

### A Spoiled Boy.

Who was he? He was Adonijah, one of David's sons. How was he spoiled? By having his own way, and not being corrected by his father when he did wrong. The record is—his father displeased him not at any time in saying, "Why hast thou done so?" How do you know that he was spoiled? His conduct shows it: he was puffed up with vanity and pride, was headstrong, disobedient, and profligate. He aspired after the throne; said "I will be king;" and prepared him chariots and horsemen, and fifty men to run before him, and treated his royal parent with contempt. To what end did he come? To no good end. Such self-conceited, arrogant, wicked boys, never come to any good end. He died the ignominious death of a traitor. He was executed. Matthew Henry, commenting upon the course of this spoiled boy, says:—"He in return made a fool of his father. Because he was old and confined to his bed, he thought no notice was to be taken of him, and therefore exalted himself, and said, *I will be king*. Children that are indulged, learn to be proud and ambitious; and that is the ruin of a great many young people."

### Harry's Sermon.

"Eddie," said Harry, "let's go to church; and I'll be the minister, and preach you a sermon." "Well," said Eddie, "and I'll be the peoples." So Harry led him away, and they went up stairs together. He set an old fire screen in front of him by way of pulpit, and thus began:—

My text is a very short and easy one: "*Be kind*." There are some little texts in the Bible on purpose for little children; and this is one of them. These are the heads of my sermon:

*Firstly*. Be kind to papa, and don't make a noise when he has a headache. I don't believe you know what a headache is, but I do. I had one once, and didn't want to hear any one speak a word.

*Secondly*. Be kind to mamma, and don't make her tell you to do a thing more than once. It is very tiresome to say, "It is time for you to go to bed," half a dozen times over.

*Thirdly*. Be kind to baby.

"You have leaved out be kind to Harry," interrupted Eddie.

Yes, said Harry: I didn't mean to mention my own name in my sermon. I was saying, be kind to little Minnie; and let her have your red soldier to play with, when she wants it.

*Fourthly*. Be kind to Jane, and don't scream and kick when she washes and dresses you.

Here Eddie looked a little ashamed, and said:

"But she pulled my hair with the comb."

"People mustn't talk in meeting," said Harry.

*Fifthly*. Be kind to kitty. Do what will make her purr, and don't do what will make her cry.

"Isn't the sermon most done?" asked Eddie; "I want to sing;" and without waiting for Harry to finish his discourse, or to give out a hymn, he began to sing; and so Harry had to stop; but it was a very good sermon. Don't you think so?—*Freedmen's Journal*.

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### South Sea Missions.

#### ANITEUM.

(Continued.)

MR. GEDDIE commenced his labors on Aniteum in May, 1848; and in December, 1849, he wrote that he observed some indications of success. The transition period in the history of missions is the most interesting. Such a period affords the clearest evidence of the reality and power of Divine grace. The most beautiful appearances in a natural day are to be observed in the morning, when the feeble struggling dawn is thrown into contrast with surrounding gloom. The struggle of the gospel with the darkness of the heathen heart exhibits beautiful evidences of Divine power, and brings to light fine examples of Christian faith. One is forced to admire the simplicity of faith, genuine love, and unaffected devotedness of those, who,—having felt the miseries of heathenism, and now enjoying the blessedness of knowing Christ, and thus realizing the blessings of the Christian religion by contrast,—endure the greatest sacrifices, and perform the most arduous duties, as a matter of course.

Waihit was, in heathen times, what is called a *sacred* man. He was supposed to possess supernatural powers, and rule the sea. Of a ferocious disposition, he had been guilty of innumerable cruelties. When he received the light of Divine truth into his heart, he immediately went forth to declare it to his countrymen. With calm courage and perfect meekness, he endured insults, threats, and personal assaults, which, a few months before, would have cost the persecutors their lives at his hands. "On a certain Sabbath he went to Umetch, a place about six miles from Anelecahat, to talk to his countrymen about the Word of God. There had just been a severe storm, which had done great damage among the bread-fruit and coconut trees, and among the plantations. The foolish people blamed Waihit for having caused the storm, and surrounded him with their clubs, in great wrath, threatening to take his life. He escaped, however, out of their hands; and, on the following Sabbath, nothing would satisfy him but to visit them