

vessels, who enticed a large number of them on board their vessels, and then carried them off. So some of the savage chiefs had determined to be revenged upon the first white man they could lay their hands on. No sooner did the mate of the whaleship step on shore from his boat, than he was seized and hurried inland, where preparations were made for killing and then roasting him!—Our missionary Kekela was away in another part of the valley, but he soon returned and was informed of the horrid work just commencing. He hurried off with his wife and his particular chief, to the chief who was preparing to murder the unfortunate mate. Kekela at once petitioned for his life. For a while the old chief was inexorable, but finally promised to give up the man if a suitable ransom were paid him. What was the ransom demanded? Why, a *whaleboat* with six oars, all ready for service. Then did our noble Kekela offer his own beautiful boat which had been sent him by his friend and benefactor in Boston, and which was so valuable to him. But he offered it joyfully, glad if by any means he could save the white man's life. But his chief could not bear to have the boat given up, and so he endeavoured to compromise matters, by offering a musket and some other things, instead of the boat. Strange to say, the old cannibal chief consented, and Kekela had the happiness of taking the released captive to his house, without the loss of his boat. In the mean time the boat's crew had returned to the ship, and reported the loss of the mate. The ship stood off for a few days, and then appeared in sight once more, when Kekela taking the mate in his boat, carried him in safety on board. Now when the captain was informed of all that had happened to his mate, and all that *would* have happened, but for the timely interposition of our missionary, his heart melted, and he remembered Kekela's request to him a few days previous. So he loaded his boat with ropes and sails, and tar and pitch, and whatsoever was necessary, and sent him homeward rejoicing. And *that*, dear children, *is how the little mission packet was rigged*, and I cannot but think that God will make use of it to carry the glad tidings of salvation to many now sitting in the region and shadow of death.

Fire Kindled With Ice.

What a burning-glass is, you all know well. It is a round glass, so shaped that the rays of the sun which would fall on its whole surface, are gathered together into one point. The heat, which in this manner is brought into a focus or single point, is so great, that a piece of paper or cloth can very

quickly be set on fire by it. Perhaps you have yourselves tried and proved this to be true. A rich gentleman in London once made a very interesting experiment. He had a burning-glass made of such a size, that thick iron plates which he had placed under it were, by its great heat, pierced into holes in a few seconds. In northern countries a piece of ice, which, broken off from an iceberg, is clear and pure as the most beautiful crystal, has been wonderfully used for the same purpose. The captain of a ship first made this attempt, and how astonished were his crew as they saw a little piece of ice serve him as a burning glass, with which he could ignite gunpowder and wood. He melted lead, and lighted the tobacco in the pipes of the sailors, while the ice, through which the beams of the sun passed to do all this, remained as clear and firm as at the first.

But do you ask—Why do you tell us this? What has all this to do with Missions to the Heathen? I answer, that it shows us what we ought all seriously consider in our missionary work. You see, that although the warm sunbeams are conveyed through such a cold piece of ice, they yet keep so much power and heat as to burn and melt other things, while the ice, through which they pass, continues the same cold and hard thing which it was before. In like manner there are people who carry on with all zeal the work of Missionary and Bible Societies, collect the contributions of friends and neighbours, or give their own money to circulate Bibles, send out Missionaries, and instruct little children, and thus by their means the rays of the Gospel may beget light and life in the dark heathen world; but their own hearts remain cold and hard as a stone, and are not warmed by that love of Christ of which they are yet willing the whole world should know: Take care, dear young and old readers, that whilst you are busy about the salvation of others, you do not let your own souls come to hurt. It is far easier to collect money, to take part in Bible or Missionary meetings, and to work for the welfare of others, than to be Christians yourselves, to lead a truly prayerful life, and to watch with faithfulness over your own hearts. How sad would it be, if you should be the instruments in God's hand of doing good to the heathen, and kindling in them the fire of Christ's love, but yourselves remain cold and dead! That would be like the fellow-labourers of Noah, who helped him to build his ark, but did not themselves enter into it, and were not saved by its means. The Lord preserve us all from such danger!