

avail themselves of it. And, it is to be feared, that as regards the moral effect of this system, an indulgence as to the temporary punishment penalty will be, in effect, an indulgence in sin. Protestants have higher motives for their missionary zeal: we would be happy if we saw them, in proportion, more highly operative.

POLYNESIA.

The group called "Hervey Islands" lies about eleven degrees south-east of Tahiti. The missionaries of the London Society in Rarotonga, one of these islands, have long had their eye upon a neighbouring cluster of islands, the savage character of whose inhabitants, and other obstacles, for a time defied all attempts to get access to them. At length, however, their prayers have been answered, and one of their teachers has, through the instrumentality of teachers from Rarotonga, entirely renounced idolatry, and the people placed themselves under Christian instruction. Mr. Piman, under date Rarotonga, 11th November last, conveys the joy with which, after so many years' fruitless attempts to convey to this island the gospel of Christ, they had at length succeeded in finding two native teachers upon it. From one of these teachers he had a letter of date August, 1859, stating that the natives had renounced idolatry, and burnt their gods; that at that time they were all under instruction, both adults and children, and had already made considerable progress. They had been committing a catechism to memory. A place of worship had been erected, and the gospel preached to them, and the Sabbath regarded as a day of rest. From a small number of teachers he and all the people had emigrated to another island forty-five miles distant; the chiefs of which did not readily give up their gods, but at length yielded, through the representations of those chiefs who had embraced Christianity. And now the standard of the cross is erected there also, and the way of salvation through Christ made known. There are still groups of islands beyond, yet untainted by Christian teachers; and the missionaries we hope are satisfied till they have reached them. *Tairi*, the native brother at Manukia, entreates the earnest prayers of the churches on their behalf, that the word of God may take deep root.

In reference to Rarotonga itself, it may be noticed that the Rev. A. Buzacott, missionary from that island, who has been for some time in this country for his health, has just sailed the *John Williams* on his return, bearing with him 5000 copies of the entire Scriptures in the Rarotongan language. In a letter to the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, he notices that it was only in 1822 that the island was discovered; its inhabitants being then fiercely savage, and cannibalism prevailing among them to a fearful extent. Native teachers, who were then landed, succeeded, by the Divine blessing, in inducing the whole island to cast away their gods. The missionaries joined them in 1827. A written language was formed, and the first communications in it which passed between the missionaries, excited among the natives the greatest wonder; they would accompany the bearer of a note passing between one station and another; and, during the journey, with eagerness to discover what it said. No education is almost universal; a great number of the adults can read, and all the children, not labouring under any incapacity.—The work of translating the Scriptures was begun with some of the books of the New Testament; and, though imperfect at first, yet they were highly prized by the natives, many of whom committed the greater part to memory. After the entire New Testament was completed, and 5100 copies printed, the Old Testament was proceeded with, and as the portions were completed, they were printed by the natives, the paper being supplied by the British and Foreign Bible Society. All, excepting the minor prophecies, had been translated prior to Mr. Buzacott's re-visiting this country. During his residence in England, he has, with the assistance of an intelligent native, and of his own daughter, born in the island, completed the version of the entire Scriptures, with the result of what remained to be revised. He very modestly declines regarding the work as perfect; but believes it will be that fully received by the poor people for whom it is intended.—*United Pres. Mag.*

MORMON MISSIONS.

The Austral Islands, an interesting group south-east of the Hervey Islands, into which an entrance has been made for the gospel by native teachers, have recently been visited by the emissaries of an extraordinary American imposture called Mormonism. At most of these islands, the cause of Christian truth has suffered much from the ascendancy obtained over the people by some teachers of that delusion from America; although still the majority manifest a decided preference for the pure word of God, and seek with avidity for copies of the Scriptures. It is nothing new for Satan in turn missionary, but in Mormon's hands, the argument in conversion was the sword. There is a little novelty in his being reduced, in our peaceful days, to try, as he may do successfully with blinded savages, the influence of instruction alone.—*United Pres. Mag.*

BOMBAY.

It appears, by a census made by order of the Indian Government, that the population of the island of Bombay consists of 566,119 souls; of whom 17,284, or about one-thirtieth of the whole, are professing Christians; and of these 7456 are native Christians; but only between two and three

hundred of them Protestants. This may appear discouraging for the past, but how extensive the field of usefulness which it presents. And if so much remains to be done in Bombay, what shall we say of the whole of India!—*United Pres. Mag.*

IOWA AND SAG MISSION.

How much we know of the heathen in many countries, and the state and progress of Missions abroad, and how little about the aborigines—the red men of our prairies and forests, for whose moral and spiritual condition we ought to feel at least an equal interest! From time to time we intend to give extracts illustrative of their state, and the progress of the efforts to evangelize them, and which, we doubt not, will be read with interest, and we trust may awaken a zeal for the extension of the gospel to that heathenism that hangs on our skirts, and indeed can be found in the very heart of some of our old and most important settlements. The following extract is from the *Home and Foreign Record of the American Presbyterian Church*:—

JOURNAL OF THE REV. W. HAMILTON.

Friday 21.—At the lodge I first visited to day there were but two persons. The man and when I spoke to him, "I like well enough to worship God, but there is no one here but myself." I replied to his remark and went in. "Do you know anything about God?" I said to him. "I know that there is a God, but I do not know how to worship him." After some further conversation I asked him of his father. "He died," said he, "when we lived on the other side of the Missouri river. I bear his name." "How did you get it?" I got it when I was on a war-party against the Pawnees. "Is it right to kill?" "Yes, it is just like play." "What if you had been killed, would it have been like play?" "Had they killed me I would have gone to heaven; if I had killed one before I was killed, it would all have been well enough." "I come in and sit down in your lodge, would it be right to shoot me, would my children think it right?" "No, you are praiseworthy, but should you fight me and I then kill you, it would be right." "The Pawnees were not fighting, they were after provisions." "Yes, but they steal our horses." "Those were not the ones that stole horses, they were women and children that were killed." "Still they were Pawnees." "Should some Pawnees come at night, as they often do, and steal some of our stock, and I see you the next morning and would or kill you for it, would that be right?" "No, I never steal." "But I would say, the Pawnees do, and you are an outlaw." "You ought to punish the one who did the wrong." "Just so with those Pawnees, they did no wrong, and God commands you not to kill." "But if I had killed one, I would have been looked upon as a man, now they call me a woman." "Did you not kill any?" "No, there were some with a bundle of arrows trying to shoot me; but I was on a horse and rode off, and tried to shoot them, but my gun flashed; the powder was wet." "God was merciful to you and prevented you from killing them." "No, he was not. Had God pitied me, I would have let me kill one, and then I would have been looked upon as a man; but he was not kind to me." They now call me a woman. "Should God make you holy and take you to heaven, and send those murderers to hell, would they, while tormented and suffering call you a woman, if you break my happy?" "I suppose not." "Would it be right for if they saw you watch to pieces, after I had spent time in fling it, when you could not repair it again?" "No." "Then as you cannot make people alive again, you ought not to kill them." God has inside them and commands you not to kill. "It is not like play." "When they jump about and shoot at each other, it is like play. Sometimes they get wounded." "Do you think when they kill each other they go to heaven?" "Yes." "Should you kill some Pawnees, and others kill you, would you both go to the same heaven?" "Yes, I suppose so." "And would you fight there or live in peace?" "I think they would live in peace there." "Then would it not be better to live in peace here? It is not so on earth." "But it ought not to be so. Will you go to war again?" "No one is now going to war. They may fight some tribes when they go on the hunt next summer, as they did last. The chief says he is going to the Pawnees on a friendly visit to get horses."

After the above conversation, I endeavoured to point out to him the way of salvation, and after praying with them, I went to another tent, where I found some whom I had visited before though in a different place. "Have you thought about what I told you?" I said to one of them. "No, I cannot do it right, therefore I do not think about it." "Have you?" I asked another. "Yes I think about it all the time. I hear what you say and pray to God." "What do you pray for?" "What you teach me." Their prayers are doubtless often a simple wish for what they want for the body, yet they were attentive while I spoke to them.

At the next tent I found quite a number, and among them a sick man. "Would you like to hear?" addressing the sick man. "Yes." Some were attentive, and some were not. The two girls were making mocassins. The old woman was cooking some wild beans or peas that they dug out of the ground, or from old logs, where they are often deposited by the mice first, in smaller parcels, after which the Indians come and gather them for their own use. Wild potatoes and arcticokes are also quite