

by bringing forth fruit in their old age, while many a young and vigorous plant promised to supply the vacant places when these should be removed. Influenced by various motives, several labourers in different parts of the garden earnestly desired to labour here; some became dissatisfied with their stations in other parts of the garden; they seemed to think the plants they cultivated there less valuable and less interesting than those which grew here; and the honour of labouring in that exact spot they have been heard to declare the first object of their desires.

I speak not of all in the garden; but many labourers, though truly devoted to God, were deficient in admission; their zeal and love were great, but they were often tempted to desire that they could choose for themselves; they aspired to some other station than the one appointed for them: but the Master could impart to his labourers wisdom to submit all their desires and all their affections to his disposal, and could teach them to say continually from the heart these few words—"Thy will be done." Language fails to describe the peace and happiness of those labourers who never wish to plan or order for themselves—"Here I am; send me," is their language when a new toil is to be undertaken; but, if his will is otherwise, they submit without murmuring; and thus, without one anxious desire to be employed in this or the other sphere, they feel an entire willingness at all times to go where he would have them, and to do his bidding. Moreover, in all their labours, they acknowledge him; they set him always before them, and endeavour to act as in his sight; they see that without him they can do nothing; they keep close to his directions, and anticipate a free reward for their services, which he who made them willing and who made them able shall bestow upon them according to the riches his grace.—*Church of England Magazine.*

THE MUTILATED ISLANDER.

(From Williams' South Seas.)

In passing one evening from Mr. Buzacott's to Mr. Pitman's station, my attention was arrested by seeing a person get off one of these seats, and walk upon his knees into the centre of the pathway, when he shouted—"Welcome, servant of God, who brought light into this dark island: to you we are indebted for the word of salvation."

The appearance of his person first attracted my attention; his hands and feet being eaten off by disease, which the natives call *kokovi*, and which obliged him to walk upon his knees; but notwithstanding this, I found that he was exceedingly industrious, and not only kept his *kainga* in beautiful order, but raised food enough to support a wife and three children. The substitute he used for a spade in tilling the ground, was an instrument called the *ko*, which is a piece of iron wood pointed at one end. This he pressed firmly to his side, and leaning the weight of his body upon it, pierced the ground, and then scraping out the earth with the stumps of his hands, he would clasp the banana or taro plant, place it in the hole, and then fill in the earth. The weeds he pulled up in the same way. In reply to his salutation, I asked him what he knew of the word of salvation. He answered, "I know about Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save sinners." On inquiring what he knew about Jesus Christ, he replied, "I know that he is the Son of God, and that he died painfully upon the cross, to pay for the sins of men, in order that their souls might be saved, and go to happiness in the skies." I inquired of him if all the people went to heaven after death. "Certainly not," he repli-

ed, "only those who believe in the Lord Jesus, who cast away sin, and who pray to God."

"You pray, of course," I continued. "O yes," he said, "I very frequently pray as I weed my ground and plant my food, but always three times a day, beside praying with my family every morning and evening." I asked him what he said when he prayed. He answered: "I say, 'O Lord, I am a great sinner, may Jesus take my sins away by his good blood, give me the righteousness of Jesus to adorn me, and give me the good Spirit of Jesus to instruct me, and make my heart good, to make me a man of Jesus, and take me to heaven when I die.'" "Well," I replied, "that Butevc, is very excellent, but where did you obtain your knowledge?" "From you, to be sure; who brought us the news of salvation but yourself?" "True," I replied, "but I do not ever recollect to have seen you at either of the settlements to hear me speak of these things, and how do you obtain your knowledge of them?" "Why," he said, as the people return from the services I take my seat by the way side, and beg a bit of the word of them as they pass by: one gives me one piece, another another piece, and I collect them together in my heart, and by thinking over what I thus obtain, and praying to God to make me know, I understand a little about his word."

This was altogether a most interesting incident, as I had never seen the poor cripple before, and I could not learn that he had ever been in a place of worship in his life. His knowledge, however, was such as to afford me both astonishment and delight; and I seldom passed his house after this interview, without holding an interesting conversation with him.

INCIDENTS OF MISSIONARY TRAVEL.

A MOTHER LEFT TO PERISH.

AMONG the poorer classes it is, indeed, struggling for existence; and when the aged become too weak to provide for themselves, and are a burden to those whom they brought forth and reared to manhood, they are not infrequently abandoned by their own children, with a meal of victuals and a cruise of water, to perish in the desert: and I have seen a small circle of stakes fastened in the ground, within which were still lying the bones of a parent bleached in the sun, who had been thus abandoned. In one instance I observed a small broken earthenware vessel, in which the last draught of water had been left. "What is this?" I said, pointing to the stakes, addressing a Africaner. His reply was, "This is heathenism;" and then described this parricidal custom. A day or two after, a circumstance occurred which corroborated his statements. We had travelled all day over a sandy plain, and passed a sleepless night from extreme thirst and fatigue. Rising early in the morning, and leaving the people to get the wagon ready to follow, I went forward with one of our number, in order to see if we could not perceive some indications of water, by the foot-marks of game, for it was in a part of the country where we could not expect the traces of man. After passing a ridge of hills, and advancing a considerable way on the plain, we discovered, at a distance, a little smoke rising amidst a few bushes, which seemed to skirt a ravine. Animated with the prospect, we hastened forward, eagerly anticipating a delicious draught of water, no matter what the quality might be. When we had arrived within a few hundred yards of the spot, we stood still, startled at the fresh marks of lions, which appeared to have been there only an hour before us. We had no guns, being too tired to carry them, and we hesitated, for a moment, whether to proceed or return. The wagon was yet distant, and thirst impelled us to go on, but it was with caution, keeping a sharp look out at every bush we passed.

On reaching the spot, we beheld an object of heart-rending distress. It was a venerable-looking old woman, a living skeleton, sitting, with her head leaning on her knees. She appeared

terrified at our presence, and especially at me. She tried to rise, but, trembling with weakness, sunk again to the earth. I addressed her by the name which sounds sweet in every clime, and charms even the savage ear, "My mother, fear not; we are friends, and will do you no harm." I put several questions to her, but she appeared either speechless, or afraid to open her lips. I again repeated, "Pray, mother, who are you, and how do you come to be in this situation?" to which she replied, "I am a woman; I have been here four days; my children have left me here to die." "Your children?" I interrupted. "Yes," raising her hand to her shrivelled bosom, "my own children, three sons and two daughters. They are gone," pointing with her finger, "to yonder blue mountain, and have left me to die." "And, pray why did they leave you?" I inquired. Spreading out her hands, "I am old, you see, and I am no longer able to serve them; when they kill game, I am too feeble to help in carrying home the flesh; I am not able to gather wood to make fire; and I cannot carry their children on my back as I used to do." This last sentence was more than I could bear; and though my tongue was cleaving to the roof of my mouth for want of water, this reply opened a fountain of tears. I remarked that I was surprised that she had escaped the lions, which seemed to abound, and to have approached very near the spot where she was. She took hold of the skin of her left arm with her fingers, and, raising it up as one would do a loose linen, she added, "I hear the lions, but there is nothing on me that they would eat; I have no flesh on me for them to scent." At this moment the wagon drew near, which greatly alarmed her, for she supposed that it was an animal. Assuring her that it would do her no harm, I said that, as I could not stay, I would put her into the wagon, and take her with me. At this remark she became convulsed with terror. Others addressed her, but all to no effect. She replied, that if we took her, and left her at another village, they would only do the same thing again. "It is our custom; I am nearly dead; I do not want to die again." The sun was now piercingly hot; the oxen were raging in the yoke, and we ourselves nearly delirious. Finding it impossible to influence the woman to move, without running the risk of her dying convulsed in our hands, we collected a quantity of fuel, gave her a good supply of dry meat, some tobacco, and a knife, with some other articles; telling her we should return in two days, and stop the night, when she would be able to go with us; only she must keep up a good fire at night, as the lions would smell the dried flesh, if they did not scent her. We then pursued our course; and after a long ride, passing a rocky ridge of hills, we came to a stagnant pool, into which men and oxen rushed precipitately, though the water was almost too muddy to go down our throats.

On our return to the spot, according to promise, we found the old woman and every thing gone, but, on examination, discovered the footmarks of two men, from the hills referred to, who appeared to have taken her away. Several months afterwards I learned, from an individual who visited the station, that the sons, seeing from a distance the wagon halt at the spot, where they had so unnaturally left their mother to perish, came to see, supposing the travellers had been viewing the mangled remains of their mother. Finding her alive, and supplied with food, and on her telling the story of the strangers' kindness, they were alarmed, and, dreading the vengeance of the great chief whom they supposed me to be, took her home, and were providing for her with more than usual care. I have often reasoned with the natives on this cruel practice; in reply to which they would only laugh. It may be imagined, that people might devote their friends, and nobles their first-born, like the Carthaginians, to appease some offended deity; and that mothers, too, should smile on the infants their own hands had murdered, from similar motives; but it appears an awful exhibition of human depravity, when children compel their parents to perish for want, or to be devoured by beasts of prey in a desert, from no other motive than sheer laziness, or to get quit of those on whose breast they hung in helpless infancy, whose lips first directed their vocal powers, whose hand led them through many a weary waste, and who often suffered the most pinching want, that the babes whom nature taught them to love might be supplied. I have more than once handed food to a