

Murray was physically incapable of doing the whole of such arduous and deeply exciting work; and then we had an opportunity of remarking, that while the Spirit was at work in the hearts of the formerly unenlightened, awakening them to a sense of sin and danger, those who had already "tasted that the Lord is gracious," were not unvisited, but were in many instances enabled to forget every thing else in their love for souls, and in the exalted sense they had of the love of Jesus.

The congregation at Pago-pago varies from one to thirty or hundred; and it is even larger at Leone, where Mr. Slatyer now preaches, having sufficiently mastered the language. There are upwards of five hundred in the island baptized; having given satisfactory evidence, along with humble profession of faith in Christ, and newness of heart. Not quite half of that number, however, are in full communion, as Mr. Murray's plan is, to detain the baptized for a month or two in a probationary state, before final admission to the Church; and his severe illness prevented him from having the necessary private conferences with them.

But the benefit of these rich displays of sovereign mercy are by no means confined to those who have been so evidently wrought upon as to be numbered among the professing followers of the Lamb. The moral change which all who have renounced heathenism and joined in the worship of God have undergone, is very conspicuous. Of this we have abundant proof wherever we turn among the people, in the look of activity and comparative intelligence, which has taken the place of the dull, stupid gaze, and haughty, self-complacent look, which used to characterize them; and indeed in every part of their hearing and conduct.

But you will be better able to judge of the amount of this change, if I relate to you some of the circumstances attending the wreck of a whaler, which took place a few months ago at the mouth of our harbour. The vessel was thrown away, many think on purpose. She floated for some hours after first striking; and of course many people were about and upon her. The surface of the water was strewn with floating goods—pigs, fowls, clothes, food, &c. &c. &c.; and all, as well as the ship's crew, were in the power of the natives. Many natives rescued articles, and carried them home, and some of the pigs were forthwith baked and eaten: but there was nothing like violence in any case, I believe, and the captain and men were allowed to secure whatever they could, in the circumstances—or rather, were much assisted to do so.

The ship went down, and the captain naturally wanted his goods: so Mr. Murray, first of all through the native teachers, with one of whom every village is supplied, informed all the respectable people that they could not continue members of the Friday meeting, to which only outwardly respectable persons are admitted, unless they consented to deliver up to their rightful owner all the things they had rescued. To this announcement there was but one answer: "we will not steal, for we fear God; we will collect all together, and restore it to the captain," or "chief," as they call him. And not one was excluded from the Friday meeting, though its members exceed one thousand.

The next thing was, to secure restoration on the part of those who were not members of that body; and this was immediately and spontaneously set about by the chiefs of Pago-pago, the metropolis of the district. They first consulted us as to the right and wrong of the matter, then held meetings themselves, and spent more than a week in going through the villages, and causing every article to be delivered up. Some persons in one large village were refractory, and were punished by losing two for one pig they had seized.

Five years ago not even a Samoan canoe, much less a foreign vessel, would have been spared. They would have killed any man who offered the least resistance, and carried off whatever they could lay hands on. This is their account, and that of all who sail these seas.

I have already told you how your old friend Mr. Murray has been honoured of the Lord; and you will perhaps be more surprised, when I tell you that, by the concurrence of his brethren of this mission, it falls to him, for this voyage, to occupy the place which Mr. Williams so nobly filled. He is to take nine native teachers to reinforce old stations, and form new ones. He received the

appointment in a most delightful way, professing his readiness to do any thing for Christ, and his sole reliance for direction and guidance on his Father in heaven.

At Mr. Hardie's station on Savaii, the good work prospers greatly, not in a violent form, but a silent steady work. There are now two hundred and eleven members, and as many candidates. Some of the other stations go on but slowly. This is evident to me, that when the missionary is of a highly spiritual character, things prosper, and in proportion as he recedes from this, prosperity diminishes.

The Christian Knowledge Society has made a grant of £300, to be applied by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London, in furtherance of the objects of the Society in Chaldaea and Kurdistan, to which a mission was recently undertaken by the "American Episcopal Church."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### PRAYING HIGHLANDER.

A Scotch Highlander, who served in the first disastrous war with the American colonies, was brought one evening before his commanding officer charged with the capital offence of being in communication with the enemy. The charge could not well be preferred at a more dangerous time. Only a few weeks had passed since the execution of Major Andre, and the indignation of the British, exasperated almost to madness by the event, had not yet cooled down. There was, however, no direct proof against the Highlander. He had been seen in the gray of the twilight stealing from out a clump of underwood that bordered one of the huge forests, which at that period, covered by much the greater part of the United Provinces, and which, in the immediate neighbourhood of the British, swarmed with the troops of Washington. All the rest was mere inference and conjecture. The poor man's defence was summed up in a few words; he had stolen away from his fellows, he said, to spend an hour in private prayer. "Have you been in the habit of spending hours in private prayer?" sternly asked the officer, himself a Scotchman and a Presbyterian. The Highlander replied in the affirmative. "Then," said the other, drawing out his watch, "never in all your life had you more need of prayer than now; kneel down, Sir; and pray aloud that we may all hear you." The Highlander, in the expectation of instant death, knelt down. His prayer was that of one long acquainted with the appropriate language in which the Christian addresses his God: it breathed of imminent peril, and earnestly implored the Divine interposition in the threatened danger,—the help of Him who, in times of extremity, is strong to deliver. It exhibited, in short, a man who, thoroughly conversant with the scheme of redemption, and fully impressed with the necessity of a personal interest in the advantages which it secures, had made the business of salvation the work of many a solitary hour, and had, in consequence, acquired much fluency in expressing all his various wants as they occurred, and his thoughts and wishes as they arose. "You may go, Sir," said the officer, as he concluded; "you have, I dare say, not been in correspondence with the enemy tonight. His statement," he continued, addressing himself to the other officers, "is, I doubt not, perfectly correct. No one could have prayed so without a long apprenticeship; the fellows who have never attended drill, always get on ill at review."

### THE LOCK OF HAIR.

In a notice of Colt, who was lately tried in New York, for the murder of Mr. Adams, we find the following remark:

"Colt behaves with self-possession.—Once, however, on Saturday, when the Mayor, among the articles he had found in Colt's room, exhibited some hair, labelled 'hair of my mother,' and read the label, Colt was deeply agitated, and finally burst into tears."

Mysterious sympathy! sacred influence! that opens the sluices of the affections when vice and sin seemed to have dried up the fountain of all better feelings.

That man, if not a murderer, (and it would seem difficult to doubt it) if not a blood-stained homicide, is, at least, amenable to heaven for a continued vicious course of life. The early coun-

cil of friends, the monitions of the church, and the conventional usages of society, had lost their power to affect his conduct or to touch his feelings. The cold, damp darkness of the criminal cell, the loud execrations of the people, the solemn array of justice, the gravity of the bench, the bustling activity of the bar, and the quiet waiting of the jury, had not stirred a feature of the man; nay, the agonized feelings of the widow, in her mourning weeds, and even the presence of her, the sharer of his shame, had failed to touch a cord that reached his feelings. There were all of them present; all had to do with his days of guilt, and his hour of trial—times and events for which he had steeled his heart. But when there was laid open to him, and to the world, that little memorial of a mother, his emotion showed that he was not prepared for the trial—for that trial at least.

Memory went back to scenes of innocence and childish love, when flowers hung on every bush, and sweetness was borne in every gale; when the confidence of his heart never trusted to storied of thorns beneath flowers, of poison lurking on the breeze. He remembered the lesson of virtue which affection moulded to his infantile understanding, and made profitable by adoption. He shrunk away from the inquisitive gaze of the multitude, and in imagination, nestled himself anew in that bosom, where, years since, he sought an asylum against the scaring creations of childish fancy.

He lifted up his eyes, and the hair lock of that mother was witness against his life: and perhaps she looked down, and saw shame and guilt, the portion of him for whom she had borne a mother's pains, and exercised a mother's affections. He wept. The agonized drops were testimonies of feelings yet alive—proof that all is not lost; and if blood be found in his skirts, or he be acquitted of that, and only shame be stamped upon him for other sins, let him who seeketh the good of his fellow, follow the offender to his closet or his cell, appeal to that last evidence of lingering virtue, and that relict which brought it to light, and he shall turn a wicked one from the error of his ways, and hide a multitude of sins.

### GOD'S REVENGE AGAINST MURDER.

An instance of their (the natives') keen sight and scent occurred when I was in New South Wales.

A settler on the great Western Road was missing from his small farm. His convict Overseer gave out, that he had gone off privately to England, and left the property in his care. This was thought extraordinary, as the settler was not in difficulties, and was a steady, prudent man. The affair, however, was almost forgotten, when, one Saturday night, another settler was returning with his horse and cart from market. On arriving at a part of the fence on the road-side, near the farm of his absent neighbour, he thought he saw him sitting on the fence. Immediately the farmer pulled up his mare, hailed his friend, and receiving no answer, got out of the cart, and went towards the fence. His neighbour (as he plainly appeared to be) quitted the fence, and crossed the field towards a pond, in the direction of his home, which, it was supposed, he had deserted. The farmer thought it strange, re-mounted his cart, and proceeded home. The next morning he went to his neighbor's cottage, expecting to see him; but saw only the Overseer, who laughed at the story, and said, that his master was, at that time, near the shores of England. The circumstance was so inexplicable, that the farmer went to the nearest Justice of the Peace, (I think it was to the Penrith Bench,) related the preceding circumstances, and added, that he feared foul play had taken place. A native Black, who was, and I believe still is, attached to the station as a Constable, was sent with some of the mounted police, and accompanied the farmer to the rails where the latter thought he saw, the evening before, his deceased friend. The spot was pointed out to the Black, without showing him the direction which the lost person apparently took, after quitting the fence. On close inspection, a part of the upper rail was observed to be discoloured: it was scraped with a knife by the Black, who next smelt at it, and tasted it. Immediately after, he crossed the fence, and took a straight direction for the pond near the cottage. On its surface was a scum, which he took up in a leaf; and, after tasting and smelling it, he declared it to be "white man's fat." Several times, somewhat after the manner of a bloodhound, he coursed round the lake: at last, he darted into the