

The Massacre at Auckland, Caffraria.

At that massacre the following incident occurred. The superintendent, a Scotchman named Monro, from Inverness, was a truly pious man; and, differing widely in character from most of those with whom he was associated, he differed not less in conduct towards the Caffres, whom he treated with kindness, and with whom he was in good favor, notwithstanding of being a military settler. On the sudden eruption of the barbarians on Christmas afternoon, he strove to prevent violence, and proposed a friendly conversation. The Caffres feigned assent. But while he was endeavoring to make arrangements for them to sit down, some of them rushed upon him with their assegais. He offered no resistance, he uttered no murmur; he lifted up his voice and eyes to heaven. They desisted while he prayed, and when he stopped, finished their bloody deed, by piercing him to death. It is said that the man who was foremost in that murder, a stranger to Monro, has been in wretchedness of mind ever since; and that many, of the Caffres feel compunction for that act, "Because," they say, "he was a good man."—*United Presbyterian Miss. Record.*

Missionary News.—India.

CALCUTTA.—The business of the Mission there is proceeding as usual. The main matter of interest at present is the earnestness with which some of the Hindoos are discussing the question of re-admitting those who have been baptised to the privileges and standing of caste. Is there not much meaning in this? Does it not look as if the "strong man armed" were beginning to be alarmed, and anxious to find out some way in which his "goods" might still be kept in peace?

MADRAS.—From Madras the intelligence sent home by Dr. Drummond is very satisfactory. His voyage was a very long one, and "perils by water" were not unknown in its course. But, by the good hand of God upon him, he arrived in safety, and is now busy in his Master's work.

BOMBAY.—Dr. Wilson writes about the state of this Mission; altogether, we have reason to rejoice over the intelligence conveyed. It is true that as yet all the fruit which has appeared seems like the small dust in the balance. But who hath despised the day of small things? The promise is sure, and the fulfilment draweth nigh.

"It is My Mother."

As the children belonging to a class in the Wesleyan Sabbath school, Bury, England, were reading one afternoon, the teacher had occasion to speak to them of the depravity of human nature, and afterward asked them if they could remember the name of one person, that lived on earth, who was always good?

A sweet little girl, about eight years of age, immediately said, in the full simplicity of her heart, 'I know whom you mean—it is my mother.'

The teacher told the child that Jesus Christ was the adorable Person meant; but she was happy to hear that the dear child had so good a mother, and that she valued her so highly.

The little one replied again, 'O, she is good! I think she was always good.' And when the teacher observed that it was Jesus that had made her mother so good, and that he was willing to make her so too, she could see, by the child's earnest and prayerful look, that it was the desire of her heart.

'My dear children, are you willing also that Jesus should make you good?' added the teacher. 'If so, be assured he is waiting to do so,—he is waiting for you to ask him. How long must he wait? I think I can even now hear you say,—

"Jesus, fix my soul on thee,
Every evil let me flee;
Take my heart and make it good,
Wash me in thy precious blood!"

—Well Spring.

Good Resolutions.

Which of our young friends will form the following resolutions? Will one? Will many? Will all?

1. I resolve to be interested in Missions; and, for this purpose, to get all the information I can about the heathen world, and the spread of the gospel.
2. I will read, and try to understand