

curiously he lifted up the book and opened it. *It was a BIBLE*—that volume which, above and beyond all others, has been the instrument of arousing the dormant conscience and the spiritual nature of man by its narratives, its appeals, and its promises—of feeding the lofty hopes of immortality indigenous to our species, of speaking peace and giving rest to the wounded spirit, and of inspiring the heart and arming the will to works of mercy and self-denial for the redemption of man. The seed of Truth is sown in the soul of that erring one, and the wicked man has turned away from the wickedness he hath done. We leave him for a season, during which that seed, watered by the dews of Divine grace, will take root and spring up to eternal life.

#### VI. REDEMPTION.

Our story commenced at a period when Europe was heaving with the first of those revolutionary throes that shortly afterwards overturned so many of its thrones, and convulsed society to its centre. The interest and curiosity excited by the affair of the *Bounty*, and the total disappearance of ship and crew from the eyes of men, had subsided—forgotten indeed in the absorbing terrors of the time. The tragedy of the French Revolution was over—the glories of the empire were passed—Napoleon himself a prisoner in the little Isle of Elba. The curtain had fallen upon the fourth act of the great European drama—the fifth was about to begin, of which the grandest scene should be enacted on the field of Waterloo, and the most instructive closed with the rocky prison of St. Helena.

Turn we now to our rocky isle—selected as a voluntary prison by the mutineers of the *Bounty*, twenty-five years before. It was in the year 1814, towards the close of a serene evening in September, that two English men-of-war, cruising in the South Sea, found themselves in sight of an island whereof their charts gave no indication. When morning dawned, human dwellings were distinctly visible, so neat in their structure, and so finished and orderly in their appurtenances, as to suggest the habitations of civilized beings. Whilst the English commanders were conjecturing what this meant, a canoe was observed to put from shore, guided by two youthful men, one of whom, as they approached, was distinguished by his tall figure, dark hair, and expressive countenance. Much to the astonishment of the officers, they

hailed the ships in “the mother tongue” of old England. When these youths had come on board, and refreshments were offered them, the surprise was heightened by their reverently standing up, while, with folded hands, they implored of God, “the grace of thankfulness.”

The reading of the Bible had done it. Reflection had led to that genuine repentance which needs not to be repented of. Daily, for years, might John Adams have been seen, sitting beneath the runners that clustered round his cot, reading aloud the Book of Life. The dusky wife stands listening near, not unprofitably, while the once hard, worldly man is melted by the truth. Amidst the pauses of the narrative, they glance beyond the neat enclosure of the hut, unconsciously drinking in the beauty of the scene—the palm-crowned hillocks in the foreground, beyond the rich valleys and rugged peaks, the far-bounding sea and fantastic clouds terminating the horizon; or, at other times attracted by the clear ringing laughter of youthful voices, they look on with the eyes of love, watching the sports and gambols of the happy children. Every opportunity of doing good had been eagerly seized by the altered man, and soon the first school was established. One day, desiring to have a new piece of ground broken up, wherein to plant yams, he had offered to two youths, named Edward Quintal and Robert Young, a small phial of gunpowder by way of reward for doing it. The work was finished, and the youths, who no doubt had coveted Adams’ accomplishment of reading, so evident a source of gratification and power, now asked him, “Which would please him best—to give them the powder, or to teach them to read?” Delighted with their obvious desire, he offered instruction and powder both. The latter they refused, the former they gladly accepted. He further told them that any of their companions might come, and he would teach them also. To his great delight the whole of the children came to be taught to read, and manifested such a thirst for knowledge, that he had soon little else to do than attend to this charming university of truth-seekers—this little band of hope. And very gently and wisely did John Adams carry on his labor of love. The lips that had once given utterance to habitual blasphemy, now taught the young to lip the song of praise and prayer. On the Sabbath, a cheerful yet strict attention was

paid to public worship, he of course, acting as chaplain. In course of time a community gathered around him as their patriarchal centre, their temporal adviser and spiritual guide—in all numbering forty-six individuals. The English language was the one they spoke, but they brought no discredit on the old country. These young people grew up handsome in person, modest in manners, and industrious in their habits—Nature’s unpolluted children. Vice was now utterly unknown amongst them, whilst the simple arts which Adams had brought with him, being imparted to them, contributed to surround their homes with comforts and conveniences of various kinds. The darkness had indeed vanished, and the morning light of Christian hope and progress shone brightly upon them.

This, then, was the explanation of the conduct of Young and Quintal—the two visitors from Pitcairn—which had excited such surprise in the English captains. They took their boat’s crew and visited the island. Their wonder increased. All bore the aspect of love; the very air breathed peace. The spot seemed like some miniature Eden—an oasis in the Sahara of sin.

“The agility and strength of these natives were so great,” report the British officers, “that the stoutest and most expert English sailors were no match for them in wrestling and boxing. Young and Quintal, each carried at one time, a kedge anchor, two sledge hammers, and an armorer’s anvil—weighing together upwards of 600 pounds, and Quintal once carried a boat twenty-eight feet in length.” They are described as being finely formed, with open and benevolent countenances. The young women were especially attractive, being tall, strong, and beautifully modeled, their faces beaming with smiles and good humor, their teeth perfect in their regularity, and white as ivory. Captain Beechy adds: “They are certainly a finer and more athletic race than is usually found among the families of mankind.”

The explanation is in their cleanliness, activity, and dietetic habits. “Yams constitute their principal food, either boiled, baked, or mixed with coco-nut made into cakes, and eaten with molasses. Taro-root is no bad substitute for bread; and bananas, plantains, and appoi, are wholesome and nutritive fruits. The common beverage is water; but they make a tea from the tea-plant, flavored with ginger, and sweetened