

Pacific islander to sell or to give away any intoxicating drinks whatever. An exchange asks a pertinent question about this proclamation, "Who is the barbarian?"

—Kedokedo, the government chief on Fergusson, New Guinea, was angry with his old aunt for threatening to smite a friend of his with sickness through the agency of her familiar spirit, and afraid lest she should smite him also he took her out in a canoe, and, heedless of her cries for mercy, tied a big stone around her neck and cast her into the sea. She sank never to come up again, and he thinks he has done a virtuous act in not suffering a witch to live. The teacher was away at the time for the sake of his health.

—Why the people at Bauro made tree-houses. They had been fighting with the Ysabel Islanders, and the people at Bauro were nearly all killed. The few who escaped hid in the bush, and when the enemy had gone they crept forth to find their houses and gardens quite ruined. They therefore began to build their houses in the tallest trees, ascending thereto by long ladders, sometimes reaching over sixty feet from the ground. Up these dangerous and uncertain ladders the natives ran with ease, a woman heavily laden climbing carelessly up without even attempting to steady herself with her hands.—*Life of Bishop Patteson.*

—Recent disciples on Futuna, New Hebrides, were sacred men who professed to be able to make rain, and by sorcery to bring disease and death. When they joined the class for Christian instruction they willingly brought their sacred stones, held as dear as life itself, and burned them in the public square.

—The American Board calls for volunteers for the work in Micronesia. Mr. Snelling, the missionary in charge at Ruk, is obliged to give up his labor on account of impaired health, and a man and his wife are needed to succeed him, taking up the work in the Ruk lagoon and among the Morflock islands, where a good beginning has been made amid a large population still rude and

turbulent. A young man is needed also to take Dr. Pease's place on the Marshall Islands, and, as there is good reason to expect that Spain will permit missionary work to be soon resumed on Ponape, another able missionary must be found to aid Mr. Rand. The Micronesian force seems to be seriously crippled, and the call for volunteers is urgent.

—The London Missionary Society *Chronicle*, a short time since, gave an account from Rev. C. Chalmers of a voyage in the Gulf of Papua, where he met with a kind welcome, though many of the natives had never seen a white man before. At one place he held a service in a native hut, amid charms and fetiches of all kinds. Skulls of human beings, crocodiles, pigs, cassowaries, and six hideous idols at the end. Among these surroundings they sang a translation of the hymn, "Hark! the voice of love and mercy!" "I do not think," writes Mr. Chalmers, "I ever heard it sound better."

—The New Zealand *Herald* reports the death of Mr. Richard Matthews, at the age of eighty-two, after a life of strange adventures. He was landed at Terra del Fuego by Captain Fitzroy of the *Beagle*, where, with three Fuegians who had visited England, he meant to plant a mission station. The natives thought of killing and eating him, but by the persuasion of his three friends they gave up the idea and contented themselves with stealing all his clothes; it was the sight of these being worn by several natives 150 miles away that led Captain Fitzroy to search for his old passenger, whom he found and rescued from a second proposal to "rise, sky, and eat" him. He was on board the *Beagle* for four years, assisting Darwin. He left the vessel to become an agent of the Church Missionary Society at Wanganui, New Zealand. He afterward went farther north, where he built the first house and made the first bricks in the district. He was probably the only European who ever witnessed a Maori cannibal feast, where he bought off 2 intended victims for a tomahawk apiece.