

the cause. When the *Camden* arrived at Upola with the heart-rending intelligence, it affected my health and spirits so much that I did not feel myself able then to undertake the voyage, nor to part with either of my dear children; and as it was expected that the vessel would be absent only six months, I decided on awaiting her return. But nine months passed before the *Camden* again appeared; and it was not until the 11th of March that we sailed from Samoa. On our passage to Sydney we touched at five of the islands of the New Hebrides group. *Fetuna* was the first, and there we left two native teachers. One of the chiefs of this island accompanied us to Anatom; and I had not conceived it possible that a heathen savage and a cannibal would have expressed so much feeling and sorrow when he was told who William and I were. Immediately tears rolled down his cheeks, he beat his breast, and uttered something in his own language, in which he repeatedly exclaimed, 'Williamu! Williamu!' When we took him back to his own Island, we were delighted to find that the native teachers there had been treated very kindly.

"We then sailed to Tanna, when Captain Mc Gan pointed out to me the different places where my dear and much lamented husband stood, walked, and conversed with the people. To describe my feelings at this time, it is impossible. It required no ordinary effort to endure the trial; and the more so, as we had the dark island of Erromanga in view. There was much at Tanna to call forth our warmest feelings of gratitude to God, who had permitted his servant to carry to its shores that Gospel which we then found was taking root amongst its inhabitants. From Tanna, we crossed over to the small island of Nina, and were soon close in with the dark shores of Erromanga. But you will conceive better than I can describe the agony of my mind on seeing its cruel inhabitants; but yet I think I was then able to say, 'Father, forgive them, for they knew not what they did!' May their savage nature be very soon changed by the sweet influences of the Gospel of Jesus. After this we visited the Loyalty Islands, Britannia Island, the Isle of Pines, upon which I landed, and new Caledonia, and then steered our course for Sydney, where we arrived on the 28th of April."—*London Mis. Mag.*

Moffatt and the friends who accompanied them, were received by the Duke in the kindest manner. His Grace conversed with Mr. Moffatt for a considerable time, and assured him that he had read his book, much of it twice over, with great delight. With reference to Mr. Moffatt's intended journey of discovery beyond the bounds hitherto passed by white men, his Grace emphatically desired him to remember poor Williams, and to run no needless risk. His Grace placed in the hands of Mr. Moffatt a cheque for a handsome amount; and after entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Moffatt and their friends at lunch, and accompanying through the conservatories, left them, with the warmest good wishes for their prosperity and success.—*Nonconfor.*

TEARS FOR A LOST SOUL.

We are made for the enjoyment of eternal blessedness; it is our high calling and destination; and not to pursue it with diligence, is to be guilty of the blackest ingratitude to the Author of our being, as well as the greatest cruelty to ourselves. To fail of such an object, to defeat the end of our existence, and, in consequence of neglecting the great salvation, to sink at last under the frown of the Almighty, is a calamity which words were not invented to express, nor finite minds formed to grasp. Eternity invests every state, whether of bliss or of suffering, with a mysterious and awful importance entirely its own, and is the only property in the creation which gives that weight and moment to whatever it attaches, compared to which all sublunary joys and sorrows, all interests which know a period, fade into the most contemptible insignificance. In appreciating every other object, it is easy to exceed the proper estimate. But what would be the funeral obsequies of the lost soul? Where shall we find tears fit to be wept at such a spectacle; or could we realize the calamity in all its extent, what tokens of commiseration and concern would be deemed equal to the occasion? Would it suffice for the sun to veil his light, and the moon her brightness; to cover the ocean with mourning, and the heavens with sack-cloth; or were the whole fabric of nature to become animated and vocal, would it be possible for her to utter a groan too deep, or a cry too piercing, to express the magnitude and extent of such a catastrophe?—*Robert Hall.*

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE AND THE MISSIONARIES.

When the late lamented Mr. Williams was in England, he had the honour of an interview with the Duke of Devonshire, who showed much interest in his character and labors. On Saturday last, the Rev. Mr. Moffatt had also the honour of visiting his Grace at Chatsworth, by appointment; and, with Mrs.

POETRY.

THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

Gone! gone! and is it so!

Shall I no more those beautiful features see!

Must that beloved form,

For the vile worm a dainty banquet be!