

deep sadness, to converse with Governor. He could not speak without tears. Although the dying man was his slave, he loved as a son. Said he, in his earnest manner, "He was my son, my slave, my woman, my cook, my steward. He cut off all this bush, he build my house, he clean my bed, he do all for me I want. I be poor man before, now I be pass poor, I be proper bushman."—The bushmen do not live in towns, but are a sort of wild men of the woods.—When they told him of Christ, and of the way of salvation through him, he listened with interest, but thought one ought to come and live there to teach them these things; for, said he, "When you come only occasionally, we forget what was said one time before you come again."

Was he not right in this? Ought they not to have a teacher? Death will by and by come again, and he will not hearken to their cries, nor can any of those spirits that they may call upon, afford them any help. If they were told of Jesus, and should believe on him, he would be present with them when they die, and make them triumph over death. How ready you ought to be to send them the knowledge of him. How much in haste you ought to be to believe upon him.

GODS OF THE HEATHENS.

Some of the Bushmen worship a sort of caterpillar which they call 'Nigo (a god). This insect has a curious habit of forming for itself a little shield or cover, of bits of straw which it ingeniously fastens together on its body, leaving only a little hole for its head to peep out at. This case it drags along with it wherever it goes in quest of food, and so attracts attention. The Bechuanas have a superstitious fear of it, but the Bushmen worship it, and pray to it for food, success in hunting or anything else they want, watching the motions of its head, from which they judge of its answer. Perhaps you would like to hear the prayer that these poor people address to it when going out to hunt. I have copied it from Mr. Dumas's journal of his visits amongst these tribes. Here it is, as he has translated it:—

"Lord, is it thou that dost love me?
 Lord, lead me to a male gun,—
 I like to have my belly filled;
 My oldest son, my oldest daughter, like
 Much to have their bellies filled,— [darts."
 Lord, bring to me a male gun, under my

"Is it not sad to think of the degraded state of these poor heathen, who can positively fall down to a little worm, call it a god, and look to it to bless them! Oh! how thankful you should be, that you are so much better taught; and how anxious to send the gospel to these poor people, to lift up their eye from that crawling insect in the dust to the true God of heaven.—*Rev. C. H. Bateman.*

THE CHILD'S PRAYER FOR MISSIONS.

Jehovah God, my soul to thee,
 I lift in earnest, heartfelt prayer;
 O listen to my humble plea,
 And an unworthy sinner hear.

Thousands of heathens still there are,
 Who never hear or read of thee,
 Who know not of thy guardian care,
 Thy sov'reign mercy, rich and free.

Hasten the time without delay,
 When all shall know and taste thy love,
 Shall serve thee here from day to day,
 Then rise to dwell with thee above.

THE SABBATH OBSERVED.

One Sunday forenoon, as a missionary in Tahiti was going home from chapel, accompanied by a number of the natives, he saw the stream which flows through the village, full of a very small fish which the natives call *inaa*, and which, when baked or fried, are a very delicious food. These fish come in from the sea, and enter the fresh water streams at certain seasons of the year, and then are easily caught in baskets.

Two Frenchmen who were busily engaged in the water, catching them, cried to the natives, "Come and take *inaa*."

"No," replied the latter, "It is the Sabbath day."

"Never mind," said the Frenchmen; "they will be all gone before to-morrow."

"We cannot fish on Sunday," said the natives, "It would be sinful; by so doing we should break the Sabbath day."

"No," said the white man; "do you think God would have sent the *inaa* if he did not intend them to be caught?"

"God sent them to try us," said the natives, and not one of them stayed to take a single *inaa*.—*Jur. Miss. Mag.*