He had already realized that he had outgrown the trammels of his idolatrous religion, and that the mysteries and mummeries of its priesthood were worse than folly, and had just returned from a gleeful dance around the bonfire of the trumpery connected with the superstitions of the past. He received the newcomers with open arms, in the simplicity of his heart, not doubting but that they would give him something better than what he had just thrown away that would satisfy, morally and mentally, the craving of his better nature.

Our Puritan friends were more fortunate than their brethren of the South Seas, where tradition would have us believe that missionary on toast was a favorite delicacy.

They had no war to wage against the Prince of Darkness, no settled evil notions and vices to combat, no idolatrous or pagan religion to overturn, no conquest to make conquering “foot by foot from barbarism,” as Gen. Armstrong would have us believe in his letter to the New York Independent, of May 30, 1839.

They found the door wide open. A pleasant, expectant face and beckoning hand encouraged them to enter; they did not hesitate a moment, but dropping their manners outside with that exasperating brusqueness which they have taken fine care to hand down to their children’s children even to the present day, they bounced right in.

The simple islanders crowded around them, loaded them with presents, gave them lands of their own selection, built them houses and churches, furnished them with food, and besought them for instruction. The immense council houses of the chiefs were not large enough to hold the vast throngs which assembled to hear them relieve themselves from time to time of a portion of the “message;” consequently open air meetings were resorted to, the size of the audiences being limited only by the range of the speaker’s voice, and as the stomach and lungs of our friends were the best developed organs of their equipment, they sometimes spoke to immense gatherings.

The mental development which prompted the Hawaiian to destroy his wooden deities and relegate the priests to more useful employment enabled him to discover at a very early stage that something was lacking in the new teachers. To his disgust, he found that the veneering was very thin and that from his standpoint at least, in accepting the new doctrines and forms in place of those just cast aside, he was trading one set of mummeries for another without any perceptible gain or advantage. He found that the new teachers were not only human (which of course he expected, as the day when his grandfather had looked upon Capt. Cook as a deity had long gone by), but he found, also, that they were prompted by motives and guilty of actions which he and his race despised and was endeavoring to rise superior to.

His knowledge of the world, outside of his own people, being limited to the few visitors who had touched on his shores during the twenty or twenty-five years preceding the advent of the newcomers, and the still fewer foreigners who had made their homes with him during that time, did not help him to determine where the difficulty lay, whether in the teachers, the doctrines taught, or in both, and he desired to see something of the outside world for himself.

The King and a strong delegation were accordingly sent to England. While there it was learned that there were other teachers equally capable or possibly better, and other religions more ancient and very likely more satisfying to the hungry soul than those he had so rashly taken to his bosom in 1820. These things could not be known without a trial,