

is still maintained of survivors manifesting their sorrow for a deceased relative by bruising themselves with their fists, cutting and wounding themselves with clubs, stones, sharp shells, and knives, and striking their heads so violently as sometimes to cause a temporary loss of reason. Their chiefs are buried in vaults lined with large stones, and they are usually eight feet long, six wide, and eight deep, and a kind of shed is erected over the grave, from which are suspended pieces of stuff with black stripes, the coarseness of the material being considered emblematic of deep grief. When the mourners return from the burial-ground, they sing aloud, that all who may be in the adjacent roads or fields may have time to hide themselves as the sacrilege of looking on a funeral procession is punishable with death on the spot; and the same wild people evince their regret on losing a friend by burning their cheek-bones, the places being rubbed with astringent juice, and the blood thus produced smeared round the wound to the diameter of two inches; and similar strange customs are often carried on for twenty days after the death of one of their chiefs. In Otaheite, when a person is known to have expired, the relatives assemble immediately to weep over the dead body, and the next day it is wrapped in cloth, and carried on a bier to the sea-shore, where the priest prays aloud, and sprinkles water round, but not on the corpse. This is repeated several days, whilst a shed is erected differing in size, according to the rank of the deceased, in which the body is then placed, and left to waste away till the flesh is wholly gone. The sheds are adorned with garlands, and pieces of cloth and food are kept close at hand, the former being supplied to receive the tears of the mourners, as a sort of oblation. They also cut off and throw their hair into the bier. Finally, the bleached bones are delicately washed, wrapt up in cloth, and buried. These funeral observances vary considerably in the different islands of the Indian Archipelago, and the inhabitants of Sumatra testify their regard to the departed in a mood much more consistent with our notions of propriety on such sorrowful occasions. Each village possesses its own cemetery and its own broad plank, constantly kept purified with limes, on which the dead are conveyed to their resting-place, swathed in white cloth. After the grave is dug, a cavity is cut in one side, just large

enough to hold the corpse, which is laid within it, covered with flowers, and protected by two boards, fastened angularly to each other, one resting on the body, while the other fills up the open side of the cavity, its edge touching the bottom of the grave. When the excavation is filled up, small white streamers and shrubs, bearing a white flower, or majoram roots, are neatly planted over the grave, which is duly visited by the survivors on the third and seventh days, and at the end of twelve months two or three long elliptical stones are placed at the head and foot, on which occasion a buffalo is dressed and devoured, its head being left there to decay in testimony of the honor which has been paid to the deceased in feasting to his memory.—*Popular Educator.*

THE SHADOW COMETH TOO.

"Oh! life is like the summer rill, where
weary daylight dies;
We long for morn to rise again, and
blush along the skies.
For dull and dark that stream appears,
whose waters, in the day,
All glad in conscious sunniness, went
dancing on their way.

But when the glorious sun hath woke
and looked upon the earth
And over hill and dale there float the
sounds of human mirth;
We sigh to see day hath not brought its
perfect light to all,
For with the sunshine on those waves,
the silent shadows fall.

Oh! like that changeful summer rill,
our years go gliding by,
Now bright with joy, now dark with
tears, before youth's eager eye.
And thus we vainly pant for all the rich
and golden glow,
Which young hope, like an early sun,
upon its course can throw.

Soon o'er our half-illumin'd hearts the
stealing shadows come,
And every thought that woke in light
receives its share of gloom,
And we weep while joys and sorrows
both are fading from our view,
To find, wherever sunbeams fall, the
shadow cometh too!"