

may come to me I will be happy to fill as speedily as possible. Catalogues will be cheerfully sent to all applying for them, and the descriptive catalogue in a volume will be mailed to any minister, on remitting to me 14 cents for the postage. Also single books can be transmitted through the Post office, postage 1 cent per oz.

The above statement is respectfully submitted to ministers, Sabbath School Superintendents, Teachers, &c.

LONDON, C.W. }

December 1st, 1866. }

ANDREW KENNEDY,

Agent for the Board in Canada.

Corner for the Young.

A TRUE STORY OF NEW ZEALAND.

The following story was related by a seaman to the Rev. John S. C. Abbott of America :—

Many years ago, when New Zealand was a land of uninterrupted heathenism, the ship in which I was a common sailor dropped anchor at a cautious distance from the shore, in one of the harbours of that island. We had been months upon the ocean without seeing any land. And when the sublime mountains and luxuriant valleys of that magnificent isle rose from the wide waste of waters before us, it was difficult to realize that we were not approaching some region of fairy enchantment. We soon, however, found that we were still in this world of sin and woe, for it so happened that there was a terrible fight between two war parties of the natives raging at the very hour in which we entered the lovely bay. From the deck of our ship we witnessed with awe the whole revolting scene—the fierce assault, the bloody carnage, the infuriated shrieks, the demoniac attitudes of those maddened savages, as they fell upon each other with a degree of fury which seemed worse than human. Often we saw the heavy club of the New Zealand savage fall upon the head of his antagonist, and as he fell lifeless to the ground, his head was beaten by reiterated blows till exhaustion satiated fury. This awful scene of savage life, as beheld from the deck of our ship, impressed even us unthinking sailors with emotions of deepest melancholy.

In consequence of the war, or some other cause, no canoe from the shore approached our ship. As we were entirely destitute of wood, the captain sent a boat's crew, with many cautions as to safety, to the opposite side of the harbour to collect some fuel. I was sent with this party. We landed upon a beautiful beach, upon which a heavy surf was rolling. The savage scene we had just witnessed so filled us with terror, that we were every moment apprehensive that a party of cannibals would fall upon us and destroy us. After gathering wood for some time we returned to the boat, and found to our dismay that the surf rolling in upon the beach had so increased, that it was impossible to launch the boat. The sun was just setting behind angry clouds which betokened a rising storm. The crested waves were rolling in more and more heavily from the ocean. A dark night was coming on; and savage warriors, their hands actually dripping with blood, were everywhere around. We were all silent. No one was willing to speak of his fears, and yet no one could conceal them.

Before we left the ship, the captain had informed us that an English missionary had erected his hut about two miles from the place where we were to land. The captain had visited him about two years before in his solitary home, and it was then very uncertain whether he would be able to continue in his post of danger. We immediately resolved to endeavour to find the missionary, and to seek such protection as he could afford us for the night.

Increasing masses of clouds rolled up and spread over the sky; and as we groped our way through the deep and tangled forest, darkness, like that of Egypt, enveloped us. After wandering about, we hardly knew where, for some time, we heard the loud shouts of savages either in conflict or revelry. Cautiously we approached the sounds, till we beheld a large party gathered around their fires, with the hideous trophies of their recent battle, and exulting over their recent victory. We thought it wise to keep as far from them as possible,