

**"Blessed are they that mourn."**

[The following beautiful lines are from the pen of Archdeacon Spencer, a truly brilliant ornament of the Established Church]

"THE sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart. O God, thou wilt not despise"—Psalm li. 17.

"BLESSED are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."—Mat. v. 4, 5.

SWEET dwells the shower on Sharon's le;  
Sweet sighs the gale o'er India's billow;  
Sweet float the forms that fancy weaves,  
Around her poet's dreamy pillow;  
Sweet to the exile's widowed ear,  
The lay of youth remember'd long,  
And sweet to speak, and sweet to hear.  
The music of his native tongue;  
Sweet from the Gueber's perfum'd urn  
Their sunward way his offerings find,  
Sweeter the Prodigal's return,  
Sweetest the Christian's will resigned.

Bright is the wild wave's joyous foam,  
Bright blooms the fruit in Seville's grove,  
Bright glows the cheerful hearth of home,  
Brighter the eye of answer'd love;  
Bright the Peruvian's golden chain,  
Bright in Brazilian mines the gem,  
Brighter Herodias' gorgeous train,  
Brightest the Baptist's diadem.

Lovely the form of absent friend,  
Lovely the maiden's spell-fraught name,  
Lovely the pledge the distant send,  
Lovely the good man's humble fame,  
Lovely the unconquered patriot's bier,  
Lovely the land by martyr trod,  
Lovelier the Christ's Millennium year,  
Loveliest the eternal sign of God.

Mighty Britannia's guarded coast,  
Mighty the Gaul's imperial lord,  
Mighty the proud Assyrian's host,  
Mightier the Slaying-Angel's sword;—  
Mighty the Monarch-Prophet's song,  
Mighty the unrespecting grave,  
Mightier the soul that knows no wrong,  
Almighty He that died to save.

Dear are the mother's accents mild,  
Dear the responsive infant's smile,  
Dear is the father's only child,  
And dear the promise void of guile;  
Dear is the tress of braided hair  
Dearer the farewell fondly spoken,  
Dearest the sacrifice of prayer,  
From heart's subdued and spirits broken,  
Weep, then, thy Saviour bids thee weep,  
As all have wept of women born,  
While seraphs in their glory keep  
The blessed watch o'er them that mourn.

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**South Sea Missions.**

(Continued.)

**ANITEUM.**

ONE of the great crimes of Christian professors, at the present day, is *indifference*. The diverse spiritual states of the seven Churches of Asia were selected by our blessed Lord to be held up before the minds of the Christian world in the foreground of

the prophetic picture of the Apocalypse, as types of the various aspects which the Church should present till time should be no more; and one of the prominent faults of these primitive Christian communities was *indifference*.

"I know thy works that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot," said the deeply displeased Redeemer to one of these Asiatic Churches. At the present time, we have more Laodiceans than Philadelphians. The evidence of this is to be seen in our irregular attendance upon public worship, in the thinness of our prayer-meetings, in the niggardliness of our collections, and the generally temporising nature of our conduct where religious interests are involved. Doubtless there burns a hot, fierce, and often malignant zeal for sect or party in the hearts of many, but a zeal, enkindled by the Saviour's love, for religion *per se*, is undoubtedly more rare.

Those who treat the gospel with coldness and neglect do not know their obligations to the religion of the Cross. Either their *ignorance*, or a thoughtlessness which has the same effect as ignorance, is thus the mother of religious indifference. Modern Laodiceans are in this respect like the ancient prototypes, to whom the Lord said: "Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked," &c. If Christian professors only knew what they owe to the gospel—if they only knew that it was the fruitful parent of all the advantages, comforts, and refinements of society—if they only knew that the institutions of Christ form, even in a *socio-economic* point of view, a border that keeps the web of our social life from unraveling—if they only knew that, but for the gospel, they would be untutored savages, incapable of stepping beyond the doors of their miserable huts without a club or spear in their hands, their hands stained with blood, and their hearts dark with ignorance, and on fire with lust and cruelty,—they would feel that to be indifferent to Christian faith and duty was a disgrace to their humanity. To awaken in our minds a clear view of our obligations to Christ in a social point of view, and enkindle our hearts with becoming zeal in our religious duties, let us present a brief picture of what,—ere the Spirit of God directed the missionary to its blood-stained shores—Aniteum was.

By consulting the excellent map of the New Hebrides, which was so seasonably published in the September No. of the *Record*, our ordinary readers will perceive that Aniteum is the most southerly island of the group. Being the nearest island to Australia, from which it is 1500 miles distant, and possessed of a superior harbor, it now forms an admirable base for conducting the peaceful campaigns of the Cross upon the other islands. Its discovery is owing to the nau-