

Memoirs of Thomas Hopoo

Written by himself, a short time before he left America.

I was born about the year 1795, in Owhyhee, one of the Sandwich Islands. After my mother had left me, she went and told one of my sisters to take my life away; because she thought it would be the best, that the last child should be immediately put to death, that she might be free from all troubles, and from the fear of their enemy. Whilst they were talking in the house, my aunt coming to the back side of the house, heard the voice of my mother, that she was going to slay the child. Then my aunt took a blanket with her, and came into the place where I was born; there she saw the child crying in the midst of the grass. So she took me up in her arms, and wrapped me in the blanket, and straight-way she went out from the place, into the place where she was brought up. It was about twenty miles distant from that place where my parents dwelt. Then she received me into her own brother's house. But when they saw their sister coming in at the gate of the house, that she had a child in her arms they were astonished. Then her sister-in-law came and took the child down from her arms, and laid it on a bed. Then they inquired where she got it from. She told them, this is one of our sister's last born children; for she was going to take this child's life away. Then her brother said unto his wife, this child shall be our son, for his name shall be called Nauhopoouah Hopoo, and we will be his feeders. So they nourished me with necessary food for my living.

Here I dwelt with my Uncle, till I was about four years old, when he took me back to my parents at Okahennah, where I was born. Then both of my parents were exceeding glad to see my face in the flesh; but I knew them not;

This manuscript is printed with the permission of Mr. Ellis E. O'Neal, Jr., librarian of the Andover Newton Theological School, where the original is deposited. The typed copy used here was made by the Rev. James Merseberg. Chaplain John F. Mulholland of The Kamehameha Schools comments: "The Reverend Joseph Harvey was pastor of the church at Goshen, Conn. Henry Obookiah (Opukahaia) lived at his home in the years 1814 to 1815, and either during that time or soon after, Opukahaia's friend, Thomas Hopoo, came to Goshen. At the end of the manuscript is the statement that the story was transmitted to the corresponding secretary by the Reverend Joseph Harvey on August 29, 1822. This was almost three years after Hopoo left with the first missionaries for Hawaii, and it would seem to me that a considerable amount of the last part of the manuscript may have been added by the Reverend Harvey to show what a wonderful, religious person Hopoo had become."

because I had thought that my Uncle and Aunt were both of my parents. Thus he left me with my own parents. Here I lived till I was about eight years of age. Then my father was broken up of all his possessions that he had. The people in that place came forth, and took away our property from us; so we became poor, and had nothing to support the family. Not many days after this, my father had occasion to be absent from his family. So immediately he set out on his journey, and took my oldest brother with him, to go to the north part of Owhyhee. There he dwelt at a place called Kalalikauhawah Bay. But while he was in that place, my mother died, when I was about nine years old.

Soon as my father heard that his wife was dead, he mourned for her many days after her death. Then he sent my brother on, to take me and my young sister to go and live with him, at Kalalikauhawah Bay.

There he taught me to worship his God, and to devote the days of my life to his service, and to offer the sacrifice to his god, without ceasing. But I asked my father, that he would please to tell me what was his god, and where he lived, and in what shape he appeared, that I might believe in him, and worship him, and give him such things as he liked best. Then my father was pleased to tell me that his god was a spirit, and that he was everywhere present. This led my mind to worship that spirit, whom he believed in from his childhood. But he could not tell me who made the heaven and the earth, and who caused the sun to rise in the morning, and the moon and the stars to rise in the evening, when I asked him; and many other people in Owhyhee could not tell me about these things. When I asked many questions to them, such as, who made their mouth, and their eyes, they said their father made them. So I thought my father made me too. But generally they have some idea of our first parents, that they had two sons; one of them went to get the sun, and break off his horns, by the power which his parents gave to him; because that his parents saw that the sun, at that time, rose only half an hour high, and then set again; so that they could not dry anything; but when his horns were broken off, the days then grew longer. This is what I heard from the people in Owhyhee, before I came to America. They have no idea about the Supreme Spirit, that is God, besides their own gods, which they worship from their childhood. They believe that the spirit comes into the wood; so they take an axe and cut the wood into many shapes, about five or six feet high, then set it up in the temple and when they have done this completely, then they call their high priest to offer hogs and fishes before the images. They have two sacrifices in the morning, one at noon, and two in the evening; and each of the sacrifices have prayers; so on, from one generation to another. But they have no idea of a future state, or about their immortal souls. They believe their spirits go into the earth; that is all they know about it.

Having written this first part of my life, and what I can recollect about the religion of my country, I now proceed on with my history.

Captain Brintnall of New Haven, Connecticut, in the year 1807, touched and tarried sometime in Owhyhee, one of the Sandwich Islands. Kummahamaah, the principal King of the Sandwich Islands, proposed that one of his sons, a youth about 12 years of age, should accompany Captain Brintnall to America,

to receive an education. Two of us, Obookiah and myself, were selected to be the attendants of the young prince: and both of us were immediately received on board the ship. I, as a cabin boy, and Obookiah as a sailor. Then Captain Brintnall made a voyage to the northwest coast of America, to take their seal skins, before he came to Owhyhee, and returned to the Sandwich Islands. In our absence to the northwest coast of America, the King had changed his mind, because he feared that some evil would befall the prince, and he would never return to his father again: So that he stayed in Oahhoo, one of the Sandwich Islands. Both of us, however, who were to have been the attendants of the young prince, having our expectations excited, and having a strong curiosity to see America, we both of us continued in the ship, expecting to return to our native island, by the first favorable opportunity, after gratifying our curiosity of seeing America. The ship then returned to America, by the way of China. On our passage to China, near to the Island of Chinnean, as I stood by the main chains, outside of the ship, drawing up a bucket of water to wash my dishes, I fell overboard. It was early in the morning, while my Captain was fast asleep in the cabin. But while I was in the water, longside of the ship, I called to one of my shipmates, who stood on the helm, "Mix, Mix". He heard me. Then he cried out, "Thomas is overboard." At this time, the wind blew very high, so that the waves roared, and the ship was going at about nine knots an hour. It was a considerable time before the necessary orders could be given, to put the ship about for my rescue. In the mean time, I lost sight of the ship, after which I was swimming in the water. In this situation, though I was an expert swimmer, I gave myself up for lost. Then I cried to my god, Akooah, for help, and made my vow to him, in the hour of trouble, that if he would save me out of the great and mighty waters, and I might reach the ship, I would devote to my god, Akooah, a fine jacket, which I had received from my Captain, as a present. And I also made several short prayers to the great Spirit, while I was swimming in the water, before that I could see the ship. I considered myself in the greatest danger of being swallowed up in the mighty ocean. I expected to die before the ship would reach me. While the waves of the sea were breaking over my head, every moment, I then thought that it must be a very hard thing for me to die, in the full strength of this mortal body. While I was thinking in this situation, I saw a bird come from God, as I thought, out of the clouds, down to me, on the water. I was very glad to behold him flying over my head, and I was greatly rejoiced to see such a messenger sent down to me from the great Spirit. I then talked to him in these words, "If you are a bird of God, please to go back to your master, and tell him that I have already given a jacket to your master and come quickly and save me, that I perish not in this deep water, where is no bottom." Then the ship again reached me, and I was taken on board: but I could not speak a word to any one of my shipmates, because I was almost dead when I got on board the ship. Immediately after I got on board, a great shark came alongside of the ship. I suppose the shark followed my track. O! What a wonderful mercy of God is this, that God who is infinite in kindness to so unworthy a creature as I am; and whose hand is not shortened, that it cannot save, neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear.

When the poor cry for help, in their troubles, he is always near to save them.

About three weeks after this, very early in the morning, we met the Chinese fleet, on the coast of China, about three thousand boats. They were all fishing, on the sea coast. At sunset, we came to anchor in one of the principal harbors of China. Here we stayed about six months. Then the ship returned to America, by the Cape of Good Hope, and arrived at New York, early in the fall of 1809. On our arrival to this country, I perceived many new things, that I never had seen before in all my life. It seemed sometimes that it would make one almost sick, to see so many kinds of curiosities, in the city of New York.

After we left this city, we came to New Haven by water. And immediately after we came to this place, Brother Obookiah was taken into the family of Captain Brintnall, and I into the family of Doctor O. Hotchkiss in the same neighborhood. A few weeks after our coming to this place, I was taught to know about the true God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent into the world to die for sinners, by Doctor Hotchkiss. He told me I must immediately believe, and love that God, who made the heavens and the earth and all the people in the world: then when I came to die, he would take me up into heaven, where he is: but if I did not believe and love him, he would send me to Hell, when I came to die. But I asked him, what sort of man is he, who made the heavens and the earth? He said, He is not man, but is the great God, the God of the Heavens and the earth. I then asked, what sort of place is Heaven? It is a most glorious and happy place, said he, for all good people go there when they die. What sort of place is Hell, and who is there? Hell is a dreadful place of fire, which is prepared for the devil and his angels; and all wicked people go to that place. How long shall bad people live in Hell? Always, without end. How long will good people live in Heaven, when they come to die? Always, without end.

After I had proposed these questions to him, Dr. Hotchkiss and many other people asked me the following questions. What are the gods which you, Hopoo, worshipped, in Owhyhee, before you came to this country? The gods which we worship, in Owhyhee are wood and stone, sun, and moon, and stars of heaven. Any heaven and hell in Owhyhee, Thomas? No, no heaven, no hell, in my country, where I came from. What place do you go to when you die, Thomas? Go into the earth. Do you believe that you have a soul to live in another world? No, I have no idea that I have any soul to live in heaven; for my father never did tell me that I had a soul. What is your father doing, in Owhyhee, Thomas? He works very hard, on a farm, every day, for his children. What does your father worship in Owhyhee, generally? My father generally worships wood, and he believes that the Spirit sometimes comes into the wood. So he takes an axe, and cuts the wood into shape; then sets it up by the altar, and when the time comes for the evening sacrifice, or morning, to be offered, then the spirit comes into the wood. And when this is done, they offer up the sacrifices unto God; then the priest goes away from the images. Can you tell us, Thomas, what idea you had about God, and what you believed in, before you came to America? I had a great many ideas about God, but it is a very hard thing for me to tell you all the ideas that I had then, or for me to think what they were. Well, Thomas can you tell us how you worshipped these

gods, in Owhyhee, and what you gave to your gods? First, we came and kneeled before the images, then prayed to our gods, and when we had done praying to them, we gave hogs to our gods, for them to eat, and fishes, and some cloths besides, for our god to wear. Did you ever see, Thomas, these gods eat anything, or wear any clothes, that you gave to them? No, I never did see them eat anything; but I have seen images wear the clothes on their bodies. What do you give these things to them for, if they eat not? Because they must eat, and they must have all these things, or else they would be poor, or be angry with us, all the days of our lives; for it is generally the case with us, if we do not eat, we shall die; and if no man give us anything for our living, we shall feel bad and be angry.

After I had lived for several years in New Haven, with my best friend, Doctor Hotchkiss, my wicked disposition seemed inclined rather to rove to sea, than to stay on land. I had rejected very many of the best invitations of my friend Hotchkiss, to stay with him, and be taught to know more and more about the Saviour of this sinful world. I had however learned to write, and to spell some easy words, in the spelling book, before I chose the life of a sailor. So I went to sea, about twelve voyages, out of New Haven, in several vessels: And during the late war, more frequently to the West India Islands. This ship, in which I sailed, was taken four times by the English, and carried into one of the West India Islands, called St. Kitts. Here I stayed several months, in prison: but they used me as well as their own people, while I was with them. I did not however like to see them abuse the slaves so cruelly: and sometimes they starved them, and would not give them any bread to eat, though they worked ever so hard; and but little other provision. I had often seen the white people, on these Islands, put chains on their slaves' necks, and on their legs, as long as they lived.

While I was on these Islands, I had a great desire to return to America, because I did not like to see all these things. At length I got on board one of the American ships, and came home with her, in the winter season, to New Haven, Connecticut. After I had lived through the winter season, in New Haven, I went out to sea again, in a small vessel, about thirty tons. She belonged to the West Indies. In this last voyage, I was shipwrecked, and very narrowly escaped from a watery grave. It was about 400 miles distant from the West India Isles, our little vessel was turned upside down, by the strong North east wind. It was very early in the morning, when she was upset. We had to swim to save our lives from the morning until almost sun down that day in the water. But while we were swimming in the water, I found that my shipmates were almost sinking down with their clothes on. I thought, then, that I would try with all my power to help them to take off their clothes, and that they might be saved from sinking down to the bottom. If I had let them alone with their clothes on, all would have perished in the water, while the waves of the sea were breaking over their heads every moment. Every time the waves broke over them, they made a dreadful noise in the water: but I told them, you must now look to God for help, while danger is near, rather than cry out. At all times, in your troubles, if you know the Bible is the word of Christ, you ought

to pray to the God of Heaven, more than the heathen; but if you do not, you will never see America again. After I had done talking to them, in these words, I left them a boat to lean on, until I got back with a rope from the wreck to make our boat fast to one of the masts. I had to work very hard to get the rope, and to get the water out of the boat before we got in; and when I got all the water out of it, they were very glad to see how I did it. It was about sunset, when we got in the boat. So we had to lay-to all that night, until the morning. Then the wind ceased. At sunrise, I took the Captain's frock from his back, and made it for a sail; but he felt unwilling to let it go for that purpose. I told him that it was necessary for him, that he should go naked as well as I. But after all, providence overruled it for good; so that they put me in captain of the boat. But I had no compass to go by; although I had thought I would steer the boat by the wind and the sun by day, and sometimes steered by the stars by night, without any compass to go by. Yet God was with me by day, and by night, while I was praying at all times to him. Doubtless God did put all these things in my mind, that I should use these means, in saving the lives of my poor shipmates, as well as my own life from the watery grave. Moreover the Lord did show me the way where I should go with the boat, and by these means he brought our little bark unto dry land, where no water is. It was about six days and six nights before we touched the West India Islands. We were almost dead with hunger and thirst, for we had not eat anything, nor drank any water for about six days. Our teeth were entirely loosed when we got to land. But when we got upon shore, at sunset, we found that there were no beings upon that part of the Island, except the wild birds, nor any water to quench our thirst. So we had to tarry on this part through the night on a sand bed. Soon as day broke, we went on the other side of the Island. There we found three Negroes fishing on the east part of the island early in the morning. We inquired of them, whether they had any water to give us. Yes, (said they) my body (a familiar mode of address used in that place), we have some water, but we have no bread, body, to give you: we have only a few fishes that you may have. These Negroes were very kind to us, and did all that they had in their power to do us good. Doubtless the Most High put these things into the hearts of these poor Negroes, although we were poor and naked creatures, before we got on this Island; not only this, but also they gave us some of their clothes. After this these Negroes took us in their boat, and we left our own boat in this place. So we went up with them into the town to the Governor's house. There we stayed several days, until our sickness was over. Then we went over with their people.

Then I met my old captain that I used to go with to sea: for he was taken by a British Privateer, and brought in, and his vessel, to this island. He wished me to stay on board the ship with him, until he returned to America. So I stayed with him about two months: then he went to America. On our passage toward home, we met an English 74 on the American coast, near to Newport lighthouse. Then our vessel was taken again and carried into the Island of Bermuda. But I and some of my shipmates were taken on board this 74, for prisoners. They took away all our money from us, and all the goods

which we had brought from the West Indias, except whatever we had on our backs. We stayed on board of her several days, until we were exchanged. Soon as we got cleared from her, we went ashore in Nantucket. After we got upon this Island we bade each other farewell, in the sailor's language, "Goodby my soul." Then they went on their way toward Boston. But I and two of my shipmates came on to New Haven. After my return from this last voyage, I hired myself out into Mr. Grangor's family, as a servant and coachman, and went with him into the state of New York, to Whitestown. There I lived with him about nine months. But while I was with him, in this place, I dreamed one night, that God, in whom I live, and move, and have my being, was going to destroy the earth by a flood. I saw, in my dream, that the windows of heaven were opened, and the waterspouts were descending from heaven upon the earth. Then I heard the voice of the people saying, "Now this world is coming to an end." At the same time, I thought that I would escape to the mountains: but I found no place to escape to, or to hide my face from the eyes of the Almighty God. So I awake from my sleep, at the middle of the night, with fear and great distress of mind. I felt that I was a very wicked sinner, in the sight of God. But before this time, I thought that I was good enough to go to heaven, as well as those who called themselves real Christians. I often thought, that I was as good a Christian as any other people in the world: but when I came to hear more about God's word, saying, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God", the more I thought about these words, and my dream, the more did they go down deeper and deeper, until they got hold of my wicked heart. This was the first means, in leading me to embrace that Savior, who hath died for sinners, and awakened my sleeping mind, and my thoughts wandering from the living God, to realize the awful scenes of another world. Before this, I was very thoughtless of my poor soul, and very ignorant in the sight of the Supreme Lord of the universe. If the Lord had not had pity on my soul, or led my mind to fear him, from this time, I should have gone back to Owhyhee with my unbelieving heart, and with the spirit of the evil one, and become a worshipper of those wooden gods, which can never save the souls of any of the human race. Often did the spirit of Satan tell me, that I must not believe what the ministers said to me, or embrace their doctrines or religion; for if I should believe the Christian religion, when I came to go back to Owhyhee, said Satan, Kummahamaah will cut my head off. No doubt that the spirit of the fallen angels tempted me, in order to believe their wicked ways, and follow them down into endless woe; where the voice of mercy will never be heard, which says, "Today if ye will hear my voice, harden not your hearts." After I had done living with this family, and several others, I came to Albany in September, 1815; and from this place I went to New York. There I found one of my friends with whom I had been acquainted on board a ship. I inquired of him whether he had seen anything of Captain Brintnall, and whether he was going to Owhyhee this Fall? He told me that Captain Brintnall was getting ready to go to the South Sea Islands before he (my informant) left New Haven. So I went directly to New Haven for the purpose of returning to my native country with Captain Brintnall, who was

then preparing for a voyage to the Pacific Ocean. But my Christian friends at New Haven again proposed that I should stay and obtain an education; and offered their assistance for that purpose. So I gave up going to Owhyhee with Captain Brintnall in compliance with their request, and immediately went into the country to join with Henry Obookiah, who was then studying at Goshen. Yet I had manifested no serious concern for my poor soul's interest. But the people of God were deeply anxious for my salvation. So I went to my place of residence accompanied with many prayers for the blessing of God upon my immortal soul. After I got into Goshen, I took knowledge of Henry, that he had been with Jesus. The next day after my arrival, I and William Tennooe went to Tarringford, to make a short visit to the Reverend Mr. Mills' family, and stayed overnight. But while I was with them, Mr. Mills began to tell me about Obookiah and his letter which he had written to Mr. Mills for Andover. At the close of evening prayer, these things which Mr. Mills had mentioned to me took deep hold upon my mind. So I went to bed that night, but my sleep was taken away from me, that I could not sleep until the morning. The instruction which I received from Mr. Mills cut me to the heart. That very evening, after I went to bed my conscience was really awake. Heaven and hell were before my eyes: I saw but a step between me and everlasting burnings. I felt, that evening, that I was a great law breaker, in the sight of God, and a great sinner as ever lived on earth. Next day, we left Tarringford, and came to Goshen. But I never told Mr. Mills about these things which I had experienced, the last evening; but kept all these things in my mind. While I was walking on the Hill, the Spirit of God appeared to me in a whirlwind and said to me, "Repent, and leave your sins behind; look not behind you, but look forward; see, there is a road which leads to Heaven; and see, there is a road that leads into eternal fire." But William was not with me when these things took place; for I left him about two miles behind me. I was afraid after these things; so I wept bitterly while I was walking on, for mercy, about three miles. The Lord's prayer was in my mouth all this time, yet I could not pray to God as I ought, because I found no heart to pray. I stood on a bridge about half a mile from Mr. Harvey's looking up to heaven for mercy, and saying, "Lord Jesus, have mercy on my poor soul; save me, O Lord, according to thy word and make to repent; for my sins are great in thy sight, through Jesus Christ our Redeemer, Amen."

After this, I received some little light of God in my mind, for a short time. Then again gloom filled my mind, and I felt that I did not know what I should do in order to find out the way that would lead my soul to Heaven; because my mind was very dark, after the sight of God left me. Then I left this place, and went home to Mr. Harvey's. There I found Henry Obookiah, in his chamber reading the Bible. I said to him, "Obookiah, what shall I do to be saved in the life to come; for my mind is full of darkness, and I feel guilty on account of God's law which I have broken, from day to day; and do you tell me that I may go to Jesus and lay my soul at his footstool; that I may go with you to Heaven where God is." Then Obookiah kneeled down at the side of his bed and prayed to God for me; and after he rose from his prayer he said

to me, "Thomas, God be merciful to your soul this day; go to God, repent of your sins, that you may be made a happy subject of his grace and pray to him for a new heart. You cannot see God in peace." I said to him, "How can I pray to God? for I have no heart to pray to him; my prayer is nothing but sin." But said Henry, "Ask right and it shall be given you and knock and it shall be opened unto you." Here I asked of God, but I found no forgiveness; and knocked, but I found no door open to me; nothing but gloom and fear filled my mind—no peace of mind—no rest of soul, while I was under this ever pungent distress, on account of my sins; because I had lived so long in a land of gospel light with-ought embracing the Saviour. The things which I heard of God's eternity and judgment pressed me down.

On Sabbath day, I went to meeting to hear Mr. Prentice preach; but I could not understand his language in the sermon, so well as I did in his prayer to God for impenitent sinners. His prayer to God was indeed sweet to my soul, and the best prayer I ever heard in my life. His prayer, I thought, did me more good than my own prayer to God. No doubt that Mr. Prentice's prayer was indeed heard in heaven; because I felt a great deal on that day, while I was in meeting; and perhaps this was the very means to bring me to see my sinfulness in the sight of God and to open my stony heart to receive the love of God, which then appeared to be brought into this cold heart of mine.

In October, 1815, we left Goshen, on Monday, and went to Canaan, to go to school to Mr. Prentice. On the day we left Goshen, the fears of hell were more increased in my mind than ever before; so that I could not sleep many nights until Christ spoke peace to my wounded soul. On the evening after we got into Canaan, Mr. Prentice had a prayer meeting appointed at his house. But my awful distress, which I had before I came to this place was increased more and more; so that I could no longer conceal it. While Mr. Prentice was praying for the blessing of God upon my poor soul, I felt that I could not so much as lift my head before the people, on account of my shame in the sight of the eternal God. These sins of my infancy, and childhood, and youth, were all set in order before my eyes, so that I could indeed see them, as plain as noon day, while I was in this awful situation. My sins that night appeared like a cloud rising up between me and a holy God, after I went to bed. So I wept three times, that night for mercy, while the wrath of the Almighty was still increasing upon me. Next morning, I went to Mr. Prentice in the school room and mentioned to him the state of my mind and asked him, "What shall I do in order to be saved from my sins? for I am condemned already, in the sight of my Creator. Can you tell me some good things from the Bible in order to direct me to Jesus?" "Yes" said he, "You must go to Christ just as you are, a poor and blind and naked sinner and cast yourself at his feet; then he will have mercy upon you." So I requested him to pray with me before he left the room; and we kneeled down together and he prayed to God for me. After we rose from prayer I felt a desire that I might find a low place in the dust in order to humble myself before the throne of mercy. I did try all I could to seek the Saviour and to find out the way of salvation by him while I was in this great distress of mind; but my sins stood before me so that I could not see the way

until a great while after this. Then I found that I went in my own strength to seek the salvation of my soul. Oft-time I used to go in the field on my knees in prayer to God for my soul in these words, "Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye and save a wretch condemned to die." At the end of eleven days, I felt that I was entirely vile, in the sight of God and was afraid to die in my sins. I thought at that very moment, I felt that God would do right with me according to his divine justice, if I should die and perish my sins; even if he should cast off my soul into outer darkness and blackness forever. At a moment after I had felt this, that I was undone in my sins, I went up into my chamber and prayed to God to pardon my innumerable sins, which I had kept in my heart so long. And after I arose from prayer, I began to hate some of my sins and my rocky heart began to break a little, at this time. After this, I began to pray to God more fervently than I ever did before, after having been so long time in distress of mind; and the more I prayed to God on the bending knees of my soul in the valley of humiliation the more I hated my wicked heart and my iniquity which I always possessed in the long sinning period of my life. Next day I went out into the field to pray to God and took Obookiah's little Testament with me. Then I prayed to God between two rocks on my back; and I opened first the gospel of Matthew, but I could not read in that Book; So I opened John's gospel, the first chapter. There I found some easy words to read in the beginning of the chapter. But I had first to spell the words through the chapter before I could read it, then I went back to read. "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God." Again, fourth verse, "In him was life, and the life was the light of men." Also, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world." After I had done reading these passages, several times over then I closed the Book and laid it on my side and looking up to Jesus in prayer I said, "Thou, Lord, art able to take away my sins from me. Teach me, O Lord, to know thy word this day that I may behold the Lamb of God by faith; for in thee is life everlasting." After I had done praying to God these words, I received immediately some pure light from God into my soul. Then I took up the Book again into my hand and opened it and behold the influence of the Holy Spirit, the light of divine wisdom, grace and mercy, yea the glory of God, filled the whole Book. Surely the Lord was in this place, particularly in his word. He spoke to me, a miserable sinner, by a small voice, "Turn, thou sinner, unto me and live." The Lord was indeed good to my wounded soul that day. It seemed that everything was praising the Lord for his goodness; even the desert and solitary places appeared to rejoice in the Lord. But my sinful heart I believe was not really changed, until the evening. So I returned from this place and went home to eat a mouthful of bread; although I did not wish to eat; but they said I must eat or I should make myself sick; but I thought I would try and live without temporal food through the day, until I should find the things which I hoped for and the things which I really wished for; then I would eat. At sunset we went to a meeting about a mile distant from Mr. Prentice's house and there we found a house well crowded by people from different quarters. It was a very full meeting indeed that night, and the people were very attentive

to the preacher; and the Spirit of the ever blessed God was in the midst of them. Many sinners were pricked to the heart—some rejoicing and praising the Lord—some crying out to the preacher “O man of God, what shall we do?”—and some weeping with their heads down very low. It seemed the most solemn and interesting time that I ever had seen before and a very great shaking among the dry bones at that time of general awakening among the people in Canaan and especially in Salisbury. No doubt this was a work of the Holy Spirit in answer to the prayers of God’s people for the salvation of the poor and undone sinners. At the close of our meeting it appeared that many sinners received the Lord Jesus in their hearts that night and said among themselves, “O what a good thing it is to love the Lord with all our heart and to have our eyes open to behold his glory in the eternal world of bliss.” I listened to all these things which were said by them that time and especially by those whose hearts were made willing to receive the Lord Jesus; and perhaps this was the language of those whose hearts were really changed by the power of the Holy Spirit; for many of them took the Lord Jesus home with them in their hearts that time and his praise in their mouths. It seemed to me at that time that an army of new born saints was wreathing in prayer to their God, like Jacob and prevailing like Israel.

After the meeting I left the people in the house where the meeting was and went home to Mr. Prentice’s. While I was walking towards home thinking over what I had heard which they had sung at the close of the meeting in those words, “Come gracious Spirit, heavenly dove, with light and comfort from above”, behold the Lord Jesus met me by the way like a burning and shining light around me; my heart was filled with love, peace, joy, and gratitude to my God. My bosom was almost running over, and the burden of my sins was directly gone from me; my blind eyes were really made to behold his glorious character and my hard heart was softened and made to feel my need of a Saviour; and also my thoughts and mind and repentance were directed toward God and my faith towards the Lord Jesus Christ. Old things were passed away and behold all things were become new to me. The trees of the wood were all praising the Lord Jesus; my heart was burning in me with love to God for his great mercy and goodness; and I found myself in a new world.

When I got home Mr. Prentice asked me, “Thomas did you have a good meeting this evening?” “Yes,” said I, “I have had a very good and the most precious one that I ever had before.” “Oh Thomas, you must not tell a lie, but tell the truth, whether you are really made to feel your need of the Saviour, and whether you are really born again by the Spirit of God.” “I would by no means tell a lie; I hope that I do really feel my need of the Saviour and I hope that heaven is already begun in my heart now this evening. The Saviour appeared to me a little time ago like a burning light shining around me; my heart was filled with love, peace, joy, and gratitude to my God.” “Well, Thomas, do you really hate your sins now?” “Certainly I hope I do hate them now.” “Thomas, do you love God?” “I hope I do love him; I want to love him very much and serve him all my days in this world.” But Mr. Prentice did hardly believe that I had found the Saviour that evening. Next morning Mr. and

Mrs. Prentice asked me again; "Well, Thomas, how do you do this morning?" I answered, "Very good morning, Sir." "Do you feel the same this morning as you did last evening?" "Yes, sir, I do feel very much the same as I did last night." Said Mrs. Prentice, "Do you hate your wicked heart really?" "Yes, Madam, I hope I entirely hate my wicked heart and I do not wish to have such a bad heart again; but I want to have a heart to love God that I may praise him in this world for his goodness and for his mercy and above all praise him for the gift of his dear Son to die for a lost world." "Well, do you really love to pray to God?" "Yes, Madam, I hope I do love to pray, especially on my knees in sweet prayer to God, and in reading his word which appears very precious to my soul." "What do you mean to do when you go back to Owhyhee?" "I mean to tell them about a Saviour and about what the Lord hath done for my soul; for he hath done a great deal for me when I was blind in my sins. I was really lost, but now I am found in the arms of his undying love. And now I ought to do something for him while I am here in this dying world." A friend of mine came to me and asked, "Thomas, how did the Saviour appear to you?" "Oh! He appeared very precious to my immortal soul." "What do you find in him when you go on your knees in prayer to God?" "I find nothing but love, peace of mind, rest to my soul, joy and gratitude to him." "Well, did you ever use profane language when you were on board the vessel?" "Yes, I did use profane language when I was on board the ships many times; because I heard others do so; but now I hate it and I hope I shall never again use such language as long as I live on earth. On this account more do I feel condemned in the sight of that Holy God in whose sight the wicked shall not stand; and in whose presence the angels bow and devils tremble. Oh! How bad it is to take the name of the Lord in vain in my sinful and polluted lips; but I humbly hope and pray that my sins may be forgiven." "Well, friend Thomas, let me ask you one more question and then I will not ask out again; Are you afraid to go home and tell about the dear Saviour to your bewildered countrymen? And what is your chief object?" "No, I am not afraid to go back to Owhyhee and tell them about the Saviour; for Christ has commanded that all his true followers should go into all the world and preach his Gospel to old and young, bond and free, and to every rational creature upon earth. Fear not, said Christ, them that kill the body are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear God who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell. Thus my chief object for time and eternity is to glorify Christ Jesus and to behold his glory in the eternal world of light and be forever celebrating his praise with the innumerable host of angels and of the spirits of just men made perfect."

At the end of the year 1816, we left Mr. Prentice's and went on with several others of our countrymen to Litchfield Farms, to school with the Reverend Mr. Pettingill. There we remained about seven months, until the spring of 1817, when we left Litchfield Farms and came to Cornwall in April. Here we lived about eight months; when our beloved Obookiah was taken sick with a typhus fever, on the first of January and lived to the 17th of February, 1818; and died in triumph of his most lively faith in his dear Redeemer. His happy spirit indeed was released and his joyful foretaste of heaven was realized when he

reached his Father's habitation. But although Obookiah is gone to his heavenly Father's house and though his body is dead yet he now speaketh to us and to the world. Yea, we hope that his bright example may yet live, until the time when Owhyhee will be filled with the knowledge and glory of the living and true God. Perhaps some of us, who have long experienced his benevolence and who have witnessed his triumphant death, may live to see the Salvation of his dear countrymen whose salvation he so much desired to see when he was on earth. Will you then ye missionaries of the Cross go to the Island in which Obookiah was born with his dear companions and proclaim his religion to our perishing countrymen there; and tell them about the Saviour whom Obookiah loved and the God whom he adored? Yes, go, ye dear heralds of glad tidings to the Sandwich Islands and he will be with you as your kind guardian angel to encourage you and to protect you. Above all Jesus will be with you always even to the end of the world. Amen.

After the death of our dear brother, Henry Obookiah we remained with our beloved teacher in this place about eighteen months until the mission went to Owhyhee, in the year 1819.

Weep then but not because we go to our native Isle dear friends; Perhaps we may go with joy; weep for the heathen world who do not know the Saviour you enjoy. At the command of our heavenly Father, may we on earth part again to meet in heaven where there is no farewell.

(Life of Thomas Hopoo. Written by himself and transmitted to the corresponding secretary by the Reverend Joseph Harvey, August 29, 1822.)