

Mission Notes.

JAVA AND PONAPE.

BY REV. EDWARD I. DOANE, PONAPE AND
MICRONESIA.

The following statements, which will be of interest to students of physical science and ethnography, are taken from a letter from Mr. Doane, just received, but dated at Ponape, October 21, 1884 :

The famous volcanic eruption on the island of Krakatoa, just west of Java, a year since, startled the civilized portion of the world with the "blue" and "red" and other "strange sunsets and sunisings" it caused. Just now, a year after date, Ponape is gathering up some of the products of that eruption; large beds of pumice-stone in places are covering the sea with its gray hue, as if an immense blanket were spread out. Months since I saw an account of one of the harbours near that eruption filled with this material ten feet deep, and almost as compact as an ice-floe. The winds, and especially the currents, have taken some of that disgorged mass and floated it to our Ponape reefs. A remarkable fact about this is the continuity of an easterly or an north-easterly set of the ocean's current near the line. No doubt masses of the ejected pumice will float along on the same current to the shores of South America, more than half way belting the earth. Our natives call it "sea-fruit," for they have no idea where or how it was gendered, but suppose the sea is the mother.

To some of the sandy coral islands lying in the track, it will be a very god-send. The material is gathered, crushed, and put on beds of taro as a fertilizer. Mere sand-beaches, or banks, furnish but little to fertilize vegetation.

But Krakatoa, or Krakatao, has other interests to Ponape. The word is of two syllables—the first the specific name—and *tao* or *tau*, meaning strait, hence the term means *Kraka of the strait*. But *tao* or *tau* is pure Ponapian, and here also means a strait, a passage of water. Java, then, and Ponape are blood-related. Indeed, centuries and centuries since, at least as far back as when Solomon was king, Java had another kind of an eruption, sending off here so many of her vocables. But recently I counted more than fifty of these, some of them names of places on this island. These vocables, of course, took passage with the Malay tongue. And now Java is sending fields of pumice-stone. Some day those who are on the east of her must send back or set afloat to her truths from God's Word.—*Missionary Herald*.

That is just what hearts that are sick want—comfort; and they have it in Christ Jesus, and in the Fatherhood of God, and nowhere else in such measure and with such pertinency of application.

Children's Corner.

A BOY'S HYMN.

"Just as I am," Thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me;
To consecrate myself to Thee,
Oh Jesus Christ, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve, and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

I would live over in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might,
Therefore to Thee I come.

"Just as I am," young, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be,
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

With many dreams of fame and gold
Success and joy to make me bold;
But dearer still my faith to hold,
For my whole life, I come.

And for Thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
And at Thy feet to cast it down,
O Master, Lord, I come.

A PLAY DAY IN SIAM.

THE missionaries in Siam gather the children in the mission school to teach them about Jesus. One of the missionaries there writes as follows :

Last Wednesday—for in the schools of Petchaburi Wednesday is our holiday instead of Saturday, as at home—I took one of my schools to the mountains. They are only about half-a-mile from here. We had a very pleasant time clambering over the rocks, gathering flowers, and then playing in the old king's palace. The children behaved very nicely, even though they are little heathens. One dear little girl, "Pran," came to me just as we began to climb the steep mountain, and looking up into my face, said, "Mem, I'd like to carry you up, but I can't; you are too heavy, but then I'll take your book." Now could you find anything more polite and kind than that at home? I think not. So she took my book and trudged along as fast as her sturdy little legs could carry her.

The children made garlands of flowers for my