

enter their own head, although it should be absolute blasphemy, to the most enlightened of their hearers, and in direct opposition to the doctrines of the Great Teacher Himself? Will this be preaching up to the age? And supposing this reformation to be accomplished, will there be no platitudes to any one then? The great difficulty we have in dealing with this demand for pulpit reform is really desired. Our reformers either do not know themselves, or are ashamed to tell.—Let them henceforth speak more definitely, or be content to be silent; and in the meantime let us attend to the solemn message: 'Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.'

### POLYNESIA.

#### A DAY AMONG CANNIBALS.

Under this heading, recent Sandwich Island papers publish a narrative of an adventure by a whaler at the Marquesas Islands which is not only of thrilling interest in itself, but well exhibits, in one aspect, the great advantages which commerce may and does derive from Christian missions—from the presence and influence among savage tribes of Christian missionaries. The value of this case, as a testimony to the happy influence of missions, is certainly not diminished by the fact that the man who so nobly used all his influence, ready to sacrifice everything he had, in the effort to save the life of a stranger, was a missionary not from England or the United States, but from the Sandwich Islands, himself a fruit of modern missions. It appears that the American whaleship Congress, which sailed from New Bedford in June, 1863, for the North Pacific, arrived before the harbour of Puamau, on Hivaoa, Marquesas Islands, the 13th of January last, and commenced trading with the natives. Mr. Whalon, first officer, went on shore for purposes of traffic, and passed up the valley with a chief, when the natives commenced chasing pigs, and at the same time shouting, apparently for the purpose of calling the people, who came "rushing from all parts of the valley, armed with hatchets and knives." The narrative states:—

Mr. Whalon, fearing that they meant no good, proposed to the chief to return to the boat; upon which the latter stepped up to him, suddenly seized his hat, and placed it upon his own head. This he thinks was a well-known signal among them, for he was instantly seized by a score of natives, thrown down and stripped naked, his hands and feet bound with ropes, which the chief had in his hands, but which he supposed were intended to tie the pigs.

The natives then proceeded to tear up his clothes into small pieces, and cut the buttons off, making a distribution among the crowd. After this they paid their attentions to their prisoner by pinching them severely, bending his fingers and thumbs over the backs of his hands, wrenching his nose, and torturing him in every imaginable way. They would strike at his head and limbs with their hatchets, always missing him by a hair's breadth. For about three hours they continued to amuse themselves and torment him in this manner. He supposes this was the custom preparatory to being killed, as it doubtless is. Some of the natives tried to entice the ship's two boats to come to the shore, and Mr. Whalon's boat-steerer was on the point of landing to find him, when they were warned off by a young Marquesian girl, belonging to the family of the Hawaiian missionary, Kehela.

This girl had previously tried to warn Mr. Whalon against going inland with the chief, but she could not speak English, and was not understood. One of the Hawaiian missionaries, whose name he did not learn, having heard of the trouble, now came, but was unable to converse with Mr. Whalon. A German carpenter also soon arrived, and being unable to procure his release, promised to stay by and do what he could to save him. At night he was put in the house of a "chiefess," who had tried in vain to procure his release, and in the morning the natives again assembled, noisy for their victim:

All his hope of relief had now fled, and he began to look for death as certain, as the chiefess would soon be called on to release him. About this time, which was early in the morning, the Germans hearing the natives speaking of the arrival of the Hawaiian missionaries, Mr. Kehela and wife, in the neighborhood, despatched the other Hawaiian for him; and the natives finding that Kehela had been sent for, hastily untied the hands and feet of their prisoner.

Kehela and his wife are Hawaiian missionaries, sent out from the Sandwich Islands, and supported by the Hawaiians. They live in a neighboring valley, but at the time of the capture of Mr. Whalon were on a visit to another island. Kehela soon arrived, with the chief under whose protection he lives, and instantly commenced remonstrating with the natives for their inhuman treatment, and besought them to release him. They demanded a ransom, and after a council among themselves, decided to release him for a *whale-boat and six oars*, upon which Kehela them to take his boat. At the offer, however, Kehela's chief demurred, as this would deprive their settlement of their only boat. The discussion now waxed warm between