfully recommend me to them. The Lord will

direct. Oh, I know he will. I don't feel the least anxiety about my future path. Only to be *holy*."

March, 1833.—"Did you read the 1st chapter of Matthew with me to-night? Did it interest you? In tracing the genealogy of Christ, I found him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write. I discovered the Root and the Offspring of David, the Bright and Morning Star. I saw the stars in the right hand of Bethlehem's Babe, and the pillars of the universe resting on his shoulders. I could not but cry out, 'My Lord and my God!' What a blessed name was given to this Babe. Who can speak the import of Jesus! Oh, how significant. He shall save his people from their sins. Surely God has given him a name above every name. None other makes such melting melody, such notes of ecstasy, such swelling thunders on the plains of immortality. . . . You must pray till you feel the power of the Holy Ghost in your soul. Don't let covetousness of time lead you to rob God. If you do you will rob yourself, you will rob the church and a perishing world. I find it so with me. If I do not wrestle at the throne of grace until I receive a blessing, my soul famishes! Oh, I cannot live without God. All earthly joys are bitterness without his smiles."

II.

“Faith is mind at its best, its bravest, and its fieriest—absorbing into itself the soul’s great passions. The power of grand living and superb doing is all in it.”—*Rev. Dr. Parkhurst.*

On the 17th of April, 1833, the Presbytery of Cayuga County, meeting in Auburn, licensed Mr. Coan to preach, and he spent his next vacation at Rochester, where he supplied a vacant pulpit while the pastor was absent at the General Assembly in Philadelphia. Here the face which had beamed on him from the village school-house was one among the listening audience. Miss Church was then teaching in Rochester.

From this place he writes:

May 18, 1833.—“Beloved Father,—I joyfully embrace the opportunity to send you a line by Heman, who has called on me to-day on his way to Conn. Hitherto the Lord has blessed me beyond my fondest hopes. I have had health, and have succeeded in my studies, and have been brought into the holy ministry under circumstances and prospects which impose peculiar obligations, and call for peculiar gratitude and undivided consecration to the work of the Lord. Ever since I tasted the love of God, my heart has been turned toward the benighted heathen, although I once did not

suffer myself to indulge a distant hope of laboring among them. I feel poorly qualified and very unworthy to become a missionary of the Cross, but the heathen are perishing by millions every year; and the command of Christ, 'Go ye into all the world,' has been rolling down through eighteen hundred years upon the dull ears of a worldly, unbelieving Church, and somebody must go; therefore, if those who are best qualified will not break away from the endearments of home and obey this command, others who are willing must take the field against the dark empire of Satan in heathen lands. To me it appears an unspeakable privilege to spend my days in leading the wandering and benighted pagan to the Lamb of God, in pointing him to that bright morning star which gilds the sacred page with such glory, and sheds such effulgence on the grave and on the land beyond the flood. Will my dear father pray for me that I may have humility and faith, and be an instrument of honoring my Master in the conversion of souls."

On his return to Auburn he wrote :

TO MISS CHURCH.

June, 1833.—"The Lord has mercifully brought me to my old study again, and I bless him for his continued and abundant kindness. I feel that this is the place where duty calls me, so I summon resolution to be contented and happy, but still a longing, lingering look of love wanders back. . . Ah! we are separated; well, let it be so, it is all right. We need the discipline now, perhaps, to

prepare us for the future. Our Father deals very tenderly with us, and we owe him the warmest passions of our hearts, the mightiest labor of our hands. I arrived here between four and five o'clock, after the most painful day's journey I ever experienced. I had the distressing honor of being sole lord of the coach I occupied; but notwithstanding my dignity, I was made the sport of every gutter and way-log and mound. I was truly treated like a thing of naught, or a naughty thing. I really felt lighter than vanity—something like a feather riding on a thunderbolt. I leaped, danced, smiled, grinned, held on, let go, went up light, came down heavy, groaned, gnashed, passed fore and aft, changed sides, and performed as many evolutions as a cotillion dancer. You may think there is extravagant hyperbole in all this, but every bone and muscle of my frame at this moment respond that there is sober truth in what I write. My coachmen were young Jehus."

A few days later, while Dr. Anderson's letter concerning an "Exploring expedition to Patagonia resolved upon," was on its way from Boston to the Auburn student, whom the Prudential Committee had unanimously appointed a missionary of the board, he is writing:

"No matter, love, whether storm or sunshine await us, whether our cup be sweet or bitter, we have a work to do, and, by the grace of God, we *will* do it. And though our way may be dark and stormy, though our path be strewed with thorns, yet we shall soon, very soon, reach the end of our

pilgrimage, and our weary feet will tread the land of immortal song. Sooner than we could hope or ask, and infinitely sooner than we deserve, our flesh will slumber peacefully—God grant closely together—in hope, and our purified and enraptured spirits will mount with melody amidst the beaming glories of the Godhead. You think brother George will try to dissuade me from going on a mission, but you did not tell me one of the reasons why he thought I ought not to go. I would like to hear them, for though he may think me immovable when my mind is set, yet I can listen to sound and impartial argument, and I still hold myself open to counsel and conviction. But I have had sad evidence that there are very few enlightened, disinterested and *Godlike* advisers on this point. I do not mean to be stubborn, nor do I mean to be fickle, veering and capricious. I know my mind is not easily changed after it becomes settled, and I pray God that I may never lose that trait so essential to the accomplishment of anything worthy of a Christian or a man. Stubbornness I deprecate.”

Then came the call to embark on the hazardous Patagonian enterprise. He sought the advice of his preceptors, and the venerable Dr. Richards, speaking for the faculty, assured Mr. Coan of their approval of the proposed mission; that he should be honorably released from the further duties of the Seminary; and that their prayers should go with him. He hastened to Rochester that he might confer with his espoused. They had parted but a little while before in hope of an early reunion and a nuptial day that should consummate their long

pledged vows. But this return was unexpected. The letter of the secretary was put into Miss Church's hand in silence. "As she read, her emotion deepened, her tears flowed. What a change of situation; what an uprooting of long cherished hopes! . . . The struggle was intense. Soon, however, faith gained the victory." And the memorable answer was given: "*My dear, you must go.*"

This was in accordance with his own decision, and there was no longer a doubt to deter him. Brief visits were made in Western New York to bid brothers and friends farewell, and then his face is turned eastward for ordination and embarkation. At Auburn he stopped for a few days, and on July 10th writes to his father:

"I need not tell you that this question was a solemn one for me to settle, but I committed it to God in earnest prayer, and with a determination to yield to the convictions of duty. Although it cut up all my plans by the roots, yet the voice of Providence seemed so distinct in the thing that I soon resolved to go. Do pray for your unworthy son; he has duties and trials before him which need peculiar grace, but the Lord is faithful, and the cause is His own."

TO MISS CHURCH.

July 11.—“Dearly beloved of my soul, the thought that I am seated at my desk, where I have spent many sweet seasons of communion with you, to address you for the last time from these consecrated walls, causes some tender struggles and gushings of nature; but my heart does not faint, it

is still fixed. The cords which twine around kindred and country and friends twinge and complain a little. But I must not indulge. The Lord is good, immeasurably good, and I am happy. I contemplate the arduous enterprise before me with pleasure rather than otherwise."

Albany, July 14.—"This is the Sabbath—the sweet Sabbath of rest. Recollections sweet and tender are finding avenues to my heart, and making deep traces there. Associations solemn and moving are thickening around my soul and making strong impressions there. Less than a year ago I was here under circumstances and prospects very different from those which now arrest my attention. Then I was with my loved one, traveling with her to a peaceful home—to the bosom of friends and the blessings of the sanctuary. Now I am journeying without her toward a land of strangers whose tender mercies are cruel—to a region where the daylight of life never dawned."

Boston, July 18.—"I took the stage last evening and went out to Dorchester, and spent the night with Dr. A.'s family. It was a delightful season to me. Mr. Anderson is one of the most amiable men I ever saw—kind, affectionate, with a piety sweet and clear, consistent and winning. He is also equally yoked to a lovely, affectionate and constant companion, *another self*. The family is truly a scene of domestic piety and peace. So, by the grace of God, *we* will live, dearest F. I still feel happy in the contemplation of my mission, and

nothing but a solemn sense of duty could induce me to turn back. I thank God for the privilege of endeavoring at least to seek out some of the lost tribes of Adam, and carry to them the peaceful news which angels announced to the shepherds of Bethlehem. And whether I succeed or not, I have the strong consolation that I am acting under a clear conviction of duty. My heart pants to give you some assistance or counsel or consolation before I go. But I can only throw you on the bosom of our best beloved, and pray him to keep you in perfect peace. Though we never meet on earth our feet will soon stand upon Mount Zion, whence we shall look down upon a world regenerated and filled with the glory of God. So fare-you-well. The Lord Jehovah shield you—the everlasting arms sustain you.”

New York, August 14.—“I am still in excellent health and good spirits. The path before me looks pleasant and cheering. It brightens every day. It is straight and narrow, but it is clear and peaceful. No lion ever crowded into it; no ravenous beast ever beset it. It is trodden only by the redeemed; and you know what is predicted for the ransomed of the Lord. At the invitation of Mr. Peet, Principal of the Asylum for Deaf and Dumb, I have spent a day in the institution, for the purpose of learning natural signs, or to converse by gestures. I was exceedingly interested, and succeeded in telling the mutes the object of my mission, the character and condition of the inhabitants of Patagonia, together with other stories, which they wrote down accu-

rately. Rarely have I been more deeply affected or more highly gratified than in that visit."

TO HIS FATHER.

August 15.—"Last Sabbath I preached in the city three times. We find many kind friends in New York. Captain C., with whom we sail, is amiable and moral, though not a professed Christian. He is a member of the Temperance Society, and takes no ardent spirits on board his vessel. He has learned by experience that his men will endure cold and rain, sleet and snow, hunger and fatigue, on the dreary rocks of Patagonia better without rum than with it. Our outfit is nearly complete, and is a very singular one. We endeavor to blend in it the wants of the sailor, the hunter, the cook, the the physician, the forest traveler, the student of nature and the missionary of the cross. So you will imagine what a curious and complex little bundle we take. I wish you, dear father, to give yourself no anxiety about me, only to pray in strong faith that your unworthy son may be humble and meek, and patient and holy. If these things abound in me, I shall be happy and safe *anywhere*. Without these graces I should be wretched even in Paradise. The Lord reward you for all your care of me. The eternal God be your refuge. Lean upon him in old age. He has promised to be with those who love him, 'even to hoary hairs.' This world is passing. We shall all soon be in eternity. And if we are found in Christ, no matter where our ashes rest, whether among the tombs of our fathers or in

a land of strangers, whether mingled in the same urn or with an ocean rolling between; we shall rise in glory—we shall meet in *Heaven*.

“Your affectionate and obedient son,

“TITUS.”

One more letter remained to be written before he should sail for the “ends of the earth,” when “no answer to anxious inquiries, no echoes to calls of love,” could be wafted over a continent or a stormy sea. On the day of embarkation, August 16, he writes:

“I have risen this morning to cast a farewell look upon the dear objects around. Yesterday was a busy time with us. We carried our little all on board the *Mary Jane*, and saw it stowed snugly away. And now the morning breaks upon the eastern hills, but the light of my eyes is far to the west, and thither my spirit flies with fond and rapid flight. . . . Be comforted, dearest, be comforted, for he who loves you above all others is in good health and is happy. I go with cheerful heart and bounding step, the Lord before me and the God of Jacob my rearward. Now I can sing a parting note to my country in the true spirit of the lines:

‘Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well.’

The Lord of Hosts bless and protect, guide and sanctify my dear, dear *Fidelia*. . . . I went with this open to the P. O. on the moment of my departure, hoping to find yours, and it has come. I have not time to read it before I go. Thanks,

dear, thanks for your kindness. Farewell—I go—I go—farewell !”

Thus we have followed Mr. Coan from his early cry, “Lord, send me where thou wilt,” to his glad acceptance of the commission which sent him on a dangerous embassy. The crowded sheets in which his soul is mirrored contain no word of fear or wavering. Acknowledging a gracious Leader, he went forth with bounding step and joyful mien, because he believed his paths were directed. How bravely he passed through the perils of the wild Patagonian life, discharging, with his fellow-explorer, the duties of the mission assigned them, appears in the published “Adventures.”*

On their return, after an absence of nine months, they submitted to the Prudential Committee of the A. B. C. F. M. the result of their investigations. This report sets forth their careful observations of the physical condition of the country, and of its degraded inhabitants, and, in conclusion, presents a few suggestions both for and against the immediate establishment of a mission there:

“As to the nature of the mission, should one be established,” writes Mr. Coan, “it must be of a peculiar character, and conducted by men of a particular stamp. If two men should go among them, having a covered wagon for a habitation, who could live as they live, until they could acquire their language, they would then be prepared to commence a local establishment somewhere in the vicinity of Gregory’s Bay. Then their families might be taken, carrying the materials for a house from the United States. One might remain at the post, having

*“Adventures in Patagonia.” Dodd & Mead, N. Y.

charge of the school and domestic concerns, while the other spent most of his time in itinerating among the adults at their camps. Fuel could be procured at Port Famine, and provision be sent out annually from the States. Vegetables might be cultivated by the boys, when out of school, under the direction of their teachers, should it be found that they could be raised there.

“Should this plan succeed the expense of the establishment would not be great, and the self-denial not greater than missionaries should be willing to make.”

Who can doubt that he himself would have made the self-denial, had the guiding Hand led him to retrace his steps to that field?

There were other paths for him to follow.

III.

“ I hold by nothing here below,
Appoint my journey and I go;
For with a God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.”

—*Madame Guyon.*

“Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace.”

Like Jacob of old, Mr. Coan's aged father had mourned for the son during his absence. He had received no tidings of him since the hour of embarkation. No wires had announced to him his return. In sorrow of heart he had one day said to his neighbors, “I shall see my Joseph no more.” The next day he had the glad surprise of beholding his face. Other hearts, too, were comforted.

But it was not for family reunions or the joys of home life that he had put on the armor of light. Again he waited to be sent, and while waiting spent the summer of 1834 preaching in Western New York. In July he was informed of his appointment to the Hawaiian Mission.

“I received this announcement,” he writes, “with great joy, for, although I was willing to go to any missionary field on the face of the earth, yet the Sandwich Islands had ever been a field of peculiar and special interest to me.”

Once more he journeys eastward, but not alone. With him is his chosen helpmeet, to whom he had

been united in marriage on the evening of November 3, 1834, at the Monthly Concert of Prayer for Foreign Missions.

From Boston he wrote to his parents:

December 3, 1834.—"We have now been here nearly two weeks, waiting for the ship to be ready. We hope to go to-morrow. Twelve missionaries sailed to-day for Southeastern Africa. There are eight of our number, making twenty in all, who met in this city at the same time. We received our instructions together on Sunday evening, the 23d of November, in Park Street Church. The meeting was crowded, solemn and impressive. The people of Boston take a deep interest in the cause of missions, and are very hospitable to missionaries. We have been kindly entertained since our arrival here. Our ship, the *Hellespont*, is a very good one, of 340 tons burden, but she is deeply laden. We shall be pent up in small rooms, but they will be large enough to hold our Bibles and our God, if our spirits are contrite. O yes! and they will often seem to hold our dear parents and brethren and sisters and all our Christian friends left behind. And I trust the perishing heathen will often be brought there and presented before our common Saviour. . . . You will forgive me all the pain an unworthy son has ever caused you, and you will not cease to remember me at the throne of grace. I shall never cease to bear you on my heart, though in distant realms, until we meet in a better country. If I know my own heart, the love of Christ and of man and a solemn conviction of duty have led me

to leave the country, the altars and the ashes of my fathers, with the prospect of returning to them no more.

And now, dearest parents, farewell. The Lord bless and cheer and guide you all the way up to his 'holy hill,' where I hope to meet you through the blood of the Cross; and I pray God that some blood-washed islander may also meet you there through my instrumentality. Then you will not regret my leaving my father's house, will you?"

TO HIS BROTHER, EZRA COAN.

Ship Hellepont, at Sea, January 27, 1835.—
"We have been almost two months on 'the great and wide sea,' on which are things innumerable, and yet we have hardly seen a living thing beneath, around, or above us since our embarkation. We have now a fair summer sky, with a clear melting sun, while you are shivering amidst the howling storms and the pale and feeble rays of winter. We are off the coast of Buenos Ayres. We are also south of the sun, and our distance from him, as well as from you, is widening, as he is on his annual tour towards our native land, to cheer and bless those dear shores we have left forever and those beloved friends whom we expect to see no more till we meet them in a land that has 'no need of the light of sun or moon.' You have learned that we left Boston on the 5th of December. It was a day of deep interest. A large company of friends collected on the wharf to witness our embarkation, and to unite in one last prayer and one final song of praise

with us, until we bow around the throne of our Common Father, and mingle our voices with the 'great multitude,' whose notes are like 'many waters and like mighty thunderings.' As the sails of our gallant ship were unfurled to the breeze, and we glided down the smooth bay, and as we exchanged the last signals of adieu with weeping friends, and gazed upon the city, the temples and hills of the pilgrims, as they faded in the distance, we *thought* and *felt* and *wept*. But we were not sad. Oh, no! though our emotions were tender and strong—they were joyful. Our Master left a better country for our sake, and his example and the pledges of his presence and fellowship were enough to cheer us.

“ Our ship is one hundred and eight feet long, twenty-eight feet wide, and eighteen feet deep. The lower hold extends the whole length of the ship, and is twelve feet deep. This is filled with freight. Over this is a floor, making a space between the lower hold and the deck six feet deep. On this floor a little room is built in the bows for the sailors—the forecabin. In the stern is the officers' cabin, twelve feet by six feet, and at each end of it, opening to the sides of the ship, is a state-room, six feet square, for sleeping. Forward of the cabin, about five feet, a partition is thrown across from side to side of the ship, forming a space for the stairway, pantry, and a baggage-room. Between this and the forecabin, a space nearly ninety feet long, and embracing the whole width of the ship, is the upper hold, which is usually occupied with the cargo, and as we missionaries are sometimes

esteemed a sort of 'merchandise' or burden to be borne, we are put in the place where cargo is usually stored. We have four temporary rooms, six feet by five feet, built directly in front of the steerage, and into these rooms we entered 'two and two.' Our rooms are lighted only by one solid piece of glass, six inches by two inches, set in the deck over our heads. In our room we stowed all that we can have access to on the voyage. We have two chests, four trunks, a medicine chest and writing desk, several bags, bundles, boxes, etc.; a looking-glass, some book shelves, a chair, a lamp, a pitcher suspended in a cot like a swallow's nest, a berth, garments hung around the walls, etc., etc. What a little creature man is! and what an insignificant space in God's universe he needs to put himself in. I had forgotten to tell you that our little room contained as happy a husband and wife as ever shone in a palace, and besides we often get parents and brothers and sisters, and multitudes of dear ones with us, and there is room enough for them all; and sometimes our hearts grow warm and enlarge, and we feel that we could entertain all the Church militant and the Church triumphant, with our *Elder Brother*, in this little apartment. As our rooms are built two on each side of the ship, opposite each other, there is a little space in the middle between them which is our common sitting room. This is walled up on one side with pipes of water, barrels of beef, pork, and potatoes, boxes and bales of goods, etc.—a formidable bulwark! In this space you would see a few chests, boxes, trunks, and chairs lashed for seats,

a washstand or board, a pail, an old lantern suspended overhead to render darkness visible, and multitudes of loose garments dangling from rusty nails, and waving in graceful measure with the motion of the ship. The light of heaven can enter this room in no way but by opening the door or removing the hatch overhead. Now, I do not give you this description to show you how hard we fare, but to gratify you with the picture of facts which I know you want. We are all well off, and our accommodations are as good as they could conveniently be made. Captain Henry is very kind, and does all he can to make us comfortable. She is a temperance ship. The captain allows preaching on the Sabbath and the distribution of tracts, but no personal conversation with the sailors. In the mission family we have prayers morning and evening, and a Bible-class exercise twice a week. . . . The first two or three weeks of our voyage were dreadfully boisterous—a violent storm raged almost without intermission. The wind howled, and the sea roared and foamed, and rolled its angry billows to the clouds. Our ship is heavily laden, and every wave seemed to sweep over her like a log. She labored and creaked and groaned as if in the agonies of dissolution. But what was worse than this, we found that her decks leaked, and during the whole storm the cabin and all our rooms were constantly drenched—even our beds were insecure; but we were obliged to sleep in them wet, with the water dripping in our faces. There was no remedy; to calk was impossible, and every seaman was at his

wits' end to manage the ship and keep her above water. For two or three days our company were all seasick, and unable to rise or to help one another. But out of all these troubles the Lord delivered us, and we are now in good health and pursuing our voyage prosperously. . . . How do you all do? I should love to peep in upon your dear circle, but I suppose your little prattlers will never more skip about the room with beaming eyes and beating hearts and cry: 'Mother! Mother! Uncle Titus is coming.' Ask them for me if, after the uncle who loves them shall have ended his pilgrimage and gone home, as he hopes to, to rest in his Father's house in Heaven, he shall ever look out from the mansions of bliss and say: 'George Whitfield is coming;' 'Charlotte is coming;' 'Henry Martin is coming;' 'Fanny Woodbury is coming;' 'Ezra Titus is coming;' 'Edward Payson is coming.'

"How do you all do? I ask again. Do your souls live, or are you buried up in the world? How is the church, the dear church in Byron? Is the candle of the Lord shining upon her, or is she walking in darkness? Please ask Brother Gray to tender the assurance of my undying love to the whole church, with the request that they will not cease to pray fervently for me, that I may be *holy* and *useful*."

TO HIS FATHER.

At Sea, May 5, 1835.—"Nearly six months have now elapsed since I paid my farewell visit to my paternal home and to the scenes of my earliest

remembrance, and with these mortal eyes gazed for the last time on the dear parent whose anxious toils sustained my helpless years, and whose kind hand, under God, led my wayward feet from infancy up to manhood. A thousand co-mingling recollections—joyful, tender, sad—rush upon my mind and unlock the fountains of my soul while I write. The sequestered habitation, the fields, the forests, diversions, occupations of childhood, the domestic circle, broken and dissolved like a charm of night; a mother long since silent in the grave, companions scattered wide over the earth, or sleeping beneath its surface; strong men bowed under the ‘last enemy,’ and their houses and fields given to others; aged sires gone the way of all the earth; everything changed or changing—all are marks of mutation, everywhere corroborating the solemn truth that ‘the fashion of the world passeth away,’ and that ‘we spend our years as a tale that is told.’

“The thought how much needless sorrow I gave my parents, how much precious time I more than wasted, how much injury I did to my own soul, and, above all, how much I abused the long suffering of a gracious God, sometimes comes over me with melting power.

“Our voyage, thus far, has been for the most part pleasing, with the exception of a terrible storm of two or three weeks at the commencement. Our ship stopped three weeks at Valparaiso, in Chili, and about as long at Lima, the capital of Peru, in order to sell some of the cargo. While at Valparaiso I made a tour of one hundred miles inland

to the city of Santiago. A little sketch of the tour may not be uninteresting to you. My only companion was Mr. Dimond, one of our mission family. There are no stage coaches in Chili, and the only carriages for public conveyance are gigs or chaises (imported), which only accommodate two passengers, and are drawn in the following manner: One horse is harnessed within the shafts, and another, with saddle and bridle, is attached to the carriage on the left side by a leather thong from the shafts to the saddle girth. On this horse the driver is mounted, with massive bludgeon and spurs to urge on the team. Behind the carriage two armed men follow as guards and assistants, driving before them six or eight horses to serve as changes on the way. The whole troop of three men and ten or twelve horses goes through the whole distance, and when a change of horses is wanted, instead of taking them fresh from the stall, they are caught from this drove with the lasso, and the change is made in the middle of the road.

“Although there is such an array of men and horses, yet our fare through was only six and a half dollars each. The road is good and the driving rapid. Travelers can go through the whole distance, one hundred miles, in a day, if they choose. In ascending hills, one of the horsemen with the drove rides up and hooks his horse to the right shaft, and thus the carriage is drawn to the summit by three horses abreast. In descending dangerous steeps a horse is attached to the hinder part of the gig, and made to hold back.

“On leaving Valparaiso we first passed a lofty range of naked hills, which line the whole coast, and which have been rent everywhere by the earthquakes and torrents of Him who ‘overturneth the mountains in his anger,’ and ‘shaketh the earth out of its place.’ The fissures and ravines, along which we often rode, were of awful depth, and we ascended the giddy heights of the mountain by innumerable windings and zigzags, cut into its steep and rugged sides from the base to the top. After passing these hills we crossed an extended plain of twenty-five miles in diameter, surrounded by lofty, barren hills. We passed one little mud village on the plain, but, with this exception, we saw little of animal or vegetable life. Most of the ground is uncultivated for want of water, as it never rains here in the summer. Gardens and fields are watered by artificial means. When we had crossed the plain, we came to a second range of hills, more bold and lofty than the first, and seeming on the approach to oppose an impassable barrier. We were, however, carried directly over this stupendous wall by a broad road cut in innumerable zigzags up and down its almost perpendicular sides. From the top of this hill we had a most magnificent view of the Andes rising in hoary majesty like an eternal rampart against the heavens, and stretching their everlasting arms as if to span the world. From the mountain we descended into another vast plain exhibiting the same general features of nakedness and drouth as the one we had crossed. On this level we passed one village, besides many huts scattered along by the wayside.

Most of the dwellings are built of stakes, brush, reeds and mud, without floor or chimney, and in our country they would be esteemed too contemptible even for sheep hovels. They have but one room, without chair, bed, or table, and are often only eight or ten feet square; and yet they frequently furnish the only shelter for more than that number of souls. I am speaking now of the houses of the poorer class of people. In the cities the wealthy and the thrifty have comfortable dwellings of brick, made after the Egyptian manner by mixing cut straw with clay or mud, forming it into moulds, and drying it in the sun.

“Crossing this second plain, we came to the third range of mountains, still more lofty and imposing than those we had passed. These mountains are several thousand feet high, and are ascended in the same manner as the others. I think few spectacles are more grand and imposing than to stand at the foot of this hill and see the multitudes of clumsy ox carts (15 or 20 feet long), carriages of passengers, troops of horsemen, scattered footmen, droves of mules and asses, often fifty or a hundred together, and each one carrying a burden as large as himself, all moving up and down the steep, some turning to the right, some to the left, and seeming to hang from beetling heights, as they move along the different terraces, one above the other, from the base to the top of the mountain. When two-thirds the way up this hill, we suddenly emerged from a thick cloud, which filled all the valley below, and the sun broke upon us with all his splendor, opening a world of

grand, sublime, and romantic scenery upon our view. We could look down upon the vast sea of clouds beneath us, as upon a map. It had the appearance of an immense and unruffled lake, begirt with an adamantine wall of amphitheatral mountains, with here and there a hilltop rising above the surface like a solitary island.

“Here we saw the heads and hands of two men who were lately shot for crimes (the details of which are most horrible), committed on the spot. This shocking, though salutary example, is made of them as a beacon to others.

“From the top of this hill the city of Santiago first breaks upon the view at a distance of twenty-five miles across an extended plain. In rear of the city the gigantic Andes lift their snow-crowned summits above the clouds, and seem to hang in massive piles over the very town; but, on approaching, they are found to be several miles distant. The population of Santiago is supposed to be 80,000. Though this is one of the very best cities in all South America, yet there is little here to compare with the blessings of our own native land. The inhabitants are sunk in ignorance, superstition and sin. There are multitudes of priests and churches, but the former are oftener seen at the cock-fight or the bull-bait than at the churches. They seldom preach, and after saying Mass on Sunday morning, they often spend the day in gambling. No religion but the Romish is tolerated here. A Protestant clergyman, *as such*, cannot live in the country. Treachery, murder, assassinations, are common. It is said that in 1827

there were eight hundred assassinations in the capital.

“ It is an acknowledged fact that this republic is further advanced in improvement than any of the other South American States. But yet ‘ the people perish for lack of vision.’ The Romish superstitions bind them down in ignorance, in vice, and in death.”

IV.

“ Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful so the work be Thine ;
Make my mortal dream come true
With the work I fain would do.”

—Whittier.

TO HIS BROTHER, HEMAN COAN.

Honolulu, June 26, 1835.—“ My eyes at last behold these ‘ isles afar off,’ and my feet tread on these long desired shores. And I would here first record the goodness of God in guiding us through all the perils of the deep and in bringing us to the field of our labors. On the morning of the 5th inst., just six months from the time we lost sight of our native land, we first descried the island of Hawaii, at the distance of sixty or seventy miles. On the morning of the 6th we made this island (Oahu), and at 10 A. M. dropped anchor in the harbor. All the missionaries of the islands, except two, with their wives and little ones, were assembled in general meeting at this place, according to their annual custom. On hearing of our arrival, Messrs. Bingham, Chamberlain and Armstrong came off to the ship in a boat, to welcome and to take us on shore. When we landed, we found the band of brethren and sisters at the seaside awaiting our arrival and ready

to embrace us. Every heart seemed to feel more than it could utter. What first struck me with peculiar force was the plain attire and simple manners of the missionaries, but, above all, the wasting inroads which climate and toil had evidently made on the constitutions of this beloved band of disciples. From the shore we walked up through the town one mile to the mission-houses, where all joined in a song of praise and thanksgiving to God, and then united in prayer. . . . At half-past four P. M. I went with Brother Bingham to the chapel. After services Mr. B. introduced me to the governess and some of the high chiefs, who expressed much joy at the arrival of more teachers on their shores. When we turned from our interview with the chiefs, the common people pressed around me in crowds, each one striving to grasp my hand and express his warm welcome. For a long time I stood and received the hands of individuals in rapid succession, each one expressing his 'aloha' (love to you) and retiring before the crowd that were pressing for the same privilege. As a great many were unable to get near me in the chapel, they arranged themselves by the wayside the whole distance from the church to Mr. B.'s house, and held out their hands as I passed. It was an affecting scene, and never have I seen before a people who expressed so much gratitude and affection. On the Sabbath we attended worship with a company of some fifteen hundred. The chapel is one hundred and eighty feet long and sixty feet wide. Its framework is of posts and poles, and it is thatched all over with long

grass. The chiefs and people are poorly clad, and sit upon mats spread on the ground. By invitation of the king and chiefs we had an early and pleasant interview with them. They are an enormous race of men. Some of them weigh two hundred and sixty pounds. They were well dressed, in English style, and we were received by them with as much ease and courtesy as by the refined in our own country. Conversation turned on the readiness with which they now received missionaries, compared with the reluctance with which they first permitted them to land, and it afforded no little amusement to themselves, as well as to us, when they told us they once thought the missionaries dug their cellars as a place of deposit for powder and balls. But these jealousies, they say, were in the days of dark hearts. The governess of Oahu, Kinau, made a fine supper, a few evenings since, for all the missionaries and their families, to which she also invited the king and head men of the nation. The whole company numbered more than one hundred. We were received into a spacious apartment, furnished with elegant arm chairs, sofas, center tables, etc., and lighted with large astral lamps. The floor was spread with one entire mat, of native workmanship. At the close of the interview hymns were sung and a prayer offered. . . . I long to go into the work. I think this is my proper field of labor, and I would not go back for the world, unless I knew it to be the will of God. There is pressing need of laborers here. Thousands who are *anxious* for instruction must die without it unless help can be obtained.

Our location for the present year will be at Hilo, on the island of Hawaii. Our associate is to be Rev. Mr. Lyman. We shall probably be two hundred and fifty miles from medical aid, and can expect *none*. We have only to trust in God. Dear brother, live near to God and labor for souls. If we are faithful to our Master we shall soon meet in joy."

Mr. and Mrs. Coan remained a month in Honolulu. Then, their location having been assigned by the mission, and an opportunity of reaching it presenting, they went forth to their appointed station. Of the passage thither, he writes:

"What rendered the voyage so distressing was the crowd, the heat and seasickness. We were in a small vessel, probably about one hundred souls. Every nook and corner was stowed with living beings, half alive, prone, prostrate, lengthwise, crosswise, piled up or scattered in wild confusion, while horses, goats, hogs, fowls, calabashes of *poi* intermingled to fill up the ludicrous picture. Almost every soul was seasick in good earnest. The deck was covered with sad, pale faces, and echoed with dismal sounds. Nearly every one kept the deck day and night, as the heat and air of the cabin were intolerable. On the third day we found ourselves driven back to Honolulu. Up to this time my Dear and I had not tasted a morsel of food or a drop of water; and the thought of another attempt to beat against the trade wind was almost enough to sink one's soul. However, we braced our minds up to the necessity, and the Lord helped us, and brought us safely through."

Hilo was to them at the first, "a picture of loveliness," and forty years later Mr. Coan could write:

"The ecstatic romance with which I first saw these emerald isles has not abated by familiarity or by age. The picture is photographed in unfading tints upon my heart, and it has become to me the romance of reality. Where can you find within so small a space such a collecting, such massing, such blending of the bland, the beautiful, the exquisite, the gorgeous, the grand and the terrific as on Hawaii? Along the summits of our lofty mountains the God of glory thundereth, while the overhanging clouds send down the rattling hail and drop the fleecy snow. There telluric fires find vent and send up columns of melted rocks to the heavens, spreading out in baleful glare like a burning firmament. The crashing thunder, the vivid lightning, the rending earthquake and the bursting volcano we have in the near proximity of the peaceful village, the grassy landscape, the sweet flower garden, the cultivated field, the babbling brook, the tropical fruits and ferns, the waving palm, the golden sunshine, the stellar vault above and the surrounding ocean whose swelling bosom moves with the zephyr and the tempest, while her white foam girdles with glory our rock-bound shores."

Amid such surroundings the earthly home was established. In his journal he wrote, July 30, 1835:

"Having prepared a room in Brother Lyman's house, we have this day commenced housekeeping and established ourselves as a distinct family. The Lord be gracious to us."

And writing to his brother George he thus describes the new home :

“ We live in one end of a long, narrow house of rough walls of stone laid up in mud, with thatched roof. We occupy but one room separate from the rest by a mat partition. Our home is rather open. Hens come in, now and then, to find their nest with us, and rats, mice and lizards frequently play their merry gambols on our floor, walls and roof. None of the tenants of our rude habitation are as happy as we. We are happy in our union, happy in our work and happy in our Redeemer.”

So the key-note is struck, and through the long years following, earthly love, and work, and fellowship with Christ were the chords of an endless song. He found work at once, and with him, as with Fenelon, it was ever: “ Do the duty that lies nearest thee.” While, for a time, his lips were held by an unknown tongue, from direct efforts for the natives, he had, as his own words record, “ close, personal conversation with captains and sailors,” of ships stopping at the port of Hilo. There were calls every day from sailors enquiring the way of life, and solemn meetings when he preached to them. But when the new language had been to some degree acquired, and three months after landing, he had preached his first Hawaiian sermon, he began the touring which was to be a marked feature of his after life.

V.

“ ‘Souls ! souls for the kingdom !’ the battle cry
 Be this through the hottest strife.
 Win glowing stars for thy lustrous crown,
 It were worth all toil and pain ;
 There is other labor for other worlds,
 But never a soul to gain.”

—Mrs. Herrick Johnson.

The distinctive department of labor at first assigned Mr. Coan was the charge of the school at the station and a general oversight of one hundred out schools scattered up and down the coast. To the people also he must distribute books and administer medicines. Afterwards by mutual agreement with his associate, Rev. D. B. Lyman, he took the whole pastoral charge of the field, while on Mr. Lyman devolved the care of the Boys' Boarding School. To Mrs. Coan and the new teacher, Mr. Wilcox, was given the burden of the station and common schools.

Mr. Coan's parish extended by coast line on the eastern and northeastern shore of Hawaii, one hundred miles, and included Hilo and Puna. Fifteen thousand natives inhabited these districts, and of this multitude only twenty-three were members of the church in 1836. Looking out upon his flock, he exclaimed, “These souls,—these perishing souls ! What I have, mind, body and heart, I am ready to devote to them.”

As he gained more knowledge of the language he dispensed with written sermons, and preached *ex tempore*. The people were impressed, and congregations soon increased. Even in the first year there were many inquirers and marked manifesta-

tions of the Holy Spirit's presence. In November, 1837, a protracted meeting of eight days was held at the station. Of that time Mr. Coan wrote:

"God wrought for us. I opened the meeting with a sermon from the text, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord.' Great effect was produced. On the second day of the meeting God came in terror. The sea rose suddenly to the perpendicular height of fifteen or twenty feet, and fell in one mountain wave upon the shore, sweeping away nearly one hundred houses with all their tenants. All was sudden as a peal of thunder. No premonitions were given. None had time to flee. The scene was awful. Hundreds were engulfed in a moment. Cries of distress were heartrending, and the roar of the raging sea was deafening. To the people the event was as the voice of God speaking to them out of Heaven, 'Be ye also ready.'

"Time swept on; the work deepened and widened. Thousands on thousands thronged the courts of the Lord. Everywhere the trumpet of jubilee sounded loud and long, and as clouds and as doves to their windows, so ransomed sinners flocked to Christ."

A review of Mr. Coan's labors during the earlier years of his settlement at Hilo, together with a vivid description of his field, is given in a narrative of thrilling interest by Rev. S. J. Humphrey, D. D., District Secretary of the American Board at Chicago, Ill.;* while the *Missionary Herald*s of that period

*Under the title of "Four Memorable Years at Hilo," it was first printed in the *Advance* and in *Missionary Papers* No. 16, and was then reproduced in the *New York Independent*. Years afterward it was issued in tract form by the "Friends' Tract Association," Wilmington, Del.

and "Life in Hawaii" also contain records of the great awakening. But once more let the marvelous story be repeated through his own pen, as in the midst of incessant toils he dashed off despatches to a comrade soldier.

Fellow-students at Auburn during 1831, Lorenzo Lyons and Titus Coan had often conversed together concerning the kingdom of Christ, and together prayed for its advancement. Afterwards they were co-laborers in the same mission, dwelling upon the same island for almost fifty years.

Rev. Mr. Lyons' station, seventy miles from Hilo on the east, was at Waimea, on the west, with the flaming volcano between. A wearisome road, crossing rough channels of rushing mountain streams, ascending through thickets and deep forests to "an open undulating country, sprinkled all over with trees, and everywhere traversed with paths of wild cattle," separated the two friends, and made visits rare; but letters were frequent, and were as glowing coals from their consecrated hearts.

"In reviewing these letters," Mr. Lyons writes, "the tears have flowed, and I could not refrain from crying aloud. I stood before the picture of my sainted brother, and it seemed as if I could almost hear him speaking in his soul-inspiring strains. We were in deep sympathy, and unbosomed our hearts, our joys, our longings to each other."

Under date of November 24, 1837, Mr. Coan reports to Mr. Lyons:

"We have a glorious work of grace here. Hundreds think they are converted. How many will bring forth fruits meet for repentance remains to be seen. That very many are born of God is to my

mind as sure as that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation. If I can judge of my own feelings, I never took hold of the work of pulling sinners out of the fire with more faith, and more unshaken confidence of success, than at this time, and I never saw God's work more manifest. Only let us preach the Gospel in *living* faith, and under the awful pressure of the powers of the world to come, and I defy the people, stupid as they are, to sleep. Why, they might as well sleep under a cataract of fire. . . . Write me often, and we will not fail to pray for each other."

December 25.—"The Captain of our salvation is still riding through the field. He must conquer, for all power is his. Why should we ever doubt his power or his love? Why lose his presence and his help? Unbelief is God-dishonoring. Why cherish that child of Hell—that soul-murderer? Five hundred conversions in your field! I hope there are as many in ours. But what are they among the thousands left? Some may call this a great work, and it surely is glorious. It wakes up sweet and loud songs in Heaven. But this work is yet small compared to what God wishes to do, and to what he will do if our faith fail not. I am sometimes sorely tempted of Satan to doubt and fear, and say this may be all smoke. God forbid that I should yield to such soul-killing suggestions. This is God's work, and it *will go on*. Our meetings are more and more crowded. I preach and talk to multitudes every day. One hundred will probably be added to

this church on the first Sabbath in January. Let 1838 be a year of Jubilee to these islands. God help you, my brother. Be strong, go on, do valiantly. Fear nothing but sin. Look up; listen to the voice that says, 'Lo! I am with you always.' Preach boldly, plainly, in living faith, in burning love, and in high and holy expectation of success. If thousands are not converted we shall be red with the blood of souls. If these things are so, how can we sleep?"

Early in 1838 Mr. Coan went through Puna, holding protracted meetings at different points, and under almost every sermon fearfulness took hold on sinners. Again he writes:

January 29. — "At the first village the Holy Ghost fell on many that heard the word, and they left all and followed from place to place, weeping as they went. I should hardly dare tell my brethren generally what I saw in Puna. Some would call it Methodism, some fanaticism, wild-fire, etc. I call it the power of God unto salvation, for I felt it in my soul before it fell upon my congregation. And it fell upon them under the most bold and searching and simple truth which I could present to their minds, and as the most unequivocal answer to prayer. . . . On the subject of receiving converts soon into the church, you and I probably agree. There is neither Scripture nor philosophy, nor prudence, in the opposite practice. I mean when we get good evidence of conversion. I avail myself of every help to learn

the life of every one of the candidates, inquiring into the private and domestic habits of each individual, receiving no man simply on his own profession of love to Christ. I show the lists to Brother Lyman. If he knows anything good or bad of any one, he tells it. After this I call all these candidates together and examine them individually in my own house. If they appear well I invite them to the church meeting, and there they are again examined before the whole church."

February 6.—"I thank you for your blessed soul-stirring letter. 'Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God?' A flood of people here at this time. *Crowded, crowded, pressed.* Hundreds who were alarmed in Puna have come on here to hear more of the Gospel. I have just closed the children's meeting. The house was a Bochim, and before my address was closed my voice was nearly drowned with crying out.

"Some may be afraid of this, but it is better than a house full of sinners asleep."

February 13.—"Blessed news! More than twelve hundred converts in Honolulu. Blessed work. Blessed Savior. Blessed reward. I predict that this whole nation is about to be shaken.

"It is late and I have just dismissed one hundred natives from my house whom I have been pointing to the Lamb of God. My body is all weak and trembling with weariness, but my heart is full of love, joyful in God our Savior. . . . What tidings from Kohala? Do the banners of salvation wave in glory

there? Are the devil's towers down? Are his bulwarks fallen? Tell me, Brother Watchman, tell me, for my soul is in expectation."

March 15.—"Probably you have heard ere this of the arrival of the ship from Boston. She brought the General Letter which tells its own story. God is blowing upon the wealth of the American churches, and no wonder. They have brought the lame and sick and torn to his altar. They have proposed to accomplish the glorious plan for which the earth rolls and for which Jesus died with that which costs them nothing."

May 7.—"Take care of your health. You have no right to break your earthen vessel too soon. Let it wear out, but don't use violence to break it. You say that you are about broken down. Then turn aside and rest awhile as the disciples did when exhausted with toil. Christ allows it. He requires it."

July 3. . . . "Sabbath was a glorious day here. I baptized and received seventeen hundred and five to this church. Yesterday I spent the afternoon in baptizing the children of the church, several hundreds in number. Sinners are coming in from Kau and all parts of Hilo and Puna, and hardened rebels are constantly breaking down. Some fall, but God's work does not fall to the ground."

August 28. . . . "I should have written sooner but have been absent touring two weeks. Have returned with arms full of sheaves. Heaven shouts

it home. The Gospel was all triumphant. The prayers of some were wonderful—heaven-moving, heaven-opening. Jesus rode all glorious, all mighty to save. God girded a worm for the fight and the slain of the Lord were *many*.

“Brother Gulick is with us and will stay till after the communion; a beloved brother.”

September 9.—“Comparatively few fall here as yet, but O; the tug of battle; the watchings, the fightings, the toils necessary to keep such a church awake and at the post of duty. But I love the struggle and God helps me wonderfully. I want to fight on till I die. I wish to die in the field with armor on, with weapons bright.”

October 15.—“O for meekness, patience, faith; for a single eye that looks right on, and for a soul that *presses* toward the mark. I pray for that meekness which commits one’s self, motives, measures, actions, *all* to him who judges righteously.”

November 6. . . . “I remember our meeting with much joy. How did you get home? How find your dear wife and child? Great rains after we separated. Drenched continually in my travels. Rivers swollen, mad, perilous, and finally impassable. Hindered on my way and took a canoe. . . .

“The voice of agonizing prayer breaks the stillness of the evening on every hand. Let envy and malice sneer, let skepticism cavil, let cold prudence caution, and let timidity tremble. Still the work goes on. To God only wise be the glory. My lips shall praise him, my soul shall bless him.

“Last Sabbath was our communion. Multitudes, multitudes assembled. The number of communicants was so large that I was obliged to divide them for want of room in the meeting house. In the morning broke bread to the Puna division, in the afternoon to the Hilo. Yesterday was monthly concert. Probably three or four thousand people contributed in labor and other ways on the occasion. Were their labor available as in the United States the contribution of yesterday would not fall much short of one thousand dollars, but as it is, alas! it may not amount to ten. May we be agents under God in bringing about better days. . . . Brother — writes me strong reproofs and remonstrances about measures, etc. I know that I am ignorant and foolish. Oh, that some of these kind and anxious brethren would show me ‘a more excellent way.’”

December 23.—“I have been absent on a tour of eighteen days in Puna. I have returned weary, lame and sore, but rejoicing. I was much cheered by the steadfastness of the church; nearly all appear well. Out of two thousand church members in that district only ten are wandering. May the Good Shepherd preserve them into his heavenly kingdom. This field, my dear brother, is all *battle ground*. It belongs to Jesus. Satan disputes the title, contends for every inch of the ground, and fights hard on the retreat. If you find any of my sheep scattered and wandering in your field, you will do me a great favor to look after them. I shall ever esteem it a privilege to do the same by the sheep

and lambs of your fold who may chance to wander, or to feed in this field. . . . I have many joyful feelings, and many which are solemn and almost overpowering. For some of my little children I travail in birth again and again until Christ be formed in them. So it is with you. Let us hold on, my brother, for we shall reap if we faint not. There is glory in the prospect. *The crown of life!* O! I see it, all glittering, all glorious."

February 25, 1839.—"You say there will be noise where there is fighting and conquering. This is true, and there will be much noise before the world is converted to God. But I have little fear of the noise of praying Christians and wailing sinners, if so be the wailing is confined to time. In eternity it will roll up fearful and augmenting notes forever and ever. The most dangerous noise in a revival springs up, not, perhaps, from the devil, nor from scoffers and open opposers, but from false or timid, or dictatorial friends. I feel sure of this fact, and the whole history of the church presents an array of proof to this position."

March 10.—"It is Sabbath evening and I am weary. What I most fear is that the devil is not effectually dislodged from my own heart. There he effects an entrance, sometimes by open assault, sometimes in disguise. I shall conquer, for Jesus has bought me with a price. We do not run uncertainly; we do not fight as one that beateth the air. 'Lo! I am with you,' there my heart rests. On that rock I stand and bid the ocean rage and dash beneath;

clasping that pillar of the eternal throne, I bid earth roll and tempests howl. . . . I think I shall go to the General Meeting, though I feel deeply pained at the thought of leaving my people; I fear they will wander. But I want to see my Brethren, I want to engage in the deliberations of the Mission, as there will be important questions before us. I wish to represent this part of the field in person, and I need relaxation, as I have not rested one day for two years. Still I will not leave unless I hear the voice of my beloved Captain saying, 'Turn aside and rest awhile.'"

August 2.—(After a tour through Hilo.) "The whole mass of the people was moved as by one mighty impulse, and the wave of salvation seemed to roll broader and deeper through all the course till I reached the station. Scarcely a careless sinner was left unarrested. Crowds followed me from place to place, weeping and inquiring the way to Zion. I worked incessantly from morning to night and sometimes until midnight. I reached home rather way-worn and exhausted in body, but my heart is exceedingly strengthened in the Lord, my soul is lifted up, and my spirit triumphs in my Redeemer."

Mr. Coan's frequent correspondence with Mr. Lyons continued through his life, but other letters than those from which extracts have been given were not preserved. The notable characteristic of steadfastness in Mr. Coan was strongly marked in his friendships. Names that occur on the first pages of his *Synopses of Letters* are found on the last. It was only as friend after friend crossed the flood and passed beyond the reach of voice or pen, that his name dropped out of the list of correspondents.

VI.

“Kind messages, that pass from land to land;
Kind letters, that betray the heart’s deep mystery.”
—*Longfellow.*

“O what am I, that I should live myself in the constant relish of thy sweet and sacred truth, and with such encouraging success communicate it to others?”

—*Baxter.*

While from month to month, Mr. Coan wrote his island neighbor, the friends abroad were not forgotten. Already had he begun a correspondence that became extensive, embracing between the years 1836 and 1882 four hundred and fifty names of individuals to whom he addressed about three thousand letters, not including the even larger number to island residents. Of the former he made synopses.

The amount seems remarkable, but he wielded a ready pen, and through his busy life, caring for the moments was the secret of his accomplishing so much.

Early writing to beloved kindred he said of letters:

“There is no earthly luxury more sweet to us than a good liberal bundle of them. Could I increase my time and my power of writing as much as I can expand my heart with love, you would all have speedy and full answers. But you have no idea how little my time is at my command. Let me say, in a word, that quack as I am, I am the only physician for a thousand bodily maladies, and am liable to be called at any moment by the cry of dis-

tress. Then I am the pastor for thousands of church members with their children. I must be arbiter or judge to settle their little difficulties which come up, as they did before Moses, from morning till night. Then funerals, sometimes two or three daily, besides almost daily preaching, with frequent tours and nameless cares. I have written this letter inch by inch; it is more than a week since I commenced it. Am often called from my study before I have written half a sentence, and as often kept out of it for days together. . . . Tell us of those events which would form the subject of inquiry and conversation were we to meet. This brings *Home* right before us, with its bright fireside, its endearing circle and all its cherished scenes. All the precious things about which the memory loves to linger, will be sealed up in everlasting oblivion to the distant missionary unless his private friends will, by their letters, fill this aching void, unless they will satisfy these natural and longing desires. My heart swells while I write, and melts while I think of you. But stronger cords, yes, *stronger than death*, bind me to the Savior and to the brethren for whom he died."

These cords bound him to the blessed cause of that Savior's kingdom, drawing him into warm fellowship and large correspondence with those engaged in organizations of benevolence and evangelization. He wrote many letters to the Secretaries of the Bible, the Peace, the Temperance, the Seaman's Friend, the American Missionary Societies, and to the officers of the A. B. C. F. M. These were often published and "were ever found," as Dr. Beckwith, Secretary of the Peace Society writes,

“very acceptable to the readers. The thoughts themselves are invariably good, but it is the spirit pervading and impregnating them that makes our friends like them so much.”

To Societies of Missionary Inquiry and of Natural History, connected with colleges and theological seminaries, he wrote full answers to questions asked by them. His letters on volcanic phenomena have been widely circulated in scientific works.

But it was in letters to kindred and to friends, circles ever narrowing, ever widening, that he penned those gems of thought, those heart sentiments that made every word precious to those addressed. To these we turn, not so much to follow the events of the remaining forty years of his pilgrimage, as to linger in the atmosphere of his loving personality, and to be helped by his notes of faith and joy to an attainment of that calm, devout spirit which bears witness to the presence and Fatherhood of God.

TO HIS SISTER.

October 16, 1837. . . . “Your two kind letters of August and September, 1836, reached us the 21st of April, 1837. If you could see and know how much letters cheer and refresh us, you would never regret the labor in costs to write. I was happy that you wrote so many *facts*. Don’t think that I shall not be interested to hear how many cows and sheep father keeps, how much hay he makes, and how much corn and rye he raises. All things which relate to the temporal as well as the eternal happiness of my beloved parents are none the less interesting to me because eighteen thousand miles of ocean roll between us. I care not how little cider is made from father’s orchard; the less the better, to

my mind, because I am very sure that cider clouds the mind, sours the temper and injures the health. I feel very certain that it has done much evil among the farmers of New England. I drink nothing but water. It is the pure nectar of heaven. It comes to us limpid and fresh and free from the hand of our heavenly Father. Those who are fond of stimulating drink may say that cold water will do for me as they suppose that my labor is light. But this is a great mistake. In preaching the Gospel to this poor, dying people, I climb mountains and precipices, cross deep and dangerous ravines, ford or swim rapid rivers, travel from morning till night in drenching rain, endure the melting power of a tropical sun, endure weariness and painfulness. Thus I often travel from week to week preaching four and five, and even eight times a day, and at night I lie down to sleep on the ground more weary than the mower and the reaper return at night from the sultry harvest field. But my sleep is sweet, my heart is peaceful and my meditations are joyous. In the morning I rise refreshed and pursue my way among the poor, fainting people, who are as sheep without a shepherd. With a simple diet and with nothing but cold water for drink, I have not enjoyed better health for ten years than at present. . . .

“We now live in a good frame house built by Mr. Goodrich; and the fruits of the land are abundant. The natural scenery of Hilo is the most beautiful I ever saw. The interior of this and of all these islands is little less than a vast pile of mountains; where they are not too high they are covered with vegeta-

tion to their summits. Great quantities of snow fall on the mountains of Hawaii. Their base is encircled by a deep, heavy forest. The shores and valleys are usually the most fertile, and very few of the natives live more than a mile from the sea. The island on which we live is much the largest of the group. Hilo and Puna extend a hundred miles along the eastern and southern shores and contain a population of fifteen thousand souls. All that is done for this multitude as to schools and their eternal welfare must be done by us and our associates at this station. This whole extended coast can be traversed only on foot and that with incredible fatigue. In passing through the district north of us, we are obliged to cross more than sixty deep ravines and as many rapid streams that come roaring and leaping from the mountains, and urging their noisy way to the ocean. Sometimes we let ourselves down precipices by our hands; sometimes our narrow path winds along the brow or the side of the precipice where the deviation of half a foot from the track would plunge us hundreds of feet below. In Puna, on the south of us, the shores are little less than one extended field of lava, covered in some places with a shallow soil, and in others stretching off like a naked rock for the distance of ten or twenty miles, showing beyond all question that it was once one vast molten sea whose waves of liquid fire rolled and raged like old ocean in a storm. Thus the fiery flood cooled, leaving all the inequalities of a lake when agitated by a tempest. There are no streams of water in this district. The water runs under the lava, at great

depths until it finds the level of the ocean. . . . I have many more things to say, nor can I tell all without writing a dozen sheets, and this sterner duties forbids. Write me often, dear sister, let me hear that you love the Lord with all your heart. Tell me what God has done for your soul, what you have done for God, what you *are doing* and what you intend to do for him. My heart has been full of anxiety for your spiritual welfare.

“I rejoice that dear father and mother were so well when you wrote. Do all you can, Mary, to make them happy. It would give me great pleasure to be near them and to cheer them in old age, did I not feel a most solemn assurance that God has called me to preach the Gospel to the heathen. Could the dearest friend I have on earth see the wretched and forlorn condition of the dying thousands around me, he could never wish to call me from my work of leading them to the Lamb of God, while one particle of the love of Jesus burnt in his bosom. I have never had any misgivings as to my duty to labor and die for this people. I could not leave them without violating the most solemn convictions of conscience. I would not exchange my humble toil among them for the throne of England.”

TO HIS BROTHER, GEORGE.

April 2, 1882.—“I have glorious things to say of Hilo and Puna. For more than a year past I have been able to preach in the native tongue with a good degree of clearness and fluency, and I have seen

such power and glory attend the Word as I have never seen in any other land. Sometimes almost the whole congregation broke out in wailings of anguish. A quaking took hold on them, and they cried 'What shall we do to be saved.' Native converts prayed with such fervency as would seem to break the bars of heaven. God heard and answered speedily; and he answered in the very thing asked for. He rent the heavens and came down.

"At one place where I preached, there was an old and hardened chief who neither feared God, nor regarded man. I preached to him fearlessly, personally, pointedly; calling him by name and in the presence of his people, I charged home his guilt upon him, and in the name of the Lord, urged him to immediate repentance. He was much moved and promised repentance the first day, but I was not satisfied that his proud heart was broken.

"On the second day I renewed the charge. He stood the siege for awhile, but at length his feelings became insuppressible, and all on a sudden he broke forth in a cry which almost rent the heavens. The sword of the Spirit was in his veins. He submitted on the spot and appears like a new born-babe. The effect of this scene on the congregation was overwhelming. The place was shaken. Multitudes cried out for mercy and multitudes turned to the Lord. I could tell you many similar facts. . . . If you could see how we are thronged day and night! For six months it has been like one protracted meeting. God has done great things for us. I feel like lying in the dust and adoring his grace. Let

heaven and earth praise him! Have the prayers of those American church members who forsake the monthly concert called down these blessings on the Sandwich Islands?

TO HIS SISTER.

September 11, 1839.—"We are well and happy, thrice happy in our work. Our temporal circumstances are much more pleasant than we had ever expected on heathen ground—a strong contrast to my solitary pilgrimage in Patagonia. The climate is salubrious and vegetation luxuriant. Byron's Bay is a fine and safe harbor, a beautiful, broad sheet of water, defined by a crescent sand-beach, and fringed with perennial green. Ships and small vessels visit us often, and it is not long since we were visited by two English ships of war. Intelligent and scientific travelers from the different countries of Europe and from America come to Hilo for the sake of ascending the snow-capped mountains and descending into the burning volcano in our vicinity. A saw-mill is in operation near us, and two merchants are established but a short distance from our door. Americans, Englishmen, etc., are settling around us, and civilization is fast going on here. Some of the foreigners, however, are so wicked as to uncivilize and unhinge everything were it in their power. It cannot be long before Hilo becomes a place of much business, and the residence of many foreigners. Its natural advantages are great and need only to be known to be seized upon by a money-making and soul-neglecting world. During the month of May and a

part of June of the present year, I was at Honolulu, on the Island of Oahu, attending the annual general meeting of the mission.* Your sister F. did not go with me this year, but remained at Hilo to teach her school and to look after the people. She has now a boarding-school of twenty little girls under her care, all of whom are fed, clothed, lodged, governed and taught daily by her. The girls are from six to ten years old and they live happily and peacefully together. Most of them are hopefully converted. The house they occupy was built by the voluntary labors of the people, and their food is supplied from week to week by contribution. . . . Oh Mary, take care of your heart. Don't let the world ensnare you. Remember you have a soul to provide for and an eternity of bliss or woe before you. Read the *Bible much*. Read good books. Read with a dictionary and with thought. Draw books from the library; *borrow, buy*. Be more anxious to get a good library and a good store of knowledge than to get raiment and money. . . . I remember my old neighbors and school-fellows with much affection and many prayers. Time and distance have not obliterated the memory of country, kindred and friends, nor quenched my love to the scenes of my childhood.

*It was during a previous visit to the metropolis that Mr. Coan wrote, "We are at Brother Bingham's, and have found in him and Mrs. B. the most warm-hearted and sincere friends. They call us their children, and tell us when we come to Honolulu to 'come straight home.' Sister Bingham is surely one of the most affectionate, meek, self-denying and childlike Christians I ever saw. But her toils are probably nearly over. She has been brought very low, and though still moving about, and full of care for others and for the kingdom of Christ, yet I hardly expect to see her after this separation, till I see her robed in white before the Throne."

But these things are changing, passing. We are strangers and pilgrims. Brighter scenes are before us. Let us press forward, looking upward and hasting to reach heaven."

TO HIS BROTHER, EZRA.

October 15, 1839.—"I have from time to time written to my friends of the progress of the work of grace among this poor people. The work has been excellent and glorious. In its awakening and overruling power it has far exceeded anything of the kind I ever witnessed in America. I look to the life, to the conversation, to the actions for proof of the regenerating work of the spirit, and such evidence I find in the peace, gentleness, goodness, faith, of thousands who were once hateful and hating one another. The mass of the people, old and young, in my parish profess to have been converted. About seven thousand have been baptized and received to the church. I am pressed above measure with watchings and preaching, and with cares and toils which cannot be told. But the grace of God is sufficient and he sustains me wonderfully. I am preaching almost incessantly, and in my narrow sphere I am determined, through the grace of God, fully to preach the Gospel of Christ. Much of the time I am absent on tours, traveling over burning lava, fording and swimming rapid and dangerous rivers, climbing rugged and slippery precipices, and preaching in doors and out of doors, in wind and rain, sunshine and shade, as the circumstances may be. I am often unavoidably exposed by rains, wet

garments, etc. But I am sure that labor, and sometimes hardship even, is the best physic for man. I need not tell you that I am exceeding joyful in all these labors. This fruit from among the Gentiles, these children, these sheaves, these crowns of rejoicing, while they cause cares and anxieties, they swell the heart with gratitude and hope and joy. And now to fit my people for the church triumphant, and to meet them there. This is my solemn work."

Hardly had the four memorable years passed by, when there were those trials of faith and fans to winnow the church that led him to write:

"I see much that might frighten and chase a faint-hearted soldier. Powerful causes have been operating to quench the spirit and to turn off the attention of the people from the great concerns of eternity. But still," he adds, "my soul exults in hope. Can God give his heritage to reproach? Shame on us if we despond. Confusion on us if we flee or fear."

Some of the adverse influences are mentioned in the following letter to a brother:

January 20, 1841.—"Romanism is using all the efforts which flattery, subtlety, malice, bigotry and terror can command to overthrow the faith of the people and to supplant the religion of the Bible on these shores. Eight or ten Popish priests are said to be already here, and fifteen more are expected soon. They will soon plant themselves at all our important posts. As yet they have not gained a large number of proselytes, but their old leaven is diffusing and poisoning the minds of many. But one of our

greatest evils is that the government has signed a treaty to admit ardent spirits into the land, and this has rolled back the flood of intemperance upon the nation from which they had but just escaped, and now the chiefs can make no laws to protect their people from the burning scourge without being branded by the French consul, and others of his stamp, with a breach of treaty and threatened with a war of swift retribution. So drunkenness has returned with bloated visage and fiery eyeballs, and seating himself on his magazines of death, deals out his vials of burning wrath. . . . The *Vincennes*, with the commander of the squadron, is now here, and has been lying at anchor for fifty days directly in front of our house. I suppose the expenses of this single ship, in full view from my study window, have been more during her stay at these islands, than those of this mission with all its operations for a year, and I have no doubt that more is annually expended by this little exploring squadron, than by the whole American church in the propagation of the Gospel among the heathen. When will as much zeal be displayed in exploring and subduing the world to Jesus, as in subduing and subjugating its resources and its glories to earthly princes?"

The influences of this expedition were such upon the natives, that for years; as Mr. Coan says in his book, "the moral tone of the church and community could not be fully restored to its cheerful and normal state."

TO CAPT. S. F. DU PONT, U. S. N.

June 7, 1850.—"Your highly esteemed favor of Sept. '49 was received on the 1st inst. I need not

say that in common with all its predecessors, it met with a cordial and warm welcome. The box also came in perfect order and is received with great gratitude. Like all tokens of true love it is *priceless*. The books, especially *Nineveh*, are what we longed to get hold of. Nothing could have been more opportune or acceptable. A short time ago I lectured to my people on the ancient history, the fall and the recent disentombing of that vast Assyrian city. The facts stated were fresh in the recollection of many when your books came. The volumes were taken into our monthly lectures and the plates exhibited, as illustrating and corroborating what the natives had before heard. I need not say that they excited enthusiastic interest. We anticipate a treat in reading the works you sent. How surely discoveries and all true science go to confirm and elucidate the truths of our precious Bible!

“We are happy to learn that you arrived safely at home and that you are now with your dear family. Perhaps, however, you are, ere this, away again upon the deep or in the port of some distant land. But wherever you are, our prayers, our blessings, our warmest desires for your present and eternal welfare shall be with you. Wherever you roam and wherever you rest, may you hold communion with the Savior, and find that God is ever present and ever felt. . . . And here, my beloved brother, let me from my very soul reciprocate the catholic, the truly Christian sentiment expressed in your letter ‘without a shadow of sectarian feeling.’ I love the image, the spirit of Christ wherever seen, and as to

names and forms and organizations let these be left to the tastes, convictions and circumstances of the different members of the household of faith. I love the Episcopal church ardently, and I highly esteem and warmly love many of her clergy and her laity. I also love other evangelical denominations who hold the Head and feel the Love which unites all the saints on earth and in heaven in one body, in one holy brotherhood.

“We remember your visit to our rural home with true interest, and hope that it may be repeated. How delighted we should be to see you and your dear wife in our happy circle. My beloved has written Mrs. Du Pont, inviting her and yourself to make us a visit. Science and art have leveled mountains, raised valleys, dried up rivers and annihilated space. Probably the time will come when our material corporeities may pass from these islands to New York in twenty-five days, and our winged spirits in twelve. How long will it be ere a train of fiery chariots will be seen crossing your western mountains and a line of smoky leviathians be descried lashing *our* deep waters and tracing a rapid wake from the shores of western America to these sea-girt isles. How long will it be ere aerial horsemen, outstripping lightning, will announce upon the shores of the Pacific the thoughts, the emotions, the rush, the wonders of the Orient shores? And is not the hand of the Lord in all this? Is He not preparing the way for the rapid and universal spread of the gospel of Peace? Does he not design to consecrate and employ all these rapid and mighty agencies in

fulfilling his great purposes of love and in flooding this dark world with his glory? Do we not see in the discoveries and inventions of the age a foreshadowing of the wings of that mighty angel who is flying through the midst of heaven having the everlasting Gospel to preach to all nations? But I was inviting our dear friends, Capt. and Mrs. Du Pont, to visit us, and I had already brought you here on a current of electricity. 'How fleet is the glance of the mind.' Still the forests wave, the prairies spread, the granite mountains rise and old ocean rolls between us! How much less friction in theory than in experiment.

"Our little Bethel or seaman's chapel is completed, and it is very useful. It is worth four times what it cost. We have English services in it most of the year. I have already obtained about two hundred volumes of good books for it, besides periodicals, Dr. Jewett's plates of the human stomach and some other paintings. We shall never forget the lift which the *Cyane* gave to the enterprise. Since you left we have received \$30.50 from the officers of the *Preble*, \$104 from the *Independence*, and \$119 from the *Ohio*. Forty or fifty of the *Preble's* men subscribed cheerfully but Commander G. would not authorize the purser to pay. . . .

"In the spring of 1839, we had a beautiful eruption in the old crater on the summit of Mauna Loa at the very spot where Wilkes encamped. The crater is deep and ample, and the fusion exhausted itself without overflowing the rim. At the distance of Hilo it was a pretty, not a terrific sight. A beauti-

ful cloud pillar stood on the mountain summit by day, and this was converted into a pillar of fire by night. It was a beacon light. It was heaven's high monument, whose apex pierced the clouds, and whose pedestal was the everlasting hills. Thus it stood a lofty column shining in its solitary height for about two months, when the breath that kindled, extinguished it. I longed to visit it but could not. To have stood upon the verge of the deep caldron and looked down upon the fiery billows raging in the abyss below must have filled one with awe. Old Kilauea has had no freaks of horrid sport since you were here. The great boiling lake which you saw is now dammed over with a solid roof of hot lava, the apex of which is some seven hundred or eight hundred feet higher than was the surface of the fire lake in 1840. Steam and gases are constantly issuing from a thousand holes and fissures over the crater, but scarcely a spark of fire is to be seen by day or night. In fact Mother Pele has buried her fires, stopped her forges, extinguished her lamps and retired within the deep recesses of her infernal caverns. Is she dead? Does she sleep? or has she only closed her adamantine doors, and with Pluto and Vulcan descended to the fiery bowels of the earth to prepare with deeper secrecy her magazines of wrath which shall one day burst forth with more desolating terror? To us it is a lonely idea that the volcano should become extinct; for we confess that her mutterings, her thunderings, her flashings, the smoke of her nostrils and the shaking of her rocky ribs are music, beauty, sublimity and grandeur to

us. They seem so like the voice of Almighty God, so like the footsteps of Deity.

“You allude to the subject of war and you say that all war is wrong. That is, I think, a true proposition. On the question whether it be lawful for a disciple of Christ to engage in it, much may be said on both sides. I prefer what I esteem the *safer* side, still there are many sincere Christians and men whom I ardently love who have been trained to the profession of arms. It is my opinion that if all professed Christians of every name would, both in doctrine and practice, decidedly discountenance war, the evil would soon cease in Christendom by a *moral necessity*. But the world is not yet prepared for such a new and strange doctrine. Nor has the church faith enough to try the experiment. But the good Lord will accomplish it in his time. It is a consummation of love such as I know your heart as well as mine devoutly desires. We will then pray that the ‘Prince of Peace’ may reign from east to west and from pole to pole, and that there may be truly and universally ‘peace on earth and good will among men.’ ”

TO HIS FATHER.

December, 1852.—“God has prolonged your life wonderfully. When I received my last letter from Mrs. Lord, I rejoiced and wept to hear that you were still on earth. She tells me your head is snowy white. I think I can see it now. And I can see your aged and enfeebled frame as it draws near that bourne from which it will never return. You have

witnessed the events of almost a century; the friends, the companions of your youth are nearly all gone, and you stand like one of a few scattered trees of a forest which has been prostrated by the winds of heaven. To you this world must now look solitary. My heart saddens when I think of your solitude, but I look upward to a world where all is light and joy and life; to a land where there are no shadows, no mourners, no solitary hearts. There may you rest, and there may you meet all your children. I do pray that your mind may be calm and peaceful, that your love may be great, your faith strong, your hope lively. It would be gratifying to us to meet again on earth; but this cannot be expected. Should I leave the islands this year, I could hardly expect to find you in your earthly house. Our great desire should be to do and to suffer all the will of God, and to be prepared to enter into the rest which remaineth for his people. My friends must not grieve too much if I say to them as Paul did to his friends, that they shall see my face no more. I have a great work to do, a high commission to fulfill, and no money, no attachment to country, no recollections of childhood and youth, no fond longings to revisit home scenes, no tender ties of kindred, and no earthly motive can persuade me to leave this blessed calling. Not that I love parents and brothers less, but that I love Christ and his work more. Since my first enlistment in the warfare, I have never doubted, never regretted, never looked back, never sighed for objects left behind, never wished a discharge. And God has granted signal

success to our weak and worthless labors. Through his grace I have been permitted to baptize and receive to his table more than ten thousand souls from among this heathen people. Of these spiritual children I have buried more than four thousand three hundred, and they have gone before their final judge. For these my cares and toils have ended. But nearly six thousand remain, and these call for more love and faith and patience than man can obtain from himself. Nothing but the grace of Christ in them and in their pastor, will ever secure their perseverance in the truth and their final victory over the world. There are yet those out of the ark, blinded, besotted, hardened in sin. These call for constant prayer and teaching, and from among these the Lord is adding to the church. . . . Should your Titus, the boy who often grieved your heart, be permitted through divine grace to meet you in heaven with a few thousands of blood-washed Hawaiians, you will not, surely, regret our short separation, or feel that a want of filial love led me to forsake my father's house to toil and die in this land of strangers and among the tawny sons of the Pacific. We believe the Lord led us here, and to Him we yield our *all*."

VII.

“Thy power, Thy love, Thy faithfulness,
With lip and life I long to bless.
Thy faithfulness shall be my tower,
My sun Thy love, my shield Thy power.”

There was in Mr. Coan's nature a remarkable adaptability to minister to the little ones. This endeared him to them. Throughout his missionary life his almost yearly attendance at the general meeting was hailed both by parents and children as a special blessing to the young, many of whom will never forget his tender earnestness to lead them to Jesus.

The children of his own flock received him with joyous acclamations as he came among them on his tours, and in Hilo and Puna there were frequent duplicates of the scene so pleasantly described on page 170 of “Life in Hawaii.”

Writing to the widow of his brother George, in February of 1855, he speaks of having just held ten grand juvenile temperance anniversaries in different parts of his great parish.

“These,” he adds, “are truly gala days with the boys and girls of Hawaii, and not less so with many of their parents. You would be charmed with their picturesque appearance, as they march and counter-march with flags and gay decorations, and with the sweet notes of the flute and the harmony of vocal music. In one procession they exhibited two hundred and forty-five horses, caparisoned and mounted.”

It was not strange that with this children's friend should originate the plan of enlisting them to build "a little ship" to wait upon the Master. While in Honolulu in the spring of 1855, he thus wrote on behalf of the Hawaiian Evangelical Association to the Secretaries of the A. B. C. F. M.:

"Recent indications of Providence lead us to believe that a wide door is being opened for the enlargement of our operations in Micronesia. Other communications will inform you of the departure of our dear Brother and Sister Pierson, with two promising native helpers, on board the bark *Belle*, Captain Handy, to cruise some three or four months among the Radack and Ralick chains and the Kingsmill groups, and then to proceed to Strong's Island.

"From Captain H., who has cruised much of his time for the last seventeen years among these numerous islands, we have gathered many important and encouraging facts in relation to regions hitherto unexplored by scientific expeditions, and nearly unknown to the scientific world. . . . So deeply impressed are we that the Lord has called us to preach the Gospel there, and so confidently do we expect a favorable report from our Brother Pierson, that we feel constrained to ask your immediate and earnest consideration on the subject of a prompt enlargement of your operations among the lost families of Micronesia."

Stating the number of American missionaries for which it was thought best to ask, and expressing the hope that a native agency might be chiefly

employed for many years in introducing the rudiments of Christianity among the savage tribes, he goes on to present "another request, made after much reflection and deliberation."

"We desire that you will purchase, or procure built, a clipper schooner of 150 or 200 tons, of substantial materials and faithful workmanship, well coppered high above water, and thoroughly protected from the insects which so abound in these seas, and which are so destructive to all wood exposed to their ravages."

The details of construction and equipment are then entered into, and then he says:

"Two reasons lead us to urge this matter earnestly, viz.:

"1. We desire to furnish our brethren and sisters now in Micronesia an opportunity for a general meeting of consultation and social and spiritual intercourse. For this they long with intense desires such as no one can fully appreciate but those in like circumstances, and without a vessel under our control there is little hope that these natural and reasonable desires can be gratified.

"2. Every indication of divine Providence urges to immediate preparation for enlargement. Many voices speak to us. The cloud is being lifted up, and a sound from the fiery pillar commands us to 'go forward.' 'Spare not,' cries the note of inspiration, 'lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes.' We must go up and possess the land, and under Christ we will do it. . . .

“As to the means and agencies, they are ample, exhaustless, infinite. . . . Do we want the sympathy and co-operation of the good? God is in the midst of Zion, and he can make the great heart of the church militant and the church triumphant beat in holy and harmonious love with ours. As to funds, we have no fear on that score. Men will act when under the influence of a controlling motive. Even the Sabbath schools, the precious sons and daughters of our Zion, will, if properly led, purchase the vessel we need, and perhaps furnish funds to bring her to our shores. And why shall they not be allowed the joyous privilege? How many young eyes would glow, how many bright faces brighten, and how many youthful hearts beat with sacred pleasure to behold their own *Day Star* unfurling her signals and spreading her white wings to the winds of heaven, freighted with the priceless treasures of salvation!”

How heartily successive bands of children have entered once, twice, thrice into this joyous privilege has been told in the revised “*Stories of the Morning Star*,” published by the A. B. C. F. M. at Boston.

How heartily the little brig was hailed at Hilo on her return from her first missionary cruise let Mr. Coan’s pen relate:

“The morning of the 7th of July, 1857, dawned gloriously on Hawaii. The mountains were throwing off their night robes, and adorning themselves in the light drapery of the dawn; the fields were slowly unveiling their peerless beauty; the ocean began to reflect the first tinges of morning light,

when suddenly the sound, 'Hokuao!' (*Morning Star*) 'Hokuao!' broke our slumbers. 'Hokuao! Hokuao!' echoed and re-echoed from every headland and hill, and rolled back from every valley along our coast; and multitudes of children waked, and ran, and shouted, and caught the 'flying joy.' All Hilo was awake. Away in the eastern horizon floated that beautiful star of Hope, while Venus, like an angel's eye, looked down upon her from the vault of heaven. Then we felt that our prayers had been heard, and realized that the sleepless eye of Him who proclaims himself 'the Bright and Morning Star,' was also looking down upon that consecrated bark. And while our spiritual organs seem to catch the notes of the celestial anthem, as 'the morning stars sang together,' our bodily ears did hear many voices of the 'sons of God' as they 'shouted for joy.'"

Impressed in later years with the increasing demands to push forward the work more rapidly in the Micronesian Archipelagoes, he exclaims:

"Why should the angel that flies through the midst of heaven with the Gospel message move with clipped wings? The artillery of war moves on swift wheels to shake the nations and pour out human blood, while the old sails flap, and the lazy boom squeaks mournfully in the doldrums, as our vessels are driven hither and thither by the squalls and storms of capes that obstruct their way to the lost tribes of men. If the Lord will, I hope to hear the whistle of a missionary steamer in our waters before I go hence."

Portions of the following letter, addressed to Professor James D. Dana, were published many years ago in the *American Journal of Science*. We are kindly allowed to make the present use of it.

TO PROF. J. D. DANA.

October 15, 1855.—“In a few days we may be called to announce the painful fact that our beauteous Hilo is no more—that our lovely, our inimitable landscape, our emerald bowers, our crescent strand and our silver bay are blotted out. A fiery sword hangs over us. A flood of burning ruin approaches us. Devouring fires are near us. With sure and solemn progress the glowing fusion advances through the dark forest and the dense jungle in our rear, cutting down ancient trees of enormous growth and sweeping away all vegetable life. For sixty-five days the great summit furnace on Mauna Loa has been in awful blast. Floods of burning destruction have swept wildly and widely over the top and down the sides of the mountain. The wrathful stream has overcome every obstacle, winding its fiery way from its high source to the bases of the everlasting hills, spreading in a molten sea over the plains, penetrating the ancient forests, driving the bellowing herds, the wild goats and the affrighted birds before its lurid glare, leaving nothing but ebon blackness and smoldering ruin in its track.

“On the 12th of July, I wrote you on the state of old Kilauea, and on the 27th of September I announced to our mutual friend, Prof. Lyman, the fact and the state of our present eruption. Having made my quarterly pastoral tours, I started, on the

2nd inst., for the scene and the source of the flow. Our party consisted of Lawrence McCully, Esq., a graduate of Yale, and our police magistrate,* four natives and myself. Taking the channel of the Wailuku (the river which enters Hilo Bay) as our track, we advanced, with much toil through the thicket along its banks, about twelve miles the first day. Here we rested at the roots of a large tree during the night. The next day we proceeded about twelve miles farther, for the most part along the bed of the stream, the water being low. During both of these days volcanic smoke had filled the forest and given the rays of the sun a yellow and baleful hue. At night when the shades gathered over those deep solitudes, unbroken except by the bellowing of the untamed bull, the barking of the wild dog, the grunt of the forest boar, the wing and the note of the restless bird, the falling of a time-worn tree, the gurgling of the rill and the roar of the cataract, we made our little bed of ferns under the trunk of a prostrate tree, and here, for the first time, we found that the molten stream had passed us, by many miles, on its way towards Hilo.

“But as its track was several miles to the left of us, and as the jungle here was nearly impenetrable, we proceeded the next day up the stream, and at half-past one, P. M., found ourselves fairly out of the forest, having been a little more than two and a half days in accomplishing this part of the tour.

*Since, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the Hawaiian Kingdom.

“I cannot stop to describe the beautiful and romantic scenery along our winding, rocky gorge; the cascades, basins, caves and natural bridges of this wild and solitary stream. Nor can I speak of the velvet masses, luxuriant creepers, hanging in festoons, the forest trees and other tropical glories which were mirrored in its limpid waters. We needed an artist and a naturalist to fix the glowing panorama, and to describe its flora and fauna.

“When we emerged from the upper skirts of the woods on the third day, a dense fog obstructed our view of distant objects. We encamped early in a cave, but during the night the stars came out, and we could see the play of the volcanic fires from the summit to the base of the mountain, and far down in the forest toward Hilo. The next morning, Friday, we left our cavern, and at half-past seven, A. M., came to the smouldering lava-stream; from this time until ten, we walked on its right border, when we crossed over to the opposite side. This occupied us an hour and a quarter, and we judged the stream to be three miles wide at this point, which, however, was one of its ‘*narrows*.’ In some places it spread out into wide lakes, apparently from five to eight miles broad, enclosing, as is usually the case, little islands, not flooded by the fusion. Passing up the southern verge of the stream we found many trees felled by the lava, and lying crisped and half charred upon its stiffened and smoky surface. At night we slept upon the lava above the line of vegetation, with the heavens for our canopy and the stars for our lamps. From this high watch tower we could see

the brilliant fire-works far above and far below us, as the dazzling fusion rushed down its burning duct, revealed here and there by an opening through its rocky-roof, serving as a vent for the gases.

“Early on Saturday, the 6th, we were ascending our rugged pathway amidst steam and smoke and heat which almost blinded and scathed us. At ten we came to open orifices down which we looked into the fiery river which rushed madly under our feet. Up to this we had come to no open lake or stream of active fusion. We had seen in the night many lights like street lamps, glowing along the slope of the mountains at considerable distances from each other, while the stream made its way in a subterranean channel traced only by these vents. From ten A. M., and onward, these fiery vents were frequent, some of them measuring ten, twenty, fifty or one hundred feet in diameter. In one place only we saw the river uncovered for thirty rods and rushing down a declivity of from ten to twenty-five degrees. The scene was awful, the momentum incredible, the fusion perfect (a white heat), and the velocity forty miles an hour. The banks on each side of the stream were red-hot, jagged and overhanging, adorned with burning stalactites and festooned with immense quantities of filamentose, capillary glass, called ‘Pele’s hair.’ From this point to the summit crater all was inexpressibly interesting. Valve after valve opened as we went up, out of which issued ‘fire and smoke and brimstone,’ and down which we looked as into the caverns of Pluto. The gases were so pungent that we had to use the greatest

caution, approaching an orifice on the windward side, and watching every change or gyration of the breeze. Sometimes whirlwinds would sweep along, loaded with deadly gases and threatening the unwary traveler. After a hot and weary struggle over smoking masses of jagged scoria and slag thrown in wild confusion into hills, cones and ridges, and spread out over vast fields, we came at one P. M., to the terminal or summit crater. This we found to be a low elongated cone, or rather a series of cones, standing over a great fissure in the mountain. Mounting to the crest of the highest cone, about one hundred feet, so toppling was it, so great the heat and so excoriating the gases, we could find no position where we could look down the orifice. . . .

The molten stream first appears some two miles below the fountain crater, and as we viewed it rushing out from under its ebon counterpane, and in the twinkling of eye diving again into its fiery den, it seemed to say, 'Stand off; scan me not! I am *God's messenger*. A work to do! Away!'

"This summit crater I estimate at twelve thousand feet elevation, the principal stream (there are many lateral ones) including all its windings, sixty miles long, averaging breadth three miles, depth from three to three hundred feet, according to the surface over which it flows.

"Late on Saturday afternoon we came a short distance down the mountain where we encamped on the naked rocks until Monday.*

*"In itself we would not have deemed it wrong to go down the mountain on the Sabbath, but as our natives are slow to discrim-

“Unwittingly we passed the last watering place in our ascent on Friday morning, and having only one quart in our canteen, this was our whole supply until 9 A. M. on Monday. We were soon reduced to a single spoonful each, and this only at our meals. Our food being dry and hard, we suffered not a little. The dew which fell upon our garments, our food buckets and the rocks around us, congealed and became frost or thin scales of ice, and from an oilcloth spread for the purpose we collected a few spoonfuls, while our parched lips readily kissed the rocks to obtain a little moisture. There was snow on another part of the mountain far below us. The fires had melted all in this region. . . . At one P. M. a dense fog obscured our track, our guide lost his way, and we were obliged to encamp.

“Early on Tuesday we were astir, wandering through jungle and over rough fields of scoria, when, fortunately, at half-past nine, we found the only track which could lead us out of this cruel labyrinth. On the 11th we reached home, having been absent ten days. The great summit fountain is still playing with fearful energy, and the devouring stream rushes madly down toward us. It is now about ten miles distant, and heading directly for our bay. Some are planning, some packing, many running to and fro, and all talking and conjecturing. Never was Hilo in such a state before;

inate and reason on points of religion, and as multitudes in all parts of the islands would be sure to hear that the teacher who had so often dissuaded them from unnecessary labor on the Lord's day had himself been traveling on that day, it was prudent to give them no occasion to stumble on this point. I have never regretted the self-denial.”—*Life in Hawaii*, page 296.

and yet all is hushed and solemn. Nothing but the hand of Omnipotence can arrest the fearful progress of the fire and save our beautiful town from utter desolation."

And God's hand did deliver Hilo from its danger, but not until the faith of those who trusted in Him had been tried for six long months, as they watched the approaching flood. The molten lava was within seven miles of the sea. No natural obstacles intervened to stop its progress. Science could give no reason why the "billions of cubic feet of molten rock" that for nine months continued to descend from the crater in the same direction as at the first did not push forward and destroy the town. Mr. Coan and other Christians believed it was in answer to prayers.

TO REV. J. SESSIONS, D. D.

August 25, 1857. . . . "You are charmed with the physical and the spiritual works of God. You gaze, you wonder, you adore. And these are my feelings, deepened and intensified by a residence of more than twenty-two years. Should man withhold his praise for the *grace* here displayed, these mountains and these rocks would cry out. If we admire and adore with enthusiasm it is not without cause. Your estimate of the character of this people is, I think, correct. Like other parts of Christendom, we have first a class of humble, spiritual and steadfast disciples; these are numerous, and they are 'our joy and our crown.' Second, an *impulsive* class, now blazing like a comet, and anon lost like a comet in the distance—seesaw Christians.

A third class are never cold or hot—mere negatives, lead. Another class are disturbing forces, calling for constant watching; under discipline most of the time—sinning, confessing, promising, relapsing. A fifth class run with us a short way, and apostatize—wandering stars to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever. Another class have made no essay on the subject of Christianity from the beginning. They are entrenched in the blindness and hardness of heathenism. . . . You need not ask if I love the natives. To me they seem like brothers, sisters, sons, daughters, *friends*. Twenty times, perhaps, since we have sojourned here I have dreamed of being in America, looking and *longing* for a vessel to take me back to my dear islet and my loved flock, and on wakening from such anxious dreams my soul was filled with joy and thankful praise to find myself here in my Eden and with my people. We feel humbled in reading your commendations of our toils and successes. God knows our manifold sins and our utter demerits. Alas! our leanness. I tremble in view of unfaithfulness, and I do think I abhor my own righteousness. Mercy, grace—for these I plead. All my labors and prayers seem so defiled with sin that they stare on me appallingly. I dare not mention them before God. I dare not meet them at his tribunal. I want a better righteousness.”

TO REV. H. BINGHAM, JR.

November 3, 1857.—“We now await the return of the *Morning Star* with deep interest. By her we

expect to hear good tidings from you and your dear companion, and from the precious cause in which you have embarked. Long ago we trust you have met your fellow-laborers in the Micronesian field. I can imagine the bounding joy with which your arrival was hailed in those lonely isles. How my soul would have rejoiced to have been one of your number, and to have mingled its sympathies in the scenes through which you have passed. Do we not in the service of our Lord often 'drink of the brook in the way,' and 'with joy draw water from the wells of salvation'? Is there not sometimes an unuttered pleasure, a holy triumph of soul, in denying ourselves, in taking the cross and in following our Redeemer in his works of mercy on earth? Do we not find purer and more purifying pleasure in *forsaking* all for Christ than in grasping all for ourselves? Beloved Brother and Sister, only see that your consecration to your work is entire and irreversible, and you will realize in your own souls the fulfillment of the promise of an hundred fold more in this present time."

TO REV. J. SESSIONS, D. D.

March 23, 1858. . . . "Writing is a simple mode of communicating and receiving happiness, a quiet and efficient way of doing good. It is a 'talent,' for whose use or neglect we are responsible. Its neglect often produces coldness, and even alienation among kindred and friends. The genial and precious sympathies of our hearts wither and die under its neglect. . . . Some fifteen ships are

at anchor before our door. One captain (with his wife and three children) is in our family. Sailors are on every hand and much of our time is devoted to them. Our meetings are full and attentive; some are tender and tearful, some solemn. But how can a Sabbath whaler be saved? That almost universal sin of whalemens darkens their prospects of heaven, and, until they will abandon it, shuts the door of salvation against them. . . . Your definition of a miracle with the argument following, I consider sound. I never dipped pen to reply to the strictures on my volcanic essay in *The Friend* for May, 1857. Several criticisms were made on it, but the objections of the writers were of little force against the Word of God. The press gives you the great reports, so you will allow me to confine myself to little matters. Hilo is a small place, but through the mercy of God it is one of the most quiet and peaceful towns in the world. Masters and sailors fill the streets without reeling, riot or noise; we go out and come in with a perfect sense of security. Not that there is not much sin here, but grace reigns—righteousness is in the ascendant.”

TO REV. H. HALSEY.

February, 1859.—“You ask if I will be at the meeting of the American Board in 1860. Probably not. Many thanks for your kind offer to be my supply. Bring a strong rope to cross the rivers, and firm shoes to climb the mountains. . . . Whether we shall ever again see our children on earth is uncertain. Sure confidence in the wisdom and love

of God, and the hopes of a better state hereafter alone reconcile us to such parting struggles and to the other trials of life. . . . Just now we are having a grand pyrotechnic display. On the 22d ult. the summit of Mauna Loa was rent with volcanic fires, and a deluge of igneous fusion rushed forth and poured down the mountain. Such was the energy of the flood that in an hour or two it had reached some twenty miles, filling the heavens with light and rolling in vivid and burning waves over the plains below. At first we thought the stream was coming towards Hilo, but at length it turned and rolled over towards the western coast, and entered the sea on the eighth day after the eruption. The distance may be fifty miles. It is still flowing with great power. These successive eruptions show that our island habitation is not finished. Mauna Loa is rising; its sides and base are enlarging by successive strata of lava; high hills, pits and fissures are being formed in the interior; streams of water are obliterated, forests are consumed, villages are overwhelmed, arable lands are covered with a mural deposit scores or hundreds of feet deep, and coasts and capes are extended into the sea. So God works, and so man stands aside, as his fiery chariot rolls by, gazing, trembling, murmuring or adoring. Whatever the scoffer may say, *we* feel sure that there is a God, and that he has not forsaken the earth."

TO REV. H. BINGHAM.

March 14, 1860. . . . "You are still pained at the indifference of your people to the Gospel

messages. So it will be for a time. They know not the import and cannot appreciate the treasures of the Gospel. But you will reap in due season if you faint not. Passion and animal instincts sway the heathen; and the missionary is to meet and measure a hundred ebbings and fluxes of animal passion before enlightened piety and settled principles gain a full ascendancy, before the great deep of human depravity ceases to rise and fall and surge like the ocean under temperature and tempest, and all becomes so placid and reliable that you can say, 'There is no more sea.' Christ has determined to convert all nations, and he will not fail or be discouraged in the work. The isles and peoples shall wait for his law and welcome it; and he is with his believing laborers *always*, not occasionally, not in peace and sunshine only, but in war and tempest."

TO REV. J. SESSIONS, D. D.

July 6, 1860. . . . "As you took me up the road of the ransomed to view the heavenly hills and to see the 'fields in living green,' tears flowed fast, for I said, 'O! that I had wings like a dove.' O! for the land of pure delight, where the grave has no power, and death no sting; where darkness and sin, where guilt and fear are unfelt; where the bitter fruits of transgression are untasted, and where the rapt soul awakes, satisfied in the likeness of its Savior. I have never, like you, been brought to look death in the face, as a messenger already at the door. And a sense of sin is usually so distinct to my mind that I could hardly hope to feel that

calm joy which you felt in prospect of near departure. I need more faith. But you were brought back to the world, and the Lord is preparing more for you to do, and *you* to do it. We do well to watch his providences, for they are wise as wonderful. . . . Much of what men call progress and improvement in civilization is improvement in artful blandishments, in enervating follies, in fictitious sentiments, in duplicity and hypocrisy, and not in purity of heart, in truth and righteousness, in simple, unostentatious manners, in good sense and sound piety. A scathing and killing civilization is coming to these Islands, and simple faith and honest truth are threatened to be borne down by it. A false glitter dazzles many, and the stream of pleasure is covered with a gay and giddy throng. Give me rather the calabash, the poi-pestle, the quiet hut, with the old Bible, the simple hymns and the confiding prayer of the old Hawaiian convert. I do not mean to say that there is not on the whole much real and desirable progress here, nor that we do not see and appreciate it; but we do see with this progress a flood of that which is spurious and dangerous, and it requires great discernment, great faith and great boldness to refuse the evil and choose the good. Principle, profession, early teachings and resolutions often bend and sway, stagger and fall under the temptations of lucre or fame, or the fear of man. . . . Government patronage goes to overthrow government and to dig the grave of the nation, and nothing but omnipotent grace will save the state from ruin. . . . I was greatly interested in my visit to the Marquesas, one

of the darkest realms of earth. The natural scenery is bold, rugged and sublime. Geologically the group is purely of igneous origin. In the floral kingdom there is much to interest the naturalist. I was delighted with many of the trees; they are magnificent. The fauna of the islands is hardly yet created. But there is one object of deep interest there, and that is *man*—man in ruins, in the lowest depths of depravity, and without a lineament of the Creator in his soul. Savageism in the Marquesas is dark and diabolical. Paul's enumeration of the characteristics of heathen is fully illustrated there. They are impure beyond description. They are selfish, deceitful, cruel, revengeful and implacable. They never forgive. Blood for blood is their creed, and until a sacrifice is obtained, they watch for the infliction of vengeance on a foe during life, and in death commit the trust to their children as a perpetual legacy, until the thirst is satiated in the blood of the offender, of his descendant or of his tribe. But through the grace of God which brings salvation, light has dawned on those dark realms. After sixty-three years of unsuccessful effort on the part of more than twenty English, French, American and Tahitian missionaries, God has chosen a little band of unknown and despised Hawaiians to proclaim salvation to those abandoned tribes, and he has crowned their labors with marvelous success. The power of tabu, of superstition, of war and cannibalism, of human sacrifices, and of all the polluting orgies and horrid rites of heathenism is greatly weakened in that land. And through God, the

whole system will ere long fall. I was delighted with the skill and interest displayed by some of the scholars at examinations. These islands *must* be given to Christ. He has *died* for them. Will you not pray, and enlist a thousand hearts to pray that the poor, lost Marquesans may come to the Savior and live? Hilo church prays for them, and last year we gave five hundred dollars to sustain that mission. . . . I am comforted at the easy way in which you get along with my thorny writing. The bee gets honey from the thistle, and you draw something from my crotchety scrawls. I think you learn *patience*, and surely that is a valuable lesson. Perhaps, also, you learn some new angles which you never found in geometry."

TO HIS BROTHER.

September 21, 1861.—"How we rejoice to get these precious tokens of love and these testimonials of the mercy of our God. The natives of Micronesia devoured the letters and papers of our missionaries. They soaked them in water, and then literally ate and drank them. We devour ours *spiritually*. We rejoice that you all live. Had you gone to heaven last year would you have heard the thunder notes of war, or wept for a darling boy laid on the altar of his country? Who can tell? It is, however, probable that celestial beings survey this wicked world of ours and sympathize in all the sorrows of the just. One thing is certain. Our great High Priest sympathizes with his people, and in all their afflictions *he* is afflicted. I hate war. It is not from above,

but is earthly, devilish. On the part of the Federal Government, I consider this the most just war I ever knew. On the part of the rebels it is diabolical. But I look upon this as upon all war, as the ripened fruit of sin. I have long expected and feared it. For long years the nation has been treasuring up wrath against this day of wrath. Should peace ever return to our distracted nation, I hope this solemn lesson will teach all ministers and professors of the Gospel to pray and labor and give for the establishment of those principles of truth, forbearance and love which will render war in our country *impossible*. Had the Church done her duty in living and testifying for Christ, this awful conflict would never have come as a bloody Moloch to devour her sons and consume her treasury. A tithe of this war expense, wisely and prayerfully expended during the last fifty years would have driven the war demon from all Christendom. So I believe. I honor and pity our good president, Lincoln. What mortal ever entered upon office under such crushing responsibilities, and so surrounded by complications, darkness and danger? Heaven help him."

TO FLAG OFFICER S. F. DU PONT, U. S. N.

September 20, 1862.—"With your pressing and overwhelming cares it may seem intrusive for me to write you. But I cannot forbear to assure you of the deep and full-souled sympathy your old Hilo friends feel in the great cause in which you are engaged. Though we should prize a line from you more than gold, yet we will not ask or expect such a favor just

now. Your head and hands and heart are too full of a *nation's* weal to turn aside to private friends.

“The reading of your wife’s last letter to us so stirred up our social, patriotic and Christian hearts that we cannot forbear sending a small memento of love and gratitude and veneration to our honored DuPont. . . . And now, my dear Admiral, allow me to say, that I look upon this fraternal strife with awe and with anguish. How great must be our national wickedness which calls down such bolts of wrath and which scatters such a tempest of sulphur and fire and blood over the land. Did ever cloud darken and thicken and thunder with more fearful portent over a people? Did ever the baleful fires of civil strife burn more fiercely? Was ever a conquest more sanguinary or more desperate? The proportion, the magnitude of this rebellion are, perhaps, unparalleled in man’s history. Will not the result be correspondent in magnitude? You know my views on war in the abstract: I preach and pray and labor against it, as against all other sins: theft, robbery, murder, etc. Its origin is in the lusts and wickedness of the human heart, and as I desire the removal of idolatry so I pray that this gigantic evil may cease. I do, nevertheless, accept war *as a fact*, and we must meet it when it comes, in the wisest and best manner possible to our present state and to the state of our fallen world. Powers, governments, laws are of God—ordained and sustained by him. He has put the sword into the hand of rulers, and they are bound to use it in protecting the right and in terror to evil-doers. I look upon the present

rebellion as a premeditated, a haughty, wanton, diabolical treason against law and constitutional right. Our Southern brethren do not see it in this light, and I would feel a sad pity for them and pray that their eyes may be opened; as a man and a Christian I would feel for them and treat them with all proper kindness, but as a loyal and law-loving citizen I must sustain my government with my prayers and sympathies, my treasure and my life if need be. . . . We have read, dear sir, with great interest of your toils and cares, your sacrifices and your heroic deeds in this day of darkness and of peril. And we bless God who has given you wisdom and strength and an *upright heart* in this war. In your unwearied efforts in the Philadelphia navy-yard, in Annapolis, in Washington, in your admirable conduct of the great Southern fleet, your tactics and success at Hilton Head and other places, we rejoiced deeply. And we do follow you in our prayers constantly. It is a matter of great joy to us that so many of our best naval and military commanders are men who fear God and who look to him for help. My heart is full and I know not how to stop."

TO REV. H. BINGHAM.

April 7, 1863.—"I take the earliest opportunity to express our full sympathy with you and your excellent wife in the departure of her venerable father, Brewster. How impressive and prophetic his last words to you. 'Gladly we would hail the dawn of a brighter day.' That day has dawned upon

him. Beams of ineffable light flood his vision. He has gone beyond the sound of the war-trumpet and the sanguinary scenes of human strife. The baleful clouds of woe which encircle the American horizon and roll and flash and thunder over the land are all far, far below him, and the last cry of anguish has died on his ear. How well I remember once standing on the heaven-powdered mountains of Hawaii with all the celestial orbs shining above me, while a dark sea of clouds was being rent and shaken by lightning and thunder and hail-storm below. Thus, thought I, is it with the saint who is sheltered in heaven.

“ ‘All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose.’

“Your Fourth of July friend* is still here, though out of office. He has become a devout papist, and I am told that he declares he would be willing to sell his life if he might be employed to go to America, and burn all the Northern cities. This, he says, would bring the Yankees under, and put an end to the war by cutting its sinews. What darkness and madness reign in the human heart. Baptism, confirmation, masses, confessionals, pictures of the Holy Virgin and all the saints, with all other outward forms of piety, do not cure depravity. . . . We

*Mr. and Mrs. B. were guests at a picnic gathering in 1857, at which the American residents of Hilo sought to give expression to their patriotism on this anniversary. Mr. B. was one of the speakers, and alluded to the stain which slavery had left upon his country's flag. For this, a Southerner present afterwards laid his clinched fist upon Mr. Bingham's shoulder, and pouring out a torrent of violent and offensive language, threatened to flog him within an inch of his life should he ever venture into his office.

have felt a constant desire that your lives, health and happiness might be preserved to labor in the vineyard of our Lord. But we apprehend that you suffer from climate and from monotony of life. To keep the heart happy, the mind buoyant and the spirits elastic, physical health must be secured; and a wise care of our earthly tabernacles is important to a vigorous, cheerful and successful prosecution of our spiritual labors."

TO MISS E. BINGHAM.

August 2, 1864. . . . "Trials are the saints' crucibles. They are melters, consumers of gross matter, and purifiers. What more precious than refined gold? One thing—*tried faith*. But the potter sometimes sets aside a vessel and leaves it on the shelf in an obscure and apparently useless place. Let the vessel be quiet; murmuring does not become it. Let it be silent; it may yet be honored. So let the afflicted saint be calm, peaceful, unquestioning, and let him sing,

"Sweet in the confidence of love
To trust his firm decrees."

"How I long to see your dear, venerable sire. I have loved him from the day he took us to his home and his heart, and I feel a tender desire for his welfare in old age. Your peerless mother is safe. She is beyond the reach of solicitude and sorrow. How fragrant, how precious her memory. My heart melts as I think of her offices of personal kindness, and especially of her full consecration to the cause of her Savior. My soul often sees her a way-worn

pilgrim, weary in toil, bent with care, and yet strong in faith, cheerful in hope, constant in love, with the words of kindness on her lips, and the smile of heaven on her cheek.

“Happy soul, thy days are ended,
All thy toiling days below.’

“Let us be meek and faithful, doing and enduring all God’s will concerning us, and in a little we also shall be beyond the confines of sin and fear and pain.”

TO JOEL AND HANNAH BEAN (*widely known and esteemed members of the Society of Friends*).

August 22, 1865.—“My very pen seems to rejoice in dropping thoughts of love to Christian friends so congenial and so dear to us as our precious brother and sister, Joel and Hannah. Your united letters came loaded with fragrant odors from the hills of Zion. There is not in them a sentiment or a word which does not meet a cordial welcome and a warm response. And so deep is our respect, so tender and true our love for you, and for all the consistent members of your Society, that you might ever express any sentiment in which we may accidentally and honestly differ without the least fear that our Christian fellowship would be interrupted. ‘How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together,’ not in *uniformity*, but ‘in unity.’

“Your reference to your visit to our tropical shores kindles our love and awakens our kindest reminiscences; and the elevation of your spiritual telescope to the heavenly hills where faith and hope shall inherit a fruition of love and joy stimulates us to

plume our wings for upward flight. . . . The news of peace rolled a wave of joy over our islets. Our hearts swelled in gratitude, and our lips burst in thanksgiving to God. The old Pacific seemed more peaceful, and her broad bosom swelled with joy, and her radiant face was kissed by the soft breezes and lighted by the smiles of heaven. 'The trees of the woods sang out, the floods clapped their hands and the hills were joyful' at the glad news. But suddenly all was changed. The sea, the sky and the fields darkened—a sigh of sorrow, a wave of woe swept over us. Our sunny islands were draped in mourning. Abraham Lincoln is *dead!* 'A prince and a great man is fallen!' *Treason* has murdered *Mercy*. Thus we wept. But still we looked up to the High Throne of Heaven and saw our Father there.

"We rejoice that God has put it into the hearts of the Friends to do so much and to act so wisely and promptly in the good work of renovating our land. Oh, how many wounds need the kind hand of the Binder, how many bleeding hearts the balm of Gilead and her Great Physician. When, in all time, was the church called to a greater, a tenderer or a more earnest work? What eye can survey it? What mind can measure it! God only gauges and comprehends the darkness, the sins and the woes to be removed through the agency of Christian love."

TO HIS SISTER.

March 7, 1866.—"How I would like to see you and the good deacon, and talk a week or two on the

experiences of life. And how I long to see the old home, the meadow, the orchard, the pond, the mill, and the thousand little things that gave life and joy to childhood. I wonder if the Lord will suffer me to look down from heaven and see that dear old rural landscape again. I do not expect to see it with mortal eyes. I see in the *New York Evangelist* that there has been a reviving in Killingworth—a refreshing from the presence of the Lord. These are joyful tidings, and I trust that you and Brother A. have tasted of the heavenly gift. You are both drawing near the time of your departure, and I hope you are ripe for the garner of the Lord. I only reason that you are old by counting years, and by looking at my own head in the glass. I seem to myself only as a young and foolish boy who has everything to learn, and yet my days on earth are being numbered. Less than five years more will bring me to the line beyond which few pass. How little I have done for God—how much which should not have been done.

“Fidelia and Titus are now the ‘old folks at home.’ All the young birds have flown and left the parent birds. But the light-winged messengers—letters—often come back to the nest and give us great pleasure. We are not lonely. Our house is surrounded, and filled most of the time, with native and foreign neighbors and visitors. Multitudes of strangers visit Hilo from nearly all the nations of earth. We are just in the center of the world as to seeing different nationalities. Our work is constant and the Lord is gracious. Some are being gathered

into the church from month to month. We are organizing churches, ordaining pastors, and building and dedicating meeting houses. Our people contribute well of their poverty. Please give my sincere love to *all* old friends. I can not begin to give names lest I never get through."

TO PROF. J. D. DANA.

August 31, 1866. . . . "This is an age when enlightened skepticism makes gigantic strides, and with the weapons of false philosophy and perverted science strikes hard blows at simple faith and evangelical truth. It is, therefore, a great blessing to Zion that Christian savans are stationed over all the earth, able and willing to defend moral truth. The Lord spare your precious life. I beg that you will not press too hard in your labors, but be contented and thankful if you may labor but two hours per day. . . . Mr. Brigham has just written me from Boston, giving a running sketch of his tour around our planet. He mentioned that he was about to visit New Haven to see you. I trust that you have met him, and hope that he has given you some specimens of our Hawaiian rocks. How our hearts would leap for joy could you come again to our shores, and spend a few months in our family, and roam over our hills and through our forests, and bathe in our laughing streams. Who can tell that you will not see Hawaii again and renew your acquaintance with Mother Pele and her numerous daughters? When the Pacific railroad shall have been completed, it will be but a step from the Elm

City to the Emerald Bower of Hilo. That step will be over the eastern Pacific. Would not such a vacation and visit rejuvenate you? There has been a vast filling up and an upraising in Kilauea since 1840. Should you now visit it you would recognize nothing except the outer walls and the surrounding regions. Internally *all* is changed and all is new. In May, June and July the action in the crater was often vehement. The old South lake overflowed several times, and a chain of lakes, three, four and sometimes five or six, opened on a curved line from northwest to north and northeast from the old lake. The action in these was often intense. Jets of fusion were thrown fifty to two hundred feet high; the lakes overflowed, and fiery rivers seethed along the northern and eastern walls of the crater, the stream in some places half a mile wide. Cones and domes of lava were also raised, and yawning fissures opened, interrupting the traveler in crossing the bottom of the crater. At different times, and sometimes for many days, the fiery flood swept up to the path by which visitors go into the crater and cut off all ingress by the usual route, and many parties were obliged to view the surging waves from above. Occasional earthquakes shook down avalanches of rocks from the walls of the crater and frightened the spectators. For a few weeks past the action in Kilauea has been feebler, but we have no assurance that it will not increase at any time."

TO REV. J. SESSIONS, D. D.

September 20, 1866.—"Your welcome letter of Aug. 6 comes to us like a dove over the waters, as-

sureing us that '*love cannot die.*' Like imponderable substances, it may be locked up in retaining bodies until a material communication is established, and then this spiritual element rushes more rapidly than booming worlds or morning light. Sub-marine and sub-aerial telegraphs do more than to flash electricity around the globe—they carry mind and heart as well, and I believe that our all-gracious and glorious Lord will yet establish a perfect web-work of spiritual telegraphs over all the vast realms of the universe. I doubt not that every aged saint does, like you, look back with amazement, 'with wonder, love and praise' upon all the way in which the Lord has led him, and when his pilgrim feet reach the Eternal Hills, how will his rapt soul look down from those realms of peace and survey the devious paths, the dark valleys and the hidden dangers through which an Unseen Hand has guided him, and with adoring love ascribe thanksgiving and honor to his faithful Guide. If you and I are God's children we shall soon know and feel what it is to be there."

TO MRS. E. COAN.

March 8, 1867.—"I have just reached home in the dear old Emerald Bower. I went about fifty miles north to meet Bro. Bond, of Kohala, and the native pastors and delegates of N. Hawaii at the meeting of an ecclesiastical association. Thence I went to Waimea, seventy miles from Hilo, to see our dear Brother Lyons, who has not been able to leave his station for more than three years on account of ill health. I went to help and comfort him and his

companion. But God's thoughts are not our thoughts. I was prostrated with fever the day after my arrival, and for two weeks confined to the house. So the invalid Lyons turned nurse and physician, and, by God's blessing on his tender and patient care, I recovered and was welcomed home again by my anxious wife. On my return I found letters awaiting me. I do thank you for your patience and care in writing me fully. You gave me the first intelligence of the sudden death of our dear sister. And she, too, has gone! How the autumnal leaves fall! How sere the forests! How the winds sigh! Only Heman and myself remain out of eight children. Parents, uncles and aunts all gone. But I have no breath of murmur, no heart to complain. God has been good to our family, and I trust he has gathered most of them into a 'better country' beyond the confines of sin and sorrow. Let us gird up the loins of our minds, and our steps will be strong, our hopes bright and our hearts peaceful just in proportion to the purity and strength of our faith. 'This also is the victory which overcomes the world, even our faith.' I have no trust in modern prophets, visionary speculators and spiritual enthusiasts. But I have all confidence in that good old book, the Bible. 'It is a light to my feet and a lamp to my path.' It is my joy by day and my song in the night—more precious than gold and sweeter than honey. The dear ring of the voice of the prophets, the evangelists, and especially of 'The *Christ*,' sounds into my heart, and I have no doubts as to the truth, the inspiration, the adaptation and

the unexplored wealth of the Bible. We all fail to understand much of the mysteries of the Scriptures and of godliness, just as a little child cannot understand the higher mathematics or soar into the realms of abstract science. But the child can be led onward and upward, and so can we when we are docile like little children. As to the modified style of preaching, I would say, judge *by its fruits*. If it multiplies true converts, if it reforms sinners and causes saints to grow in humility, in purity, in love and in all good works, then bless God and accept the preaching; There is much of what is called 'liberal preaching,' but the term does not define itself, and we must hear for ourselves and judge by the fruits. A vast change has taken place in public sentiment in the United States. Pride, scorn of right, the love of irresponsible power, rioting and the lust of wealth are still rampant in the land. But against all these waves of wickedness, God is raising a mural barrier against which the surges dash in vain. Poor President Johnson admires his own policy. He and his party have more sympathy with rebels and traitors, than with the faithful and true who have sacrificed blood and treasure to save the country from the jaws of the destroyer. He must run his race and have his day, and the country may yet suffer much. But God is merciful, and I have strong hopes that right will prevail, and that after a season of patient toil and conflict on the part of those who love righteousness, the nation will become quiet, and prosperity return."

VIII.

VOYAGE TO THE MARQUESAS.

Reminiscences of the two visits made by Mr. Coan to the Marquesans, as delegate of the Hawaiian Board, are given in his *Life in Hawaii*. Extracts from the journal of his second voyage to that mission present vivid pictures of the scenes as witnessed.

Morning Star, April 3, 1867.—“We left Hilo this day on a missionary voyage to the Marquesas. On board, Rev. H. Bingham, Jr., master, and wife. . . . Rev. B. W. Parker and T. Coan, delegates of Hawaiian Board. . . . Twenty-six all told.”

April, 21.—“‘Land ho!’ rang from our decks at dawn this morning. Light winds, calms and a three-knot current have set us far west of our course, and we are among the Paumotu group, named by Bougainville, Dangerous Archipelago. Two beautiful islands are within two miles of us, called King George’s Isles. . . . The sight of these on this bright Sabbath morning was truly charming. The shores are one continuous belt of white coral sand, kissed by the blue rippling wavelets. Within this encircling zone is a garland of evergreens, composed of the cocoanut, pandanus, kou, and various shrubs

and grasses, so intertwined as to form a beautiful coronal of tropical green on the brow of Neptune. Enclosed by this fadeless wreath is the quiet lagoon, bathed in silver sunbeams and rippling upon its shores. After an enchanting view of this gem of the Pacific, the *Star* went about and stood off from the land. We looked with a sigh for the dark dwellers on these bright islets."

Hakahekau, April 29. . . . "This valley is rich with luxuriant vegetation. The ridges and hills which enclose it are grand and magnificent. Near the head of the valley, and on its right bank, from two to three miles inland, is some of the sublimest scenery in nature. . . . It was mournful, as we strolled up this beautiful and rich vale, to mark the silence and desolation that reigned there.* After leaving the little cluster of huts near the shore, not a living soul was seen, not a voice of man heard throughout all the central and upper portions of the valley. The trees were burdened with breadfruit, cocoanut, guava, papaia, etc., but there were not hands enough 'to pluck the wanton growth.' Un-tenanted houses were in a state of rapid decay, and solitude and silence reigned in the old *heiaus* and dancing grounds."

April 30. . . . "At 4 P. M., we were at the entrance of Taiohae, the principal harbor of Nuuhiva. A French pilot brought us to anchor at 5 P. M. Two English gentlemen came on board and spent the

* In 1863 about seven-tenths of the population died of small-pox.

evening. A French bark, the *Tampico*, had come in the day before. The captain set his flag and fired us a salute of one gun. The latter compliment we were unable to return, as we have not seen fire-arms or smelt powder on board the *Morning Star*. This safe harbor is surrounded on all sides, except the narrow entrance at the south, with a grand panorama of hills, diversified with lateral ridges, spurs, cones, dells, glens, valleys and mounds, all clothed in living green. The highest peaks rise three thousand eight hundred and sixty feet. Even on the perpendicular walls of precipices, shrubs and patches of verdure, like green velvet, are seen to cling. The tenacious and plume-like ironwood covers and fringes the lofty cones and pointed rocks; and down from the dizzy heights dash the merry cascades, in lines of molten silver from their rock-ribbed fountains three thousand feet above the sea. Along these lofty pinnacles the cloudy pavilion of Jehovah moves upon the winged wind, or hangs in soft drapery when the aerial chariot stands still. . . . The valleys were once full of inhabitants and echoing with wild and savage revelry. They are now nearly depopulated and a sleepy silence broods over them. The French authorities have recently sold them to a company of English, French and others, who, it is said, are about to commence plantations of cotton and coffee, articles which grow luxuriantly there. Taiohae has a small population, a few foreigners with a reduced number of aborigines. The French forts and arsenals are abandoned; two *gens d'armes* alone are quartered in the barracks, and these act as a

town police. The jetty, the fort, the magazine, the military road, sweeping in a graceful curvature around the head of the bay, and shaded by two rows of large hibiscus trees, the bridges, and in fact all the former works and improvements of the French are fast going to decay. Ornamental and fruit trees, both indigenous and and exotic, flourish in luxuriance. I measured a banyan and found its circumference to be eighty-five feet, while its umbrageous boughs covered a circle of some six hundred feet."

Hakatu, May 3.—"There is no harbor here, though vessels may anchor in good weather. The landing is marked by a remarkable laminated lava cone some three hundred feet high and about two hundred feet in diameter, rising like a great pyramid from the deep blue waves, and standing like a marble monument to commemorate the Plutonic fires of past ages. . . . Laioha (the Hawaiian missionary) has a school of thirty-two pupils; they were examined in reading, writing and in lessons committed to memory. After examination we held a meeting with the people, when many addresses were made and Captain and Mrs. Bingham sang 'Happy Land,' in the Gilbert Island language. This pleased the natives greatly."

Hanamenu, Hivaoa, May 6.—"We left Hakatu on the 3d, and although the distance is only fifty miles, yet head winds, light winds, calms and currents have held us back, so that we only reached Hanamenu to-day. The island of Hivaoa is thirty miles long, and in shape it is like the letter S. Its population

is supposed to be five thousand, or more than that of all the other islands of the group. It has some fifteen to twenty valleys of great richness and beauty, and its arable lands might be made to yield half a million in cotton, coffee and other productions for commerce.

“On landing with six Marquesans (returned from Oahu), the whole valley was alive and the beach thronged with people. Fathers, mothers, grandparents, brothers, sisters, all the kith and kin of the exiles came down to the shore, and the weeping, wailing, rubbing of noses, kissing and embracing were affecting. Soon the breadfruit began to fall, the pigs to squeal, and the ovens to smoke. A feast was prepared with surprising rapidity, and it seemed joyful as at the return of the lost and dead prodigal. . . . Here the ship *Twilight* was wrecked, and here is the place where lived the famous Mills, who went to England and the United States in 1855 to obtain a missionary. We saw one of his forsaken children, a poor, blind heathen!”

May 7.—“This morning we organized a Christian church at Hanamenu, consisting of ten members. After this the Lord’s Supper was administered for the first time in this place. At 11 A. M. we bade our six fellow-passengers from Hawaii, our ten Christian brethren and sisters in Christ and the mixed multitude which gathered around, an affectionate and sincere farewell, and returned to the packet. How faithfully this dear vessel waits on our ministrations and administers to our wants. From Nuu-

hiva to this place we have heard rumors of a savage war at Puamau, and of a plot at Omoa to destroy and rob our vessel, on account of the death of nearly all who left Fatuiva for Honolulu, in 1865. Our trust is in God."

Puaman, May 8.—"Early this morning we were near this large and romantic valley. We all felt solicitude. . . . Kekela told us that the war had just closed. This was glad news, and it seemed as Providential as joyful. The door was open for us among the heathen, and we were invited to enter. Landing near the French Mission, we called on the priest who now occupies the station. He was very urbane and social, and he received us with much cordiality. In answer to the question how he enjoyed life among these savages, he replied, "It is not very agreeable." We walked one-fourth of a mile on the beach, amidst a crowd of rude and garrulous people. Many of them had just come out of war, and there was a savage wildness, an impertinent impudence, and a ferocious license about them which we had seen nowhere else. How surely war develops the direst and most diabolical passions of human nature. . . . On the 1st of May, just one week before our arrival, the famous Mato, the chief who seized and designed to eat Mr. Whalon, was killed by a bullet. Thus his judgment did not slumber. We saw the place where the poor trembling mate was seized and bound, and those whose interposition, under God, saved the agonizing captive."

Atuona, Hivaoa, May 9.—"The scenery of this broad, deep valley is more grand and diversified, if possible, than any we have before seen. The great rampart of rocks in the rear is the highest point of all the islands, and it is usually hung with a cloudy drapery. Like other places, the lofty spiral center, the sharp lateral ribs, the broken hills, the columns, spurs and pinnacles—some stratified, some laminated, some round, some angular, some truncated, some perpendicular, some leaning, some compact rock, some vesicular, amorphous, crystalline—in all shapes and positions—with heaps of scoria from the great Plutonic furnace, all bear the marks of fire, and all reveal their igneous origin. I cannot cease to gaze, and admire, and wonder, and adore, as I look upon the massive piles of rock, piled up, hill upon hill, ridge upon ridge, mountain upon mountain, serried, castellated, turreted, lifting their lofty points among the clouds, and holding the drapery of heaven upon their pinnacles. How did they rise out of the deep sea? And what power gave them these fantastic forms? They are masses of confused harmony, defying all the art of the limner, the pen and ink painter, and the descriptive powers of man.

"As no one appeared on the shore at Atuona, we went into the bay in our boat; but the surf being too strong to land, David, our good Peruvian, leaped into the sea and swam ashore. Passing through a dense jungle of hibiscus he found Hapuku and sent him down to the beach. Hapuku dove into the raging surf like a porpoise, and soon came dripping into our boat. Not being able to land in

this bay, he took us into a lateral bay, one quarter of a mile wide, and three-quarters of a mile deep, where we run our boat upon a beautiful sand beach at the foot of a sweet valley, three miles long and full of people. Here we landed, and scrambling "on all fours" up a precipitous cliff, and up, *up* a weary hill, we walked in a burning sun one mile to the valley of Atuona. This is, perhaps, the richest valley we have seen. It is broad and deep, watered by an ample and limpid stream that runs babbling through the dale. It would seem as if all the surrounding hills had been laid under tribute to enrich and adorn this valley, and as if Providence had shaken the lap of nature into it. The trees are magnificent, and the shrubbery, plants and vines run riot in luxuriance. Our pathway from the beach to Hapuku's house was an avenue cut through the hibiscus, the cotton and other plants, and impervious to the sun. Seventeen scholars and about fifty people came out on short notice, and we examined the school. It was perfectly quiet and attentive, and appeared well. Several of the scholars sang hymns sweetly. We preached, then baptized three adults and three children, organized a church of five, and returned to the ship after three hours at the station."

Omoa, Fatuiva, May 13.—"The general meeting of the mission was organized on the 11th, and today the business of the meeting was taken up in earnest. All the brethren read written and full accounts of their stations and labors for the last two

years. Some of these reports were deeply interesting. The subject of Boarding Schools engrossed much attention, and it was resolved to establish at once a school for girls at Puamau, and one for boys at Hakanahi. For the purpose the delegates placed two hundred dollars in the hands of the appointed teachers. It is hoped the schools will be in a great measure self-supporting. . . . We feel sure that the benevolent ladies and gentlemen of the Hawaiian Islands will rejoice to contribute enough to clothe these sons and daughters of the Marquesas, and to rescue them from the fearful darkness of heathen cannibalism. I have rarely seen more perfect specimens of physical organization, or brighter faces and more active minds, than among these children. Many of them are beautiful, in spite of their olive complexion and sad surroundings, and it is painful to leave them, bright and blithesome as they are, to the horrors that await them if they are not soon redeemed from the deep darkness which covers them."

May 16.—"As the missionary who occupies Hanavave is to return to Hawaii in the *Morning Star*, Capt. Bingham and myself went in our boats to see the station, and to bring up his goods. The distance is about four miles, and the coast along which we rowed presented rocky cliffs, towering domes and lofty precipices, rent, grooved and fluted. From these bold heights, of hundreds to two thousand feet, rills of pure water came gliding in silvery lines, and leaping in feathery cascades into the sea.

Small valleys filled with trees and murmuring with limpid waters, appeared like enchantment. But these are all desolate. Fierce, bloody war has slaughtered the tenants, or driven them from these Edens of beauty. The spurs and headlands of the coast plunge abruptly into the sea, and the interior terminates in the castellated dividing ridge of the island, which seems to rest against the sky. . . . We landed on a beach of sand and shingle, amidst a mixed throng, as noisy as loons. Captain B. assisted me in speaking to the people, and in exhorting them to forsake their false gods and come to the Savior. Hapuku also spoke to the people, who listened respectfully. After this I baptized a man and his wife—the first fruits of Hanavave unto God.

“This day opened with the flash and rattle of musketry. The whole valley was astir, and the surrounding cliffs and lofty hills echoed with shouts and reverberated with the sound of arms. One discharge followed another from dawn till noon. We were a little startled at first at the thought that war might be at the door; but, on inquiry, we were informed that the firing was in honor of a celebrated prophetess, who had recently died. The heathen party had built a house for the goddess forty-eight feet high, and on the top of this house they had placed a target, made of *kapa*, in the form of a moon. At this target the men were firing, and when one hit it the valley rang again with their triumphant shouts.”

Puamau, May 19.—“We are again at this place, having returned here to land Kekela and family.

Brother Parker, the native missionaries and myself came on shore to hold service. More than a hundred people collected under the trees, to whom we preached the Gospel of the Kingdom. Many came with spears, war-clubs and harpoons, axes, muskets and knives; and during service, little circles of three or five would light their pipes, have a delicious smoke, and then listen again to the speaker. Some had the head shaven all over; some in zones and belts; some left a tuft of hair on the crown or over the ear. The wildest taste and the most fantastic and capricious figures in tattooing were displayed upon the face and over the whole body. This tattooing makes the males look dark and fearful. Children are not tattooed; females but little. Consequently they often look like another and a milder race of beings."

May 20.—"We hear that a savage gang from the eastern side of Puamau, came down to our boat while she was for a short time on the beach yesterday, and proposed to seize her. Numbers of friendly natives and the boat's crew being near they refrained from violence. These ruffians are of the tribe who seized Mr. Whalon."

May 21.—"Having landed Kauwealoha at Haku, Capt. Bingham called all hands off, spoke of the mercy of God in thus bringing our work at the islands to a happy close, and proposed prayer and thanksgiving. This offered, we sung the stanza, 'Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,' etc., followed by three hearty cheers; when our sails were trimmed

and the noble *Morning Star* turned her prow toward the Hawaiian Islands. Our vessel seems to feel the inspiration of heaven, and, like a fleet steed homeward bound, she makes through the water at the rate of ten knots, dashing the white foam from her head and sides. . . . The *Morning Star* is a noble vessel, well modeled, well built, well furnished and well appointed. Altogether she is the neatest and most comfortable vessel of her size in which I have ever sailed. . . . The officers and crew have treated us with uniform kindness, and in all things we have been blessed, greatly blessed of our Divine Lord and Master, and to Him be all glory and praise forever.”

I X.

“This world is the place for labor and not for rest and enjoyment except that which may be found in serving God.”

—*Payson.*

TO MRS. E. COAN.

November 30, 1867.—“I see that you and other friends are indulging strong expectations of seeing us again in the land of our birth. We do not yet feel confident on the subject. Cares seem to thicken and labors to multiply as life advances. To divide up my great parish, to organize churches and see that the pastors provided for them are supported; to build church edifices along a coast of one hundred miles; to raise funds to support our missionaries among the heathen; to strive to supply our people with books and papers; to attend to the constant cases of church discipline; to be the only pastor for foreign residents and chaplain for seamen, together with the numberless and nameless other cares of a missionary life are labors which seem to *hold* us to our post. We were invited by the Board to visit the States in 1867. It now looks as though we could not go before 1869, and before that time who can tell what will be? So we leave it all with the Lord and only watch his hand with a desire to do his will.

“‘I’ll go and come, nor fear to die,
Till from on high Thou call me home.’”

TO MRS. G. COAN.

December 18, 1867. . . . "Candidates for the ministry must be first selected, then taught theology, then tried for some time in the field, and when accepted, ordained and installed. Some of them die, some prove incompetent or unworthy, some forsake for other work, and some are not acceptable to the people. It often seems as if our earthly pilgrimage would close ere this work of reconstruction and re-organization is done. I have just given a vacation to a class of fifteen in theology, which I taught five days in a week besides spending two hours daily in revising and correcting a commentary on Matthew in the Hawaiian language. And now our anniversaries are coming on; a great Sabbath School celebration on the first of January, then the week of prayer and then touring. . . . Our work never seemed heavier or more responsible and absorbing than now. Do not think that our Hawaiian Christians are full grown and mature. They are all children and need parental care. I doubt whether our American friends realize this fact. If it is hard for parents to leave a family of five or ten small children how much more so for us to leave our five thousand?"

TO REV. J. D. PARIS.

April 11, 1868.—"Yours of the 31st ult. found us as it left you, in fear and trembling. Your experiences and ours were alike. 'The whole land trembled, the earth reeled to and fro.' I would have answered your letter in an hour had it been

possible, but I have been obliged to wait the tardy heels of our post-boy. Of the horrors of Kau I need not write, for you must have heard all. The scenes and the sufferings there were awful. Nearly all the foreigners of Eastern Kau fled this way after the terrific shock and eruption of Thursday the 2d inst. That shock filled all Kau, Hilo and Puna with awe and consternation. It seemed as if the very pillars and frame work of creation would break. For three minutes while it continued, I had scarcely a hope for our house or for our town. . . . One woman was killed near us by a falling bank that buried her, and her husband received, as we suppose, a mortal wound. Scores of people escaped as by a miracle while the rocks were falling around them. The sea came in up to Front street, and threatened to overwhelm all along the shore. That was a fearful night; people left their houses and walked the streets, or clustered under trees or camped in the fields, watching for the morning. But God was merciful and our losses are not to be mentioned.

“For eight days we have held daily prayer meeting, and the people flock in in crowds. Fear arouses men, but faith and love alone secure obedience and life. O! that all would flee to the stronghold. Earthquakes are to me more terrific than volcanic eruptions, because they come so *suddenly*, giving no warning and no time to escape, while men may usually walk deliberately away from a lava stream, taking many of their precious things with them. How blessed to feel that ‘God is a Refuge and Strength.’”

TO REV. J. SESSIONS, D. D.

July 2, 1868.—“I venture another expression of my kind memories of our Christian fellowship commenced more than twelve years ago in the dear Emerald Bower, and which will, I trust, run parallel with eternal ages. The infirmities of advancing life make it hard for you to drive your facile pen, and I ought not, perhaps, to inflict my scrawls upon you any more; but if you cannot write without painful effort, just feel yourself absolved, and if you feel unable to answer this note I will not feel neglected. . . . The whole number who have died in my church is 7,373, and the congregation of the dead is much greater than that of the living. In surveying the past and present, and in looking forward to the future, solemn thoughts come over me. To think that I have been a savor of life or of death to so many thousands is overpowering: How many of the departed members of this church are now before the throne of God? How many are fed by the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne, and led by him to Living fountains of water? And how many have been cast out for want of the wedding garment? And what of the unworthy pastor?

“When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To call thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?”

“I have *no confidence in self*, but I hope in the Lord. . . . You have read the startling reports of our earthquakes, of earthy and fiery eruptions, and of the inrolling sea. This island has been

awfully shaken and rent like a potter's vessel. For two and a half months we had uncounted shakings of the earth. But the 2d of April was a day never to be forgotten. The mountains and hills trembled, the rocks rent, thousands of fissures opened in our streets and fields, and over all the southern portion of the island. By the rocking of the earth the sea rose and rushed with thundering power upon the land, and men and animals were in consternation. Nothing was stable, and we could only look up. The rocky ribs, the pillars and walls of earth trembled and rent, and nature shuddered. Up to this day the scars and the débris lie thick around us, but the earth rests and is quiet."

TO MR. MARTIN LORD. (A fellow townsman.)

November 5, 1868. . . . "Your mother was a most faithful and patient correspondent. Her letters were so full and particular, that reading them seemed almost like *seeing* my old haunts and my old friends. I mourn for her, but I would not call her back. I believe she is in a world of life, in that 'Happy land,' *not* 'far away.'

"I am glad to hear that you have no death arsenal in your town. May such a fiery fountain never open again in Killingworth. We have earthquakes and burning mountains, and rivers of fire on our island, but one breathing hole of hell—a liquor store—in Hilo would give me more anxiety and fear than all the tremblings of our hills, the rending of our rocks, and the roar of our volcanoes. Hith-

erto God has heard our prayers, and saved us from the scorching of that infernal fire—a grog-shop.

“We still have repeated shocks of earthquake. These have continued for more than seven months, and they are counted by thousands. Our sea has, also, been often disturbed, and in many places our shores have sunk three to six feet. In August, I traveled a hundred miles through the districts where the earthquakes, the eruptions, and the sea waves had been most awful. I measured the great landslide, the height of the tidal waves, the subsidence of the shores, etc. Over two hundred houses and about eighty lives were destroyed in these convulsions.

“We have great peace in Hilo. Our town Sabbath Schools number nearly five hundred scholars. Our congregations are large, and our monthly concert contributions are most liberal. Our people give cheerfully and with a will.”

TO JOEL AND HANNAH BEAN.

July 15, 1868. . . . “I hail with delight the news that ‘Friends’ are publishing in Chicago *The Herald of Peace*. Such papers should be greatly multiplied, or, better still, all moral and Christian periodicals should, in my humble judgment, hang out the flag of peace, that on all proper occasions they should be known as opposed to war and strife, and bear their testimony on the side of peace and good-will. The pulpit should especially speak out in no indistinct notes, and the gospel trumpet should give no uncertain sound. Your

paper has a good title—*Herald of Peace*. Let it go forth on the wings of all winds; let its notes be the echo of angel voices; let it proclaim the advent of the Prince of Peace; let it show the real fruits of the Spirit of Peace; and let it paint, in the pure light of heaven, the glorious future as flashed upon us in the rapt glow of prophets, ‘when nothing shall hurt or destroy,’ when ‘nation shall no more lift up sword against nation,’ when ‘the Tabernacle of God shall be with men,’ and John’s vision of a new heaven and a new earth shall be realized. All this must come to pass, and its coming will be hastened just in proportion as Christians one by one come out of cruel and bloody Babylon, and by word and deed, and by patient suffering, if called to it, bear witness against the heathenish and the brutal customs of war. War will never be abolished by the timid, the conservative and the wise men of this world, who call peace men and Peace Societies foolish and fanatical; who say ‘you must take the world as you find it;’ ‘you cannot stop war, and all your theories on the subject of peace are utopian, because impracticable, and you may as well let the matter take care of itself.’ But war will cease in spite of these reasons, and it would cease at once over all Christendom if every professor of the Christian religion would arise and shake himself from the blinding dust of the war system, and resolve to have no more to do with the bloody code, but to obey the Royal Law, ‘Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.’ Such a united and decided testimony from the Church, headed by her cloven-

tongued ministers and her thunder-toned presses, would silence all the batteries of our enemies, and staunch the red blood that flows in broad waves over the world.

“Sister H. asks our opinion as to the condition of the soul between death and the general judgment. We believe in no intermediate state, such as purgatory or insensibility, but that spirits go to their final award. Judas went to his *own place*, and the penitent thief to *Paradise*. Paul believed that for him to be absent from the body was to be present with the Lord.”

TO REV. J. D. PARIS.

December 28, 1869.—“You are indeed full of work, and I was never more so. From dawn to bed time there is no rest; and it is well that we have enough to do. You are still Pastor Paris, though some of our brethren thought you had left that work. I do not disagree with you in the general doctrine of native pastorates. The principle is sound and rational when not pressed to sweeping extremes. There *are* exceptions, not a few; and candid, experienced missionaries, of all others, ought to be the men to decide every local question of this kind on its own merits. I do not believe that a missionary in the Fijis, in Micronesia, the Marquesas, or in Patagonia should at once refuse to act as pastor, or shepherd of a little flock of hopeful converts and leave them to be fed and guided by one of their own number. All countries are not like China, India, Turkey, Persia. You know all this and much more, so why need I tell you?

“The Rev. Lord Charles Hervey and a scientific German traveler are here. Lord Hervey preached on Sabbath evening in the foreign church. His sermon was simple, earnest, evangelical. He cannot live with Bishop Staley, and he will leave the islands. . . . O! this going to the United States! It is a constant trouble to me. It seems like breaking up life. How to leave my people, and what to say and do if we go, are great questions for a small man. Others rush on even to Europe, but I cannot get on such light wings. Pray for us, that our dear Lord will direct in this matter; and we do pray that ‘If the Lord go not with us, He will not suffer us to go.’”

TO REV. H. BINGHAM, WIFE AND SISTERS. (After the death of their father.)

January 5, 1870.—“How can I speak of this great sorrow and abundant consolation which have come upon you? *You* mourn; so do I. Can you mourn more than we? I suppose you do, yet it hardly seems possible. In him and in our common Father we are all one family. When your blessed sire went up and dropped his earth-mantle, my spirit cried out, ‘My father! my father! The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof.’ When I heard of his illness and that he was not at Pittsburgh (at the meeting of the A. B. C. F. M.), I waited anxiously and with a presentiment that the Master had come and called for him. Dear, precious, honored father! Pioneer and Patriarch of this mission. O, how we remember the first warm greeting

of your parents; and ever since that precious hour of meeting in the dear cottage at Honolulu, June 6, 1835, our hearts have clung to them as to a first love. We *must* weep with you all; my tears flow while I write, and they will not cease. And yet we do rejoice. We rejoice in his faith, his love, his zeal, his patience, his life-work, his ripe Christian character, his ingathering into the heavenly garner. He is not dead, but sleepeth. He does not sleep, but waketh. He rests and yet is all activity. Do you not rejoice that he is with your precious mother and your *more precious Savior?*

" 'Lead thou me on
 Till I have passed in peace the shadowy land,
 And on the heaven-lit hills my feet shall stand,
 So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone.'

"And now precious children of our Common Father, be comforted and may the God of eternal love give you a sure hope, and everlasting consolation."

TO REV. J. D. PARIS.

February 17, 1870.—"I am in full sympathy with you in your cares, desires, fears, hopes and toils. Many of our experiences are in common. Your dear children touch the tenderest chords of your heart and call up anxious solicitude for their present and future, their temporal and eternal good. Then comes the care of all the churches around you. How shall they *stand and grow and bear fruit?* And

what will become of them when you depart? Next the general interests of our Master's kingdom in the land press upon your heart. All this I feel, and the feeling deepens and deepens, almost to sadness at times. . . . And in the midst of these cares and anxieties *crash* goes the dear *Morning Star* upon the rocks of Kusaie. Is this our jubilee? and can we feel jubilant? Now, let us feel the rock under us, and look up. No unusual trial or temptation has come upon us, and the old promise of a 'way to escape' stands firmer than the eternal hills. Why fear or be sad? Let us trust and sing 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' and when the morning breaketh we will say,

" 'Tis gone—the dreadful, stormy night
Is gone with all its fears.'

I thank you, beloved armor-bearer of our Great Captain, for the kind things you are pleased to say of an unworthy fellow-laborer, and I feel your plea that we remain at our post this year. But we had accepted the second invitation of the Board, and the numerous and urgent calls of personal friends to visit the States. Our hearts and treasures are here, and our minds swung heavily over to assent to go. At our time of life, it appears to us, that, not to go this year is not to go at all. And as a new factor in our plans for going Mrs. C. needs medical advice."

TO MR. M. LORD.

February, 1870. . . . "When we came here, in 1835, money was unknown to almost every native of the district, and we might as well have searched

for an Egyptian mummy or a Cyclops as for a silver dollar. The benevolent contributions of the people commenced in giving little leaf-mats, tapas, arrow-root and fish, amounting to a few dollars' value in a year. But like Ezekiel's waters that issued from the sanctuary, the stream of beneficence widened and deepened in its flow, so that our cash contributions have sometimes gone as high as \$5,000 in a year; and the whole amount for the past thirty years would be \$70,000 to \$80,000. The change has been that of growth, and it is wonderful; while it is *all of grace*. The bishop, about whom you wrote and who came here to supplant our churches and schools, has met with a great overthrow. He went to England, United States and South America to collect funds for a great cathedral. Not long since he returned with a small part of the money he expected; but what confounded him was, that his own flock at the islands rejected him and sent to England for a Low Church Evangelical pastor. So the whole scheme for ignoring the missionary work here, and supplanting us, seems now to be broken up, and the counsel of the froward carried headlong. . . . Please be so kind as to give my great love to all friends in Killingworth, and also to the rocks and the rills, to the vales and the hills of my still cherished native town. Shall I recognize one face there? How changed all will appear. Changed for the better I trust, and many are changed from 'the corruptible to the incorruptible, from the mortal to the immortal, and from glory to glory.' "

X.

“And I am His—O! heart be faithful still!
Still let Him lead me as it seems Him best!
With Him to combat, or with Him to rest,
March or encamp according to His will.”

It was after an absence of more than thirty-five years, that Mr. and Mrs. Coan revisited their native shores. An almost playful prophecy on the part of Mrs. Coan when about to leave the United States in 1834, that they would return when a railroad across the continent should be completed, had its fulfilment in the spring of 1870. The Rev. Dr. Field, in his introduction to “Adventures in Patagonia,” thus writes of their return:

“When they came back they found another world than that which they had left. All things had become new. They had made their outward voyage in a small sailing vessel. They returned in a steamship. When they landed in San Francisco they had scarcely seen a railroad. Now they were whirled in fire-drawn cars up the mountains and over the plains, across the whole breadth of the continent. The fame of the missionary had gone before him, and wherever he came among the churches he was welcomed with an enthusiasm such as had not been manifested since the heroic Judson came back from Burmah years before.”

During the eleven months of their absence from Hawaii they visited twenty States and Territories, and Mr. Coan's "talks in large and smaller assemblies numbered two hundred and thirty-nine." Of his opportunities to meet Christian gatherings he says:

"They are exhilarating, and one thing which charmed me, if possible more than any other, was the fact that partition walls were gradually giving way between different evangelical denominations."

TO HIS SON.

Niles, Mich., July, 1870.—"I left this place after one night's rest and went by call to Oberlin to attend the meeting of the General Congregational Conference of the State. I had a most interesting season and saw about two hundred ministers and delegates of the first order of intelligence and piety. I was the guest of Presidents Fairchild and Finney, of Professors Cowles and Morgan. On the Sabbath I spoke four times. The last time, in the evening, was before an assembly of some two thousand five hundred. I have never met a more enlightened, attentive and appreciative audience than in Oberlin. The college is a great success, and Oberlin is a place of marked intelligence and goodness. Our three weeks in Niles have been one continued ovation. You know the friends here. We were received with open doors and arms, and with such enthusiastic love as no one ever feigns. Since I have been here, I have been called to speak in public eight times. I pray the Lord that good may follow in the name of Jesus."

TO MISS BINGHAM.

Brooklyn, October 13, 1870. . . . “O! the busy, racing life we are leading, we sigh for repose and a quiet evening with loved friends. But we are in a whirl all the time. I can’t think because we have so much to think of, and we can’t talk because we have so many things to say, nor can we see anybody because there are so many bodies in the way. We are a little weary and we long to get back to our nest in the Bower. Our friends here are legion and they almost kill us with kindness. We had a blessed season in Rochester, in dear old Auburn, in New Haven and in the place of my birth. In New Haven I saw the grave of your beloved and honored father’s dust. I collected a few leaves and a little grass from the peaceful sleeper’s grave, and enclose the simple memorials to his beloved children.

“I am to lecture in Plymouth Church this evening, to-morrow evening speak in Dr. Eddy’s church, and on the 15th go to Hartford to spend a Sabbath, then to Springfield and on to Worcester to meet Dr. Treat and with him to move here and there. Not much rest in prospect, but there remaineth a rest.”

TO MRS. E. COAN.

New Bedford, November 4, 1870.—“On and on we go, leaving the past behind, and yet we do not, we cannot, leave it. On it comes after us, surrounding and flooding us with its deep-traced memories. Our visit to Killingworth, O! how short! The house you lived in, the rock whence I was hewn, the churchyard, the departed, the living, the

changes, the unchanged and changeless. Dear childhood's memories came crowding in flocks to the soul—the scenes and friends of youth—love, joy, sorrows, sins, how they came back on wings. Our reception in New Haven was wonderfully warm, and we spent a most wakeful and happy week there. How unworthy we are to receive such favors. Surely God *is* good, even to the unthankful. I hope the papers have told you of many things done and said in Brooklyn. It was a great and good meeting. But there was too much at a time. It surfeits and overwhelms one. I love detail, to eat slowly, to see distinctly, to do and think deliberately, to enjoy calmly, to hear and feel intelligently. But 'there is a time for all things,' even for crowds and rushings and mass-meetings. So Brooklyn has its time and place and memories. . . . The calls from Fall River, Boston, Providence, Springfield and very many other places look formidable. Meanwhile winter comes on apace and we begin to shiver. We love our country and our hearts yearn over our precious friends, and yet we often long for the balmy air and the dear home in the Emerald Bower. Our hearts cling to the Hawaiians as our dear children in the Lord, and should the blessed Master say to us, 'Go, return to the land of your adoption,' we will hail the day with delight."

TO JOEL AND HANNAH BEAN.

Philadelphia, February 18, 1871. . . . "Nothing short of the full orb'd glory of Jesus and the completed fruition of heaven affords so much joy and

satisfaction as the true communion of saints on earth. Why is it that all the professed disciples of the God of peace and love do not more freely exercise and more fully enjoy this heavenly gift. To dwell in God is to dwell in love, for 'God is love.' I am prompted to write thus to-day by a precious visit last evening at the house of your and our dear brother and sister, Samuel R. and Anna Shipley. Your mother and sister were present with other dear friends, among whom was Sarah F. Smiley, just returned from her mission in the Orkney and Shetland Islands. We conversed and prayed together; and I am sure that our souls sung out, and we made melody in our hearts to the Lord. How often we spake of you and wished that if it were the will of God, we might have you with us. We recounted the pleasure we enjoyed in those hours and days in Hilo and in Iowa. West Branch bloomed and fruited again as the 'garden of the Lord.' How we love to live over these joys and to revive their fresh fragrance as we pass along our pilgrim path to the 'land of pure delight.' Shall we not meet there soon? I am sure that *our* earthly journey is nearly ended, and we desire to return to the dear people God has given us, not to live there *always*, but to finish our course, to set our house in order, and to await the call of our dear Lord to give account of our stewardship. Will he not be 'gracious to our unrighteousness,' and not enter into judgment with us?"

TO HIS SON.

March 10, 1871. "We had a most interesting week in Washington and received many kind attentions. We met the President twice and also many of the Senators and Representatives. We were greatly interested in Gen. Howard and his grand University for the Freedmen. We visited the Capitol, the Patent Office, the Soldiers' Rest and the Soldiers' Cemetery. We also went over to Arlington Heights, into the desolate house of the rebel, Gen. Lee, over his estate, and through the cemetery where some fifteen thousand soldiers lie buried in ranks. One day we spent in visiting Mt. Vernon.

"From the time we reached Iowa until now we have been most hospitably received, and our friends in all towns and cities have vied with each other in showing us kind attentions. We are everywhere loaded with blessing. We have more invitations to visit and speak than we can accept. It is a little hard for us to keep warm in this climate. One difficulty is, that in some places we find very warm rooms and in others very cold ones. Cold weather and bleak winds are too rude and rough for your precious mother. But we trust the Lord will carry us through."

The rapid decline of Mrs. Coan's health became alarming, and they hastened their return to the quiet home in the tropics, leaving much unseen and unsaid, but followed by many prayers and remembered in loving appreciation. One of the public papers of the day contained this beautiful tribute:

“We do not believe there are many men in this world, going down into the vale of years, to whom there are more precious memories of the past, or to whom a review of life can be more agreeable than to that honored servant of God, Rev. Titus Coan.

. . . For nearly a year he has been a most welcome guest among the friends of missions all over the country, and tens of thousands of people have listened to the simple story of the triumphs of God’s Word. For thirty-six years, and with never-faltering vigor, he sowed the precious seed of divine truth.

. . . Having given to his countrymen the most striking of all possible testimony to the value of the missionary work—having given an inspiration to the cause in this land scarcely any other man has ever done—having lifted up that great work to a noble pre-eminence by showing the moral grandeur of its results in the isles of the sea, having given the most delightful and animating view of the joy of the missionary work proved by his own personal and most happy experience, and having taken leave of his countrymen with his most fervent benedictions upon them, he is now on his way of return to the Sandwich Islands to finish up what is left of his work, and find his grave among those whose fitness for heaven has been the labor of his life. A blessed welcome on his return awaits him there, and a more blessed one to the realms of light, when a long life of eminent usefulness is closed.”

X I .

“And so the years flowed on, and only cast
Light and more light upon the shining way.
That more and more shone to the perfect day;
Always intenser, clearer than the past;
Because they only bore him, on glad wing,
Nearer the Light of Light, the Presence of the King.”
—Miss Harvergal.

“On our return to Hilo,” Mr. Coan writes in his autobiography, “we met a cordial welcome from all, and the church and people were in a prosperous state. But a heavy shadow darkened over our home. The dear one who has been its light and joy for thirty-six years, was growing feebler day by day, and the signs of her departure could not be mistaken. Calmly she began to set her house in order, to be ready to welcome the coming messenger. She assured us of her unshaken faith in Christ, and prepared farewell suggestions for the dear ones she was soon to leave.”

On the Sabbath, Sept. 29, 1872, he wrote:

“The solemn hour has struck—a great wave of sorrow has rolled over me. My precious Fidelia, my companion, counselor, friend, my loving and faithful wife, ascended at half-past one to-day, with the celestial escort and a shout of victory, to the heavenly hills. She was fully prepared, and God’s grace was *sufficient* unto the end. Thanks be to God who gave her the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Pain and long disease had wasted her

dear frame to a skeleton, but her pure spirit triumphed over all. Her faith was calm, clear and firm; not a doubt, not a shadow came over her soul. She rested *on* Jesus, and *in* Jesus with entire trust and perfect peace. She was at *his feet* always. Now she wears a starry crown.

“ ‘No shadows yonder!
All light and song.
No weeping yonder!
All fled away.’ ”

TO REV. J. D. PARIS.

May 9, 1873.—“Where art thou, beloved disciple, my brother and companion in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ? For long months I have not heard that voice which used to cheer me, or seen a note from that pen which used so often to greet me. I do not chide thee, but I wish to inquire after thy welfare and to remind thee of olden times when we worked and prayed and rejoiced and wept together. You are busy, and things around and near you occupy your time and thought. But you do, I doubt not, sometimes think of your brother in the solitary Bower, and of the precious dust, thine and mine, so calmly sleeping near each other in their rural beds. I am permitted the mournful pleasure to go often to the place where all that is mortal of my precious companion sleeps its last, long sleep. This is a comfort, and

“ ‘It gives me solace in my heavy grief.
The dear lone spot where her loved form doth lie
Yields to my stricken, aching heart relief,
Chastens my sorrow, while it wakes a sigh,
Tells me she has gone, yet speaks her presence nigh.’ ”

“I rarely think of the *calm trust* and the perfect triumph of my shining angel without thinking of the very similiar triumph of your precious one. The two have met and reviewed the way in which they were led till they left the same tabernacle, mounting on like wings, and pursuing the same shining track to the realms of ‘pure and perfect day.’ ”

TO HIS SON. (On his birthday.)

January 23, 1874.—“I would make a feast for you, could I only bring you here to the old Bower again. What changes have come and gone over our whole family during the fleeting years. One member has gone before, another is sure to follow soon, while the rest will all be gathered one by one, within the short period of fifty years. It was your blessed mother’s fondest hope, and is your father’s deepest desire that we may all meet in joy and glory upon the eternal hills. To her and to me the way seemed plain and the distance short. Her hopes are realized—she is now where she longed to be. I hope that we who a little longer wait, will not miss the way, nor fail to find the door. Jesus says, ‘I am the Way, I am the Door.’ A child-like confidence in Jesus, a little leaning on his arm will secure our safe passport through this life of trials to a land where sorrow never enters. True religion is rational and true philosophy. It will not change one’s physical constitution, nor ward off all the wounds of life, but it will help us to endure and to overcome the trials of our earthly state. Joy and peace come of believing, and faith gives a foretaste of rest even

now. It has a wonderful power to hush the tempest of human passion and to calm the conflicting elements in the heart of man. It fortifies against temptation; it secures against despondency, and it nerves the soul with energy to meet the responsibilities, and to discharge the duties of life. I think of you often and with all the tenderness of a fond father's love. Write me freely about all your interests; I feel as deep an interest in them as in my own."

TO PROF. J. D. DANA.

October 6, 1874.—"I was much cheered by your kind letter. I do bless the Lord that your precious life is spared and that so much strength is given you to attend to the important duties of your profession, the illustration and defence of Christian science. I regard all Scripture as divine, and all true science none the less so; and the student and teacher of the one should ever be the student and teacher of the other. Both are filled with lofty and profound mysteries, and both proclaim the Infinite, Eternal and All-wise God. Both are and must be reconcilable, and it has always been a joy to me that, in all your multiplied and varied labors in the department of Natural Science, you have recognized the Divine hand. It gives me great pleasure to hear that your beloved partner and children are well. Thus the good Lord smiles upon your tabernacle. Is it not a great blessing that you have a son to take your place in dear old Yale when you shall have gone up to the high school of heaven to explore and expatiate in the boundless realms of glory? I notice with

interest 'Meeting of the American Association' at Hartford, and that your son, as I suppose, took an active part in the exercises, and that our honored friend, C. S. Lyman, was vice-president.

"Cordial thanks for your very kind and appreciative congratulations on my new social relations.* To me it seems a boon of mercy from God to cheer and help during the balance of my mortal state, otherwise desolate and sad. My health is remarkably good, and I am able to do as much work on the Sabbath as in former years, besides continuous labor during the week. Mrs. Coan and I purpose to make the tour of Puna next week, and, perhaps, visit the volcano.

"You ask if there is any elevated coral reef-rock around the shores of Hawaii. I think not. I have traveled the whole circuit of this island by land, and in boats, canoes, and larger vessels, and there is hardly a point along the shores which I have not noticed carefully. Honolulu is built, much of it, upon elevated coral, and there are large areas of it in other portions of the Oahu shores. But I find nothing like it on Hawaii *nei*. You are aware that corals, even under the water, are not abundant on the 'weather side' of our islands, and all the good specimens we have are obtained by diving. Should I hereafter find that I am mistaken in these statements, I will with great pleasure inform you.

"I know that you give as much attention to our peanut group as their relative importance demands;

* Mr. Coan's second marriage was to a daughter of the Rev. Hiram Bingham.

and, probably, you are posted on our little political questions. There is now a probability that you will see his majesty, David Kalakaua, our king, in the States before long. Should he visit our country it is hoped he will fall into good company and behave well. We think he lacks 'one thing,' and that the most important of all."

TO HIS SON.

"You are right in regarding health as the greatest temporal boon, and in wisely preserving it. Good lodgings, generous diet, active (not crowding) business, proper relaxation, pleasant social relations, and a good conscience are the great preservatives of health. What all men need more than long vacations, is regular, daily alternation of business and relaxation. I do not like to see a horse worn down to skin and bones by excessive and continuous labor, and then sent out to graze for six months. With good food and considerate care the animal may perform a reasonable amount of labor daily and keep in good flesh and spirits. And the same law applies to man. But the world is greatly in the wrong in its 'inhumanity to man' and its cruelty to beasts. With proper regard to the laws of life a man may live eighty years, and perform an immense amount of labor, without sickness or mental gloom. But we must all learn by experience. This is an expensive school, and it often costs money and health, and life, even, before the lesson is learned, but there seems to be no other teacher that is heeded by most men. . . . You will rest assured, for I speak

from experience, that you may find comfort and strength by cultivating the religious sentiments socially. This is one great reason for the organization of churches and religious associations; and, although thousands fail to comprehend, or abuse these blessings, yet very many find their purest pleasures, and their most healthy development and growth in the cultivation of the social Christian relations.

TO REV. LOWELL SMITH, D. D.

December 15, 1874.—“Did we, as in olden times, get our pens from the geese, we might say that we keep our quills flying. We now change the phrase and say we keep our metal warm. Well, I am glad of it, for we love to talk, and if we cannot do it face to face with our lips, let us do it apart with our metallic pens. Thanks for yours of the 8th. That was transit day, and to-morrow we expect to hear of successful observations on Hawaii, Oahu, and Kauai. We had a grand view of our little sister planet; and with the aid of field and smoked glasses we saw that beautiful orb sailing across the disk of the sun for more than half an hour. Then the sun was veiled with heavy clouds, and the vision of ages disappeared. I hope you saw it, brother, for it was our first opportunity during a long life. Shall we see the transit of 1882? Or shall we have been translated to higher realms,

“Where on the heavenly hills
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with His radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies?”

“I am not tired of this world, nor weary of its work, and yet I do desire ‘a better country’ if the amazing grace of our Savior shall bring me there.”

TO REV. J. D. PARIS.

— 1874.—“What times have passed over us since the early years of missionary life. I look back upon them as a romantic dream or as a bright and vanished vision. We are both older now, and, through *grace*, I believe we are wiser and better. And surely, if we are saved by grace we are much nearer our HOME than we then were. Our work on mortal shores will soon close. Our sun is already on the western side of the mountains, and mine will soon dip its disk into the shoreless ocean just at our feet. How deeply I wish that I had never sinned—and yet, had I never transgressed how could I feel the joys of pardon, and the purifying power of atoning blood? How could I sing with the redeemed that ‘new song’ whose silver notes burst forth over all the shining hills of heaven? What joy can exceed that of a sinner saved by grace? That life which was rescued from the wreck, lifted from the pit or plucked from devouring fire, is doubly dear, and its raptures doubly ecstatic.”

TO REV. H. BINGHAM. (On hearing of the death of Mrs. Taylor, an associate missionary.)

February 17, 1875.—“The return of the *Morning Star* awakens complex emotions. Sorrow and joy are mixed in our cup. We were, of course, disappointed, not to say a little saddened, not to see our dear and longed for brother and sister, and yet

our joy was great on hearing of the good hand of our God upon you, in giving you to hear a noise and see a shaking among the dry bones of Apaiang, and in granting you so much of physical strength and of moral courage as led you to venture to remain on your distant and sea-girt watch tower another year.

“We had been exceeding joyful to think of your solitude as having been broken, and your strength increased by Christian associates in your toils and cares; but the sad tidings that one had so soon and so unexpectedly left on pinions plumed for heaven, thrilled us with painful sympathy and caused our tears to flow. Not on *her* account who was shining in realms of light, but on account of the bleeding heart of a desolated husband, a motherless babe, a disappointed brother and sister, and ‘to our slow hearts’ the loss of a ‘light’ amidst those gloomy shades of death. But all is of the Lord and all is well. Come disappointment or gratification, sorrow or joy, weakness or strength, all are of God, and pain or pleasure are sister spirits sent from heaven to lead us forward in the path of duty and upward to the bosom of our God where ‘Oceans of endless pleasure roll.’

“But let me, dear ones, comfort and congratulate you, while my melting heart magnifies the grace of God, that your prayers are heard; that your tears are in heaven; and that after a dreary night of storm and gloom, the heavens shine upon you from above. I am more joyful than I can express for the news of God’s grace in Apaiang. Take courage, for

you shall see still greater things; 'For as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.'"

TO REV. J. MOORE, President of Earlham College.

May 8, 1875. . . . "We thank the Lord for adding your name to our list of Christian friends whom we hope to meet again upon the heavenly hills, at the close of our mortal pilgrimage. We doubt not that to you, as to us, life in its past, its present, and its future has more of brightness and joy than of shadow and pain; while the vast and measureless coming cycles open before us scenes of unwearied activity and of ineffable delight. . . . You appreciate Haleakala. It is an ample mural bowl, and shows the mighty hand of the 'Potter.' Surely, 'He lifteth up the islands as a very little thing,' and the casts of his great furnaces are many and marvelous. We are glad to hear of your success in the line of Natural History, and we trust that you will never feel that your tour to our group has been in vain, either in a physical or spiritual sense. I trust we shall not lose sight of one another during the balance of our mortal pilgrimage, nor fail to meet beyond 'The River.' "

TO JOEL BEAN.

Makawao, June 26, 1875.—"Thy very precious letter is before me. I believe in all its sentiments most fully. My heart is in eternal sympathy and full accord with the doctrine and the *fact* of the essential, vital unity of all believers, as also in the broad and boundless and eternal variety, in form

and expression, of spiritual life, in its inception, development, continuous growth, and everlasting range, and all in sweet and beautiful harmony. Ah, how glorious the visions, when the material and mortal mirrors which now reflect the light of eternal love in shadows shall be removed, and all the redeemed shall see with 'open face, the glory of God,' and reflect that image without the shadow of a cloud. This vision, though it now tarry, will come, nor will it tarry long. . . . And now do you inquire about our new place of date? Well, we have just finished our anniversaries in Honolulu. You know something of their number, variety and character. All have been full of interest. Wishing to see friends, churches, and schools on East Maui once more, my precious L. and I came from Honolulu to Wailuku and thence to this mountain, where we spend a week in the seminary, attending a most admirable examination of the girls, visiting among the residents, and purposing, D. V., to ascend to the great crater Haleakala."

TO PRESIDENT J. MOORE.

. . . . "We, with nine others spent a night on the summit of Haleakala. The day was warm—mercury at 70°—the night stinging cold, mercury at 30°. The sky was clear, the stars brilliant, and the great vault above glorious. The scenery around was grand and magnificent. As the sun went low in the west, the fleecy clouds, moving up from the sea, came like heaven's light cohorts, gathering around the bases of the mountains, spreading like

eeper-down over the isthmus which divides East and West Maui, resting on hill and dale, hamlet and plantation, and reposing like a soft gossamer mantle on all objects below us. In this fleecy sea of exquisite beauty, the great orb of heaven dipped and bathed, shedding forth such a flood of golden glory—such flashing rays, such brilliants, such sparkling tints of beauty as I had never seen surpassed. In the morning this inimitable picture was repeated on the other side of the island, with ravishing beauty. The sun rose from the ocean depths, pierced the white canopy of drapery, shook his golden locks, and sent out such flashes of quivering radiance as to dazzle mortal vision, and to awaken unutterable admiration, calling for the adoration of devout souls, and lifting the spirit to those higher realms of glory where the ‘Sun of Righteousness’ forever shines, and where life and immortality reign without night, or sorrow, or end. We descended from the mount, like Moses, feeling that we had been dazzled by the glory of God.”

TO REV. H. BINGHAM.

August 30, 1875.—“My L. is telling you how our anxious hearts melted as we read the tale of your trials, from the pen of dear Clara. How we longed for the wings of a dove and the guidance of an angel over the pathless waste of waters to your pilgrim home in Samoa. But we read the letters and the curtain dropped. The scene closed suddenly and communication ceased. We are now left to conjecture, to hope and fear, to doubt and trust,

to longing and waiting, to the exercise of patience, supplication and faith. Precious ones, how the broad ocean surface shimmers in the sunlight, and during the long night-watches rolls its dark and voiceless waves between us, so that all terrestrial communication is cut off, and we can only send our sympathies, our desires, our prayers along celestial nerves over the 'sea of glass' and up to the heavenly hills. Our hope in God is strong that he will ere long bring you to these shores, to our arms and our longing hearts. With this comforting hope, and with the full assurance that you are in the hands and under the special care of an all-wise and faithful Friend, we can ever say 'the will of the Lord be done.' "

TO HIS WIFE (during a tour through Puna).

Puula, September 13, 1875. . . . "I had a cheerful ride through woods and open spaces. There was no rain to disturb us, but a great screen of clouds all the way. I was weary of the saddle, and could hardly walk or stand when I dismounted. The pain in the hip joint was keen and piercing, but rest and *lomiing* have abated it. I am in a native house writing by a dim taper, but more or less light makes little difference with my pen, and whether it be gold or steel or goose-quill, the penmanship is much the same, rough and illegible. I had many musings on horseback which I longed to pen, but thoughts are so fugitive, I may not catch the same again; no matter, they were better to me than to any one else, perhaps, as one's own children are usually

the sweetest under the sun. I had some sober and tender thoughts of the past. I thought of my first tour over these rocks and through the jungle where no horse then traveled. I thought of the thousands of naked people I met everywhere, and of the thousands of gospel messages brought to them. I thought of the field over which I had fought for forty years for Jesus, with great wrestlings, strong cryings, and many tears, and of the many spoils given me by the great Captain of Salvation."

Kalapana, September 14.—"We left Puula this morning, and in alternate showers and lulls we reached Opihikao, where we rested and dined; then rode in a driving rain for most of the way till four. Reached this place weary and wet. In crossing the arm of the sea to enter Kalapana, the horses went deep, and I took in a little brine, but I am now sheltered and comfortable. The house is as neat as ever was bandbox, and Timothy and his good wife are at my service. I am weary but thankful and happy. The surf drives in foaming fury upon the shore, dashes up fifty to seventy feet into the air while the spray drifts inland for half a mile."

September 15. . . . "The journey with all its jostle and jar has done me good. So bitter herbs act as tonics. All things have their compensations. How precious is undying memory to the faithful and the true, and how graphically it pictures the image of loved objects. The long and the near past rush into my soul with inexpressible power. I go now

to the blessed Master's work, with a thankful heart and a song of praise."

September 16.—"Work presses, for we are now in the thickest of it. But, O! the weather. The winds screeched and raved last night, and all day to-day the storm-god has screamed and howled upon his windy car, and now the thunder rolls in grand chorus. This has been and still is one of the severest days I have experienced at the Islands. Kalapana is all afloat; 'water, water everywhere, and not a drop'—but a flood—'to drink.' I cannot go to or from the church without a foot and leg bath. But our work goes on fast and well in spite of the roar of ocean and the moan of winds."

September 17.—"We have had a good day and trust the Divine Helper has been with us. We heard that Mrs. A. intended to be here to-morrow, but she must fail, on account of the weather."

September 18.—"I had not thought that six days would pass without a line from home—I had hoped some carrier pigeon had come in upon us ere this. The time seems long, long. But I must drop the pen and away to the Master's work.

"5:30 P. M.—A surprise! a leap! a heart shout! While sitting in association at noon, word came that Mrs. A. had arrived—and next a bundle of letters."

September 19.—"Shall I jot again, when after one night more, I hope, through the mercy of God, to turn my face homeward? Our work here of four and a half days is ended. This is the great day of

the feast. The church was crowded. Brother Pogue preached in the morning, and was earnest, as you know he can be. We have had a splendid day. Have installed Kamelamela, and commemorated the Lord's death."

Puula, September 20. . . . "I rose at daylight and our association scattered from 7:30 to 8 A. M. We have held three meetings during the day. All nature shines in the light of heaven. The air is balmy and pure, just pure enough and just vitalizing enough to send the oxygenated blood in sparkling currents through all the channels of the animal frame, and by a mysterious and gracious sympathy, to touch and cheer and vivify the soul. The landscape is lovely. Trees, shrubs and grasses of every shade of green, little lakes among the hills and ravines, conical craters robed in vegetation, lofty mountains in the distance, and the wide Pacific glittering with millions of brilliants, one mile away, make a scene of enchanting loveliness. My heart rejoices in Him who has clothed these heavens with such glory, and adorned the earth with such beauty."

TO REV. L. SMITH, D. D.

October 20, 1875. . . . "Wife and I have been through Hilo and have returned. The weather has been glorious excepting the heat, which is *hot*. Not so hot, however, as to set the forests on fire, as an old geographer of my boyhood once taught us. The streams were very low and some of them were as dry as Cromwell's powder. Our people in the rural districts are few, and it is sad to

see so many once populous places now desolate. From Hakalau to Laupahoehoe, a distance of fifteen miles, not one school remains. Once there were seven on this track, with a numerous population. In the single district of Hilo no less than thirty-two schools have been blotted out, while only six remain. In Puna out of thirty-three schools, eight only remain, and these are several of them as expiring tapers. The thousands of scholars have become hundreds, and the hundreds tens. Our rural population is fast disappearing before the besom of time, and our fair and broad fields wave their luxuriant grasses in silence and solitude. In many and many a place where once I heard the shout of the multitude, and was jubilant at the merry gambols of boys and girls, and where I met an eager congregation of five hundred to a thousand hearers, I now see no human habitation and hear no voice of man. Except the solitary note of a bird or the chirp of an insect, all is silent, with no presence and no voice but the voice and presence of God. And thus it is all over the Islands. The country is being drained to fill up a few seaports and to work a few plantations where the mower and the reaper gather in the harvest of death, and the grinder breaks the bones of its victims.

“Well, *all life is in God*. He that gave life can restore it. Houses and villages will yet be sprinkled over the land; these desolate fields will yet rejoice under the hand of the tiller; our streams will sing and laugh in channels of industry; churches and schools shall bless a future generation. Our streets and lawns shall be full of ‘boys and girls playing,’

and heaven will look down with smiles upon a redeemed land, upon a lost ocean gem restored and shining in the sight of God.

“ ‘Though seed lie buried long in dust
It shan't deceive our hope.’ ”

TO HIS WIFE. (Absent in Honolulu.)

December 3, 1875.—“You steamed out of the bay splendidly at four P. M. I gazed at the vessel which bore away the dearest earthly treasure of my heart, till she was far off from her anchorage and yet close to the moss-mantled and fern-fringed shore. I then walked meditatively to the empty tabernacle. All was now solitude where so late the voice of love, of prayer, of intelligent conversation and of Christian communion was heard. . . . I believe in God, in his *presence*, his wisdom, power and love; and I believe that he manifests his love and goodness not by encouraging hermits and anchorites and self-inflicted penances, but in granting us food and raiment and shelter and the sweet joys of domestic life. He is a personal friend and not an infinite and incomprehensible abstraction. He meets our wants not with empty air and intangible promises but with just the supplies we need. And if we truly wait on him in full submission to his will, he will lead us in the right way. How can infinite wisdom, faithfulness and power fail to do this? I trust I hold all love and all friends in subordination to God, and with this belief I could give up all for Jesus.”

December 5.—“I entered the church with the Sabbath School at nine, and did not go out of it

until twenty minutes to three; was held one hour and a half on the question of giving up my afternoon service; the lazy flocks urging it, and all the older and more substantial holding on. Not decided yet. At four I rode to Kalepolepo and had a pleasant meeting, returning about sunset."

December 7.—"How I count days, and often wish their flight to be swift when the heart longs for a coming joy. Is not this unwise? I do look forward to the time—but I will not say with Hempsted,

"It saddens me to think the long, long night
 Draws surely on, to shroud and stifle all
 That I have ever seen of fair and bright;
 That I shall miss the glance of birds, the call
 Of waters from the glen, and all the light
 Which the great sun from his full urn lets fall."

"No, no, nothing will be lost, nothing wanting. When our last night shall have come, and the sweet resurrection morn shall open in glory upon our ravished eyes, shall we not be satisfied to awake in his likeness? In spite of all my sins and fears, this hope grows brighter and this faith stronger as I approach the shores of embarkation for the 'better country.' Ah, darling, earth is full of charms as also of sins and sorrows. To me its beauties are often ravishing. All along the track of life I have trodden, I see sparkling gems; and even roughnesses and pains and dark glades once passed now hold a wild enchantment in my soul. But it is *humanity* I have loved. And as 'friend after friend departs' my soul clings to sweet yet mournful memories which will not die. But thanks be to God for the exceeding great and precious promises, and for the glorious

hopes of the future which cheer us in view of those separations which must come upon all that is earth born. God cares for us when he upbraids us for our little faith. We will lean hard upon Him and try the antidote for perturbation and fear. 'Earth has no sorrow which heaven cannot heal.' "

December 9. . . . "Did you read Moody's remark about the human heart, as, 'Who would stand to have his heart photographed?' I am more afraid of my own heart than of all other foes, and my daily prayer is, 'Create in me a clean heart, O God.' My whole character and life seem so full of faults and sins that it often seems to me I cannot find a place in heaven. But I will hope in God, and live and die at my Savior's feet confessing and pleading. Jesus hears prayer. He is a tender and true Shepherd. As the angel touched the trembling and mourning Daniel and said, 'Be strong, yea be strong, so Jesus speaks to my heart and I respond, 'Let my Lord speak, for thou hast comforted me.' "

December 12.—"A good congregation to-day. I am having labor in the church, and I want the help of the 'other Comforter,' the one promised to *abide always* with God's people. Don't be over anxious, love, lest I work too hard. My health is good and work supports it. I should die of rust had I nothing to do. I desire, if the Lord will, to work up to the grave and then rest. I should lose my life were I too anxious to save it."

December 24.—"The sun set in glory to-night. Pink and purple banners flashed around him as he

descended behind the snow-crowned mountain, and rose and dipped and waved above, as his burning disk disappeared below the flaming horizon. Christmas trees are growing in many houses in Hilo, loaded with fruits. I have distributed a few trifles among some of the widows and fatherless. It is Christmas eve, and I wait for the angelic song, the rapturous burst, the shout of the heavenly hosts, for shining light, for the proclamation of peace, the assurance of good will. May all come to your heart and mine, to your friends and mine. May it come to all peoples, and the dear Redeemer's 'harvest home' be soon shouted among all the nations, and his glorious banner be waved around the world.

. . . I have a daily almanac—and it makes no mistakes. It lets it rain when it rains, and shine when it shines, and it lets the wind blow hot and blow cold and 'box the compass.' It also lets the tides rise and fall, and the rivers run on their business, but it tells me the day of the week, the day of the month, how many days since the cruel steamer bore off my Better Life, and how many more before she will restore her to my longing heart. These passing days will come and go, and we shall go and come for a little season, until our ever-living Savior shall call us to our eternal home. The year wanes fast and soon its adieu will be final.

" 'Well, if our days must fly
 Well keep their end in sight;
 Well spend them all in wisdom's ways
 And let them speed their flight.'

"Let us go gladly on, hand in hand, in the path of duty, and with heart beating with heart prove

that 'the ways of wisdom are pleasantness and all her paths are peace.' Has eternity the measure of time? Are there years in the land where there is no night? Do the glorified mark the sweep of cycles? By what indicator do spirits measure the roll of ages? Where is the echo that comes back from those mysterious realms to answer our questions? All is silence in that unknown land, silence so deep and profound as to oppress the heart of the anxious inquirer. The great orbs of heaven roll on through floods of silver light and seas of golden glory, but they utter no articulate voice. Well, all is right. God has planted a telescope on earth whose celestial power pierces the clouds and penetrates to the great central sun around which all the mighty wheels of creation move. This telescope is the Bible; and if we are not guided and satisfied by this light we must grope in darkness."

TO REV. AND MRS. H. BINGHAM.

May 11, 1876.—"Dear sister C.'s very welcome message addressed to the 'Twain in one,' looks us full in the face and calls for an answer. And yet, in kind and modest indulgence it excuses us from writing, because we may be pressed with work. Now, if you Twain in one should look in upon us in the sweet Bower of peace and love, we would not only open our doors, or arms and hearts to welcome you joyfully, but we would lay aside pen and broom, needle and book, and sit right down to a feast of love and talk, of social joy, with thanksgiving to the adorable Author of our being and all our blessings.

So I now stop all other wheels of industry and sit down for a pen and ink chat with you. I can better afford to do it, than *not* to do it, for it pays. To my social and spiritual nature, it is a relaxation which lubricates the rough friction of care, and helps to cheer and strengthen the soul for the many toils and conflicts of life. It is a condiment for some of the more severe, not to say bitter, experiences of our mortal state. I am anticipating a delightful meeting with both of you and with the sweet child. I have not seen him in his little baby form, but hope to meet him before he is as tall as I am, or as heavy, for I want to lift him *up* to my bosom and my lips and carry him in my arms. Tell him before I come, that I love children and don't hurt them. My choicest benediction on the babe."

TO REV. DR. SMITH.

July 10, 1876.—"The great spiritual wave that now sweeps over some portion of the United States gathers its hundreds of thousands into the church. Does it gather an equal number of dollars into our missionary treasuries? When we hear of the conquests of the gospel of a thousand born in a day, we are not deeply moved, but let the trumpet sound the final passage of '*The Treaty*' and the rising prospects of the planters, of sugar, or business at the Islands; flags run up and flutter, bells ring, powder takes fire, men shake hands, embrace, congratulate, drink healths (?), and shout hosanna to the coming dollar."

TO HIS SON.

March 23, 1877.—"The present grasping for wealth on these islands is great beyond anything we have hitherto seen. There will be many sad failures in the end. Kau is troubled with drouth and with subterranean dynamics. Wealth may come, or disappointment and disaster. I would rather have you possess Godliness, with contentment, than all the winged wealth of the world.

"We have had a great wind storm on the Kona side of the island, which carried off tons of yellow dust from Mauna Kea, in a stream miles wide, and extending over the sea farther than the eye could trace it. This continued for two days. Of course, the steamer could not leave port and live. On the 14th ult. a gorgeous eruption broke out on Mauna Loa, flooding the heavens with lurid light, and calling out all Hawaii and Maui to gaze at the splendid illumination. We have rarely witnessed a grander spectacle of Plutonic pyrotechnics; but from that night to the present day we have seen no more of it."

TO MISS E. BINGHAM.

April 2, 1877. . . . "If we endure unto the end, then *Life*, not death, is near. But our great difficulty is to keep the eye and the heart fixed steadily on Jesus. Peter on the restless wave became dizzy and began to sink. So we get jostled and giddy, even on 'The Rock,' and are just ready to jump into the sea. A little child was once so frightened because of a slight quivering of a raft of

rushes, where she was perfectly safe, that she leaped into deep water in the river, and would have perished had not her father been near to plunge into the water and save her at the last moment. Thus we are often near 'sinking in deep waters' when the strong arm and the deathless love of our heavenly Father saves us. It is *steady, stayed, unshaken trust* that keeps the soul in peace. David found it, after great and terrible tossings, and when found he said, 'My soul is even as a weaned child.' . . . How fast the months and years roll on, and how rapidly the river sweeps away our race, our neighbors and friends on every side. Is it not a comfort to know that when we drop our work the Eternal God will employ others to carry it on? Kings and princes die, but nations live. Pastors and teachers leave all and go at the call of Heaven, but the Church shall remain forever, like Mt. Zion, and knowledge shall increase and run parallel with eternal ages."

TO HIS SON.

May 22, 1877. . . . "On the 10th inst. a great tidal wave swept our shores, destroying buildings along the beach, removing Waiakea bridge, wharf, and warehouse, and destroying the buildings along the banks of the Wailoa, laying that pretty and thriving suburb of Hilo in utter ruin. Trees are torn up by the roots, and the debris of walls, gardens, bridge, abutments and all, is scattered in wild confusion over scores of acres. The wave was twelve to fourteen feet high, and the oscillations of

the sea continued for three days. Five persons were drowned, many more bruised and maimed. The picture of loss and of suffering is sad. Bitter experience teaches what men are slow to believe, not to build houses on the sand nor to lay up treasures where destroyers are abroad.

TO REV. GEO. W. COAN.*

September 4, 1877.—“With ‘our beloved brother Paul,’ I must say to my nephew, George Whitefield, ‘my dearly beloved and longed for’—On reading your graphic letter of August 3d, received a few days ago, one great thought fastens upon me, viz., that you may come to Hilo. How my heart leaped at the idea. When I first heard that you were appointed a missionary to the East a momentary sadness came over me, but I now rejoice, for I believe the Lord sent you to Persia, whereas the love of kin would have called you to Hawaii. But the hope that we may yet meet before we ‘put off this tabernacle’ of clay is cheering. . . . Your mission was a grand one, and while it often wearied you, it yet afforded joy. It was a gracious Providence that brought you safely back to quiet Niles before the fall of the fiery avalanche of railroad strikes and riots, and robbery and blood. That was like the fall of that bitter and baleful ‘star called wormwood.’ You speak right when you say ‘it seemed like a hell upon earth in many places.

* Mr. Coan’s correspondence with this beloved nephew began in his earliest years, but letters previous to this date were lost through accident on the removal of G. W. C.’s family from one home to another.

It seems to me that it would be sufficient torment to dwell among men wholly given up to unbridled passions and lusts.' Yes; and such a state of things, if it were made eternal, would be as the worm that dieth not. To us at this distance, and standing upon our watch-tower, it looked like the opening of the bottomless pit and the rising of a smoke out of the pit, filling all hearts with consternation and horror. And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth with scorpion power, and their king was the angel whose name is Apollyon. I believe that prophecy, as well as history, repeats itself. I believe also that retribution will sooner or later follow the parties who provoked and the demons who executed these infernal riots. Your remarks on the war in the East are full of interest. The Mohammedan religion is bitter as wormwood and cruel as the scorpion, and the Lord will destroy it. Whether he will use the tooth and claw of the Northern Bear to do this is uncertain to me. It is not by muscular might nor by Northern steel that sin can be put down and the blood of martyrs avenged, but it is true that the Eternal God can and does 'make the wrath of man to praise him.' Assyria was his 'rod,' his sword, and his 'battle-ax,' but the proud Assyrian did not mean it, nor did his heart think it. So we will wait on the Lord and see what he will do with the Russ and the Turk. Meanwhile he calls upon his people to enter into their chambers and to shut their doors about them. It is our joy, while the waves of war roar and rage, to know that 'we have a strong

city,' and that our 'God will appoint salvation for walls and bulwarks.' We feel for and pray for our dear missionary brethren and sisters in the East. They are under trials and in perils, but they have the assurance that 'in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.' The fact you relate about the belief of the Mussulmans in the East that the next or 12th Imaum is Christ, the true prophet, and that he is expected to appear soon, is remarkable. It would seem that they are '*feeling* after God' and truth; and the Lord grant that they may soon find the Savior. One thought cheers me. I believe that nearly every bar and door and wall which once forbade the entrance of the Gospel, has been broken down by the fire and hammer of the Lord, so that the whole earth now lies at the feet of the Church, as Canaan lay at the feet of Israel when the walls of Jericho fell and the defenses of those pagan nations departed. There will be conflict and interrupted successes, measured by the strength or weakness of faith, but the watchword will be '*Onward!*' and the *momentum* will be moral progression. Shall we look down from the peaceful hills of heaven and see the whole earth one bright realm of peace and love, with 'no more sea?'

TO REV. G. W. COAN.

February 11, 1878. . . . "Your labors in the United States have been abundant and I rejoice that the Lord has so graciously blessed them. I think that a season of rest in our quiet home, with the breathing of our balmy air would greatly refresh

you, and you would receive as warm a welcome as ever greeted you on earth. But the picture you would see would, in all respects, differ greatly from all that you have read or conceived of our Islands. Instead of the multitudes of Hawaiians of whom you have read, you would find many foreigners of very many nationalities and thousands of Chinamen spread over the country, and sugar plantations springing up wherever there is room and water, with the crushing of mills, the roaring of furnaces, and the darkening smoke of a multitude of chimneys. The rush now is for pelf, and every one seeks gain from his own quarter. Meditation, prayer and sober attention to the interests of the soul are of little or no importance in the eyes of the multitude. The labors of a faithful ambassador of Christ were never more arduous and responsible than now. Heathenism is being rolled back upon us like a flood, and no one can predict what will be the moral and spiritual condition of this nation ten years hence. Our hope, our trust are in God alone, and so we keep on the armor and fight on until called from this to a higher field."

TO JOEL AND HANNAH BEAN.

October 9, 1878. . . . "Evenings of precious conversation on the things pertaining to the kingdom of God on earth, and on the coming revelations of glory in heaven, are as the soul's viaticum on its journey upward. . . . How glad I am for the grace which is given to your brother and sister Miles, to spend their strength in efforts to bless the much

abused Indians. O when will Christian sympathy and devotion overcome the obstacles in the way of imparting a real Christian civilization to the aborigines of our country, and the grace of God redress their wrongs? Were I young again and free from my duties to the Polynesian race, how gladly would I devote all my powers to the Indian tribes, or to the emancipated, yet enthralled, negroes. And when I look in at the great and effectual doors opened in Africa, India, Turkey, China and Japan, my heart yearns to go forth again to the heathen, and, if it might be, to spend another life in laboring to win them to the love of Christ. Have you read Stanley's 'Through the Dark Continent?' It is painfully interesting because of the struggles where carnal weapons were used and much blood was shed. But whatever may have been the agencies used to force a way through those savage tribes, one thing is clear, God has opened a wide door into the heart of that long neglected continent, and that door will never be again closed until the blessed Gospel of Jesus shall have penetrated to every part of that fearful land, and lifted the pall of death from all its hills and valleys and plains. The wrath, the cupidity, the curiosity and the ten thousand schemes of sinful men will be over-ruled in the end to accomplish God's redeeming purposes in the earth."

TO REV. G. W. COAN.

October 23, 1878.—"Your remarks on the lack of information and of interest on the subject of missions found in many parts of the country, and on the

demoralized state of many churches are painfully true. I saw and felt it when in the States in 1870. While I rejoice in every effort to 'Reform the Civil Service' and to cleanse the Augean stable of politics, I would rejoice still more if the work of reformation might begin at the sanctuary which should be 'the pillar and ground of truth,' and thence work outward till the body politic, or the whole community should feel the cleansing power. How greatly all professed ministers of the pure Gospel should heed the solemn charge, 'Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord.' How sad to see ministers giving themselves up to foolish fashions, to idle speculations in doctrine, to sceptical views of the Bible, to loose and false views of life and duty, to fleshly indulgences and doubtful recreations, while their hearers are trained to fastidious tastes, to critical and captious nervousness on the matter, the manner and the length of religious services, scorning the devout and humble servant of the Lord, and flattering with gifts and garlands him who has not known that there is a Holy Ghost, or that the word of God is the 'Sword of the Spirit, sharper than any two edged sword.'

. . . The Lord spare your dear Fred and Frank to go through college, gathering strength as they pass from stage to stage, and coming out not so much with University honors, as with the honor that cometh from God. I see that you are dubbed D. D. Bear your honors meekly and see that you are not hurt by them."

TO REV. L. SMITH, D. D.

December 11, 1878.—“What a difference there is in men, and with what different eyes they see things! A landscape often looks smooth and lovely in the distance, but is rough and unsightly underfoot. To look at Mauna Loa from my window, it is as smooth as a cannon-ball; but on near approach it is frightful to walk over. How soft the light and uniform the surface of the moon until the telescope draws her within fifty miles of us, when we are amazed at her frowning precipices, her yawning fissures, her horrid pit craters and her untraversable fields of scoria. So it is to some eyes with missions. They glow and sparkle with beauty in the distance as if surrounded with a halo of golden glory, but when examined as places of toil, of friction, of weariness, and often as scenes disgusting to human senses, they become objects of disgust and of disappointment to many.”

TO REV. G. W. COAN.

November 11, 1879. . . . “I long to hear of your preaching again, but not to such excess and such exhaustion of physical and brain power as aforetime. This severe lesson of weakness and wasting will, I trust, lead you to be more careful should you once more be permitted to go out into the field to scatter the seeds of the kingdom or to thrust in the sickle into the waving harvest. How I wished to see your name on the glorious roll of the elders and saints in the Assembly at Syracuse. We have just read the report of the seventieth meeting

of the A. B. C. F. M. What prayer, what spiritual logic, what wise counsel, what unity, hope and faith, what love, zeal and eloquence, what resolutions, what new consecrations were developed in that assembly, during those days of saintly communings. If my voice could be heard all over that broad domain, the United States, I would say, let the full report of that annual meeting be printed in sufficient numbers and sent to every Congregational pastor and church, and to all ministers, editors and churches of other Christian denominations throughout the land. What Christians need is *light* on the great mission of the church on earth, *i. e.*, what they are called to *do*; and also *heat*, such only as comes from the fire which burns forever on the altar of God, to move and melt and purify the hearts of the redeemed and furnish a spiritual motor that shall move and renovate the world. How I long to see that great organization, the Presbyterian church, moved like a forest in a mighty wind till not a leaf remained untouched. The latent power of the church is dormant; let it once be aroused and wisely directed, and such miracles of grace as the world never saw would be soon witnessed. What a trumpet call sounded out from the burning lips of Isaiah more than twenty-five centuries ago! 'Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city.' The world will yet see greater things than science, civilization, sages, seers and angels have ever seen."

TO REV. J. D. PARIS.

Honolulu, June 17, 1880.—"Your excellent letter lies before me. I answer from the dust and heat of the metropolis. Glad if my little savage waif ('Adventures in Patagonia') found favor in your eyes. Your letter reminds me of the days of Auld Lang Syne, when we walked and talked, when we sang and prayed, and when we rejoiced and wept together. Well, we are nearer the shore of Time than in our youthful days. Nearer than when we struggled and panted together for the first time up the rugged steps of Mauna Loa; nearer than when in our nightly descent we stumbled and fell, often, amidst the scoriatic ridges and into the jagged valleys of the mountain, and when we felt in our utter exhaustion that there was but a step between us and death. Yes, we are now fast nearing the shore of Time, and looking off upon the boundless, the fathomless, the shoreless ocean of Eternity. But we do not shudder, for our Pilot, 'who is our life,' is with us."

XII.

“A little longer yet--a little longer,
 Life shall be thine; life with its power to will;
 Life with its strength to bear, to love, to conquer,
 Bringing its thousand joys thy heart to fill.

A little longer, and thy heart, beloved,
 Shall beat forever with a love divine;
 And joy so pure, so mighty, so eternal,
 No creature knows and lives, will then be thine.”

—*Adelaide Proctor.*

To the many guests who through the passing years had been entertained with cordial hospitality at the Emerald Bower, Mr. Coan had sometimes related his experiences as a missionary explorer in the wilds of Patagonia. The story, as it fell from his lips, was full of interest, and the listeners often asked why he did not publish it.

While he had strength for touring he never felt that he had time to write a book, but when, by reason of advancing age, he was not able to go as often as aforesaid to the outskirts of his parish, he thought he might, perhaps, be doing good by responding to the wish of those who desired “to see the simple narrative in print.”

It was thus that he came, in 1879, to prepare his first volume, “Adventures in Patagonia.” To very few of his correspondents and to almost none of his island neighbors, did he speak of this work while engaged upon it.

The favor with which it was received by his friends, and their solicitations that he should also give a sketch of his life, in its earlier and later periods, led him, after much hesitation, to write his autobi-

ography. This was in 1881 when he had reached his eighty-first year. At this time his form was still erect, his step alert, and his characteristic ardor in work was unabated. Seldom lying down during his active day of sixteen or seventeen waking hours, he carried forward the manuscript of "Life in Hawaii," kept up his correspondence, and met the daily duties of his position with his habitual cheerfulness and patience.

For seven months of this year he watched with others, sharing in their anxiety, that threatening lava flow from Mauna Loa, which, beginning on the 5th of November, 1880, continued until the 10th of August, 1881, without any abatement of action.

The letters of this period will show with what feelings the pilgrim of fourscore years looked back upon the past, and in what unshaken trust he still went forward to the future.

TO REV. H. HALSEY.

January 3, 1881.—"Time flows on. I had feared that it had stamped your name upon the marble and taken the pen from your hand, but here before me is the evidence that your active limbs, your reasoning brain, and throbbing heart were still in motion. And I do thank you, my long loved and faithful brother, for your late epistle, as I do for all you have sent me. Your letters are laden with the aroma of ripe fruit. How I remember our journey together on the Erie Canal (in 1839), our visit in Onondaga, my own ague and fever at that time, our parting in New York, you for Philadelphia, I for Connecticut; my long sickness there; the reflections it produced, resulting in study for the ministry and the entire change of my after life. I will bless the

Lord if any of my weak efforts to serve the cause of truth and peace and love have been of any use. Could I have another life to give to the great work committed to the disciples by the Supreme Master, how gladly would I go at the trumpet call to benighted and bleeding Africa. But your feet and mine begin to dip in the waters of Jordan. These waters are not dark and cold to the believer, nor does Faith stand shivering on the brink of that narrow stream which divides the heavenly land from ours, for it sees the 'sweet fields beyond.' More than a score of venerable and distinguished men whom I met in the United States in 1870-71 have passed over the river since my return. At this I ought to rejoice for their sakes, and yet the thought that they are to act no more on the theater of time sometimes saddens me. When the beloved Barnes, Drs. Anderson, Wisner, Treat, Buddington, Adams, Condit and many others passed over the line of mortal life, I felt the repeated shocks like an earthquake wave rolling over the wide Pacific. 'Thus star by star declines,' but only to rise higher and shine brighter in the heavenly firmament. . . . Just two months ago a grand burst of our mountain volcano commenced, about 12,500 feet above sea level, and this crater is still in blast. This awful fountain shot up columns of liquid fire, and poured out rivers of seething fusion, throwing up a blazonry of ruddy light upon the overhanging canopy of clouds. One fiery river rushed madly down the northeast slope of the mountain for thirty miles, and another stream ran off to the southeast about the same distance.

At length these streams stiffened and ceased to flow, when others, at about equal distances from the termini of these spread wings, rushed down the mountain in a direct line for Hilo, and their flows are now about twelve miles distant. Like a great red dragon, it flashes its burning eyes upon us. Will it come to Hilo?"

TO HIS CHILDREN.

February 1, 1881.—"This is a joyful day. The heavens shine with glory. The earth glows with beauty. The sea sparkles with brilliants. The radiant orbs sing praises. The bland zephyrs murmur sweetly. The rippling rills leap and laugh. The emerald fields rejoice. Silvery notes of praise rise from glen and forest, and mingling strains of harmony and love ascend to the Creator from all his works.

" 'Let man by nobler passions swayed,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In higher praise employ.'

"I am this day four score years old. God gave me a happy childhood, a cheerful youth, a vigorous manhood, and now a calm old age. My health is good, my spirits buoyant, and my heart is happy in the companion of my choice. My faith is firm, my hope anchored, and my love for you all is deathless as the soul. My experiences have been varied, and I look back upon my life as marked with many mistakes, numerous sins, and much unworthiness. But I also adore the grace of God in his pardoning love, and humbly trust that the blood of Jesus Christ, his

Son, will cleanse me from all sin. I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it *is* the power of God to the salvation of every true believer. I love the law of God, for 'it is perfect'—perfect in holiness, in justice and in *love*. I love the Bible, for it is 'a light to my feet and a lamp to my path.' And I now confess, with thanks to my ever-blessed Lord and Savior, that I chose the service of Christ *freely, deliberately* and intelligently; and since the day when I avouched the Lord Jehovah to be my God and Savior, I have never seen the hour or the moment when I regretted this act, or wished to return to 'the beggarly elements of the world.' I have been in perils often; but under all circumstances, and in all climates, the Lord has been a kind shepherd and faithful guide and protector. And he has enabled me to draw comfort and contentment from all the vicissitudes of life, and under the shadow of Emmanuel's wings I have found more joy than sorrow, more pleasure than pain, more hope than fear. And now, as the shadows of life are lengthening, and the time of my departure cannot be distant, I esteem it a duty and a joy to testify, from long experience, to the marvelous mercy of the Lord in thus preserving his unworthy servant during these eighty years of mortal life. Not a bone has been broken, not a joint dislocated, while all the powers of nature, physical and intellectual, have been kindly preserved until the present time.

“ ‘Strange, that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.’ ”

“And my heart is still young, and in sweet sympathy with all the radiant beauties of nature, and in harmony with the diapason of the illimitable universe. ‘I am not old, I cannot be *old*,’ for I am in early childhood—in the first dawn of being—and I am now studying the alphabet of immortality. Ah! the illimitable, the immeasurable, the boundless, the INFINITE that spreads around and rises above me, without horizon and without zenith.

“Let me beg of you, my dearly beloved children, one and all, live by Faith, live in Love, live for others, live for immortality, live for God, and you shall never die. This is no fantasy, because Love and Truth and God are eternal.

“Remember the calm, thoughtful, and sweet mother of four children. Think of her serene evening, of her intelligent faith, of her deathless love, of her readiness to depart, of her assurance of being with her Divine Savior, of the pluming of her angel wings, and of her shining pathway to those realms of life, ‘Up where eternal ages roll.’

“Was her faith a fallacy? her life a failure? her hope a bursting bubble? If not, then ponder the lesson of her life, and be followers of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises.”

TO REV. H. BINGHAM.

February 10, 1881.—“Your congratulations on my birthday are in receipt, and my responsive thanks go with this. I esteem it a great mercy to be preserved so long in life with so much physical vigor as I now enjoy. When I entered upon the

ministry I little thought that my life would be extended to eighty years, and I had no dream of the marvelous developments which the advancement of civilization and the progress of evangelical Christianity would reveal during my life-time. I look back upon the last eight decades with wonder and gratitude, and still cling to life in anticipation of what a few more years will reveal; and desiring to do a little more for our adorable Savior before bidding a final farewell to our planet. But is it not probable that the saints in heaven will be permitted to know more of what transpires on earth, than is known by the earthly pilgrims? And if the glorified in heaven are to be 'satisfied,' will not one element of their satisfaction consist in knowing the progress of those interests below which so filled their souls with earnest interest while toiling in this earthly vineyard? Can a redeemed spirit be *satisfied* in heaven, while an impenetrable veil shuts out from his vision all that transpires on earth? But we leave that with our all gracious Lord. We wait to hear about your prospects for a house and a little home comfort for your future days on earth, and we trust that this question will be well settled in due time. We know that the Lord is good and ready to help, and that he has the hearts of many of your friends in his hands."

TO MRS. H. BINGHAM.

June 8, 1881.—"We are so glad, so happy to hear how your little tabernacle is rising with its cords and stakes, and we do hope to see you all

some day in that Peace Cottage where you will toil and rest for a little, until you are called up to your mansions 'not made with hands,' and 'not of this building.' I love to think of you all as laborers together with God, as breakers up of the fallow ground, as sowers, reapers, sheaf-binders and as shouters of 'the harvest home.' But how odd it seems not to be in Honolulu this June. It is all well. Honolulu can get along without us, and if we were never seen there again, we would not be long missed. Mortal life is but a vapor that appears but a little while and then vanishes away. And yet life is real and momentous in its products and results. We have been reading the 'Life of Miss Havergal,' and it puts me to shame. These blessed women who follow Christ and minister to him, become teachers of us poor blind clergymen. We don't say much about our volcanic fires in these days. They burn, but do not burn us. Blessed be the Lord who 'keepeth Israel.' "

TO REV. H. HALSEY.

September 27, 1881. . . . "Your hint of the debt of the American Peace Society touches my heart. It ought not to be so. The feeble hold which the heaven-born cause of peace seems to have on the hearts and purses of Christendom amazes me, and I mourn at the little I can do either by pen or purse. 'Will a tithe meet the responsibility of Christian stewardship?' I think not. That was a rule in a dark age of the world. The Gospel is to flood the world with light and love, and the Christ

who is our life claims all his disciples and all they have, while he gives himself for us, and says, 'All things are yours.' And his rule is to 'give as the Lord prospers us;' while he loves the *cheerful giver*, and promises a hundred fold, even in this present life, to all who surrender all to him. What the harm, what the loss, if a poor sinner, saved by grace, and made heir to a heavenly crown and an eternal kingdom, and who now holds, as a steward of God, two million dollars, should give one million, or one and a half million to help men on the way to heaven? It is a sad mistake if we who have the promise of all things should satisfy our love to Christ by a tenth. . . . Our fearful volcano was in fierce blast for nine months, and the destruction of our beautiful town and harbor seemed imminent. Human reason and arithmetic both doomed us. The fire rushed down the mountain, across the highlands and through a mighty forest fifteen to twenty miles wide, and appeared within half a mile of our town. Its flaming banners waved over us; its burning breath scorched us; its offensive odors entered our nostrils; its forked tongue darted towards us. We had observed a day of humiliation and prayer; the nation was alarmed—but the eternal God interposed. The fiat came forth at the last apparent hour: '*Hitherto, no further.*' The burning scourge obeyed its God, and we are saved."

TO REV. JAMES BOYD, D. D.

December 13, 1881.—"Here is your thrice welcome letter of November 1st. I echo its first utterance,

‘I wish I could talk with you face to face instead of writing to you at a distance of five thousand miles.’ ‘Yes,’ respond my heart and soul, ‘that would be joyful,’ but with you I am thankful that the privilege of communion by letter still remains. . . . Your allusion to the arrest of that ‘great red dragon’ shows that you view the deliverance in the same light as we do. *All of God.* As we walk out a few rods from our happy Bower, and look upon the indurated monster whose blackened corse stretches for fifty miles from mountain to main, my soul rises to the hills, whence our help cometh, and adores that Power and Love which quenched the devouring fire and destroyed the destroyer.

“At the time of Mr. Hallenbeck’s visit we did have a little noise and shaking among the dry bones of Hilo, and there were some cases of quickenings and a few hopeful conversions among foreigners. But the work was not deep and broad, and some of those who wept then, dance now, and some who seemed almost persuaded seem farther off than ever. But what if some do not believe? God’s kingdom *stands fast*, and all who trust in God are as Mount Zion. The work among the natives is much as usual. The great harvest of former years has been gathered, and we are gleaners now, but not without some sheaves. We have a little ingathering at all our communion seasons, and our monthly contributions do not fall below \$100. But our battle now is sharper and heavier than in the beginning of our mission. The world rushes in; the greed of gain is intense; and educated skepticism is arrayed against

gospel truth and consecrated living. . . . The fall of our chosen Garfield made the earth tremble and the heart of the nation groan. The assassination was infernal, but the prince of darkness is now staggering under the returning blow of his own weapon, and the fall of our beloved president is the uprising of millions in defense of the right. The agonizing prayers of a nation in anguish are being answered in a way which no man or angel could have devised. God carries the counsels of the forward *headlong*. Did Booth break the Northern steel? and can Guiteau scale the battlements of heaven or hush its thunders? Heaven bless you, my dearly beloved brother, for the thought and the act of sending such a Christmas gift to my precious wife and me, as the pictures of the exalted and the mourning Garfields. What souvenirs could you have sent us to excite more gratitude? What memento to keep alive more tender and chastened love for the departed and the living? We intend to frame the pictures and hang them on our parlor walls."

TO MR. F. W. DAMON.

November 17, 1881.—"Your answer to my note of welcome [on his return from Europe] is all aglow with kindness and courtesy. The fervor and style remind me vividly of the warm welcome and cordial benediction given me by the eloquent pastor of the Cambridgeport church, when we were about to sail for the Hawaiian Islands in 1834. You doubtless have felt much of the power and persuasive eloquence of this Christian teacher while sitting under

his instructions as President of Amherst College. We are all glad to read your letter. It was so full of enthusiasm, of refined culture and Christian love. And now I congratulate you again, and rejoice with you in the great work in which you have enlisted. To Christianize China, *in* China, and *out of* China, is, I apprehend, the greatest specific missionary enterprise of the age and of the world. Give your soul to it, dear brother, with all its powers and the Lord will honor you. When we think of the Mongolian race of 500,000,000 as being lifted into a state of high civilization, of pure and transparent Christianity, our conceptions of the grandeur of the work soar to lofty heights, and the thought is clothed with a dazzling sublimity; but when we come down to the *detail*, to the *dig* and *tug* and *push*, we feel the gravity and the friction of the work, and in our toil and sweat we almost lose sight of the magnificent theory of the uplifting, the enlightening and Christianizing of this vast mass of mundanity. But after all, this is the work the great Master puts into our hands, and we must down upon our knees, grasp it with both hands, earnestly give body and soul to it, and with patient toil strive to bring these creatures of God's power and of Christ's agonizing love, one by one, into the eternal kingdom. But we need not fear the detail, for God and all heaven are with us and each member of our Lord's body has only the work of *one* to do, and this with the cheering promise of Infinite Love, 'Lo, I am with you.' So then we are to imitate the calm patience of the good clock, never to fear, never to fret, never to faint,

and never to count beforehand the amazing number of ticks demanded in fifty years; but as the owner of the clock winds it, oils it and watches over it, so we will trust our Maker and supporter to watch over us, and to help us in our work until it is done."

TO REV. DR. BOYD.

March 3, 1882.—"Love is the true exchange for love, and its possessor is always rich. Giving feeds and increases it; withholding strangles it. . . . Here comes another of your heaven-lit missives written the day after my birthday. This fresh token of your unabated and unchangeable love is very cheering to us both. . . .

"There are many who are not reached by the Gospel unless it is carried to their doors, their haunts and their hearts, by warm, earnest and repeated personal appeals. This is a new age in Hawaii. We have little of that simple, docile and reverent element which once pervaded the Hawaiian mind. Indifference to things unseen prevails, and the victory is not yet won. Complexity of character abounds. . . . With more than thirty nationalities here, with an infinity of opinions and no opinions, with education and no education, and with an over-mastering earthliness, it requires the furnace and the wind of heaven, to melt, amalgamate and assimilate these elements into a harmonious Christian civilization. But 'with God all things are possible' and we are to fight in massed columns, in extended lines, or in hand-to-hand struggles, looking to the Captain of our Salvation for orders and

success. . . . We see that the assassin of our dear Garfield has been sentenced to death. May God bring him to repentance.

“As to the Revised New Testament, I like some of it much, and some of it I don’t like. But it is an improvement that will be improved. I have no doubt that it gives the mind of the Spirit more clearly, on the whole, than the old version. The views of the American Committee are, I think, more sensible than those of the English. . . . Our rains are abundant; our surf and rivers roar; our soil is soaked; our mountains are laden with snow, and our air is cold. For nine days I have been sneezing and coughing, wrapped in warm garments yet shivering. Last Sabbath was my first experience, during almost forty-seven years in Hilo, of not being able to meet my people in the house of God.”

TO REV. H. HALSEY.

May 12, 1882. . . . “It must have been a trial to you not to have attended the meeting of your Synod. You have attended many a general assembly, and there may be but one more to receive you on the ‘roll-call,’ and that will be the greatest, the grandest and the most glorious of all, for it will be the ‘general assembly of the church of the first-born whose names are written in heaven.’ And what an assembly that will be! No jar, no discord, no envy, no strife, no ‘Demetrius,’ no ‘coppersmith,’ no ‘accuser of the brethren,’ no one to say ‘stand by,’ no wolf in sheep-skin cloak, no Judas, and no one without heaven’s credentials, and without

a wedding garment. Ah, 'what will it be to be there?' and shall such a worthless worm as I stand in that vast and spotless assembly? Shall I survey those shining ranks? Shall I hear the sweet music that rolls over the heavenly hills? Shall I behold that Royal Head once crowned for *me* with cruel thorns, arrayed in majesty, crowned with glory? And shall I bow among the throng and add my feeble voice to swell the grand Aileluia of 'blessing and glory and honor unto God and the Lamb?' I am more and more pained by the petty strifes of ministers and professed followers of the Prince of Peace. In heaven all is harmony; not a discordant note in all the diatonic scale. What will that general assembly do with the polyglottous list of churches of the one Christ? When the roll-call is heard, the key-note struck and the celestial music begins, which church will come to the front? Will the great Roman church appear as the mother of churches, the *only pure and holy* church? And where will the next perfect church, the Episcopal stand? And in what line shall we look for the strong and orthodox Presbyterians? Shall we find the Baptists marshaled on the banks of 'the River of Life' and their doctrines reflected from that water 'clear as crystal?' And where shall we meet that great family, the Methodists? Will they not be seen in flying squadrons along all the frontiers of heaven? And how of the Congregationalists? Will they stand in the great congregation, and blow the trumpet and lift up the voice of song? 'And what shall I say more, for the time would fail me to to speak' of the quiet and

peaceful Friends, and of other divisions, great and small, into which the human family is divided in their opinions of God, and their modes of worship? Should all these reach heaven, what mighty angel would be able to marshal and harmonize this disintegrated and incoherent family? May we not hope that all these conflicting elements in Christendom will, in due time, be consumed by that fire which shall try every man's work, removing the wood, hay and stubble, and causing the gold, silver, and precious stones to shine out in one faith, one hope, and one love?"

XIII.

“They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
There is the throne of David,
And there from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.”

—*Bernard of Cluny.*

While the inhabitants of Hilo were anxious for the safety of their homes exposed to a great volcanic eruption, the citizens of Honolulu felt their lives imperiled by the scourge of small-pox.

The strict quarantine established in the spring of 1881, at the metropolis, for the protection of other island ports, was felt to be an obstacle in the way of the usual gathering of pastors and delegates at the Hawaiian Evangelical Association. And so, for the first time in many years, Mr. Coan remained at his station during the summer. It was, therefore, with peculiar interest that in May of 1882 he made his preparations once more to visit Honolulu.

He had been appointed to preach the annual foreign missionary sermon in English, and this in accordance with his remarkable habits of promptness he prepared weeks before the time to go. Letters to be forwarded by the *Morning Star* to Micronesia, he wrote, as long had been his practice, before leaving home, giving his words of remembrance and cheer both to the American and Hawaiian missionaries in those distant isles. Once more he called the

roll of his church, and made up the statistics for the yearly reports.

The voyage to Honolulu was one he greatly enjoyed. It was enlivened by the steamer stopping to take freight at a northern port of Hawaii, thus affording time to go to Kohala, distant twelve miles from the sea. His fellow-travelers will not forget the enthusiasm with which he enjoyed the novelty of his first *railway* ride over Sandwich Island ground.

At Honolulu the days were crowded full of incidents and work. In addition to the many meetings of the June anniversaries, there were those of a revival then in progress in the city. These Mr. Coan attended every evening, though the home at which he was entertained was two miles from the churches. In social relations there was a demand on his time and strength. It sometimes involved a ride of three or four miles to return a call or accept an invitation to a meal. Yet not for weariness would he allow himself to fail in the courtesy of reciprocating these kind attentions of friends. He was deeply interested in the improvements and prosperity of the city, and took thoughtful notice of political affairs, carrying a burden of fears for the future of the Kingdom, as he saw wicked measures prevail in the councils of its rulers. As so often he had done in the passing years, so once more he talked with the children of the United Sabbath Schools of the Foreign Churches, who gathered about him to hear his words of wisdom and loving exhortation. He spoke with impressive earnestness to the students of Oahu College on keeping those commandments that would add to them "length of days and long life and peace."

When the work was done, and the visit ended, he returned to the home to which he always went back so gladly, and on July 20th he wrote:

“ One week ago we re-entered our quiet bower and knelt to bless the Lord. It was sweet to return to the old nest, to see the luxurious green, to breathe the fresh air, and to bathe in the cool, limpid water. . . . We are preparing outwardly for the arrival of Mr. Hallenbeck, but it is not clear that we are all prepared inwardly to entertain our divine Lord and Master. For this we pray, for without him nothing good can be done.”

Mr. Coan was anxious to prepare his people by personal interviews with them for the evangelistic meetings which were to be held the latter part of August, under the leadership of Messrs. Hallenbeck and Forbes. Riding out among their little settlements, he would summon the natives around him by his well-known hearty call “ *Aloha oukou* ” (love to you), and then having kindly inquired after their physical and spiritual estate, he would tell them of the blessing soon to be offered them, and urge their faithful attendance upon the anticipated services.

The house of God was also to be put in readiness. There were many details of repairs and improvements which he himself must superintend.

Discordant elements among backsliders and a few self-willed church members gave him concern and cost him hours of labor to harmonize. His prayers, his toils, were constant and untiring. Untiring? Ah! the poor frame was often weary, and he would say the strength of his feet was gone. But his heart was as ardent and as brave as ever.

The burden of souls was always upon him, and in prayers never to be forgotten, he plead for the wanderers and the unconcerned. A wonderful breadth of thought marked his petitions as he remembered a dying world and sought for blessings on every righteous cause.

Thus gladly spending and being spent for the Master whom he had so long served, he went on through the busy days, still taking time, as they passed, to meet the calls upon his pen. Some of the letters written at that period are these that follow. The one addressed to the Rev. Dr. Goodwin seems a precious legacy of Mr. Coan's latest thoughts on Foreign Missions.

TO REV. N. G. CLARK, D.D. (Cor. Sec. A. B. C. F. M.)

July 25, 1882.—"It is a great pleasure to write to you, for your kindness of heart and Christian courtesy are cheering. Your favor of May 13 is a sunbeam. You give me liberal praise for my little octogenarian book, and your opinion is of great value—none could be more so. Thus far, all the notices I have seen of the book, and the many letters of thanks received, have been kind and congratulatory; not, of course, on account of its intrinsic merit, but what is immeasurably better, because of sympathy and of joy in the blessed cause of missions to the heathen, the supreme work given by the Lord Jesus to his brethren. We on our ocean watch-tower are looking eastward and westward, south and north, to see the movements of the grand army of our King in its divisions over continents and islands and in its floating batteries. The watchmen are multiplying and sending out their voices from all points, declaring what they see of conquest or defeat, to bring joy or sorrow into the sacramental host. . . . We rejoice that the light is not extinguished on the Marquesas group. From Micronesia the tidings are joyful and sad. War, drunkenness, idolatry, and

debauchery rule on some of the islets, while cheering sunlight shines on others. On Hawaii we have the lifting and the shutting down of the cloud. It is like 'a fitful April day,' and may we not hope that it is the harbinger of the tender leaves, the opening buds, the beauteous blossoms of May and June and the golden harvests of summer and autumn?

"Dear wife and I have recently returned from a visit of six weeks in Honolulu. Of what we saw and heard and felt while there I can give you no adequate idea. It was a busy time. The Hawaiian Evangelical Association, with its pastors and delegates, was in session. The superintendents and delegates of the island Sabbath schools were assembled. The Hawaiian Executive Board was holding frequent meetings to attend to important business. There were examinations and exhibitions of Oahu College and various schools. . . . The Fourth of July brought two thousand people out to the usual exercises of such occasions, though better these, by half, than such exercises usually are, as we had an eloquent and moral oration, prayer, and good music, with a grand lunch without intoxicants. . . . Another scene was the sailing of the *Morning Star* with the band of missionaries, with prayers and benedictions of a multitude of friends. Meanwhile, amidst all these scenes of stir and interest, Mr. Hallenbeck, the evangelist, commenced his religious meetings, calling out large assemblies, to whom the Gospel was preached with great power and with the Holy Spirit sent down

from heaven. We left Honolulu rejoicing in what the Lord had done for the place, physically and spiritually, and for what he is still doing. The physical change from the wharf to Punahou and beyond, a distance of three miles in length, and one in breadth, is marvelous. From a sandy, hot, and barren heath, such as we first saw it in 1835, it has become like the garden of Eden, waving with light-green and feathery-leaved trees, adorned with gardens of beautiful flowers and fruit-bearing vines and shrubs, vocal with the song of a thousand birds, studded with mansions and neat cottages, and sparkling with the quivering irradiance of the waters of many gushing artesian wells. The whole scene, as viewed from Roundtop Hill, is one of inimitable beauty. Among others who are enjoying the beautiful water of the great subterranean reservoir, so long sealed by the Infinite Architect amidst mountains which his hand planted in unknown ages past, are our friends, the Bingham family. While we were their guests the plan was matured and executed for boring an artesian well near their cottage. The work went on day and night, until, at the depth of 353 feet, the brilliant column of water spouted up in copious volume, and we all clapped hands and praised the Lord. . . . We are glad to see our quiet tabernacle again, with its tropical surroundings, all dressed in living green, and more especially to meet the dear people for whom our lives are devoted. On the first Sabbath after our arrival we met a larger congregation than we had seen for months in our church, and at the close of the services about fifty

remained a full hour for prayer. . . . Adult Chinamen outnumber adult male Hawaiians by several hundreds, and we have great need of a faithful Chinese evangelist for this field. Mr. Frank Damon has just spent a week here in labors for our Chinamen. He is full of zeal, energy and devotion to the cause he has espoused."

Mr. Damon, afterwards alluding to that visit, wrote: "I shall always love to think of him as I saw him last in his study, standing like a hero, crowned with years of grand and faithful service. His very face seemed a benediction, and through all my life I shall count the memory of it as one of my most precious treasures."

TO REV. L. SMITH.

August 3, 1882.—"Yes, we should be very thankful for the peace and comfort we enjoy in our little nest in the Pacific. The earth, in many parts, rocks and reels and rends. War, earthquake, cyclone, pestilence, and famine, with bloody crimes, distress millions of the human family; while we, poor, thankless sinners, sit under our shades in ease and security. But will not our turn of sorrow come? The tiger is unchained. The fiery serpent is let loose, and the 'Destroyer is on his way to make our land desolate.' The tidings of this morning from Honolulu distress me. Those who should be our protectors have opened the flood-gates of a fiery ruin upon us in granting the free use of the demon, alcohol. And we hear, also, that the Legislature has appropriated more than 3,000,000 of dollars. But that seems only child's play. Suppose they had

voted one hundred millions. It would only be empty air, and it might not have hurt a sparrow or killed a flea. But that great red-faced dragon! That Apollyon, *drunkenness*, is to be dreaded. Well, we have only to look to the Hills for help, for vain is the help of man. We will trust if the heavens come down, and the mountains leap into the sea. Two years may tell the story which we may not tell now. If God will destroy this people, he will leave them in madness to make their own hemp and to dig their own graves. If he will save them it may be 'so as by fire.' Let us wait on the Lord, and let us pray. . . . Fight on, dear brother, till death?—no! till 'victory shall bring thee to thy God.'"

TO REV. E. P. GOODWIN, D. D.

August 14, 1882.—"You have presented a weighty subject for my consideration, and what can I say? Surely you who stand on the watch-towers of one of the most evangelical countries on earth, sweeping the whole spiritual horizon of our planet, can better report the state of Christianity in the world, and especially in our favored land, than we who occupy the distant stations in the shadowy realms of heathendom.

"But as you ask for my impressions as to the correctness of 'President Washburn's convictions that the American churches are losing their interest and faith in foreign missions,' allow me to say that, on the whole, I would regard this as a mistake; at least let me hope so. The waters of the world left to the

laws of hydrostatics will find their level. Rivers flowing undisturbed in channels of uniform depth and breadth and angles of descent, will move smoothly and with increasing speed. But the Mississippi is so changed in its course by disturbances, that a stranger following down its devious banks might doubt where it would disembogue its mighty flood. But it is bound to the gulf and to the ocean, and, in spite of all its obstructions and sinuations, it will reach its destination.

“In this light I look upon the church of God in the world. Its growth and progress are beautifully pictured in Ezek., 47th chap., and in the Revelation of John under the figure of a river. Ezekiel sees it as ‘issuing out from under the house of the Lord,’ deepening, widening and extending into ‘a river that could not be passed over.’ And he adds that ‘Everything shall live whither the river cometh.’ The same glowing figure is found in the last chapter of the precious Bible. Doubtless this river means the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament. And the carrying of this ‘water of life’ is the work of God’s people. The church must be the channel of conveyance, and, as God has now removed all formidable obstacles, and provided the means of rapid and universal communication with the nations and peoples of the earth, it is, doubtless, the solemn duty and the precious privilege of the children of Zion to carry the water of life to all the families of men; and with trump of jubilee, sounding from every hill-top and along every valley, to call a thirsty

and perishing world to come to the gushing fountain; to drink and live. . . .

“During my visit to the United States in 1870, I felt assured that many ministers of the gospel, and many churches were earnest and faithful in this work. I also felt that many were delinquent, that they had never understood the marching orders of Zion’s King; that a veil was upon their hearts; that the god of this world had blinded their minds to the great, and *only* great life-work of the church, viz.: to ‘*disciple all nations.*’ But I did not feel that the work, on the whole, was retrograding; any more than that the ‘Father of waters’ was running up hill to empty into the Northern Polar ocean.

“I admired the work of women. It is great and grand. It is full of the sunshine of love. Its prayers are as the rain of heaven. Its tears are the drops of spring, opening its buds and giving promise of a joyful harvest. And I began to feel that our women are yet to save our dear country from the fiery dragon of intemperance, and the petrifying power of infidelity. I do not believe that the precious, *precious* cause of missions is to be left to a blind and mad indifference, and that the lamps of life which are shining, though dimly, upon the benighted nations, are to be extinguished for want of oil. But I did and do feel that our love to our bleeding Savior is too cold, and our pity for our perishing brethren and sisters in lands of brooding darkness is too feeble. We are not awake to our privileges. Bronze gates are open, iron bars are broken, and the voice of the Eternal calls the church to

improve the opportunity, lest Satan shall pre-occupy the field, and scatter the seeds of infidelity which shall prove a more stubborn obstacle to the blessed Gospel than the old paganism. The Captain of our salvation calls out of heaven to his church to 'arise and shine.' But the increase of professed Christians, of intelligence and of wealth, and the multiplied facilities for Christian work are not rightly improved. Zion does not lengthen her cords and strengthen her stakes fast enough. The heathen are marching by annual millions into ruin while we enjoy our luxuries and are at ease. The contributions of the church should be increased ten fold in means and in living workers, and also in the clear understanding of the fervent effectual prayer, 'Thy kingdom come.'

'You ask an explanation of the apathy of Christians in regard to foreign missions. I will simply suggest a few of the multiform causes as they have struck my mind. The main root is *worldliness* and *self-gratification*. To many wealth comes in like a flood. Perhaps the like was never known before. Now it seems to be a law of human nature that an unchecked desire for wealth beguiles and blinds men. Accumulation begets the lust for accumulation until the rich man is ensnared and drowned in 'destruction and perdition.' There are rich men who are rich in faith and in good works. Such are God's stewards. But the masses of wealthy men are not of this stamp.

'A canker that eats deep into the hearts of thousands upon thousands of professed Christians is an unguarded and unscrupulous love for luxuries.

They give the penny to the Lord and the pound to the mansion and the furnishings, to glittering ornaments and unnecessary show. Tens of thousands live in houses that cost thirty, fifty and a hundred thousand dollars, with furnishings in equally expensive proportions, when they might have reduced these expenses one-half or three-fourths without loss on the score of comfort and convenience, and given the great balance to the suffering poor and the perishing heathen.

“For armies, for navies, for war and strife, for blood and agony and dying groans, for millions of souls sent shivering into eternity, gold and silver can be poured out in streams that flow like melted lavas, while for the rescue of 800,000,000 of souls that are hurrying into a dark and fearful future, only a few drops of mercy can be afforded. Alas for the church! Must we be weighed in the balances and be found wanting?

“O that a harvesting angel might be sent from heaven to gather up the hoarded and the wasted wealth of the churches to pour it into the treasury of the Lord. Many of the hard-laboring poor so pathetically depicted in ‘The Song of the Shirt’ give more in the sight of our adorable Savior than the rich millionaire. . . .

“As to the motives which lead missionaries to the heathen, they are plain to all enlightened Christians. ‘The love of Christ *constrains,*’ and his command, coupled with love for the perishing, is a motor that moves them to obedience. Of course success encourages, and failure leads to the inquiry, Why?

I commenced my life work cheerfully and in hope, because I felt called of Christ to do so, and because my heart was drawn out in pity for the heathen. Success followed and increased joy, courage and strength. Had I gone to China, or some harder field, I might have felt sad for want of apparent and immediate success; but I trust that I should not have forsaken the work, or doubted the duty of discipling the nations, or the promised presence of the Master. . . .

“The Hawaiians are poor, and yet as to their percentage of giving, there is no comparison between our native churches and the wealthy members of your churches in the United States. They give a thousand per cent. more than your rich men. And they often do it with shining faces and jubilant hearts. But all do not give. We have the stingy and the scoffer. I usually preach a missionary sermon, or something connected with generosity, on the first Sabbath of every month, giving my people such facts as keep them informed on what God and his children are doing to evangelize the nations.

“Three words embrace our whole commission to the heathen, viz: *Pray! Give! Go!* And how can a man pray ‘Thy kingdom come,’ while he gives nothing, or nothing worthy of a man, to help the conquests and enlargements of this kingdom? How can the ambassadors of the Lord go without means of support? or preach to the heathen unless they be sent? What must we think of pastors and churches who are often chanting ‘The Lord’s Prayer,’ without

giving or going? Will not their very prayers condemn them before the final judge?

“I fear that the absolute dependence on the presence and power of the Holy Spirit in the conversion of our lost world is too little felt everywhere, not excepting your unworthy correspondent. I fear that too much dependence is put on machinery, upon learning, eloquence and popular preaching and living, such as will please the fastidious, and gratify ‘itching ears.’ And I fear that strict and cheerful obedience to God, that supreme element of true love and pure religion, is not taught and urged as it should be, as *the condition* of acceptance before the Lord.

“Please let me know if I have in any way answered your questions satisfactorily.

“With great respect and brotherly love, I am your fellow-laborer in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ.

TITUS COAN.”

Mr. Coan had sometimes said that if God would grant him once more to see life among “the dry bones,” he thought he could pray “now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.” When the blessing came in the reviving influences of the Holy Spirit, which attended his own labors among his people after his return from Honolulu, and which continued to be manifested during the gospel meetings held by the evangelists, his soul rejoiced and blessed the Lord. But he was still eager, while strength remained, to be about his Father’s business.

Early in September, the East Hawaii Association met in Hilo. With cheerful endurance he daily attended its long, wearying sessions until they

closed. On the morning after the adjournment, Sept. 15th, he said, "Now the pressure is lifted somewhat, I am going to break out to-day. I will go among the people to find a little exercise and recreation." At family worship that morning the Psalm in course was the 103d. He read it with deep feeling; pausing a little to talk about the Lord's putting our sins from us "as far as the east is from the west," and about the precious thought of the Heavenly Father's pity for his children. A tender pathos was in his voice while he read, "As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." Yet he knew not, as he laid down the family Bible, that he should never again read from its sacred pages, and that the place at which he knelt to pray would know him no more.

After prayers he went to his study, as was his custom; and, in the hours that followed, probably prepared the brief of the next Sabbath's sermon, from the text, "Looking unto Jesus." When reminded of his purpose to seek relaxation, he left his desk at once, saying he had been prompted just at the right time.

Mr. Coan's outings always seemed those of the sower, going forth to sow. It is remembered that on this his last walk about the streets of the little village, he was seen standing in conversation with a foreigner whom he earnestly entreated to lead a purer life.

Cheered by his walk, and refreshed by the daily bath, in the afternoon he again repaired to his study. Unanswered letters were on his table; he would reply to those from two young nephews, sons of the missionary to Persia. He wrote to each; and to the elder thus:

“MY DEAR NEPHEW FRED:

“If you are filled with the spirit of love and obedience to Christ, and an earnest, pure desire to win souls for the Master, your life will be useful and happy. I presume you do not belong to the class of young Christian students who spend the seed-time of life, and the flower of youth, in preparation *to be* useful, but rather, that while diligent in your studies you are ‘fervent in spirit’ and in prayer; and active in all proper ways and seasons in doing good. A very important part of our preparation for the service of the Master consists in earnest labors to save souls while we are cultivating our mental powers by study. I would not make myself an example of fidelity, but would bless the Lord for inclining me, long before my decision to study for the ministry, and during my theological course, to watch for souls, and to improve opportunities by the wayside and everywhere, as Providence gave them, to speak a word for Jesus. And these exercises did not hinder but helped my studies, as they brought me into contact with humanity in its multiform shades and aspects, and helped me much during my whole ministry in winning souls for Christ. How many pious and ardent young men have studied hard in college and seminary with the hope of future fruitfulness, when disease and death rapped at the door, took them suddenly away, and called them apparently ‘empty handed,’ or with ‘nothing but leaves,’ to their last account. Thus we are admonished to work while it is day, to sow our seed in the *morning*, in the *evening*, beside

all waters, and everywhere and always to be found working in the Master's vineyard, until he comes to call us to a higher service. My prayer shall ever be that you may be fully consecrated, and meet for the work and warfare of life, having put on the whole armor of God."

Once more he dipped his pen and wrote a few lines to his "ever dear brother Lyons," but the letter was never finished. Reading and sweet discourse filled the evening hours of that day.

On the following morning a messenger came, bearing summons from the Master. Mr. Coan seemed to have caught some vision of him; he called him "a beautiful messenger," and told us he had come to bid him away. He said he believed it was his time to go, and with solemn earnestness he repeated Paul's memorable words, "The time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course. I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

The bodily powers failed rapidly; but his soul triumphed, and testified of its faith and love in such exultant strains, it seemed as if he were improvising some "psalm of life," of which the frequent refrain was "Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!" Then, exhausted, he slept. When roused, by direction of the doctor, to take the medicine prescribed, he said: "O, why did you call me back? I was almost home, in my Father's house." Having somewhat revived, he said to his wife, "If I do not go to-day, it will be a disappointment to me; but if you say I must stay, and your prayers prevail, I am willing to remain. Let His will be done, *entirely*."

The faithful physicians, Drs. Wetmore and Kirtledge, and Mr. Coan's son, who lived near, to-

gether with her with whom he had "walked in loving fellowship," watched by him though all that day and night, believing that the end was very near.

Sabbath morning many friends came in to see him. One of these wrote: "His simple, sweet faith, his constant outbreaks of rapture, his testimony to the support of Jesus, in the dying hour, make it a sacred joy to be with him. At times his utterance is unintelligible, feeble and low, then it rises into strong and beautiful distinctness. There is only one tone to his soul—it is all joy and peace there. The natives who had heard of his condition were coming and going, the room being filled most of the time. They drew about his bedside, leaning over him in great sadness and solemnity. For all of them he had a blessed word of counsel or testimony; a favorite quotation from scripture, or a prayer."

As the church bells rang for service he asked what bells they were, and having been told he responded: "Yes, they will have their meeting to-day, but it will not be mine; I shall go to the assembly of the first-born."

But the "abundant entrance" was not to be at once. He whose life had ever been one of rare activity, was to be a beautiful ensample of saintly patience in serving while he waited. In the presence of the messenger he had exclaimed, "O, death, where is thy sting! O, grave, where is thy victory!" And when asked if he had any fears, he had answered, "When I look at myself, I see no reason why I should be in heaven; when I look at Jesus, I see such a Savior I have no fears, not one, not one."

Afterwards, as wearisome days and nights were appointed him, he bore witness often to the presence of the Comforter. "I know it is of the Lord," he would say, "and what he does is best. I bow

to his will entirely, entirely." When one grieved for him, that he must pass the days in the "distress of disability," the utter helplessness of paralyzed limbs, he said, smiling sweetly, "Let patience have her perfect work, *her perfect work*. That is my motto. I say it to myself every day and God helps me. We have everything to be thankful for; the Lord is very good to us."

A remarkable degree of memory and great clearness of mind were granted to the dear invalid through all those weeks of waiting. He retained an unfailing interest in the world's progress, and listened to all that could be read to him. He heard to the end the three closely printed sheets of the *Portland Press*, not wishing to have one paragraph omitted of that paper's report of the meeting of the American Board. As we read to him from Mrs. Thurston's "Book of Reminiscences," he delighted in recalling the experiences of missionary toil through which they both had passed. Chapters in Mr. Kimball's book on "Heaven" gave him great comfort, while letters from beloved friends were welcomed as often as they came. Yet he was not inclined to talk at any length, and would sometimes say that he was not thinking much, only found it "sweet to lie passive in His hands and know no will but His." Sometimes, in reply to inquiries how he felt, he would answer, "I feel pretty well, as if I ought to be up and at work;" and then would tell of his dreams, in which he had been calling over long lists of names, assigning to each one some task to be done. Once he said, "I can't rest with my Redeemer. The Redeemer doesn't rest; he works always."

There were many touching scenes through all those days. Aged men, who in their prime had been the companions of the beloved missionary in his tours, came long distances to speak once more with their

revered teacher. Leaving their shoes at an outer door, they stepped softly into the room where he lay, and, with tears coursing down their cheeks, pressed the hand that had so often been extended to them. Then kneeling by the bedside they would pour out their grief in tender prayer to God.

On the 1st of November, at Mr. Coan's request, the candidates for admission to the church assembled in the parlor of his home. Unable, himself, to take active part in the examination held, he listened to it as conducted by the venerable Father Lyman and the assistant Hawaiian minister. At its conclusion, as the eighteen candidates passed from the room, he gave his left hand to each and spoke a word of gracious benediction, his own face radiant with holy peace, while others wept.

About the eighth week of his sickness there began to be so much gain of strength and vitality in the prostrated frame that hopes of his recovery revived in the hearts of his friends. A comfortable *manele*, or reclining chair, was made for him, and in this, borne on the shoulders of strong men, he was carried about the village. Those who saw him on these occasions spoke of his beautiful, bright smiles, and of his courteous greetings as they met him. Ever thoughtful of others, he sometimes directed the bearers to rest by lowering the *manele* to the ground; and while they thus halted, natives from houses near by gathered about him. Their plaintive wails were touching, but in his placid eyes there was a wondrous look of heavenly love and calm. *Heaven was not far away.*

Not infrequently during the last month Mr. Coan was able to lead in prayer at the morning or evening devotions. And he prayed as if in the very presence of the Father. As a trustful child sure of forgiveness, he confessed his sins and quietly committed his soul to the faithful Keeper.

On the morning of Friday, 1st December, after a very restful night, we thought him better than he had been at any time before since his attack. At noon, in preparation for the daily airing, he was lifted from the bed and aided to his easy chair. As his head leaned upon the pillow fitted to it a pallor and look of pain passed over his face, and to the anxious inquiry, "What is it, darling?" he answered, "I am going." Yes, the hour to go had come. The heavenly visitant, whose first coming had been at dawn, September 16, had tarried for a while that precious seasons in the land of Beulah might, to the survivors, give glimpses of glory to be revealed. Now he was ready to take the beloved toiler to higher service. Tender counsels and blessed testimonies had long been uttered. What need of more? Three words of "Farewell," spoken calmly—slowly; the name of Jesus whispered with the latest breath, and then he stood before the King,

"Faultless in His glory's presence!
Faultless in that dazzling light."

The 3d December was a Sabbath of most exquisite loveliness. Something of the beauty of those heavenly fields "in living green," and of the brightness of the upper courts seemed reflected upon the earth. But in Hilo flags were for the third day at half-mast, and a slow-tolling bell called together a company of weeping mourners. The precious remains of the departed pastor were borne to the church, and once more his people looked upon the noble face so calmly beautiful in death.

Occupying the draped pulpit of their revered friend, the Reverends Mr. Lyman, Mr. Baker, and Mr. Oleson, with the Hawaiian pastors, Mr. Kalana and Mr. Pahio, took their assigned parts in reading the Scriptures, in prayers, and in addresses. The sweet hymns, "There is a land of pure delight,"

and "Nearer, my God, to Thee," were sung. Then a long procession followed the hearse, drawn by many kindly hands, to the place of burial. No more fitting or beautiful spot on all the earth could be a quiet resting place for the sainted dead. Into a flower-strewn grave the sacred dust was lowered, while tearful voices sang,

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep."

The venerable Father Lyman offered one more prayer, and then "all that love the deepest, the tenderest, all that respect and honor, the highest and truest could do, had been done; and in undoubting hope of a glorious resurrection we left him there."

XIV.

IN MEMORIAM.

“When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life joy overcast?
Hush! be every murmur dumb,
It is only ‘Till He come.’”

As Mr. Coan's Hilo friends desired another occasion when in some public way they might still witness to the esteem and affection in which his memory was cherished, they held a Memorial Service in Haili Church on the 25th of March, 1883. Portions of papers and letters read at that time, together with some of later dates, are gathered into this *thesaurus*, in the hope that to many who knew and loved the friend thus mourned and honored, these tributes may be valuable.

FROM WM. T. BRIGHAM.

Boston, Jan. 1, 1883.

TO REV. E. P. BAKER:

“The letter just received informing me of the death of my dear and honored friend, Titus Coan, causes mingled feelings of sadness and chastened joy. I look back to those very happy days when he was my Mentor in exploring Puna and Kilauea, and my kind host in the Emerald Bower; to the

later years when he was aiding science so effectually by his wise correspondence; to the visit he made me in my own home; to our last meeting two years ago in Hilo; and to the last letter I had from him so full of kindness and love. But is it not a joy to have known, and to be the friend of such a man? To those of us who are still groping and stumbling on in this dark world, what consolation his life offers! How well he, through all the years of a long and useful life, kept steadily on the narrow path with his face set toward Zion. Can we doubt that he has heard the blessed words, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord?'

"No narrow bounds confined his work, and while acting as a true bishop to his flock, and a wise citizen and friend, he yet found time to do more for science in watching and recording the wonderful fiery work of Kilauea and Mokuaweoweo, than all other men united. To day, wherever the phenomena of volcanoes and earthquakes are studied, the name of Titus Coan is familiar, and no work on the Hawaiian volcanoes would have much value that did not quote largely from his reports. Science will enroll his name among the illustrious dead of the departed year, and in the name of my fellow-scientists here I hasten to offer a tribute to his memory. Will you lay upon the new-made grave a wreath of *maile*, as I would do if present, as an offering from me, who loved, honored and never doubted Titus Coan? May its leaves be a token that here, so many thousand miles away, we will keep his memory green."

FROM REV. J. R. BOYD, D. D.

Albany, Jan. 2, 1883.

TO MRS. COAN.

. . . . "Only last night at family worship I offered supplication for his recovery and health, and a return to a life of active usefulness, when it seems he had been a month in the sanctuary above—a happy spirit before the throne. My tears mingle with yours at his departure. I have just been blessing God anew for my acquaintance with your dear husband, for his friendship, his love, his letters, his prayers, and for my personal intercourse with him under your own hospitable roof, which at times seemed almost the vestibule of heaven. Times innumerable I have recalled the happy weeks passed with him, and our seasons of converse upon divine truths. I bless God for prolonging his life until the publication of his 'Life in Hawaii,' and also for the continuity of his labors for Christ through so long a period."

FROM REV. N. G. CLARK, D. D.

*(Corresponding Secretary of A. B. C. F. M.)**Boston, Jan. 3, 1883.*

TO REV. E. P. BAKER.

"Your favor of Dec. 14 in regard to our honored and beloved missionary, Mr. Coan, has just come to hand. I have not time or strength to enter into any detailed account of his very valuable labors and most remarkable life. Others will do it. I cannot but congratulate you on the privilege of having

known such a man, and shared in his sympathies and large and generous Christian views. It is an education to know and be intimate with such a man, and his influence upon your own life and character will doubtless be reflected for years in your ministry."

FROM MRS. EDWARD E. WATERS.

Sandwich, Mass., Jan. 4, 1883.

"There are many incidents of my childhood connected with father which I can never forget, but the present sorrow is too great to think of much but the magnitude of our loss. That which stands out most clearly and brightly before me now, is his whole character, to which I would reverently and affectionately pay a few words of tribute. As a father he was firm, but his firmness was so tempered of gentleness born of love, as to 'cast out fear.' Not a day passed without some expression of his deep affection. It might be a bright smile, and a jest about his little bird, made to a little girl swinging in the top of a guava tree, or a snatched kiss as the same little girl flew past him in the romp of a game. In childhood, girlhood and womanhood to think of him was to say to one's self, 'Papa loves me.' And to the boundless love of his nature I think you, his townsmen, can bear witness. 'With malice toward none, with charity for all,' might fittingly be his epitaph, for it was the sin and not the sinner against which he battled. Of his sweetness, gentleness, patience, moral courage, enduring faith and buoyancy of heart it is not my province to

speak, more than to say these traits of character made a lasting impression on my child mind.

"I can remember no angry word, no impatience amid all the trials of life, nor even a complaint that life had its hardships, of which he endured many in his long career.

"So there is laid to rest a loving and loved parent, whose children rise up and call him blessed. 'He lived by Faith' he requests inscribed on his tomb. The words recall an incident of my very young childhood. He was endeavoring to make clear the meaning of perfect faith, and wished to illustrate it, as was his custom, by a practical application. I was to stand on the top of a high wardrobe and jump, without injury, he assured me, into his arms. It was some time before his affectionate coaxings and promises of safety could overcome to my mind the obstacle of that hard floor beneath onto which I might fall. But I finally jumped unhurt, and the lesson on faith went home with lasting force.

"He had faith, hope, charity; but the greatest of these was charity."

FROM REV. S. J. HUMPHREY, D. D.

(District Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M.)

Chicago, Jan. 5, 1883.

TO REV. E. P. BAKER.

. . . "I can think of no more beautifully ordered departure than Mr. Coan's. It seemed eminently fitting that he who had labored with such restless energy should show that, at his Lord's bidding, he could also suffer and wait. It will always

be a delightful memory with me that when this saint of God was visiting this country, I was permitted to come into personal fellowship with him, and to hear from his own lips of the wonderful success of his labors through the abounding grace of God. Nothing in my official life of nineteen years has given me greater pleasure or been productive of more good, I think, than the preparing of a narrative of the great revival as he was connected with it, drawn from his own lips and from his exceedingly interesting letters.

“It is a very delightful thought that a life which had witnessed such scenes of revival should have given its last labors in special efforts for lost souls, and that in the midst of the toils of a season of refreshing from the Most High the tense bow should have broken. There was a divine and delightful fitness that the spirit of the aged warrior should ascend to its reward from the battle-field where the gracious conflict was still raging, and where such amazing triumphs of infinite love had been achieved.

“I trust that your Memorial Service will be one of great spiritual profit, and that in rendering due respect to the friend and father departed, there will come fresh honor to the blessed King and Lord whom it was his highest ambition to serve.”

FROM REV. E. P. GOODWIN, D. D.

Chicago, Jan. 18, 1883.

TO MRS. COAN.

“All our hearts bear you up lovingly in this hour of sorrow. Yet we all know how the light must

shine upon your way from those opened gates through which the dear departed has entered into the better country. Such a going home as his—after a life all given to the Master's service, and a life that had seen the harvests garnered in a way hardly permitted to another missionary toiler—was like a hero's triumph. It seems to me as if John Bunyan's vision must have been more than realized, and all the sky been filled with horses and chariots of fire, and harpers on stringed instruments to welcome this honored servant as he went in at the gates of the city. As I listen, that mighty anthem of ineffable praise seems to breathe celestial music on the air, "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever." And amid the pauses of the harmony I seem to see your husband led up by a mighty angel to receive a crown thick set with stars, and with it the dear Lord's "Well done." Surely such a going home as that is all victory, and to be rejoiced in even through our tears."

FROM REV. E. K. ALDEN, D. D.

(Corresponding Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M.)

Boston, Jan. 30, 1883.

TO MISS BINGHAM.

"You and your sister and other friends have been much in our thoughts and prayers of late. We sat with you, a great many of us, during those weeks when you were watching for the departure of your and our Elijah. We were not near enough to see

the ascension or the chariots, possibly not even to catch the falling mantle, though we would gladly do it, but with you and a great multitude around the world who felt as though they had personally known him, we cried, "My father, my father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

It was once my high honor to have Mr. Coan in my own pulpit, and to hear then from his lips the story which has thrilled so many, of the great ingathering of his Pentecostal years of labor. I have been permitted during the past six years and more to speak of him in a great many pulpits all over the land; and since his departure have seemed almost to see him looking down serenely from his present exalted point of vision, and encouraging us who remain, with his animating words. He will abide in our missionary firmament like Sirius and Orion in the skies above us in the night season."

FROM REV. C. M. HYDE, D. D.

(President of the North Pacific Theological Institute.)

TO MRS. COAN:

"To our whole community the tidings of Mr. Coan's death came as unexpectedly as suddenly. And to the mission circle it was like the falling of Table Rock, that had stood so long and borne itself so sturdily in the midst of Time's Niagara-like flood of commotion and change. He had not only identified himself with his beloved Hilo, and the wondrous transformations of these forty bygone years, but here at Honolulu his annual visit to the general meeting, and active participation in the consultations

and decisions of the June anniversaries, was one of the marked features of the occasion. What will the mission work of the Sandwich Islands be without Titus Coan ?

“His name and his life are identified with God’s marvelous work of grace in these islands, the overthrow of pagan cruelty and superstition, the spread of Christian truth and love, the upbuilding of the institutions of piety and philanthropy. The earthen vessel is broken, but the fragrant perfume of divine grace will linger long in the loving memories with which his name will be associated and cherished. We are glad to know that in the closing days of life he had ample time for last loving thoughts and labors for those whom he knew he must soon leave, and that the final summons came not in conflict and agony, but in such gentle guise as brings to mind the old Jewish tradition of the death of Moses, whose breath Jehovah kissed away.

“Our family send to you their sympathy alike in the grief at parting with one so honored on earth, and the joy of anticipating for him the eternal blessedness of the rest of heaven.”

FROM REV. H. BINGHAM.

“I can never forget the great hospitality of Mr. Coan when I have visited Hilo. I cannot forget his cordial manner and pleasant smiles; his deep interest in the foreign work in Micronesia; his thorough work as a delegate of the Hawaiian Board, in the Marquesas in 1867; his zeal in collecting funds for missionary purposes; his promptness in meeting his

appointments; his regular attendance at the annual meetings of the Association in Honolulu, and his great liberality. Did my memory serve me well, I would like to go back forty-five years to the days when Brother Coan's words of love to the mission children thrilled our young hearts, and made us realize the love of Jesus, and the duty we were under of giving our hearts to him in our childhood. Will the fading past re-appear in vivid distinctness when we drink of the waters of Life above?"

FROM REV. S. C. DAMON, D. D.

"The grand business of Mr. Coan's life has been to preach the Gospel among Hawaiians, and right nobly has he performed his life-work. But he had broad sympathies, which led him to labor efficiently for his fellow-men of all races, so far as they were brought under his influence. For many years he has been a most efficient seamen's chaplain. Assisted by the Rev. Mr. Lyman, a chaplaincy was sustained at Hilo, by their voluntary, well-directed efforts, which for usefulness equaled almost any chaplaincy in any other part of the world.

"Upon this subject I can speak with great freedom and assurance, for during the past forty years I have been in the most intimate correspondence with Mr. Coan. I feel sure the spiritual interests of seamen attached to the whaling fleet and vessels of war could not have been more thoughtfully cared for if a chaplain had been sent out from America or England for this special field of labor; yet this extra service was discharged with the most hearty cheer

and thoughtful consideration. Many masters, officers and seamen must have good reason to bless God to all eternity that they touched at Hilo in their long voyages, and came under the happy influence of Mr. Coan and other resident missionaries at that port.

“He loved to preach the Gospel. He was no ordinary preacher, but was often truly eloquent, in both English and Hawaiian. As a platform speaker few were more ready and eloquent.

“Some men are distinguished in their public career, but fail when viewed in the home circle and by their neighbors. We believe it was the good fortune of our departed brother to appear at his very best at home and among his familiar friends. He was most considerate and thoughtful of those with whom he came in familiar intercourse. How often have we heard guests refer to the home of the Missionary, Coan, in Hilo, and have there ourselves experienced his kindness. I am happy to bear my testimony to the purity, refinement and ideal beauty and excellency of that home. It was one of “XII. HOMES,” so enthusiastically described by the Rev. Dr. Chaney in his volume entitled ‘Aloha.’

“While there are other traits to which I might make reference, as, for example, his love for science and nature, there is one characteristic to which I would not fail to allude. I refer to his love for children. They were in his thoughts continually, and his correspondence with many of them, outside of his family circle, was most interesting. He delighted to preach for their special benefit.

“In contemplating his life and character I am forcibly reminded of the old Roman saying, “*Mens sana in corpore sano.*” With these he was right royally endowed by the author of his being, and when we reflect that to these were added a good education, a naturally poetic temperament, and an emotional, spiritual nature, it is apparent that Rev. Titus Coan stands forth as a man of no ordinary abilities and endowments. He will be remembered as one of the noble men who have in modern times been leaders in the world’s evangelization. Such men may have been sustained by some local or national missionary society or organization, but they belong to the church universal, the catholic church. Carey, Williams, Livingston, Pattison and Moffat head the list of English Protestant missionaries, while Judson, Mills, Goodell, Bingham, Thurston and others lead off in the noble phalanx of those who have left America.

“Among those noble men our friend who has just passed away will have his allotted place.

“ ‘ Servant of Christ, well done,
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Savior’s joy.’ ”

FROM PROF. W. D. ALEXANDER.

“Our lamented friend, Mr. Coan, was one who looked through nature up to nature’s God.

“The sublime volcanic phenomena which he witnessed were to him but manifestations of the power and glory of the Creator, and with the inspired poet of old he would exclaim ‘He looketh upon the

earth and it trembleth; He toucheth the hills and they smoke; He uttered his voice and the earth melted. The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord.'

"Although he had not enjoyed any special scientific training, and made no pretensions to the character of a professional geologist, he was a good observer and of sound judgment; while for physical vigor and endurance he had few equals. As a mountain climber he would have been qualified for admission into the Alpine Club. In addition to these qualities he had a natural gift of language, and his descriptions are remarkably vivid and true to nature.

"At the visit of the United States Exploring Expedition in 1840, he made the acquaintance of several distinguished scientific gentlemen. Among these Prof. J. D. Dana, so distinguished as a Christian philosopher, continued to be his life-long friend and correspondent.

"Afterwards, in 1846, Prof. C. S. Lyman, now of the Sheffield Scientific School, was his guest for several months and formed a friendship interrupted only by death.

"During the year 1840 occurred the first great eruption from Kilauea which had taken place since 1823. It was thoroughly explored by Mr. Coan, who wrote a graphic description of it which was published in the *Missionary Herald* for July 1841.

"Since then there have been six great eruptions of Mauna Loa, besides many lesser eruptions, earthquakes and volcanic waves; all of which phenomena were duly observed and recorded by Mr. Coan.

His original reports are contained in the *Missionary Herald*, and the *American Journal of Science*, besides which he has given us graphic descriptions of these phenomena in his 'Autobiography.'

"To him Geology is indebted for a continuous record of the Hawaiian volcanoes for more than forty years. With indefatigable energy he traced almost every eruption to its source on the mountain side, and observed it in all its various phases. The near view which he had of the sublime lava fountain of 1852, was an experience unparalleled by anything on record.

"No history of the two volcanoes of Mauna Loa and Kilauea can be written which will not be largely based on Mr. Coan's writings. This fact will be evident to any one who will read Dana's 'Geology' or Brigham's 'Monograph on Hawaiian Volcanoes.' On several questions of geology he has furnished valuable data, such as the manner in which lava streams advance many miles over the surface of the earth without being fed by fissures or vents from below; the formation of lava tree moulds, etc. On one occasion he risked his life in attempting to measure the heat of the liquid lava in the South Lake of Kilauea with a pyrometer furnished by Prof. Dana.

"But these were only episodes in a most laborious and useful life. Our departed friend thought little of them in comparison with his main object, to bring immortal beings to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ, and to lead them gradually upward to higher stages in Christian civilization. It is this part of his work which will be lasting as eternity. Even if the

race which he loved and labored for should become extinct on earth, it will still be represented in heaven. The influence of his labors will continue to be felt in Hawaii *nei* for generations to come. Truly 'his works do follow him.' "

FROM HON. S. N. CASTLE.

"I had a pleasant acquaintance with Mr. Coan in the spring of 1828. We were both employed in adjoining stores in Western New York, and we boarded at the same house, sitting at the same table. After a few weeks we parted, and I did not again meet him till three years later as he passed through the place where I then lived on his way to Auburn, to prepare himself for his chosen life-work. But, in the meantime, I had heard from him as a most acceptable and successful worker and assistant in some of the great revivals which at that time so largely blessed Western New York. I knew of his Patagonian expedition and explorations in his Master's service, but my next meeting with him was here in Honolulu in the spring of 1837.

"You can imagine the deeper interest which I felt in renewing, under such changed circumstances and in a foreign land, the acquaintance begun nine years earlier in our far-off native country.

"Here I found him engaged in that loved life-work from which he never ceased till the message from the Master came, bidding him 'come up higher.' He was a successful laborer, and large numbers whom, through the Master's assistance, he had won from the darkness of heathenism to the way of life,

preceded him to the Heavenly City, and many more that mourn him now will follow hereafter.

“He possessed fine conversational powers, and spoke and wrote acceptably with equal facility on sacred and secular subjects, as those well know who have read the productions from his facile pen.

“His descriptions of his volcanic explorations, and of volcanic eruptions and earthquake experiences, led the *American Journal of Arts and Sciences* long ago to speak of him as ‘the prince of pen-painters,’ and it was deserved, as one cannot but feel when rising from the perusal of his graphic descriptions, whether they be of the sublimity of the ocean; of wanderings in the wilds of Patagonia; the grandeur of the volcanic fire-river, irresistibly carrying all before it; the voice of God, as he shakes terribly the earth; or his still small voice, speaking to the hearts of men. He fascinated men, as I have occasion to know, who have heard so many testify of him. He had unusually diversified powers, but he consecrated them all to Christ.”

FROM REV. S. E. BISHOP.

“I enclose a copy of the chief portions of a letter written by the beloved Father Coan, a year ago, in which peculiar circumstances led him to make what was to me a very wonderful revelation of his inner experience in preaching the word of salvation.

“It is to be observed that he asserts an intense and habitual consciousness during the earlier period of his ministry to the Hawaiians, of a Divine *power* resting upon him in speaking the word. To those

who witnessed his speech in those days, or who were familiar with the wonderful effects produced, such an assertion will not seem strange or improbable, unless they are disbelievers in the Savior's promise of such power of the Holy Ghost to his messengers.

"It is also to be observed, that he declares a mighty *out-reaching* of his heart in loving desire towards his hearers, also an all-conquering *assurance* possessing him at such times of the irresistible, penetrating power of the Word upon the souls of the hearers. To my mind these are most pregnantly significant expressions of that combined power of *faith* and *love* with which our departed friend was gifted by the Holy Spirit to wield the Divine Word, for the salvation of such a multitude of souls as gave evidence of true conversion to Christ through his preaching.

"It appears from his statement that the period of his enjoyment of this extraordinary prophetic or preaching endowment, in its highest degree, was about ten years. After this, while habitually preaching with a peculiar power, both of love and of confidence, he would seem to have more commonly exercised the pastoral gifts of teaching, ruling, training the Lord's household, rather than the evangelist's gift of awakening and converting men in great masses.

"Permit me now to state briefly my own early recollections of Mr. Coan, in the first years of his ministry in these islands. I was, from 1834 to 1839, one of a company of the older children of mission-

aries. During the general meetings, every year, we were wont to be assembled frequently, often daily, for children's meetings. Mr. Spalding had been our favorite children's speaker, but when Mr. Coan came he absolutely fascinated us. He was sweet and winning, in presence and tones; he was fertile and copious in such stories and illustrations as please the youthful mind; but underlying and pervading his whole speech and presence there was a personal magnetism of love that 'wrapped his heart' around us, and drew us, sweetly and irresistibly, to the love of God in Christ. I, later, came under the stringent intellectual and spiritual force of Finney, and felt the piercing power of the Spirit's sword, in his hands, but never have known a winning power of love in any preacher like that of the spiritual father of our childhood.

"God has vouchsafed many peculiar mercies to the people of the Hawaiian Islands, both temporal and spiritual, to which they owe their present high vantage ground of liberty and prosperity. It seems to me that we may estimate as among the most remarkable of these mercies God's gift to the Hawaiian people of a man of such extraordinary evangelistic power as Titus Coan."

The following are extracts from the letter referred to in the above:

Hilo, December 24, 1881.

"MY DEAR BRO. BISHOP:—It is only when the 'powers of the world to come' rest upon us that we have any power to win souls, or to draw sinners to a near view of the cross of Christ. It is then that the

Spirit makes intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered.

“I often felt this same power while preparing for the ministry, and numbers, both of adults and children, were drawn to the Savior in meetings, in schools, and in personal interviews.

“When I came to these Islands, and before I could use the Hawaiian language, I often felt as if I should burst with strong desires to speak the word to the natives around me. And when my mouth was opened to speak of the love of God in Christ, I felt that the very chords of my heart were wrapped around my hearers, and that some inward power was helping me to draw them in, as the fisherman feels when drawing in his net filled with fishes.

“In these days and years I never rose to address a native audience without feeling an assurance that a Divine power rested upon me, and that ‘Death and Hell’ could not withstand the Word of God, but that it was the ‘sword of the Spirit, quick and powerful;’ that it was the ‘fire and hammer,’ and the gleaming battle-axe of Jehovah, ordained to conquer Satan and sin; and that it is, in *deed* and in truth, ‘the power of salvation’ to all who believe, whether speaker or hearer.

“And the fruits of that faith were abundant and marvelous. The masses of our people were moved and swayed as the forest is swayed by a mighty wind. Converts were multiplied by thousands, and they came rushing into the open gates of Zion like clouds of doves. The kingdom of heaven suffered violence. And this continued, with more or less

power, for ten years; and up to the present day, for more than forty-six years, we have had only one communion season without some ingathering into the church.

“But those early days were ordained and prepared of the Lord. The plowman, the sower, the reaper, the binder of sheaves, the gatherers into the garner, moved forward in full view of one another, breaking up the fallow-ground, and shouting the ‘Harvest-home.’ But that state of things has passed. We are *gleaners now*.

“The natives are few. The world has rushed in. More than thirty different nationalities are commingling their Babel jargon. Conflicting elements are boiling in the little Hawaiian crucible, and earthly greed, misrule and license are antagonistic forces of great power. But still we ought to feel assured that ‘*the Lord reigns,*’ and that there is ‘a Refiner’ who can melt and purify in spite of sin and Satan.

“The generation of simple, believing and praying men and women in Hilo is gone, and another generation, that knows not Joseph, has come upon the stage, and my helpers are few and feeble, and I can not climb the hills, penetrate the jungles, fight the rivers, and buffet the storms, as in days of old. . .

“How my heart would rejoice and my tongue be glad, should ‘the Holy Ghost come upon us, and the power of the Highest overshadow us,’ and Hilo be once more visited with life from God before I go home to return no more.

“O! for an awakening that shall shake these Islands out of the sleep of death.”

FROM REV. S. LYONS.

“After Mr. Coan reached his location at Hilo in August 1835, our correspondence commenced and was continued sometimes weekly and sometimes less frequently until that fatal stroke of paralysis terminated it. O, how I wept when the tidings came that I must lose such a correspondent! In the time of the great revival his letters were frequent, and his soul was all on fire, kindled by the Holy Spirit. They were very cheering and very stimulating to me. How earnestly he preached and prayed and wrestled in prayer for the salvation of souls. How he moved vast assemblies by his fervent and overwhelming preaching and praying. There was work enough for two preachers and pastors in the large field of Hilo and Puna—yes, more than enough. Yet Brother Coan, being a strong young man and full of missionary fire, thought he could do the work of two pastors and preachers and thus allow Brother Lyman to devote himself more exclusively to school-teaching. Hence, arose the Hilo Boarding School which has greatly prospered.

“What a laborious pastor Brother Coan was, is well known. For years his tours were performed on foot. When the appointed time came he was punctual in fulfilling his appointments. Raging storms and swollen streams, and rushing, roaring cataracts did not detain him. Dear, courageous, fearless brother, thou art now reaping the rewards of

thy labors of love in that world where no raging storms or roaring cataracts impede thy circuit over the heavenly fields.

“Brother Coan’s correspondence was extensive, embracing the world. O! ye recipients of his cheering, comforting, soul-stirring letters, join with me in mourning over the loss of this prince of correspondents.

“Though he was the pastor of the largest church in the world, he was not proud of it. Though he received the degree of D. D., he wished to be addressed simply as Rev. T. Coan. Though a very holy man, in his letters to me he would express himself as a great sinner, and, if saved at all, it would be by grace.

“Farewell, dear and loving brother. For forty-seven years we were united heart and soul in laboring for the good of Hawaiians and others. Thou hast finished thy course first and obtained the crown of life that fadeth not away. United in this life, so may we be in the life to come. Amen.”

FROM PAAKAULA.

(Letter from a Native Parishioner.)

“Before giving expression to any testimony relating to him, I would express my great love for Mr. Coan, a true worker for Christ, a faithful laborer in the garden of the Lord throughout the districts of Hilo and Puna; and in his separation from us we all grieve in the loss of a laborer for the kingdom of Christ in Hawaii.

“He was strong, without discouragement, in the work of the Lord, with all meekness, content and

deep reverence. He treated with kindness the poor, the afflicted, the sick; and to all he was constant in the preaching of the kingdom of God. I can see that he did his work without the desire of man's approbation, but was strong in the work of the Lord even to the end. I am sure that we of Puna as well as of Hilo are under a great debt for Mr. Coan's instruction in Christian uprightness, as also as regards many other good works. And I believe that some of us who have gone before have found the life eternal in the heavens, and that they now are meeting Mr. Coan, rejoicing greatly. I desire that I may die the death of the righteous."

FROM ILI,

(Another Native Parishioner).

"He was an upright man before God and man, and his works were just. He was a faithful minister of the great God, and his thoughts were ever of him up to the time of his death. He was full of love and gentleness, and his hand was ever ready to clasp the hands of the men, women and children of Puna.

"During the first years of his pastorate, while the roads were exceedingly bad, with great patience he made his journeys through Puna on foot, instead of on horseback.

"He showed to the people of Puna his very great love for them in that he kept up his intercourse with them during all of his long residence in Hilo.

"Through his preaching of the word of God, doubtless those that believed in Jesus found life. I doubt not that because of his labors in turning souls

to Jesus, he himself has found life everlasting in heaven.

“These are a few of my thoughts of him, but there remain untold many of his good works. ‘Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.’ Mr. Coan is there.”

FROM DR. C. H. WETMORE.

“My personal acquaintance with the Rev. Titus Coan covered more than a third of a century. In America I had read with deep interest, as so many others have done, Brother Coan’s letters as they appeared from time to time in the *Missionary Herald*, and I was thereby prepared to respect, love and honor him. He had the pen of a ready writer, and well knew what *Herald* readers were anxious to hear about. My sainted father-in-law, Deacon Thomas Taylor, of Pittsfield, always read his letters and reports first; he sent by me a verbal, loving message, saying, ‘Tell him I wish there was a multitude of other missionaries like him.’

“Up to the time of my arrival at the Islands, Mr. Coan had labored assiduously both for the souls and bodies of his parishioners. As soon as my acquaintance with the Hawaiian language allowed me to take up the work of the physician he gave it into my hands cheerfully, that he might devote himself more efficiently ‘to the ministry of the word.’ I was often obliged to ask him to interpret for me, as new cases presented themselves, and new language was required. How patiently he rendered the needed aid, and how gladly he helped me in acquiring a knowledge of the new tongue, I need only to allude

to, as these were prominent features of his character to the very last hours of his life. About six weeks after our arrival at the station, he pressed me to accompany him *on foot* on his missionary tour through the district of Hilo, and in the following autumn on another like trip through Puna. I gladly accepted his invitations in order to see his work, and see him work, and so be learning important lessons myself, which were calculated to increase my qualifications for the labors before me. Traveling with him over what he used to speak of as 'tortuous, rough, precipitous, slippery, exhausting and dangerous footpaths,' and crossing those rivers, too, which he was wont to describe as 'rushing, roaring and raging,' I became exceedingly weary, while he, almost a score of years my senior, would appear fresh, and in point of activity, youthful. On these tours he labored all day and much of the night, among the churches and schools, striving to develop Christian character and usefulness, and endeavoring to promote the cause of education, and also to increase the interest of children and youth in both day schools and Sunday schools. I shall not soon forget his persistent efforts in encouraging me to speak and pray, even with a stammering tongue, as we journeyed on from village to village; when my vocabulary was too limited he would joyfully supplement the same.

"As neighbors—living as we did almost within 'a stone's throw' of each other—we were, of course, intimate; not even a fence was needed to keep us from quarreling. Seldom have families lived so near to each

other for so long a time, in such pleasant and happy relations. After that terrible earthquake at Hilo, late in the afternoon of April 2, 1868, which drove us from our houses, rocking them like a ship at sea, a few of us sat upon the grass in 'Emerald Bower,' to partake of our evening repast—fragments that had been snatched from our deranged tables and dilapidated houses. As I now think of it, it seems but as yesterday that I heard Father Coan's voice as he then asked a blessing upon us from that God whom he addressed as 'our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.' Calmly and trustfully, and with an effect very soothing to every troubled heart, did he utter these words of the Psalmist, 'therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.'

"He had 'a sound mind in a sound body;' it was this that helped to make him so cheerful, hopeful and active in his long and faithful career. He labored diligently in his Master's vineyard, aiming constantly at perfection. His work is finished, and already he has heard the commending words, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

TRIBUTE BY MRS. HIRAM BINGHAM.

"For more than twenty-five years it was permitted me to know this noble man, 'one of God's great men,' and under varied circumstances to note the excellence of his Christian character.

“His first home in the Sandwich Islands was at the old Mission House, then the Bingham home, and during the month spent there, while awaiting opportunity to go to his appointed station in Hilo, was commenced the life-long friendship, so prized in both families. In later years, when Mr. Bingham’s son had grown to manhood and had girded on the missionary armor, he came back to these islands on his way to Micronesia. No one gave him a more cordial welcome than did he who had been like a son in the old home. The benignant smile, the gracious courtesy of manner reminded *me*, who then saw him for the first time, of one whom I had greatly admired in America, Rev. Dr. S. H. Cox.

“The Missionary packet, *Morning Star*, was to make a voyage to the Marquesas Islands, before going to Micronesia, and we were invited with great cordiality to spend a part of the time of waiting for her return, with the Coans, at Hilo. During that visit, the first of many, we were favored in being allowed to join a party of visitors to the world-renowned Kilauea, under the escort and care of our friend and host. Words fail to tell of all his gentle attention to each one’s comfort, and his genial good humor that brightened every step of the often tedious way.

“There was no comfortable ‘hotel’ at the volcano in 1857. A grass house with but one room, furnished all the accommodations the traveler could then find. Here Mr. Coan kindly took supervision of our entertainment. In the memories of those days he who was the central figure, the main actor,

stands out prominently. 'The joy of the Lord' was his constant 'strength' and it beamed forth in every act and word.

"Courtesy, urbanity, consideration for others, abounding hospitality, faithfulness in every department of domestic and social life, are words that but feebly convey an idea of what he was. He loved to 'use hospitality without grudging' and to *do good* to all men.' And how many ways he found of doing good. Did our Hawaiian Board need help in its foreign or home work? Was the American Board wishing to enter newly opened doors? Or did any other organization of good for human kind appeal for aid? His generous heart was ready to respond according to his ability. Economical and frugal in the best and highest sense, he was equally benevolent and large hearted. He gave because he loved to give. And he encouraged others to give. Mothers under his instructions loved to teach even baby hands to drop their little pieces of money into the box where others were contributing.

"How kindly his greeting always was! Long will last the memory of the gentle 'How do you do, my little friend?' as he lovingly took the hand of some child whom he met upon the street, or in the home. Was it some lowly Hawaiian who wanted a few words with the pastor so revered and loved? The hearty 'Aloha,' the warm grasp of the hand were ever ready.

"Never a morning in all the year that a most cordial 'Good morning' did not await each member of the family as they met in the breakfast room.

Afterwards we gathered about the family altar and listened to his reading of the Word. How delightfully he remarked upon it. If there were children or domestics who might not readily comprehend what had been read, he would seek in a most winsome, natural way to make it plain to them. And when one of the sweet songs of Zion had been sung, he would lead us in prayer. Who that was ever with him at the Throne of Grace, can forget the hour? His simple earnestness, his fervor of adoring love, with warm thanksgiving, and such tender emotion when thoughts of him who 'loved us and washed us in his blood' came over him. The absent friends were never forgotten, much less the dear children of the household. His prayers for them are a most precious legacy. Not seldom he would add this petition. 'Bless our enemies if we have any.' There are few men who could more rightly and fearlessly than he, offer that petition of our Lord's prayer, 'Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.'

"Unless there were occasion, Mr. Coan, when at home, rarely failed to spend the morning in his study; how industriously, let the many sermon briefs, the essays for associations, the accurate church records, the annual reports and sermons, always ready in time, the glowing accounts of natural phenomena and the many letters to friends both across the ocean and at the Islands—let these tell. But those hours in the study were not uninterrupted ones. Often there might be heard a gentle voice saying, 'My dear, some one wants to see you,' and

there could never be detected the slightest shadow of impatience in the response, 'I'll come down soon,' though called again and again ere the mid-day hour."

"How easy it was for him to speak of the better life and to sow everywhere the blessed seed. How the fullness of his love to the Redeemer welled up and overflowed in affectionate expression. For him it was always 'Christ to live.'

"The Master's Word was more to him than meat and drink. He enjoyed works of science and philosophy; he maintained the liveliest interest in the topics of the day; was always abreast of the times, and often in advance of them; but he never failed to find in the Bible that which was nearest and dearest. His familiarity with it told how faithfully it had been studied.

Held in high esteem by others, how by those who dwelt in the sanctuary of the home? It was my blessed privilege to know well that rare woman who was his first chosen companion. I can never forget how I was always impressed with the sweetness and the mutual courtesy of their domestic life. 'Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praised her.' Never more than here was the home 'a little heaven begun below,' where mutual love 'divided burdens and doubled joys;' never was the spirit of the marriage relation, as set forth in Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, better illustrated than it has been in the Emerald Bower in all the years."

MEMORIAL POEM.

MRS. M. C. KITTREDGE.

Toll, softly toll, oh! swinging bell,
And from thine airy church-tower tell
In what strange mystery of rest—
Hands folded on a marble breast,
Closed eyes and frozen lips, whose calls
But lately thrilled these sacred walls—
He lies encoffined, 'gainst whose door
Love pleads in vain forever more.

Toll, softly toll; this Sabbath morn
Responsive waits, with radiant dawn;
On every vale and hill what calm!
What hush in whispering groves of palm!
Above, in azure depths of sky,
The white-robed choirs of clouds go by;
And on the shore soft wavelets creep,
Attuned the same sweet peace to keep.

Full fifty years have come and gone
Since he whose open grave we mourn
Stood in his manhood's glorious prime,
Attent unto the Voice divine—
Like Samuel of old, his cry,
"What wilt thou, Lord, lo! here am I!"
In quick response came answer then,
Go, preach my word to dying men.

Henceforth, in far-off, unknown lands,
'Neath tropic skies, on burning sands,
With ardor keen and quick desire,
Unquenched as Mauna Loa's fire,

That poured its volumes at his side,
He taught of Christ, the crucified.
The lowliest hut he shared—the cup
Of want and toil, he drank it up.

In life's great highway men give praise
To him who in the crowded ways,
By push and jostle in the race,
Secures at length the foremost place;
Who builds a monumental stone
To carve a gilded name upon;
Who on Ambition's dizzy height
Has climbed, through greed and wrong and might.

But God's true heroes—such was he—
Go forth to soundless victory;
In humblest ranks they take their stand,
And reach a helping human hand,
To lift from depths of sin and pain
The soul, to life and hope again;
Nor other earthly boon they crave
Than this—to succor and to save.

He walked with God; his love and grace
Shone ever deepening in his face;
A knight, without reproach or fear,
So spotless did his name appear;
A character self-poised and calm,
Like his own island's beauteous palm!
And like the tropic's sunset light,
His faith resplendent met the night.

At last the night!—ah! no, the morn!
God touched him—and for him the dawn!
“He walked with God, and he was not;”
Like Enoch's is the story wrought.
Toll, softly toll, oh! swinging bell,
And from thy airy church-tower tell
That he who helped a race from sin
'Mid welcoming hosts has entered in!

FROM REV. E. BOND.

Kohala, May 26, 1883.

TO MRS. COAN.

“Your reference to the visit of dear Brother Coan and yourself to Kohala *nei*, recalls the event, with all its pleasant memories, most distinctly.

“It was a year ago to-day—a most beautiful day; earth could not have shown one more perfect. I had been wishing to meet Mr. Coan once more, aware that at his full age he might be called away at any moment, and pass beyond the possibility of human fellowship. Yet such a meeting I had scarcely dared hope for. It was only when I learned that you both were designing to leave for the general meeting, in Hololulu, that I saw a gleam of hope. The long, hot day at Mahukona I thought it quite probable you would avoid by taking the cars hither. It was by no means, however, a certainty to my mind that you would do so, and hence there was a large element of doubt, mingled with a somewhat feeble hope, as I looked out upon the road, hour after hour, during the early part of the day. It was late when I stepped out into the yard for a final reconnoissance, when, as I was about to turn back in disappointment, the carriage was espied coming up the hill. The meeting and the greeting I need not recount in its details. You know it all, for of it you also were a part. And of the sweet Christian fellowship of that afternoon, and of the early morning, what shall I say? Memory retains it all, and will, most sacredly, to the end.

“The key-note of the delightful season was given in that expression of our dear Brother, ‘This is my last visit to Honolulu.’ Not that there was, so far as I know, any presentiment of the end so soon to come, yet it so fully accorded with my own convictions as I sat with him and noted his increasing age, that it infused a tenderness of spirit into our communings that would otherwise have been wanting. It was clear to me that it was *our* last earthly meeting. Yet, as from of old was his wont, there was no shadow to dim his habitual cheeriness cast over the scene. Nothing could have been more in accord with the spirit of joyous, Christian intercourse.

“The brief walk to the Girls’ Seminary, and to my son’s house, seemed to him a delight, and with the simplicity and heartiness of a child he seemed to appropriate every object that met his eye and every circumstance that attended the walk with full and hearty enjoyment.

“And when, on the next morning, we assisted him into the carriage, with yourself and Miss C., can you imagine how thankful I felt to the gracious Lord and Master that he had vouchsafed to us here, to myself especially, so sweet a foretaste of what is to come next, on *the other side*, when we shall, through grace, all gather in the Father’s house? And the final embrace, and driving off and disappearance down the road, how, as I now look back upon it, does it seem to me a fittingly tender and last adieu, as though he were leaving for his heavenly home, as indeed he was.

“And so, substantially, closed a period of fraternal Christian intercourse which had, at that time, run on through forty-one years. And now, in the retrospect, it affords me great and tender satisfaction that in all that long season of very frequent epistolary intercourse, not one shadow of unhappy disagreement ever came between us. He loved peace, was ever a peacemaker, and now lives in the full fruition of the blessedness promised to such.

“Good-by, dear Brother, till again we meet, face to face, in the blessed Master’s presence.”

FROM JOEL BEAN.

San Jose, Cal., 1883.

TO MRS. COAN.

“Our first meeting with dear Titus Coan was in his own home, in the spring of 1862. Long before, we had read of him and his fellow-laborers, in the journal of Daniel Wheeler; and the warm welcome extended by these dear Fathers of the Sandwich Islands Mission to members of our Society who visited the islands, as ambassadors for Christ, brought them into esteem in our section of the church, both in England and America.

“Not without some little trepidation did I approach the threshold of one whose praise in the Gospel was throughout all the churches. But when we met, the grasp of his hand, the benignity of his countenance, and the gentleness and sweetness of his spirit, dispelled it all, and my heart was at once drawn to him, as a Father in Christ.

“He and his dear wife, Fidelia Coan, welcomed us to their home and people; and during the weeks

of delightful Christian intercourse we were bound together in a confidence and sympathy and fellowship of spirit never to be broken, and destined to deepen as the years passed on. Our correspondence, from that time, continued until their death. What their letters have been to us, these twenty years, can only be estimated by those who shared the warmth and wealth of their affection, and the intellectual and spiritual impulse they were gifted so largely to impart through the pen. Titus Coan's contributions to the periodicals, especially those on the subject of Peace, were very acceptable to the Society of Friends; and his books on 'Patagonia,' and 'Life in Hawaii,' have found delighted readers among our people.

"When on the other side of the Atlantic, ten years ago, in England, Scotland and Ireland, my wife and I were called upon, over and over again, in large and interested gatherings, to tell the story of the Sandwich Islands Mission. So the name of Titus Coan was endeared and honored among Friends, to many of whom the tidings of his death were heard with sorrow, and his memory is precious.

"Dear and noble veteran of the Cross! In the Spirit of the Master, and by the grace of God, he did large and blessed service, and in no common degree he possessed and exhibited that catholicity of spirit, that breadth and depth of Christian love which brings into joyful realization the fact attested in the Gospel, that the children of God, of every nation and denomination, are 'all brethren,' and one Church and one Body in Christ Jesus, the Head,"

The following paper, by Rev. E. P. Baker, was read at the Monthly Concert in the Hilo Foreign Church:

“On this first Sabbath evening in July, 1883, the 45th anniversary of the day when Father Coan received 1705 persons to membership in Hilo Church, a larger number, probably, than had, up to that time, ever been received in any Protestant church in any one place and on any one day, since Pentecost, it seems fitting that we should speak of him whose personality occupied so large a place in the Christian past of Hawaii.

“Mr. Coan was, first of all, a man of practical efficiency in dealing with external circumstances and handling material things. He was *above* the world, indeed, but at the same time *in* the world, quite as much as the most pronounced secularist. He was no ascetic or visionary mystic; had he been a non-Christian and devoted himself, as a life occupation, to mining, merchandizing, railroading or law, he would probably have had the name of being, and deservedly, one of the shrewdest and, perhaps, most successful men of his time. As it was, he devoted himself to the upbuilding of Christ's cause, as his life occupation, bringing to this, his chosen task, substantially the same efficiency he would have brought to any secular calling he might have chosen.

“Witness those perilous months of abode he and his companion spent in Patagonia. Mr. Coan and Mr. Arms, alike, must have then and there had at command and in exercise address, tact, nerve and courage of the highest sort, otherwise the only pos-

sible escape they could have effected from that terrible peninsula would have been that of leaving their bones upon the soil beneath them, and themselves soaring upward, disembodied spirits, to the throne of God.

“Witness Father Coan’s foot tours around Hawaii, involving excessive weariness, and his persistent inspections of the great eruptions of Mauna Loa, involving more or less of danger. He simply could not have performed all these physical exploits had he not known, and that, too, in a pre-eminent degree, how to adapt himself to and take advantage of, and manipulate at will, the various material conditions with which, in any given case, he might find himself beset.

“Witness, also, that carefully devised and efficiently executed plan and method, by and according to which, for long years, he carried forward Christian work in his chosen field. Plan and method alone will not save this world, for which Jesus Christ has died; still, plan and method, with other subsidiary help, should be employed in doing the Lord’s work, and the Hilo church of thirty and forty years ago, with its outlying apanas, or branch churches, and corps of Lunas, or sub-pastors, is an illustration of how Father Coan was wise in his generation; as indeed all workers for Christ ought to be in theirs. The changed condition of things in this field during later years has rendered more or less inoperative and inefficient, indeed, that system of Christian instrumentation which thirty and forty years ago worked so well. Still, its remarkable adaptation to those

times shows that he who created it accurately perceived the needs of the situation, and went wisely forward to supply them.

“Father Coan, moreover, had a certain versatility of nature which enabled him to encounter any and every environment with which he might find himself beset, in the best possible temper, and as it seems to us, looking at what he did through the perspective of the past, in the best possible way. He flung himself with cheerful zest into things as they came to him, and for Christ's sake made the best of them. He had a buoyancy of nature which may not unfittingly be characterized as boyish; and octogenarian though he was, when I first knew him, there was yet about him a certain easy simplicity and juvenility of manner that was to me very attractive. Boy-like, he would ever and anon take up, toss about and extract sport out of the minor details of life, in a way which, I think, was very fascinating to all his friends.

“He was every inch a man—his manhood was specially virile—still there was attaching to his make-up and demeanor a certain quiet gentleness, passive receptivity and delicacy of intuition which properly belong to woman, and wherever found suggest the presence of woman. There is no womanhood that is not more truly womanly for having running through and emanating from it an element and flavor of masculinity. In just the same way there is no manhood that is not more truly manly for having running through and emanating from it an element and flavor of femininity. Thus endowed, as I have read

his make-up, was Father Coan, by that wonder-working power of God which accords to one person one style of character, and to another, another. And very richly endowed, as duly combined with other elements, passivity is even more efficiently active than bare activity can ever by any possibility be; and weakness even more truly powerful than bare power can ever be. In a real and true sense, therefore, even as the Psalmist did, could Father Coan say to the God who created him, 'Thy gentleness hath made me great.' "

"Speaking mightily oftentimes in his public addresses, and, Nathan-like, on occasion rebuking sin in private, was he not in his daily intercourse more often than otherwise as delicate and tender as a mother with her children? And did not strangers writing of Hilo have good reason for characterizing the hospitality they received at his house as more than Oriental, and feeling that there was a man to be long corresponded with and remembered?

"But though encircled with ivy and exteriorly variegated and adorned with many beautiful and brilliant flowers, his essential personality was a tower of granite of the solidest description: conjoined with great gentleness of disposition and irrepressible cheerfulness of demeanor was an interior rectitude of the very toughest adamant—he literally loved righteousness and hated iniquity—while his philosophy of existence was scarcely less than the sternest.

"As he looked at it, it was a solemn thing to live as well as a solemn thing to die. He held fast to the old theology, because it seemed to him to be

superior to any and all of the new theologies thus far brought forward to fill the place of the old. As compared with the new, the old theology, so it seemed to him, furnished a truer explanation of the deeper facts of existence, laid a firmer foundation on which to uprear the structure of Christ-like character, and afforded a loftier inspiration to right living. He did not insist upon it that the modified Calvinism of the New England theology was a final and perfect statement of the truth of God; still, looking over the world and up and down the ages, and noting that the highest style of character and conduct earth has ever seen has been developed under the philosophy of Calvinism as an enveloping atmosphere, and from out the bosom of Calvinistic institutions as a stimulating soil to support its growth, he did accept the Genevan system for substance of doctrine, provisionally indeed, but at the same time heartily, believing that a working Gospel could be better set forth by the terms of this system than by those of any other thus far embodied in human speech.

“But the child is father of the man, and back of and partially concealed by Father Coan, the strong man—who by his words and deeds, under God, changed the very contour of Christendom itself—was the weak child clinging to its Heavenly Father, and tightly clasping the hand of its elder Brother, as with tottering footsteps the little one pressed its way through the darkness and dangers of earth to the safety and glory of heaven; and at length he reached the glory to which, through some fifty years of serv-

ice on earth, he had been pressing on; and it came to him very suddenly at last. It broke in on him in almost a single flash on the 16th of September, 1882, and all in a moment the brightness, so long anticipated by faith, burst in upon his enraptured spirit in apparently its full splendor, at which, disregarding his body, fast dissolving into its original elements, he could only repeat over and over again, 'Glory in my soul.' The man—the earthly man—has forever passed away, and it is now only the little child that is left clinging to the bosom of its Father and God. The last seventy-six days of his earthly life are to me, by all odds, the most interesting seventy-six days of his career beneath the sun, in that his previously hidden little child life in Christ Jesus from that time forth blossomed out in all its magnificence of glory, so that those who beheld him saw almost nothing else. 'Ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.' The last few times I saw Father Coan in the flesh were to me seeing him with Christ in glory. Nor is it at all strange that during those last days on earth he was with Christ, for through the long stretch of fifty years preceding this final hour, Christ had been with him. The following are the exact words which in 1831 dropped from his pen: 'Lord, send me where thou wilt, only go with me; lay on me what thou wilt, only sustain me. Cut any cord but the one that binds me to thy cause, to thy heart.'

"And between these two shining dates, 1831, when he wrote these words, and 1882, when he

heard unspeakable words from the throne of God, I see the golden cord of faith and love running all the way, and binding him all the time. I see him for the last time while he is in the flesh, carried into yonder church that he may look once more into the pulpit, the dear old Haili pulpit, where for nearly half a century he has proclaimed Christ's gospel. The eyes of my body, I say, behold Titus Coan, the aged, just like John the aged, thus borne into the church, but the eyes of my soul behold then and there, only a little child, nestling in the bosom of its Heavenly Father.

“And though looking for the last time in the flesh upon the dear old spot where he used to tell of Christ's love, he was too near the home where God shall wipe away tears from every eye, to gaze otherwise than with steadfast, undimmed vision, we who look upon the grave that marks his last earthly resting-place are able to see it only imperfectly on account of weeping.

“Go stand on the hill where he lies;
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast,
And the evening sun as it leaves this world
Looks kindly on that spot last.”

A beautiful marble slab, the gift of his people, marks the grave. It bears the simple inscription, prepared by himself:

TITUS COAN.

FEBRUARY 1ST, 1801.

DECEMBER 1ST, 1882.

HE LIVED BY FAITH.

HE STILL LIVES.

BELIEVEST THOU THIS?

JOHN 11 26.





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 020 539 829 6