

Missionary Record.

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

Among the passengers by the *Oninoo* steamer, which arrived at Southampton, from the West Indies, was an inhabitant of Pitcairn's Island, celebrated as the residence of the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*. He was the bearer of despatches from Admiral Morosby in the Pacific Ocean, and his object in coming to England is to obtain some assistance for the religious education of the people of Pitcairn's Island, and to induce the Government to allow English ships of war to visit the island oftener than they now do.

The individual alluded to is about sixty years of age, and about twenty-five years ago visited Pitcairn, and was allowed to remain on the island as a religious teacher and to practice medicine. He is almost the only stranger ever allowed to remain at Pitcairn, and to be considered as one of the community. The inhabitants of the island in question numbered when he left, eighty-six females and eighty-eight males, who are nearly all descended of the *Bounty* mutineers, and three Tahitian woman. They are still remarkable for their moral and religious character, chiefly through the teaching and example of Adams, the chief mutineer. A president of the community is elected every year, but he has little to do. There is no penal code, for the whole community live as one family; and having no money, and prohibiting strong drinks, there is no temptation or inducement to crime. All the land is held in common, and no one is allowed to trade for himself. The coin in the island amounts to about eighteen dollars value. If every waste spot were cultivated, Pitcairn, which is about four and a-half miles in circumference, would maintain about five hundred persons. The climate is good. The thermometer never rises to above eighty-six degrees, nor falls below fifty five. The men and boys all bear arms, and they could defend the approaches to the island against a thousand fighting men. No ship can approach without a pilot. The inhabitants are not robust as the English, nor do they live so long. They subsist chiefly on yams, potatoes, and coconuts. Once a week they taste fish or flesh, which they obtain by fishing and killing the goats on the island. They chew and smoke tobacco, which they obtain from American whalers which visit them for supplies of fresh water, yams and potatoes. The island would grow Indian corn and tobacco, but neither of these is cultivated because it would impoverish the ground. Tobacco grows wild, but it is rooted up as a weed. There are no springs, and the water obtained is rain water, which is caught in reservoirs. An English ship calls at the island about once a year. A number of American whalers visit, and through them the inhabitants get supplies to satisfy their wants and learn the news of the world. They seldom suffer any stranger to live on their island. If any are shipwrecked there, they are taken care of until the next vessel calls, when they are sent away. Almost the first person the Pitcairn-inhabitant met at the Oriental Hotel in Southampton on Saturday, was a gentleman whose cousin had been shipwrecked at Pitcairn, had lived there a fortnight, and was well remembered by the inhabitant. The latter has left a wife and eleven children at Pitcairn. He has been elected President of the island more than once. His business in England will chiefly be with the Duke of Northumberland and the Bishop of London. His presence here will be the means of revealing some particulars of one of the most curious and interesting episodes in the history of human society.

It will be remembered, that about sixty years ago eight or ten Englishmen, after committing a great crime, joining with three savage women, and selecting a lonely and diminutive island in the great and distant Southern Ocean, formed, with themselves and progeny, a community, professing and practising all the virtues of Christianity. This community now numbers nearly two hundred persons, who still preserve in the same spot the primitive and virtuous habits of their progenitors. They have sent an ambassador to this country, chiefly to procure the means of improving their spiritual welfare. It appears that their attention is turned to Norfolk Island, about 1,000 miles distant, in case Pitcairn should become over populated, and they are in hopes the English Government will grant them that island. The person who is come over here from them states that they will speak the English language in its purity. They have a few books in the island, which are chiefly religious. They rigidly adhere to the religious doctrines and ceremonies of the Church of England. The only spiritual liquors allowed to be landed in the island are a few bottles of wine and brandy for the medicine chest of the doctor. One of Lord Byron's

best descriptive poems was written respecting the mutiny of the *Bounty*, and the charms of life to be enjoyed in the beautiful islands of the South Sea. The retreat of the mutineers of the *Bounty* to the insignificant and solitary Pitcairn's Island was not discovered by the English for many years, when an English ship was driven there, and the crew were surprised to hear two of the swarthy natives come off and call out to those on board ship, in good English, "Hand us a rope." Admiral Bigh, who was on board the *Bounty* at the time of the mutiny, lived for many years in Southampton.

Youth's Department.

HYMN.

BY JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD.

Our life may have a thousand cares,
Their power increaseth day by day;
Yet give us, Lord, the spirit still
To love and pray.

A thousand pleasures may be ours,
And weary for us a garland gay,
Yet never, Lord, let us forget
To love and pray.

Whatever life withholds or gives,
Though dark or cloudless be our way,
In joy, in sorrow, be it ours
To love and pray.

For never can the soul be dead,
And never can the heart decay,
Which, through the changeless scenes of life
Can love and pray.

Then bless us with this treasure, Lord,
Be this from Thee our guiding ray,
That we whatever lot be ours,
May love and pray.

DIED OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.—An eastern contemporary, noticing the early death of a youth of rare intellectual promise, announces the cause on his premature decay in the words which head this paragraph. They suggest a thought of deep and painful interest.—"Died of the High School." The malady is unknown to medical men by any such term. Its diagnosis is nowhere laid down in the books, yet it has destroyed the lives of multitudes—selecting its victims from among the brightest and fairest flowers of the rising generation.—Its incipient symptoms are deceptive and insidious as those of Death's Grand Marshal—consumption. They feed, silently and unperceived, upon the vitals of the strongest, and remorseless disease has secured a hold upon the system, which nought can relieve save the grave, when it closes over the victim.

Would the reader witness the malady in its most deceptive and most fatal form? Step a moment into one of our High Schools or Colleges of learning. Do you see that earnest-looking youth, whose eye, flashing with the excitement of a worthy ambition, contrasts so painfully with his pallid but determined lip, and sunken cheek? He stands at the head of his class. He is almost a prodigy of mental power. His attainments rank him among men, although, in years he is still a child. Doing friends dwell, with well-deserved praise, upon his thirst for intellectual excellence—his devotion to books. They point, with affectionate pride, towards high positions of honor and usefulness among the learned and the great, which he is destined to fill. In the hour of exultation they never dream that the opening flower is blighting from the very heat which forces it to premature maturity, and inevitable decay must follow close upon the very prizes his sacrificing labors have won. Yet so it is neglected or abused. The intellect of the boy is strengthened, his soul enlarged, and his mind stored with richest wealth, but these have ripened, alas! only for the grave. He dies of the High School.

Such cases are not rare. Observation will discover them all about us. It is the absence of suspicion alone which has hidden them from general view. We have a habit of supposing that study is the business of youth, forgetting that it may be pursued with zeal destructive of health and life. A reform in this matter is loudly called for by every consideration of humanity. If early developed talent is to be preserved for usefulness in the world, it behoves parents and guardians to look well to the "smart but delicate" lads that are sacrificing themselves so surely over the school desk.—Maturer judgment should modify and restrain youthful ambition within healthful bounds. The hours of study should be shortened, and those of exercise and recreation elongated. The development of the physical system should keep pace with the mental. Let the pupil stretch his limbs out towards the fields more frequently and expand his lungs occasionally with fresher air than that of the school room. Make exercise, regular and

vigorous, one of his daily duties; and recreation a part of his regular course, instead of a grudgingly accorded privilege, to be compensated by still harder study. In short, let it be remembered that it is the business of the child to grow and improve physically as well as morally. If this important fact is not lost sight of in the training of our youth, we may reasonably hope that their ripening years will be crowned with health, usefulness, and happiness; and the malady which has robbed us of so much in the past, will become extinct.

THE BOX THE FATHER OF THE MAN.—Solomon said, many centuries ago: "Even a child is known by its doings, whether his works be pure, and whether it be right."

Some people seem to think that children have no character at all. On the contrary, an observing eye sees in these young creatures the signs of what they are likely to be for life.

When I see a boy in haste to spend every penny as soon as he gets it, I think it a sign that he will be a spendthrift.

When I see a boy hoarding up his pennies and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose, I think it a sign he will be a miser.

When I see a boy or girl always looking out for themselves, and disliking to share good things with others, I think it a sign that the child will grow up a very selfish person.

When I see boys and girls often quarrelling, I think it a sign that they will be violent and hateful men and women.

When I see a little boy willing to taste strong drink, I think it a sign that he will be a drunkard.

When I see a boy who never prays, I think it a sign that he will be a profane and prodigal man.

When I see a boy obedient to his parents, I think it a sign of great future blessings from Almighty God.

When I see a child fond of the Bible, and well acquainted with it, I think it a sign that he will be a pious and a happy man.

And though great changes sometimes take place in the character, y't, as a general rule, those signs do not fail.—*Christian Mirror*.

WHAT IS A FOX?—Mr. Stark, in a lecture before the Young Men's Association, of Troy, N. Y., gave a definition of the above.

"The fox is a complete specimen of an outside philosopher. He is one third-collared, one-sixth patent leather, one-fourth walking stick, and the rest gloves and hair. As to his remote ancestry, there is some doubt, but it is now pretty well settled that he is the son of a tailor's nose. He becomes ecstatic at the smell of new cloth. He is somewhat nervous, and to dream of a tail gives him the night-mare. By his air one would judge he had been dipped like Achilles; but it is evident that the goddess held him by the head instead of his heels. Nevertheless, such men are useful. If there were no tadpoles, there would be no frogs. They are not so entirely to blame for being so devoted to externals. Paste diamonds must have a splendid setting to make them sell. Only it does seem a waste of materials to put \$5 worth of beaver on five cents worth of brains."

Selections.

[We Nova Scotian Missionaries are perhaps sometimes led to think that our work is harder than that of any of the fraternity in other lands. Perhaps however, few of us are prepared to exchange with the brother mentioned in the subjoined article. Let us take comfort then when the coming storms are driving in our faces, and the frost pinches our noses, and cars that after all 'tis not so bad as Texas.]

WESTERN TRAVELLING.—We have read, with much interest, the narrative which Rev. Mr. Passmore of Brownsville, Texas, gives of his journey to attend Conventions. It contrasts so forcibly with our delegates, clerical and lay, that the reader may find profit in contrasting what western missionaries must undertake, with what we in our highly favoured residences are called upon to do. And this lesson will not be in vain if we are inspired to more exertion in the cause of the Gospel and the Church.

Rev. Mr. Passmore had two hundred miles of horse-back riding to perform to accomplish his journey. And this was not through a country where he could nightly give up his horse into the hands of the groom at an inn or a farm servant, and himself retire to rest in a comfortable bed. The horse must be tied to a stake, the saddle taken off for the rider's pillow—the earth his bed, and the skies his canopy. Mr. Passmore had a fellow traveller, and the two travellers had a pack-horse between them to carry their baggage. While on